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BEQUEST OF  
MRS. JAMES HUNTLEY CAMPBELL

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THE  
**LADIES' COMPANION,**  
A MONTHLY  
**MAGAZINE,**  
EMBRACING  
**EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.**

EMBELLISHED WITH  
**ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC**

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

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**VOLUME XI.**

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NEW-YORK:  
**WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN,**  
1839.

20



Request of Mrs. J. H. Campbell  
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v. 11

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# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

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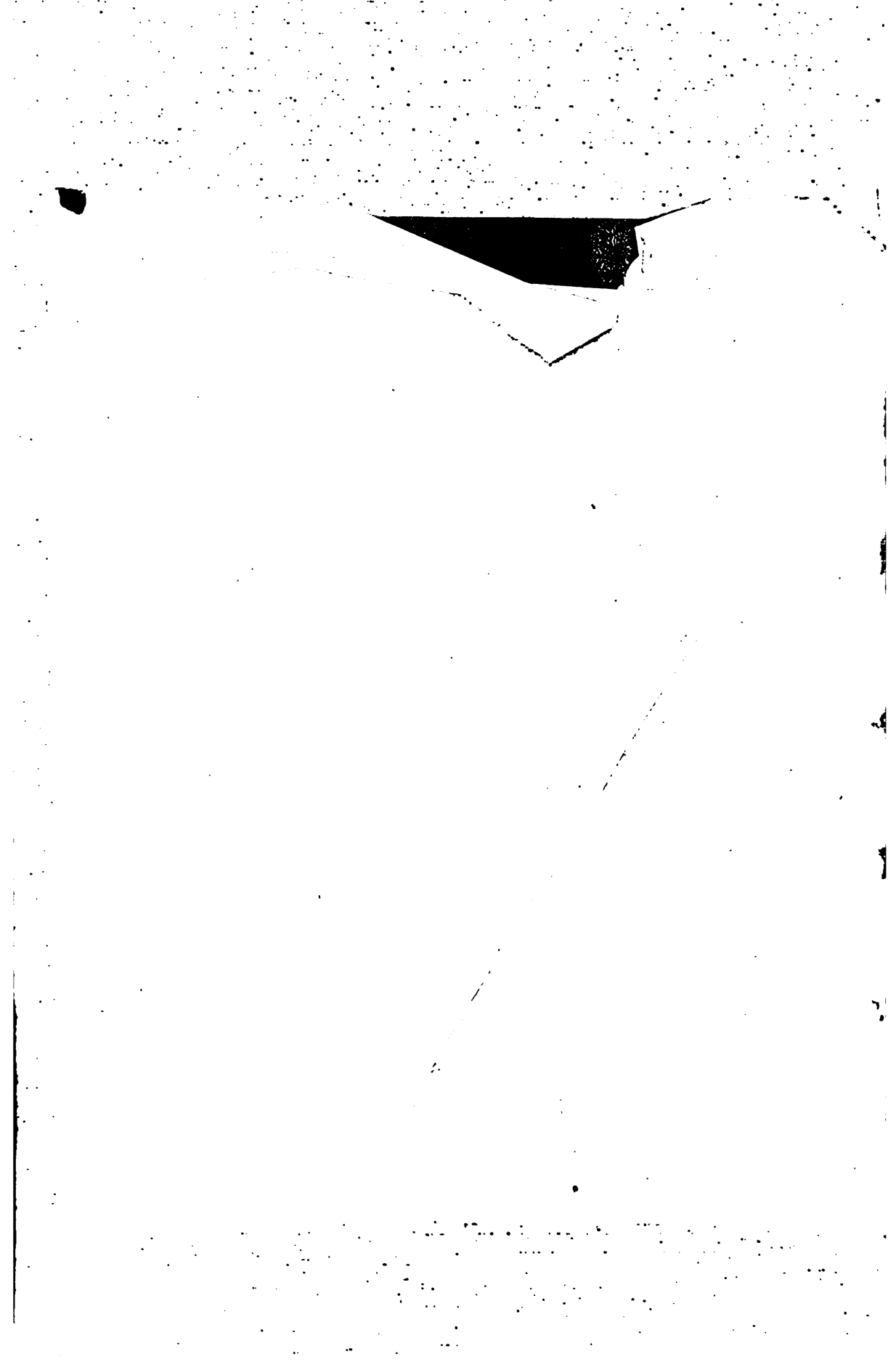
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came back

Its light and enchantment may vanish away.

VOL. XI.—1.

A world's waves leap in hon  
Into the sea it thunders thr



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1839.

## SARATOGA LAKE.

WE present the readers of the Companion with a steel engraving, from the burin of Mr. A. Dick, of this city. It will be conceded, we think, that the work is worthy of the high reputation which Mr. Dick enjoys throughout the country.

Saratoga Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, about three miles from the celebrated Saratoga Springs, the most fashionable summer-resort in the country. The scenery is very beautiful in the vicinity of the lake, which is about eight miles long and two in width, and the locality is one anxiously sought by all those who admire rural scenes. The Hudson River, which receives the outlet waters of the lake, is about eight miles distant, and adds to the pleasure of the traveller by the charms of its own beautiful scenes and the contrast of its lovely waters, so often justly lauded and admired.

In the history of the country, also, this lake has become celebrated. It will be remembered as the place where General Burgoyne marshalled his forces at a very critical period in the war of the Revolution.

Original.

## SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake, for the moonbeams are glowing,  
In light and in beauty o'er forest and hill;  
The fair Housatonic is noiselessly flowing,  
Where o'er the green meadows the night-dews distil.  
The cool breath of evening shall murmur around thee,  
And bear on its wings the sweet incense of flowers;  
Then shake off the fetters of sleep which have bound thee,  
And breezes shall waft thee this offering of ours.

If the sunshine of hope no dark sorrow has shrouded,  
Each note that thou hearest will tell thee of joy;  
For the heart whose young life is still pure and unclouded,  
Is a world of delight which no fears can destroy.  
But if thou lovest better the language of sadness—  
If sorrow has blighted the hopes that were dear,  
Still, in moments of grief, as in moments of gladness,  
'Tis music has power both to soothe and to cheer.

Then wake, lady, wake—mid the quiet of even,  
Forget for a moment thy cares and thy woes;  
This world in its beauty seems almost like Heaven,  
So holy and calm is its breathless repose.  
Nor drain from thy heart the illusions that borrow  
Their sweetness from Fancy's too changeable ray;  
Enjoy what thou canst while 'tis near, for to-morrow  
Its light and enchantment may vanish away.

VOL. XI.—1.

Original.

## THE WORLD—AND ITS PILGRIM.

BY GRENVILLE MELLENS.

I.

As I believed its changes and its doom  
Were what I had not dreamed of till this night  
Was on me without moon—so was I sure  
I was new-called to struggle with its tide,  
And felt a new reward was in the toil,  
So it was had with knowledge of the end,  
And a belief that centered in the goal  
The spirit sprang for. I could now behold  
Another freedom breaking from his heart,  
And pointing Man to better promises  
Than I had thought topped mountains, ere I saw,  
As I do now, that mountains are below  
The landscape yet to come, beyond the stars!  
I heard another sound from flood and hill—  
And a tongue better-voiced broke from the clouds  
And the quick wind. I listened to new praise  
In all my ear companioned with. I saw  
Another fellowship of Man with things  
Of which he asked the mystery. I saw  
The coming in the present—and I heard  
Something that seemed like prophecy in sounds  
Of questions and response. Yet 'twas to me  
A picture that I feared to gaze upon—  
Man, in his vast associations—Man  
Linked with the shadowy future—and abroad  
On this stretched ocean of futurity.

II.

To see him stationed at a God-like helm;  
And breasting the great waters for a land  
Where he should rise to stature of the men  
That move in pinions, and with spirits poised  
On loftier pens than o'er the earth unfold,  
Moved my own spirit with a fearfulness  
That was not sorrow—but to joy allied;  
And eloquent with dignity whose home  
Is with the crowned and kingly of the skies!  
Old memories came back, as I beheld  
Man in his new arrayment for the sphere  
That he should tread in triumph. There came back  
A vision of a majesty, nor time  
Nor other vision from my stricken soul  
Can take the impress. It was a new launch  
Into another tide, of a great bark  
Whose pennons kissed the clouds—and at whose prow  
A world's waves leap in honor, as it strikes  
Into the sea it thunders through in foam!

P.



Original.  
THE DELUDED.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"Too much of fame  
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;  
And, bought alone by gifts beyond all price—  
The trusting heart's response, the paradise  
Of home with all its loves—doth fate allow  
The crown of glory unto woman's brow."

MRS. HEMANS.

It was in the summer of fourteen hundred and twenty-nine, during the wars which the Duke of Bedford carried into France, that a horseman, weary and travel-worn, emerged from a gap in the hills which walled in a luxuriant valley on the borders of Lorraine. The stranger could not have numbered more than twenty-four years, and though his doublet of coarse fustian, fulling hose, and pointed shoes, linked to the knee by a chain of base metal, proclaimed him as little above the common peasants of the province, there was a graceful ease in his bearing, and a lofty expression in his clear blue eyes, that belied the humble dress in which he journeyed. Other indications of rank were also discernible; for though a saddle-cloth of coarse, dun-colored frieze nearly enveloped his horse, it could not conceal the firm and graceful proportions of the high-blooded animal, nor the haughty tread with which he spurned the turf lining his path—while occasionally, as his motion disturbed the ample saddle-cloth, a glimpse of golden fringe and rich crimson housings was betrayed.

When the traveller reached the mouth of the gorge, he looked back as if for some loitering companion; then, checking his horse under an old chestnut which grew a little from the highway, he drew off his heavy buff gloves, and, doffing his cap, commenced fanning himself with the tuft of heron's plumes appended, while with his disengaged hand, which betrayed his gentle breeding by its whiteness, as well as by the large diamond which burned on one of the fingers, he carelessly ruffled up the heap of rich brown curls which fell in damp masses over his forehead. Directly, he was joined by another wayfarer, habited like himself, and, apparently, but little his superior in years.

In the features of the two, might be detected that indescribable similitude which often characterizes members, however distant, of the same family; yet, those of the latter, were chastened by a sedate and thoughtful expression, that contrasted, perhaps, to his disadvantage, with the sparkling animation which was the peculiar beauty of the other's. His eyes were black and lustrous, and his whole appearance was that of a man who, young in years, had partaken largely of the vicissitudes of life. His horse, which fell little short of the foremost in beauty or speed, had evidently been injured; for he halted painfully with one of his fore-feet, and just as he reached the chestnut, stumbled, and fell to the ground. The prostrate horseman disentangled himself from his beast, and strove by every means in his power, to encourage the poor creature to arise, while the first comer sat enjoying his perplexity, with a good-natured smile just parting his healthy lips, and displaying

a set of teeth, as even and white as if chiselled from mother of pearl.

"A grimace for thy boasting, brother of mine," he said, in a banting tone. "See; Black-heart bears himself firm and strong, while there lies thy boasted courser fairly worn to death. Beshrew me! but I think him better fitted for the battle-field than the road."

Giving his own beast a triumphant pat on the neck, the youth dismounted, and throwing his bridle over a bough of the chestnut, proceeded to his unhorsed companion. But his jeering smile gave place to an expression of concern, when he saw the look of distress with which Dunois strove to assist his exhausted steed to regain his footing.

It was in vain that Dunois exerted himself to reanimate the fallen courser; that he patted his reeking haunches and drew his hand caressingly, and with words of encouragement, down his soiled and panting neck. The poor animal made one fierce struggle—rose on his shoulders and threw out his fore hoofs with a desperate muscular effort—every sinew was stretched, and the big veins worked like knotted serpents over his ample chest. He fell, and lay like a stricken warrior, panting in the dust, his large, expressive eyes turned toward his master with a look of almost human appeal. Gathering strength for a fresh exertion, he raised his head like a wounded lion, again buried his delicate hoofs deep in the gravel, and made another mighty effort. It was in vain; the sinews, which laced his body like whipcords, relaxed, and he fell slowly forward, the blood oozing from his distended nostrils, and the flesh quivering on each slender limb, like thick grass stirred by the wind—one throe, and the generous animal lay stark and dead on the highway.

The traveller looked on the body of his prostrate steed for a moment, and then dashing his gloved hand over his eyes, turned sorrowfully away.

"What! whining over a dead horse!" exclaimed the first-mentioned traveller, laying his hand kindly on the other's shoulder, "fie, man; think him an Englishman, and rejoice that the ravens will banquet so merrily."

"Nay, Charles, this is unkind. The poor beast was my father's last gift; my mother loved him and—"

Before the sentence could be finished, the two were joined by a third personage, who drew up under the chestnut, but remained a little apart, as one who belonged to the same company, but could not claim equal companionship with the others. His countenance was bold and rosy, while there sat a twinkling expression in his quick grey eyes, which bespoke him as one of those, who, by imitating the follies of others, contrive to turn them to their own benefit. He was worse mounted, but more gaily attired than those who preceded him. His doublet and hose were of tarnished crimson velvet, slashed and pointed with orange. His shoes were more decidedly pointed, like the inverted bill of a hawk, and the high, square cap of crimson cloth, was banded and fringed with silver lace; and on each of the four corners, a small bell of similar metal, emitted a tinkling sound at each tread of his horse, proclaiming him as one of the fools or jesters, who formed an appendage to most of the noble families of France at that period. He looked warily at the two travellers a moment, then throwing off

all appearance of modesty, urged his horse up to them where they stood by the body of the dead steed, and taking off his cap and bells, held them out with mock gravity to the younger.

"What means this fooling?" exclaimed the young man, laughing and pushing the cap from him.

"Take it, take it," said the jester with unmoved gravity, "for truly, brother Charles, thou must be the greater fool to stand whining over a dead horse, and Bedford's men sounding their bugles in the hills."

"Peace, sir fool!" exclaimed Dunois, suddenly rousing himself. "And, if thou canst, tell us how we are to reach the camp without horses, in a road infested with English soldiers."

"In faith, my wits carry me not so far, yet I misdoubt if they have not picked up what thy wisdom has failed to warn thee of."

"What is that, sirrah?"

"Why, that a troop of Bedford's men are either in close pursuit, or have swept round the hill in order to intercept us at the village ahead."

"By the mass, no!" exclaimed Dunois, stepping hastily forward to gain a distinct view of the village alluded to.

The gorge in which the travellers halted, commanded a fine view of an emerald valley, hedged in by broken and irregular hills, with here and there a frowning old rock, cutting against the sky on either side, or shelving down in a picturesque precipice, to the quiet vale it seemed to guard. A clear stream swept down one side of the valley, and with a sudden curve, crossed the highway, a little from the gorge where it formed a tortuous outlet. At the farther extremity of the valley, appeared a village, half hidden by trees and bedded in vineyards; and about midway between that and the gorge, a small hostelry with rude stables and out-houses, stood directly on the highway. The whole valley was evidently the domain of some nobleman; for, on the face of one of the most picturesque of the hills, a chateau, now in ruins, reared its antique turrets, flanked by a natural battlement of rocks, and divided from the stream by an undulating descent, clothed with long, uncut grass, and blossoming shrubs. Nothing could have been more quiet than the strip of green verdure over which the travellers gazed. The village lay still and beautiful in the bosom of the valley, without the least appearance of life or bustle, which might betray the presence of an enemy; yet the very repose was suspicious.

As the three stood concealed by the boughs of the chestnut, deliberating on the best means of reaching the French encampment, an exclamation from the jester, drew their attention to the little hostelry before mentioned. Hitherto, it had displayed no signs of life; but now, a female appeared, issuing from the stables, riding a young horse and leading another. The fiery young horse which she rode was without saddle or other accoutrements, save a halter of twisted deer-skin; yet she reined him with a careless grace which seemed almost superhuman, as she came swiftly forward, her knee resting lightly on his glossy shoulder, and her small foot in its buskin of coarse, untanned leather, pressed to his side, unsupported by strap or stirrup.

"She dashes bravely forward!" exclaimed he of the blue eyes. "Ay, by the mass, and is as beautiful as she is bold," he continued, as she neared the ford, so as to give him a perfect view of her person.

She was, indeed, a creature of singular beauty; tall and Juno-like, but dressed even more rudely than the female peasants of the neighborhood. A skirt of coarse, blue stuff, scarcely reaching to the ankle, and a bodice of inferior scarlet cloth, laced over her full bust, so as to expose the spirited curve of her neck, and fitting tightly to her round, and well-proportioned waist, composed her entire raiment. Her arms were bare to the shoulder, and though brown from exposure, displayed a healthy roundness and beautiful proportions. Her lips though finely cut, were feminine, and deeply red, while the color in her cheeks was like rich wine glowing through a cup of Arabian onyx. Her black and shining hair was drawn away from her face in the form of an ancient helmet, and flowed down her back in long glossy waves, which caught the light like the plumage of a raven, exposing a forehead full of intellect and rare beauty, while an eye, bright and piercing as a wild eagle's, gave a character of commanding, nay, of almost terrible beauty to her face.

The horses came forward at the top of their speed, and plunging into the stream without checking their force, sent a shower of spray over themselves and their graceful rider. Without seeming in the least annoyed by this unceremonious deluge, she urged them through the stream up the opposite bank, and then with a bold evolution, plunged down again, forcing her horses to prance and curvet in the water, and sending a shower of spray into the sunlight, till the air around seemed alive with shooting diamonds. After indulging in this strange exercise for awhile, she suffered the horses to drink, and rode slowly to a side of the gap, opposite to that on which our travellers were standing. Wheeling her horses around at the foot of one of the cliffs which formed the jaw of the gorge, she remained gazing toward the village, occasionally turning a keen look to the pass, as one stationed to give warning to a friend, or to detect the approach of an enemy. As she sat, with a huge peak cleft almost in twain, looming against the west, at her back—a heap of gorgeous clouds piled up behind, and pouring a flood of glory on the spot she occupied, till her long hair, as it stirred in the wind, seemed impregnated and woven with flickering gold—the boughs of a great oak waving to and fro in the crimson light, like triumphal banners drenched in the blood of a battle-field—her spirited horses pawing the turf, and she, unconsciously, curbing the one on which she sat, till his mouth almost touched his chest, while her eyes were fixed with absorbing earnestness on the village—as she sat thus, there came a sound of approaching hoofs, and a troop of English soldiers swept through the gorge.

"What has chanced here?" exclaimed the leader of the party, reining his horse up by the stiffening form of the traveller's steed, and stirring the coarse saddle-cloth with his sword. "Holy saints! but this must belong to the party we are in search of. See, here are housings of velvet, and stirrups of beaten silver. Push forward! the carcass is scarcely cold; they cannot be far ahead," and

putting spurs to his horse, the speaker rode in a brisk trot toward the village, followed by his men. One soldier, a heavy featured, ruffianly fellow, lingered behind till his companions had crossed the ford; then, throwing himself heavily from his saddle, he slipped the bridle over his arm, and proceeded to dismantle the dead horse of his trappings. After tearing the weapons from the saddle-bow, he looked with a rapacious eye on the rich housings, now fully revealed.

"By the holy Saint Gris!" he muttered, lifting one of the stirrups and striving to tear it from the strap, "it is a pity to rend such goodly furniture; if I had another beast, now, to bear the prize, this dead carcass were better worth stripping than a dozen beggarly Frenchmen."

As he uttered the last words, a slight noise drew his attention to the strange female, where she sat like a young eagle watching the rayages of a hungry vulture. He dropped the stirrup, and springing to his saddle, urged his horse rudely forward. Before she could prepare herself for the outrage, his heavy beast rushed between her and the led horse; the halter was forced from her hand, and the brutal wretch galloped back to secure the coveted horse-furniture; but, before he had time to dismount, she touched her spirited horse, which bounded forward with the leap of a deer, till he came on a level with his stolen companion. His fearless rider bent forward, and without checking his speed, stripped the loose halter from the head of the disputed animal, and calling him by name, galloped down the hill as fearlessly as she had ascended it. The freed horse sprang forward at her call, and kept by her side, as if still subject to her guidance.

With a brutal oath the soldier buried his rowels into his charger; it plunged forward, but was instantly thrown back upon its haunches by a strong arm, and a heavy blow sent his rider with a crash to the ground.

"Bravely done!" exclaimed the younger of the travellers, advancing from behind a thicket, where they had concealed themselves with their horses, on the first approach of the soldiers. "Finish thy work, Dunois, then mount, and let us push for yonder chateau."

"Had we not better keep the road?" inquired the other, with a strange confusion in his manner.

"No, they would be on our track like blood-hounds; secure yon heavy brute, thy master will never feel the loss; mount, and let us away! I saw a bridle-path a little back; it will doubtless lead us to the ruin."

"It is a gloomy pile, and appears altogether dismantled," still urged Dunois.

"And therefore the better calculated for concealment. We are yet several leagues from the camp, or I have lost all knowledge of the country. Now I bethink me; yon village is Domremie, and the ruin—holy saints, cousin! thou art chary in thy hospitality; this domain is thine by our uncle's gift."

"Ay, chary enough to one set," muttered the jester in an under tone.

Dunois seemed confounded; the blood flushed up to his temples, and he bit his nether lip with the impatience of a chafed lion; he muttered something about the unfit-

ness of the old chateau for receiving guests, but made no further opposition to his cousin's wishes.

The young traveller whispered a few words to his jester, and then turned into the bridle-path before mentioned. Dunois followed on the slain soldier's horse, but moodily, and with a frown upon his brow.

The jester remained, standing under the chestnut until the travellers disappeared in the underbrush, which lined the face of the hill; then breaking into a low, chuckling laugh, he mounted his horse and rode toward the inn, muttering, "He will never stir hence till he learns more of this she-eagle, unless he prefers the rifling of his cousin's dove-cote yonder. Beshrew me, but here is dainty mischief browning."

The Jester had scarcely reached the ford, when two horsemen—the one a stout serving-man, the other, a handsome little page, gaily dressed, but somewhat awkward in his movements, came swiftly down the hill, and were about to pass him. They had reached the brink of the stream, when the page checked his horse, and taking off his cap, let a shower of rich tresses fall over his shoulders, as he bent a fair forehead to the saddle-bow in mock salutation.

"Agnes Sorrell!" exclaimed the Jester, in a voice of angry surprise, "what means this masking? why art thou here, in this garb?"

The disguised girl shook back the curls from her bright, young face, and her merry laugh rang up the stream like the melody of a bird. She glanced an arch look around, and then said in a voice still rich with laughter, "Question me not, most sapient uncle; I seek a higher than thou. Where is thy master?"

The Jester hesitated in his reply; but she gaily interrupted him.

"Nay, no frowning; I must know; for, to say truth, fair uncle, Charles left me in ill humor this morning. I had stolen his signet-ring, and refused to yield it up, out of pure mischief, though he entreated most earnestly. I repented of my silly obstinacy after his departure; so, borrowing a dress from my page, I rode forward to return the jewel, and to make my peace with its angry owner,—now, that I have talked myself breathless, speed me on my errand that I may return to Chinon in time to laugh at the delightful scandal my absence will excite in that dullest of all dull places."

"It is useless to contend with thy hair-brained folly," said the Jester, with ready falsehood, as she ceased speaking. "My master and the Count Dunois, took a cross road from Yancouleurs; they are at the camp by this hour."

"Nay, then," exclaimed the gay creature, turning with an air of comic distress to her servant, "we may even return as we came, though in truth, I am sorely tired."

The Jester seemed to reflect a moment, and then addressed her.

"Proceed with me to the hostelry yonder. I will bespeak thee a night's lodging, for the English troops are abroad, and thy way back will be full of danger."

"Cease thy crosking, and let us forward to the inn; my poor nag is ready to drop with fatigue; Jean, there,

is nearly famished, and I can scarcely keep my seat from excessive weariness."

Saying this with a cheerfulness which belied her professions of extreme fatigue, the seeming page put spurs to her jaded horse, and led the way to the hostelry. Before dismounting, she ordered her attendant to saddle the horse by the first dawn of day, as she intended to break her fast far on the road to Chinon, whither she had resolved to return without prosecuting her wild adventure farther.

The two cousins rode forward unmolested, and in silence, followed the path which led to a back entrance of the ancient chateau. Docks and thistles were rife, in what had once been a spacious garden; here and there, a solitary flower struggled up through the rank weeds, while grape-vines, neglected, and burthened with fruit, trailed over a broken gravel terrace, and nearly choked up the gateway.

"I will go forward and prepare for your reception," said Dunois, dismounting.

"Nay," replied his companion, "methinks it would prove but a thriftless errand, if this pile be, as it seems, untenanted. Let us even go forward, and leave Black-heart to crop these vines; see, how daintily he treads among the purple clusters, while yon heavy English brute tramps them down as his master would have crushed yon glorious maiden, but for thy gallant aid. In faith, cousin, that was a lusty blow; the beef-eating churl—his skull was clearly driven in by thy battle-axe."

As the young man uttered these broken remarks, they were picking their way through the rank herbage to the grounds which lay directly under the windows of the chateau. There all traces of neglect disappeared, and a small cultivated garden, well stocked with healing plants and choice flowers, lay nestled between a wing of the building and the wilderness of weeds luxuriated beyond. Roses of every tint clambered up to the low, narrow windows, and trees, full of ripening fruit, threw their graceful foliage over the rough walls. The wing itself bore traces of recent repairs; the rubbish which surrounded other parts of the building was here carefully removed, and in the centre of the garden a fountain, which had been choked up, poured its waters with a cheerful gush through the jaws of a huge stone bear, into a basin of unfinished mason work. A lute, with a lady's scarf, lay on the grass which surrounded the fountain, and a bouquet of fresh flowers blushed at the feet of the crouching monster.

Dunois led the way, trampling the blossoming shrubs under his feet, and pushing back the branches which hung over his path with reckless violence, till he reached a small postern door; here he turned, and made another effort to leave his companion.

"The day has been warm," he said, pointing to the fountain, "rest awhile, I will return forthwith."

The other burst into a broad laugh. "Nay, nay," he said, "I have a fancy for exploring, so let us proceed."

The blood again rushed up to Dunois' forehead, with an impatient gesture he pushed open the door, and led the way into a low, stone hall. A huge fire-place, chiselled over with armorial bearings, yawned at one extremity;

while the other was lighted by a lofty arched window, set in heavy stone work, and crowded with small diamond shaped glass. Trophies of the chase, with curious weapons, garnished the walls, catching the dim light and flinging their fantastic shadows over the chequered marble, with gloomy and picturesque effect. Dunois crossed this hall, and was about to usher his cousin into a half furnished banquetting room, but he carelessly touched a neighboring door, and entered the apartment thus exposed. It was twilight, and the volumes of rich velvet, falling over the only window of the room, rendered every thing indistinct within. But there were flashes of gilding, with the shadow of gorgeous hangings, while here and there a silver sconce, with its mirror of steel plate, gleamed out from the ceiling like fragments of winter moonlight. A marble slab in one corner was more clearly revealed, by the light of a burning censor, with a pedestal of silver and a bowl of snowy agate, through which the perfumed fire glowed like blood in the cheek of a northern beauty, emitting a delicious odor through the apartment as if the flame had been fed from the hearts of a thousand crushed roses.

An angry flush shot athwart the brow of the younger traveller, as this unusual splendor burst upon him.

"Thou art dainty in thy house garniture, Count Dunois," he said, turning to his companion with a sarcastic smile. "Mary of Anjou, queen though she be, is fain to content herself with bare walls and leathern chairs."

Dunois would have answered, but at the first sound of his voice there was a faint exclamation of joy, a rustling of drapery, and then a young female rushed forward and threw herself upon his bosom.

"My lord, my own dear lord," she said, raising her face to his with the eager fondness of a trusting woman. "Oh, I have been so impatient—so weary with watching!"

Dunois pressed his lips to her forehead, and interrupted her affectionate greeting by a few whispered words. She started from his arms, and a faint blush, like the reflection of a rose wreath on the marble brow of Venus, stole over her face. She cast a timid glance at the stranger, and, with a graceful inclination of her slight person, stood shrinking beneath his gaze of mingled surprise and admiration.

"We crave pardon, fair lady," he said, after a moment of mutual embarrassment. "Had we been informed that a lady graced this ruin, our entrance should have boasted somewhat more of courtesy."

The lady returned this gallant address with a few low words, and a gentle smile; then observing the travel-worn appearance of her guests, she left them to order refreshments.

"Well, most sage and monkish cousin, solve me this female riddle; thy prodigality is forgiven, for, in faith, the cage is but fitly gilded for so sweet a bird," said the gay young man, glancing good humoredly round the sumptuous apartment, as the fair occupant left it.

"The story is a long one," replied Dunois, with emotion, "I would fain have kept it secret even from you, my best friend and most indulgent—"

"Nay, nay—no more of that; forget that fate has

cumbered us with any title, save that of thine over-hasty but ever loving cousin. Let us be seated, and then proceed to solve me this mystery."

Dunois seated himself, and after a few moments of rapid explanation, stood confessed as one who had gained the love of a young Italian, during a visit to Romo the preceding year. When too late to recall his affections, he had learned that she was an orphan, the heiress of great wealth both in lands and money, and that she had been placed under the wardship of his holiness the Pope, who had expressed his determination that she should marry a noble of her own country. Urged forward by his own passion, as well as by the encouragement of the lady, Dunois fled with her and her immense portable wealth from Rome, leaving her lands to enrich the Holy See. The chateau had been repaired for her reception, and she had been concealed there during several months, willingly surrendering her wealth to the necessities of her adopted country, and submitting to remain the unacknowledged wife of Dunois, rather than embroil his master, the young king of France, with his Holiness, by calling on him to sanction a more public ceremony than that which had already bound them.

"And it was from this source the exchequer was supplied, after the last sous had been drawn to meet the expenses of the wars," exclaimed the young traveller, grasping his cousin's hand with sudden energy. "By this right hand, Dunois! thy claim on this lovely piece of Eve's flesh shall be sustained, though the crown of France crumble in the contest. To-morrow she shall be sent, with all fitting honor, to the court; not openly as thy bride—that cannot be yet, a rupture with his Holiness would be ruinous, in our present weak state; one fair victory over the English braggarts, and we will brave even the haughty Pontiff in thy behalf. Meantime, the Queen of France is a fitting protector for thy fair wife."

Dunois was about to utter his thanks, when the object of their discourse returned to the apartment.

The young traveller had occupied his sleeping apartment but a few minutes that night, when the Jester knocked for admission. His face still bore the familiar smile, which, from constant practice, seemed to have become a portion of his features, but when the door was closed a change came over his whole person: the muscles about his mouth fell, his eyebrows, which were lifted almost to an expression of silliness, drooped to their natural heavy curve; his lips became more firm and determined in their expression; and his air of comic effrontery, gave place to an erect front and a respectful demeanor. Taking off his cap, and folding his cloak so as to conceal his gaudy apparel, he stood at a respectful distance as if waiting to be questioned.

"Sit down," said the young man, pushing a stool forward with his foot, and assuming a show of indifference. "Sit down, and tell us how thy errand has speeded."

"Indifferently well," replied the Jester, taking the proffered stool, "I came to speech with the damsel."

"And what learned ye?"

"That she is quick of wit, full of fire, and the scullion or hostler of yonder inn."

"Impossible! A creature of such beauty the menial of a low inn? Tush, man, it cannot be!"

"It is even as I say; these eyes saw her rub down a heavy English roadster."

The youth turned in his chair with an expression of disgust, and motioned the Jester to leave the room, but without heeding the command, he remained looking keenly into his master's face. After a few moments' silence he murmured, in a low, silky voice,

"Yet she is very beautiful. Such eyes! They fairly showered fire on the brutal soldier, when he called the king of France a sparrow, whom his master had well-nigh plucked to the skin."

A rush of blood to the traveller's face, and an impatient motion of the hand, told how fully the last speech had taken effect. The Jester appeared not to notice his emotion, but proceeded, as if carried away by the interest of his subject.

"Sdeath! how her haughty lip writhed—how eagerly those little fingers clutched the dagger!"

"And did she strike him?" exclaimed the young man, half-starting from his chair, and fixing his flashing eyes on the crafty Jester.

"Ay, that did she! The sharp steel ran clean through his arm. It was glorious, her look of disdain, when she tore it out, reeking as it was, and dashed it down, as if loathing the sight of the blood her own hand had drawn."

"And the wounded churl, did he seek to revenge the hurt?"

"That did he not. His companions raised a laugh, and he shrunk away ashamed, for the flash of her fierce eyes were even more terrible than the blow of her dagger. The troops soon passed forward, and I saw no more of them."

"But the maiden, what of her?"

"She supposed herself alone—for I, from the first, had concealed myself—more than a minute she stood, with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on the reeking dirk where it stuck, quivering, with its point buried deep in the ground. Then she fell upon her knees, and prayed. A prayer like that might inspire a whole nation with a thirst for action; might instil valor even into the discouraged troops of France! It was the outpouring of a spirit too highly excited for its own endurance. The burning words fell from her lips, like sparks from heated steel; each glowing sentence is sounding in my brain, even yet, like the voice of a war trumpet. A creature like that, placed in the midst of a discouraged soldiery, would accomplish more by her fearless eloquence, than whole armies arrayed for battle, with the thoughts of former defeat freezing up their courage."

"This strange eloquence must be contagious," said the youth coldly, fixing a keen and suspicious look on the face of the Jester. "Thou art not wont to waste words to no purpose, even in thy seeming folly. To the point at once. What wise project hast thou framed, touching this fiery maiden? Mark me—one who has defended the honor of her sovereign, to the shedding of blood, is no game for meaner followers!"

"I know that full well," replied the Jester, humbly, "nor do I seek to mate with eagles, though they be found in kites' nests."

A cloud disappeared from the brow of the youth. "It

is well," he said, in a kinder tone. "Now unfold thy project, for some scheme thou had'st, I'm certain."

The Jester drew his stool close to the feet of his master, and unfolded his design in a low and rapid speech. A rich glow gathered in the cheeks of the youth, his eye brightened, and he now and then interrupted the speaker with broken exclamations of pleasure. By degrees, the Jester's voice became lower and more insidious; as he proceeded, a frown darkened the face of his master, and, more than once, he started back with an angry exclamation. Then he would gradually incline his head, and his deepening color told how skilfully the subtle adviser was playing upon his passions. As if carried away by the interest of his subject, the Jester at length spoke aloud in a firm voice.

"There are women," he said, "whose lives are as a quiet stream; passions may disturb them for a moment, as winds ruffle the limpid waters, and then their life passes on as quietly as if no evil had oppressed them, even as the stream resumes its glassy smoothness, when the breeze which disturbs it is hushed. With such, joys or sorrows never penetrate beyond the surface of the heart, the core remains untouched and impervious. There are others—and this damsel is one—bold and visionary, with the energies of men, joined to the tenderness of the weakest woman; with passions and aspirations, which, once lighted, burn on for ever and ever, till the heart is consumed by its own unquenchable desires. Excite these energies and this tenderness, at the same time, and a creature is formed such as this damsel may be made: a lion in the face of an enemy, a dove in the bosom of one on whom she lavishes affection; a being, who, once engaged in a course of love or glory, will concentrate her strength and contend with difficulty, danger, and even death, but who will never yield till her object is accomplished. To win such love, to awaken such powers, is a task worthy even of thee, my master. But beware of arousing them for a slight purpose; of trifling with a heart like that, for the simple amusement of a day; it would be like uncapping Vesuvius, to be amused by the sparkle of its flames, and the rush of its burning lava. Leave her here, in the solitude of her own green valley, to indulge the fiery strength of her nature by curbing travellers' horses, and breaking young colts; or take her hence, as I but now proposed, place her among the soldiery, and make one more mighty effort to arouse the energies of France." Here the Jester's voice again sunk to an under tone, he spoke long and earnestly, apparently explaining with more minute exactness, the project which occupied his mind.

"Well, be it so," said the youth, at length, as his wily servant arose to depart, "but, on thy life, be prudent and secret."

The Jester promised obedience, and left the apartment. After leaving the ruin he proceeded to the hostelry, where he had left Agnes Sorrell. He held a protracted interview with her, and then, mounting his horse, rode off toward Vancouleurs. It was deep in the night when he returned, with his horse in a foam, and with a heavy bundle tied to his saddle-bow.

*To be continued.*

Original.

## ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

READER mine, hast thou ever, in thy mortal cogitations, been tempted to indulge in feelings of compassion or contempt for those of thy race, who may appropriately be termed *Elderly Gentlemen*? Or hast thou ever, in contemplating thy possible destiny, shrunk from this particular part of thy lot as from a period bereft of all comfort, and the very acme of human ills? If so, I beseech thee to take shame and confusion of face to thyself, for thou art already convicted of the very climax of human folly. I will scarcely believe thou art able to discern "a hawk from a handsaw."

Rest thee in thy Cretanism, and I will, if so be there is stuff enough in thee, essay to convince thee of thy great error, and to enlighten thee as to the many privileges thou art still to enjoy: or of which, perchance, thou mayest already have begun to partake, albeit unconscious of thy felicity.

First, let us review the successive periods of thy life, each with its peculiar and not to be avoided perils, and verily, thou wilt perceive that as thou hast approached this haven, thy felicity hath increased.

Look, then, at thy firm and well-turned limbs, (for the Elderly Gentleman hath no experience in the shrunk pantaloons,) thy well formed foot, which thou art wont to display in the best of Day and Martin's polish; thy cheek, with its strong manly lines, which thou art fain to consider as evidences of thought and force of character, a position from which I will not attempt to dislodge thee; thy whiskers, scarcely sprinkled with grey, and matching the short curly locks that mantle thy high, rather intellectual looking, brow—for no other word will suit thee, suggestive as it is of those of Jupiter, Mars, and a whole Pantheon of Gods and Goddesses—thy brow then, which thou hast fondly persuaded thyself is no mean counterpart to that of Napoleon, (a harmless phantasy, in which thou mayest freely indulge; elderly gentlemen do, or ought to look intellectual.) Look at all this, and then consider, I beseech thee, that thou wast once a "sprawling babe, mewling and puking" in the arms of thy nurse, thy bare feet and shapeless legs kicking back and forth, to the most disreputable of all sounds, inasmuch as it is nothing certain, being neither language, bark nor mew, neither a low nor a squeal, but that nondescript of all sounds, a baby cry.

Then think of thy bald head, and dropsical cheeks, and that aperture in lieu of a mouth distended to its largest possible dimensions, exhibiting thy red, toothless gums and quivering tongue, all for the laudable purpose of emitting the before spoken of sounds, that delight none but thyself, and two nameless objects, who witness the operation with the greatest possible pleasure.

Thy very cheek tingles with shame at the recital, but I am not yet done. I will suppose thou hast passed through all the preliminary steps to walking; that thou hast looked interesting upon all-fours; that mama has been duly pulled and hauled, mortified and enraptured;

that a reasonable number of visitors have been shocked and bored by the evidences of thy existence, and the precocity of thy genius; that thy nose, to say nothing of the rest of thy person, hath been suitably bumped, producing developments as yet unclaimed by Phrenology; and that thou art able to walk at an angle, something less than thirty degrees. And here thou hast reached a most important era, in the history of thy life. Thou hast become the subject of serious debate. A solemn and most important council has been held in thy behalf. Thy gymnastic feats have become no longer endurable, and thy vaultings, albeit in perfect innocence, no longer to be tolerated. Thy tunics are, therefore, to be discarded, and thou art to appear in the panoply of thy sex. Great is thy rejoicing—great thy anxiety—great thy impatience. To thee it is a day, “big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome.”

Now behold thyself making sundry ambitious attempts to balance thy dumpy figure upon one foot, while the other is to be thrust into what is termed a pair of trowsers. Dost mark thy chuckling face, red with exertion, thy shapeless hands clinging to the apron of the female Vulcan, who is to encase thee in the armor of manhood? All will not do; and thou art unceremoniously hoisted into her lap, while thy extremities are thrust in one after another, and thou art hoisted up and down, and shaken in with as little remorse as a pillow into its case.

The suit is completely filled; where it might have been too tight in one place, the fat is squeezed to where it is too large in another; and now thou art deposited upon the floor, resembling much a meal-bag filled to bursting. Nor is this all. I must detail thy whole shame, for thou, even thou, quiet and well-bred as thou now most assuredly art—didst clap thy fat hands upon thy well-filled corporation, and straddle thy short legs and strut about the room, thy arms trussed up for the better display of thy person, with all the pride and pomp of a new Militia Captain, or a young capon lately fledged; and this too, while mama looked on with infinite delight, cousins shouted, and elderly aunts wiped their spectacles, showed their straggling teeth, and laughed till their eyes ran over. Rejoice, oh, Elderly Gentleman, that these days of thy shame are past for ever!

I will not dwell upon the times of thy boyhood, when thou didst snivel on the road to school, with “shining morning face,” bearing in thy innocent hands a permit for a sound flogging, in lieu of an apology for thine absence; nor dilate upon the times when thou wert perched upon a platform, squeaking at the top of thy lungs, and with most triumphant emphasis,

“You’d scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage.”

I will say nothing of the unseemly and uncomfortable application of the birch, nor of the sonorous and discordant sounds that accompanied the ceremony. Let these pass—pass, too, when thy chivalry made it legal for thee to dodge corners, and go all the way round Robin Hood’s barn, lest thou shouldst encounter some gingerbread champion, who technically owed thee a “hiding.” These are amongst the trials thou must encounter, ere thou art

qualified to enjoy the “*otium cum dignitate*” of the Elderly Gentleman.

But I see thee again, like Tasso’s young Rinaldo, the dawn is beginning to shade thy chin, and thou art given to star gazing; thou dost rave, what thou wouldst fain should be considered poetry; art addicted to moonlight serenades, while thy teeth are chattering in thy head, and thy mistress is unconsciously snoozing under seven woollen night-caps: dost sigh and lay thy hand upon thy chest, to indicate a heart somewhere in that region, and roll thy eyes, like a goalin in a thunder-tempest. All in vain; she will wed the rich soap-boiler over the way, and leave thee and thy fine speeches to find their way with other lost things, to the land of lunatics, even the Moon.

But let us have done with these horrors—let me no longer shock thy sensitive nerves, by dwelling upon what may not be recalled, what thou couldst not indeed have escaped—they are the natural penalties of thy existence. I will pass over all the intermediate stages of thy folly and disgrace, and suppose thee at last safely landed in this haven of rest, this Eldorado of human life.

From henceforward thy existence is a privileged one. Thou needest consult no will but thine own. Now, thou mayest truly be said to repose “under thine own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make thee afraid.” Who taketh umbrage at the language of the Elderly Gentleman? Who disregardeth his council, or slighteth his reproof? Not one. Young maidens smile upon him without reprehension, and matrons take him by the arm and lead him to the most desirable places, desirable as well for the comfort of the body, as for the gratification of the mind. Who would not be an Elderly Gentleman?

My friend, Mr. Greenleaf, is the very ideal of an Elderly Gentleman. His manners have a dash of the olden time; that is, he raises his hat to a lady, and inclines his body with the most elegant air in the world. His voice is distinct, but inclining to be low; he thinks the loud, boisterous manners of modern beaux, the very height of the vulgar. His coat is black and well-fitted: and I observe he always wears a ring upon the first finger of the left hand, which is supposed to have been the gift of a lady—an old flame of his—whom he still visits, and regularly presents her increasing family with Christmas and New-Year’s gifts.

He is partially a bon vivant, and tips his old Madeira with a free, generous air, that would seem to say, I am no cynic, but obey the apostolic injunction, “take a little wine for thy stomach’s sake.” But as for “infirmities,” he is never ailing. His feet are never pinched with tight boots, nor does he need to go with half a dinner, because of the tightness of his waistbands.

I have seen him recline in his elbow-chair, with his feet upon the fender, but he generally rises upon the approach of visitors. I never knew him to spit in the grate, nor is he guilty of that disgusting English fashion, of spitting in his pocket handkerchief.

He is a great favorite with the ladies of every age; little children anticipate his coming with great delight, for he has always something kind to say to them, and not unfrequently presents them with some coveted toy. His



judgment is considered excellent, and no one of his acquaintances would think of engaging in any enterprise, without first consulting his opinion—for should a failure be the result, ten to one it would be charged to the omission.

But I believe my friend never appears to better advantage, than when in the society of young ladies; and, if I mistake not, he is never better pleased than when thus engaged. I observe in addressing them, he not unfrequently pats them on the shoulders, by way of lending emphasis to what he is saying; an innocent liberty which never gives offence as coming from him; though I have more than once seen the eyes of a lover looking daggers at a privilege he himself was too chicken-hearted to claim—perhaps my friend observed the same thing, and it may be, the trifle became of more value from that single circumstance. Be that as it may, he rarely parts with a pretty girl without a valedictory kiss, and I have often remarked that his taste is very nice in these matters, it being altogether superfluous to perform the operation upon an ugly face.

But I must stop, for Mr. Greenleaf would be greatly shocked should he discover what I have been doing. I think he would die at the very idea of being in print, for he adheres to the belief that such things are never done without the cognizance of the original, and that no man of sense ever did, or ever will appear as an author, unless driven to it by necessity of one kind or other.

Now let me recapitulate a few of the many benefits to which thou art entitled as an Elderly Gentleman.

Thine oddities of whatever kind, are not only to be treated with indulgence, but will be looked upon as quite agreeable and necessary to thy individuality. Thou mayest be gruff or urbane, loquacious or taciturn, and each will be considered equally proper, and suiting thy condition. Thy character is supposed fixed, and be it what it may, no radical, even were he as daring as Luther himself, will presume to interfere with thy established habits. No one will attempt to make thee over.

Thy bon mots will be patiently heard, and duly appreciated—if stale, they will become current as having been repeated by thee. Thy moralizing will be oracular, and thou shouldst gesticulate slowly in order to add weight to what might otherwise appear common-place. It is thy privilege to say

\* \* \* \* \* "an undisputed thing,  
In such a solemn way,"

that it shall pass for wisdom, profound as his who had applied himself to the study of all knowledge, albeit he was led to confess, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Thou mayest ask thyself to dinners, more especially if thou givest dinners in return, mayest introduce whist and cribbage, mayest talk of the weather, and even of thine own rheumatism, and not be noted a bore; presuming thou hast courage to do this, knowing the prescriptions that will be showered upon thee—knowing how maiden ladies will bring thee catholicons and lineaments, and more than hint at that judicious recipe of the king of Israel, as infirmities gathered about him.

Now, also, it is optional with thee, whether to reply to things said in thy presence, or even addressed to thyself. Thou mayest roll up thine eyes, give a whiff, reply, or be utterly silent, as may best suit thy pleasure, the capacity of thy understanding, or the circumstances of the case; and be assured, whatever thou doest, will be pronounced the best thing possible, all things considered.

Thou mayest husband thy knowledge, and retail it with a spare hand, for it is taken for granted that all things are familiar to the Elderly Gentleman, and thy silence passes unsuspected. It will be well for thee to read a few old, rare authors, and quote therefrom, and thy erudition will be placed beyond dispute.

Over and above all, in addressing the young of thy acquaintance, by all means, commence by saying, "young man," or "young woman," it makes what thou mayest thereafter say, more impressive, and fills them with suitable respect for thyself, the wisdom and value of thy counsels, and the sageness of thy conclusions, as well as a proper and most desirable sense of their own inferiority.

But I must have done, for dwelling upon this beau ideal of human life has so far lessened the value of all other periods, that even at the risk of irreverence, I am led to exclaim,

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day."

Original.

HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

"MAN never is," the poet sings;  
"But always to be blest."  
Then say wherein the hidden springs  
Of Happiness may rest;  
If in the pleasures sense bestows,  
Then surely unto some,  
Exempt from worldly pains and woes  
True happiness should come.

If in the pleasures of the mind  
Bliss builds its halcyon nest,  
Ah! wherefore do we never find  
Some who are truly blest?—  
If in the heart's deep cells it lies  
Whence feeling's fountains play,  
Why live not some in ecstasies  
Through life's long summer day?

Oh! Passion's joys are fleet as fair—  
The mind its sorrows feels—  
And oft the darkling cloud of care  
O'er the heart's sunshine steals;  
Unmingled bliss dwells not on earth,  
Then let us look above,  
Where every woe of human birth  
Is lost in perfect love.

Boston.

Original.

## SKETCHES BY LAMP-LIGHT.—NO. I.

BY JOHN NEAL.

## THE NEWLY-MARRIED MAN.

"As I live, there she goes now! Look! look! The very woman I told you so much of. The most beautiful creature, and the most of a—oh, hang it! I've no patience with you newly-married men! Why don't you look, George, hey!"

"Well, Harper," yawning, and turning languidly toward a group of fashionably-dressed women, who appeared to be passing out of some church, auction, or fair in the neighborhood, "well, Harper, to oblige you, I will look—which is the lady?"

"Which? How can you ask, after seeing that step, and carriage, and the swaying of those white ostrich-feathers, and the cast of that magnificent drapery, and the—zounds and death! what ails the man?"

"Harper—Harper! it were as much as your life is worth—"

"So, so, waked up at last, are you? Pale as death at the sight of a beautiful woman, married though you are, and newly married too—actually muttering in your sleep! One would believe you rehearsing a speech for the jury, in a capital case, or acting Macbeth in the dagger-scene, to look at your hands, your attitude, your eyes—to see you, as you stand there, with your lips moving, and sweat—ay, George, big drops of sweat—standing upon your forehead!"

"Harper—Harper!" gasping for breath and playing with his fingers, and trying to smile, "you have no idea who that woman is, hey?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nor whether she is married or unmarried?"

"Maid, wife, or widow? No."

"Your hand, my dear fellow! I've wronged you. I had an idea that you were desperate and wicked enough—but no matter—how could I have been such an ass?"

"Nothing easier in the world—for a married man. But I say though, George, there seems to be a kind of a—of a—what d'ye call it?—you men that make poetry, and speeches, and wry faces, and do tragedy in the public streets—a kind of a *mystery* here, hey?"

"Rather. But before I explain that mystery, my friend, there are two or three questions, if you please, that must be answered."

"Must be answered, hey! And by whom?"

"By you, Harper."

"Must?"

"Must, Harper, *must*. I've no time for ceremony."

"Nor I neither, George: and, therefore, although I don't much like your manner, nor your look, nor your language—you'll excuse me, but my notion is, that you are rather too fond of the Park and the Bowery, for a married man, hey? rather too much given to the melodramatic, for every-day people—to out-Heroding Herod, on small occasions—to *Cooking Kean*, where both are out of place. However, as I said before, although I don't much like your way of popping the question, still,

out of mercy—sheer mercy—to your earnestness and waywardness—"

"To the point, Harper, to the point! My waywardness will not bear trifling with, just now."

"Very well; to the point then. Propound your questions, keep your temper, and after you are satisfied, we'll have a bit of a blow up, if you say so; and if, on the whole, it should appear expedient, under all the circumstances—hey?"

"With all my heart! Are you acquainted with that woman?"

"No."

"Have you ever spoken to her?"

"Never."

"How long is it since you first saw her?"

"Three months," counting his fingers, "five days—two hours, and a—" pulling out his watch, "and about a—"

"No trifling, if you please."

"I am particular, because you are. I saw her first, as you may remember, for I told you of it the very next day, on the fourth of July last past."

"And are you sure, quite sure, that the woman we just saw turning that corner, is the very woman that Millar, the profligate scoundrel, appeared so infatuated with?"

"The same. He grows more and more infatuated every hour; he follows her every where—by Jupiter! there he is now! I knew he couldn't be far off."

"Harper!" struggling with himself, and trembling with suppressed rage, as if undetermined whether to follow the parties or not. "Harper!"

"Bless my heart, George, what ails you? Are you ill?"

"Harper! Have you seen any thing like encouragement on her part?"

"Can't say I have, George. But then, you know, the fellow's *reputation*—"

"The puppy!"

"I say nothing about his wealth, and courage, and personal appearance, nor do I care much about his gentleness, and smoothness, and perseverance—they are all well enough in their way; but his *reputation*, that's the thing! The poor creature's 'll never stand that, you know!"

"His reputation for what?"

"For what! Why for success, to be sure; for being such a favorite with the most prudish and cautious of our fashionable women—for being so *faisful* and so *trustworth*! Ah, my friend, there lies the danger, after all!"

"Danger, indeed! The miserable, effeminate wretch; how can a full grown woman stomach such a thing! Were I a woman, it appears to me I should quite as soon fall in love with a girl upon the stage, rigged out as Romeo or Hamlet."

"Nevertheless, my dear fellow, I have my fears."

"Your fears! How? What?"

"I am afraid these very things have had their influence with that lofty-looking creature we saw."

"Afraid, hey? And wherefore—wherefore? Tell me why you are afraid?"

"Bless my soul, how eager you are!"

"Let me know the worst, my friend—the very worst—I can bear it."

"You can bear it! Why, what on earth have you to do with the business, hey? You—a married man—married, as you yourself assure me, to the loveliest woman I ever saw!"

"Oh, my friend—"

"Zounds, man, don't wring my hand off! Augh—au—ugh! It reminds me rather too much of

'The desperate grasp thy frame might feel  
Through treble bars of brass or steel.'

"Harper—Tom—I cannot bear this."

"Bear what? Why don't you explain yourself? Here am I, boxing all round the compass, to find out something, which two words from you would clear up, I dare say; and yet, for want of a little, a very little—not more than half-a-thimble-full—of that common sense, which you twit me with having so much of, you leave me to guess all sorts of things to your disadvantage."

"To my disadvantage! How?"

"Let you know the worst, hey? *the very worst?* You can bear it, hey? And pray, sir, what business have you—a married man—to know the worst of any other woman alive, to tell your own wife? Have a care, George."

"Why, to your own wife, my friend, I—I—" getting embarrassed, "I had an idea that you meant something more than you—that you knew more—that is to say—that you—in short—"

"Exactly. And then, what business have you—a married man, as I said before, newly married too, and married to such a lovely woman—what business have you to talk about what you can bear, on account of any other woman, hey? Answer me that, will you?"

"You are right, my friend; it was very foolish of me, and must have appeared exceedingly strange to you."

"You may well say that. I'll be hanged if I didn't begin to think you were jealous."

"Jealous! I! I hope you don't imagine, sir—"

"But, beware! Beware of jealousy, saith Iago—*honest* Iago!"

"Sdeath and fury, man! What mean you by this ribald trifling?"

"Hoity-toity! You'd better try for a birth at Bartlemey Fair."

'What a terrible thing to be father-in-law,  
To a most magnificent three tailed bashaw!'

"Harper—Tom Harper—don't drive me mad?"

"Mad! You're mad now, mad as a March hare! Not satisfied with the unquestioned monopoly of one beautiful woman—"

"Unquestioned, hey? True—true—what an ass I am!"

"Ex-act-ly, as I said before, ex-act-ly—their's my sentiments! By-the-way, George, when do you mean to let me see her, as you have promised, face to face, at your own supper-table? I don't half like this being acquainted with such a glorious creature at second-hand. But, to finish what I was going to say. Here are you now, a married man, the happiest fellow on earth, if you are to be believed, in the actual possession and enjoyment—as

you men of the law say—of the handsomest woman to be met with hereabouts; yet, some how or other, for some reason or other, actually jealous of the favor which another handsome woman thinks proper to lavish upon a fellow you happen to hate most cordially."

"Hate! No, indeed, the poppinjay! No, no; at the most, I only despise him just enough to—well, well, no matter."

"Of a truth, Solomon was more than half right, when he said that jealousy is as cruel as the grave."

"And love—as *strong as death!*"

"Bravo! bravissimo! That would be worth half-a-dozen rounds to you, at a Fourth of July recitation. And love as strong as death, hey? Bravo! bravissimo! Hear, hear, hear!"

"Have done with you nonsense, will you?"

"Yes—when you have done with yours, and answered my question."

"What question?"

"What question! Well, hang me if I don't begin to believe—almost—that you are afraid to have me see your wife?"

"Afraid! of what? of whom? of which?"

"Not so much of her, perhaps—no, no, I dare say not—as of me, Tom Harper—your old good-for-nothing, baldpated, single friend, that seems to play *double* to every body."

"Pahaw!"

"I say, George, you've cracked her up so much and so long, I hope she isn't hump-backed—or deaf—or blind of one eye, hey? Does'n't squint, does she? Oh, ho! you are getting serious, are you?"

"You shall judge for yourself. Come this evening at six—it is now half-past four, you see."

"Capital! But I say, George, maybe you never met with the story of a man, who was so very proud of his young and beautiful wife, and so very confident of his own hold upon her affections, if not of *her* virtue, that he wouldn't be satisfied till he had subjected her, under the greatest possible disadvantages, to the admiration of a dear friend—just such a fellow as I am, to a T—a frosty-pated old bachelor?"

"What a coxcomb you are, to be sure! And what was the result?"

"Oh, you must read the story for yourself. You'll find it in the Spectator, or the Arabian Nights, or the Vicar of Wakefield, I forget which; but the result was just what might have been expected, to a proud and beautiful, a tempted, and a *slighted* wife. My maxim is—never be too sure of ourselves, nor of others, and where people withstand temptation, be sure to give them the whole credit of it. But you husbands have no idea of this, I believe. You depend, after all, a thousand times more upon yourselves than upon your wives—upon their *love* for you—and your *power* over them; as if, in point of fact, you never thought of their virtue, or faith, nor cared a snap for the resisting power they may happen to be blessed with, as high-minded women."

"Indeed!" Pulling out his watch—"At six precisely, you know. Stay—there is one question more."

"Well, what is it?"

"You spoke of your fears. Have you any reason to *believe* that Millar is encouraged?"

"Oh, ah!—allowed to hope, you mean?"

"You understand me."

"Why, in the first place, though I never saw any decided encouragement, as I have told you already, yet, whenever I see her, I am sure, that he isn't far off; and that, you know, looks a good deal like an arrangement, or understanding, or a—" nodding.

"Or an assignation, hey?"

"How bitter you are! Why, if the lady were a mistress of your own, you couldn't bear it worse; and then, no longer ago than last Friday, I saw them riding together in his cream-colored barouche: and to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, her magnificent India shawl, and sky blue bonnet, and snowy feathers, cut a famous flourish there, I promise you."

"Last Friday!—are you quite sure?"

"Yes, perfectly sure."

"And what time o' day was it?"

"In the afternoon, about four, I should think. You returned from Philadelphia the next day, I believe."

"About four, hey?" musing; "oh, but he's a precious villain! And she—well may she be called a 'beautiful mischief'; but I'll—I'll—I've made up my mind—I'll—"

"What are you muttering now, hey?"

"I'll do *such* things—what they are, I know not—"

"As Shakespeare says. But, George, a word with you. I hate mystery, and I don't half like this agitation, and paleness. One would think you were about making your maiden speech, in a matter of life and death."

"Of life and death, hey? It *is* a matter of life and death, my friend."

"George Elsworth! Let me be serious with you. It cannot be that you are involved with that woman yourself?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself to *Sir* me. But just answer my question, will you? If it be true, George, that you—a married man—a man of exalted virtue, as I have always believed, notwithstanding your whims and follies about the stage—the husband of a young, lovely and faithful wife—are so wretchedly infatuated with another woman, as to be made unhappy by the attentions that are lavished upon her—stop, stop! where now—what's your hurry?"

"No, sir. Who said any thing about *another* woman? Ay, sir, and who that lives dares to question her faith? At six precisely—for your life, sir, let me not be disappointed."

"Gone, hey! Actually gone! Sir, sir, sir! Going, going, gone! For your life, sir, let me not be disappointed! There's an invitation for you; or was it only a challenge? No, sir, I'll see you hanged first, and your beautiful wife with you. Beautiful! I don't believe her eyes are mates. I'd wager a trifle she limps, now; or has lost all her teeth; or is most confoundedly warped! So much for marrying in a hurry—getting your fingers nipped, while you're trying to steal the bait. Ah, here he comes again! Well, what now?"

"I have returned to make sure that I understood you aright. You have seen them together, you say?"

"Yes."

"Well, have you ever—a—a—"

"No, I never, as Beppo says."

"You know what I mean, Harper."

"Not I, faith."

"Have you ever happened to see a—a—that is to say—a—a—have you ever seen any thing like familiarity between them? any appearance of a good understanding, hey?"

"Can't say I have. Precious little understanding between them both, I should say; though, when they passed me in the barouche, I thought her manner rather free—*rather*—for an unmarried woman."

"Free, hey—rather free for an unmarried woman. But if she were a married woman, Harper?"

"Why that, to be sure, would alter the case. We might not blame her so much, then, for carrying those beautiful ostrich feathers, and that princely shawl with such an air."

"Bold, hey—rather saucy and free?"

"*Rather*. And to tell you the truth, George, notwithstanding her beauty, I didn't much like her manner; she hadn't altogether, somehow, the air of a gentlewoman."

"Zounds and death, sir! What do you mean?"

"Tut, tut, tut man, what's to pay now?"

"Not the air of a gentlewoman! She! I'll tell you what 'tis, my friend, there's no accounting for tastes, you know; but for any body to think of saying *that* of a—of a—of a—of the woman we saw there, why its downright blasphemy."

"Well, if you are 'nt the strangest fellow! Of course, you are well acquainted with her, and take a deep interest in her; and yet, you don't mind her being *rather* free, and bold, and saucy, so that she carries it like a gentlewoman!"

"You are right, Harper. I *am* well acquainted with her, and I *do* take a deep interest in her, the deepest that man ever took in woman."

"George Elsworth! I pity you—from my soul, I pity you! This may be a matter of life and death to you and to yours: I beseech you, therefore, to deal frankly with me. If you are entangled in any way with that lovely, though most imprudent woman, be she married or unmarried—ah, you breathe freely again—*married* or *unmarried*, I say, it matters not—you are married, and that's enough—wake up from your delusion; tear yourself away from her, and for ever, or you are lost!"

"Tear myself away from her! Oh, my friend, if you but knew her, if you had but seen her face, you would never have the heart to name such a thing."

"Her face—man alive! Why, what should put it into your head that I have 'nt seen her face?"

"You told me so yourself."

"No such thing. I told you I had 'nt spoken to her; that I was not acquainted with her, that I had no idea who or what she was, whether maid, wife, or widow."

"And that you say now, hey?"

"To be sure I do."

"But you have seen her face—"

"Ay."

"Should you know it again?"

"Among a million."

"So, so," musing, "then I must play the game very differently. How shall I get off, though?"

"Think of your wife, Elsworth—of your child—of yourself; think of your duty to your fellow-man—to your Maker! I see, I rejoice to see, that struggle going on within you. Oh, that your higher and better nature may triumph!"

"Of my wife, hey! Of my child! Oh, man, man! that I should be so ensnared, like a fool! I, that have withstood so much; I, that have battled with such temptations and trials; borne up, year after year, against such a load of discouragement. Oh, that I should live to be the slave of a wanton—the father of her child!"

"Horror and shame! You cannot be serious, George! You are not in your right senses, I'm afraid."

"I do not know that I am; but this I know—this I feel—that I am weary of life. Stay, I had forgotten: I shall not be at home this evening. I have just remembered an engagement, of a—of a—professional nature. It is the fifteenth, hey, Tom?"

"No, the fourteenth."

"Saturday, though?"

"No, Friday."

"Never mind that; Friday or Saturday—fifteenth or sixteenth, its all the same."

"So I perceive, and, therefore, some other time, as you say. I understand you, Elsworth. Why, how you tremble! Take my arm, will you, or let me call a coach."

"No, you are mistaken, my friend—exceedingly mistaken. I have been chilled, chilled to the heart, by the sudden change of weather, and I really *am* under an engagement; and if you were to come this evening, you would see nobody at home but my wife, and you might find her out of temper."

"Out of temper, George?"

"At my absence, you know; low-spirited, and poor company; and so, some other evening, if you please—after this week. Last Friday afternoon, you say, about four o'clock?"

"What are you talking about man? Oh, ah, yes—I understand you now. But beware, George, beware; it may be a question of life and death to you, as I said before—to you and to your wife. Think well before you hazard another step."

"To my wife, sir? Oh, true, true."

"Remember what I say. If you are the father of a child you dare not acknowledge; if you are entangled with that woman, so that you cannot break off at once, and for ever; you had better be in your grave, and the sooner the better—fifty fathom deep—"

"Ay, deeper than plummet ever sounded. Farewell!"

"Gone! Actually gone, before I could say farewell to him, or take his hand once more, and for a moment only, with the feeling of other days, when George Elsworth was among the purest of the pure, as timid as a young girl, and utterly beyond the suspicion of such things. Wonderful! And here am I, left to find out the meaning of

the change. Just to think of it! One of the most truly virtuous, high-minded, and excellent creatures you ever saw, dead in love with his own wife, newly-married, hopefully pious, and looking, too, as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth: and yet, so distractedly fond of another woman—a married woman, I dare say—so blindly infatuated with her, although he acknowledges himself that she is no better than she should be. Oh, these men—these men! these married, married men! Upon my word, I begin to believe myself—I—myself—Tom Harper, the notorious Tom Harper, to be just about as good as the best of them; with all their smooth speeches and smoother looks, and modest carriage of the eyes, and snivelling through the nose. Good bye—I'm off."

## CHAPTER. II.

"Well, my dear, and so you mean to be quite speechless?"

"Quite."

"Pray, tell me, what troubles you?"

"Nothing troubles me, Harriet. I'm beyond the reach of trouble now, or nearly."

"Ah, how delighted I am. And yet, your looks and the tone of your voice, my dear husband, are not half so encouraging as your words."

"Really, I wonder at that."

"You are overworking yourself. Your ambition will destroy you, George, your sympathies carry you too far."

"No, Harriet, I'm only fatigued and worried—"

"And *very* absent, love," smiling through her tears. "See how you have heaped the sugar into your cup, till the tea is all running over on the table."

"Have I?"

"Have you, dear. Can't you see for yourself? And then, too, you have't asked for the baby."

"Indeed! Well, how is it with the dear child?"

"What, George, is that all? Indeed! how is it with the dear child?"

"Well, Harriet, what more would you have?"

"What more! Nothing! What more, George?" coming up to him, and parting the damp hair from his lofty and imperious forehead, and kissing him with reverent affection, as she seated herself on his knee, without observing that he shrunk from her, and trembled and turned away his mouth. "What more!" and the tears came into her eyes. "Have you forgotten, George, that the poor baby will never go to sleep contentedly, till he has had a kiss from father; and yet, here you are—you that are always so punctual—remaining away two full hours after the regular time, till we are obliged to send the poor little thing off to bed, crying and sobbing to see father, as if his heart would break; and then, after you get here, not a word of inquiry, or explanation, or excuse—"

"Of *excuse*, Harriet?"

"Pardon me, dear, it was never so before. Something must have happened to you. I am afraid you take too strong an interest in that unhappy woman, you are so pale and so absent; and then, how your temples throb! and the sweat stands in large drops about your mouth—"

down, Pompey, down!—and your long black hair is wringing wet, you see.”

“Harriet!”

“Well, dear.”

“Let me see the baby, once more—”

“Once more! Why, what is the meaning of this? What ails you—you’ll frighten me to death, George!”

“Let me see the baby, will you? I have some business to look after, that must be attended to before I sleep.”

“To-night! You are not going out again to-night, are you?”

“I must.”

“And how long do you mean to be away?”

“It is altogether uncertain. Pray, bid the nurse bring the little fellow here.”

“Certainly, dear—certainly, if you desire it; but he has been asleep not more than half an hour, and I have had so much trouble with him, this whole afternoon, that, to tell the truth, dear, I’m afraid he is going to be ill: his eyes look heavy, and he doesn’t breathe naturally.”

“The whole afternoon, Harriet!” watching her countenance in breathless anxiety.

“Nay, George, there’s no occasion for such alarm; at the worst, it may be only teething, or a slight cold; but the poor little fellow has not been out of my lap since three o’clock—till the nurse returned and put him to bed.”

“And when was that?”

“After seven.”

“So that from three to seven, that child has never been out of your lap, hey?”

“No, dear, not for five minutes together. But why do you look at me so? and why breathe as if you were choking? There is really no ground for serious apprehension, dear.”

“By Heaven I will!—be quiet, sir!—lie down, sir! Harriet, I wish you would have that dog turned out of the room; he appears to understand every thing we say.”

“I have thought so more than once, dear. Is he not a wonderful creature!”—going to the door and calling him out. “He and the nurse are the admiration of the whole neighborhood; by the way, dear, I shall have to change that girl, I’m afraid, and yet, I should be sorry to give her up.”

“Sorry to give her up, hey? I don’t wonder at that; it were enough to break one’s heart.”

“Pho! how extravagant you are! but you don’t hear a word I say.”

“Yes, yes, I should be very sorry to give her up, very! but there’s no help for it, now!”

“Indeed! then you know all about it, my dear?”

“I—”

“It is a great pity; so beautiful and so melancholy—”

“Yes—beautiful as death.”

“What an idea! So beautiful, however, that if we discharge her, she may find it very difficult to obtain another place.”

“Oh, I understand you. You are speaking of the nurse.”

“To be sure I am; and you—of whom were you speaking, my love?”

“No matter, now. Answer me one question, will you?” locking his hands together, leaning toward her, and lowering his voice to a whisper. “That India shawl of yours—why do you not wear it more frequently? Ah!—and why do you *color*, Harriet?”

“Do I? To tell you the truth, dear, I am half ashamed to wear it.”

“Half ashamed to wear it! and why, pray?”

“Because, under present circumstances, I do not think we can well afford it.”

“How so? The shawl being your own, and the gift of your wealthy uncle, what have our present circumstances to do with it?”

“Much, my dear husband, *much*. Others may not know that the shawl was a gift from our uncle, and I have an idea—perhaps I am wrong—that, as a lawyer, your standing would be none the better for having your wife appear in Broadway with a thousand dollar shawl flung over her shoulders; it would be no help, I am sure, to a man of business, and why it should be to a man of the law, who certainly ought to be a man of business, I cannot, for the life of me, imagine.”

“Worthy of all commendation, Harriet.”

“Ah, my dear, *dear* husband! how like yourself that is!”

“But stay—more seriously—look me in the face, Harriet. Was that your only reason?”

“No, George, it was not.”

“Indeed! Well, now, if you please, not only the truth, but the whole truth. Ah—your color changes!”

“If you insist upon it, George, I will; but the subject is very painful to me, and I would much rather be excused.”

“Tears, too! There must be something to conceal; tears and sobs! and a hiding of the face; oh, Harriet!”

“No, no, George—no, no. On second thought, I cannot tell you; I dare not.”

“Woman!—wife!—Harriet Elsworth!—speak if you hope to bear that name another day without reproach. Speak!”

“That name without reproach! the name of Harriet Elsworth! Why, what has happened to you! What have you done, George! Are you beside yourself?”

“What have I done, hey? Harriet, look at me. As a dying man, I adjure you! by all your hopes of mercy here and hereafter, I adjure you to speak the truth, and the whole truth, before it is too late.”

“Before it is too late? Merciful Heaven!”

“Harriet Elsworth!”—pointing to a clock on the mantle-piece—“I have no time for words. Within five minutes we are apart, and apart for ever—mark me—for ever and ever! unless I have the whole truth from your own lips.”

“Oh, George! that it should ever come to this! But you shall have the truth, and the whole truth, only promise me, not to quarrel with the wretch; only promise me that, my dear husband.”

“I have no promises to make—and you have but three minutes left—look, look! Say that you have betrayed me—deceived and betrayed me, and I shall be satisfied.”

“Harsh language that, my dear husband, but—”

“Woman of mischief! Call me not your husband,

till you have answered me, as upon oath—do you hear? as upon oath!—see! see! there are but two minutes left—less than two—barely one and a half!”

“You will drive me frantic, George! But if nothing else will satisfy you, nothing, but the avowal that I have *betrayed* you, as well as *deceived* you, though I do not well understand what you mean, still, I am ready to acknowledge that I—that I—”

“Words—words—words!—to the point!” eyeing to the clock—“only half a minute more.”

“Well, then, if it must be so, I *have* both deceived and betrayed you.”

“And yet, your trembling is all over now—and your tears; and a something of outraged innocence—a sort of generous indignation has taken the place of that pale agony I saw but a moment ago. Oh, woman!—what are you made of? How dare you look me in the face—me, your injured husband?”

“Why, to tell you the truth, George, I don’t see the necessity of making such a fuss about the thing; it is bad enough to be sure—but it will be your own fault, you know, if it goes any further.”

“Indeed!”

“And though I acknowledge I did wrong, my dear, since you take it so seriously; still, as I did so with the best intentions, it does appear to me, that we ought to hush the matter up for both our sakes, and for that of our family.”

“Thunder and lightning, madam, what do you mean?”

“I mean just what I say, George.”

“Don’t call me George, if you wouldn’t drive me to blow my brains out on the spot.”

“How unreasonable you are! but, perhaps, you would like to hear the particulars?”

“The particulars, hey?—Oh, certainly, madam, certainly—the *particulars*, by all means.

“Upon my word, I don’t understand you; but in the hope that I may, by and by, after this terrible paroxysm has gone off, I will try to satisfy you, that, in concealing the circumstance as I have, I did no more than I believed to be my duty, knowing your hot and imperious temper, and your sworn hatred of that wretch, Millar—”

“Millar?—The very man himself, as I live! What—whew—ew—ew! Unmatchable impudence! Did ever mortal bear the like?”

“So I say, my dear. I may have done wrong, but I determined from the first, never to mention a word of the matter to you, until he had left the country, or was entirely beyond your reach in some way; and how on earth it should have reached your ears at all, is most astonishing to me, unless he communicated it himself, as he threatened to do at the time. Gracious me! What’s the matter with the man? Why you appear completely bewildered.”

“Not at all, madam. And so he threatened to communicate the particulars himself, did he?”

“Yes, George.”

“At the time, hey?”

“Yes, George.”

“Well, madam, proceed if you please. Oblige me with all the particulars—the when—where—and how; or must I trouble Mr. Millar for them, at your request?”

“By no means, George. After we have talked the matter over coolly together, I am in hopes you may be brought to regard the whole affair as quite unworthy of your notice—and Millar too.”

“Well, by all the stars! if this imperturbable hardihood is not past my comprehension!”

“What a scene for the stage, hey?”

“For the stage?—say rather for the scaffold, madam!”

“Oh, you take the matter too seriously—you do indeed, my dear. However, to the particulars. After Mr. Millar was put aside for you—*nonsuited*, as you called it, I remember—he seemed to lay it to heart exceedingly; so at least, I was told by many that knew him; and fearing his temper, and his *reputation*—ah! how wild you look!—I most carefully avoided him, till the fourth of July last, when—why, George, what’s the matter with you? Lean your head on me, dear. Well, on that day, you were in the country, if you recollect, all the afternoon, and I went over to Mary’s to tea; well, and so—after tea I stepped out for a moment with her, and we got separated near the Battery, and—”

“Well, madam—and he wasthere, hey?”

“Yes, my love; and it so happened that we were thrown together for a few minutes.”

“Very prettily expressed, upon my word!—thrown together, were you? But how?—in what way?—Were you riding with him?”

“Riding with him?”

“Yes, madam—riding with him, in his cream-colored barouche, with your magnificent India shawl, your sky-blue bonnet, and your snowy ostrich feathers!”

“And so, you have heard it all, hey? ha! ha! ha! the best part of the story, my dear, wasn’t it? Well, then, as there’s no longer any danger of a quarrel between you, I see no reason for keeping you in the dark another hour. Did you ever hear of such impudence in all your life! And then, too, just to think! if you had been a jealous-pated fool, and got hold of the story wrong end first, how completely that bad man’s purposes would have been answered—a duel—a death, in all probability—and your wife’s name in all the newspapers! Oh, my dear husband! if such a thing had happened, how could I ever have forgiven myself? Do you blame me now, dear—now that you know all?”

“All—what do you mean?”

“Do you blame me now, for not mentioning the affront which he appears to have put upon me, at first, by mistake? Mary was with me at the time, and we consulted together, and agreed to conceal it from you. Do you blame me—can you, for refusing to wear that shawl again in public, or even the bonnet and feathers? And when I found out, as I did by the merest accident in the world, that he had actually got a woman to personate me—dropped her once at our door, after she had been riding with him in that cream-colored barouche, one day last week when we had all gone over to the Jersey shore, expecting you to meet us on your return from Philadelphia—that he provided her with a shawl precisely like mine, and bonnet and feathers like mine, for the very purpose of making me throw mine away, the spiteful wretch!—it cannot be true



that she actually entered the house—that's impossible, you know—the house being shut up at the time—and that, in short, he had been wicked and base enough to employ this creature—a woman of rather free manners, to say the least of it, though very beautiful, I am told, to dress like me, to personate me, and to ride about with him, when you were known to be at Philadelphia.—Do you wonder now, George, or can you blame me, when these things came to my knowledge, one after the other, as they did, without allowing me to perceive their drift—can you blame me for *concealing* them—for not *betraying* you to danger, perhaps to death—for *deceiving* you by false pretences, when you wished me to go abroad more, and kept wondering why I did not wear that shawl and bonnet you like so much?"

"Harriet! give me your hands—both! both! and let me look into your eyes!"

"Oh, my dear husband! You can have no idea what a load is taken off my heart! How happy it makes me, to feel that you know all these things, and are able to look upon them as I do—as the pitiful vengeance of a profligate, who has no hope under heaven, but for a kind of newspaper notoriety."

"Harriet, as you value all that woman holds dear on earth, answer me one single question—it is but one."

"With all my heart, dear."

"Have you been abroad this afternoon?—have you left the house at all?"

"No—not for a single moment. I have not even passed the door since I parted with you at breakfast."

"Have you ever seen the woman you suppose to have personated you?"

"Never; but I have heard of her two or three times."

"Do you know of another shawl in the world, like yours?"

"No; and from what uncle Joe said, when he gave it to me—you know it was made on purpose, and the pattern was entirely new—I did not believe there was another in the world, till Mrs. Forsyth saw this, and told me it was exactly like mine, though she thought it rather brighter-colored, and larger, and, if any thing, a little handsomer."

"Oh, Harriet!"—covering his face with his hands, literally gasping for breath, and staggering to the open window—"oh, my wife, my poor, patient, injured, and faithful wife!"

"My husband! my husband! 'oh, my husband!' shrieked the poor, half-distracted wife, rushing to his help, followed by Pompey, as frantic as herself; but her husband pushed her away at one moment, and then held her at arms' length at another, and then drew her up to his bosom, crying and laughing by turns, and the dog yelping and barking, till, just in the midst of the confusion, somebody knocked at the door, it flew open, and in tumbled Harper, head first, and rushing up to Elsworth, seized the unhappy man by both hands, and swearing that he was delighted to see him alive, and that after they had separated, he had his misgiving—bow, wow, wow!—"Be quiet, sir!"

"Better shut the window, man," cried a watchman below.

"Come along, Josh, that's no concern o' yours; seems

to be nothin' but a family affair, arter all—kiss and frinds, hey?"

The window was flung down about the quickest—the curtains dropped, and Harper went on with his story.

"After I had got half way over the ferry," said he, "it happened to enter my head, for the first time, that you were out of your's—stark, staring mad, my dear fellow, and that I was a great blockhead for leaving you; and so back I went at a hard gallop, and have been hunting after you a full hour, up one street, and down another, until, at last, here I am, you see! odds bobbs!"—bow, wow, wow! "Ah, my dear madam, I didn't observe you before. Mrs. Elsworth, I presume?"

"You *presume*, hey?" growled forth the bewildered husband, who had been trying for full five minutes to keep himself between Harper and his wife, and to get her away before he could see her face—a shifting shadow of cloud and sunshine—of decided hope and terrible misgiving upon his forehead still—and poor Pompey bobbing about, hither and thither, in the most evident perplexity, as if, like master like man, he was quite undetermined whether to fly at the stranger's throat, or jump into his lap for joy.

"Madam," said Harper, "I really do not pretend to know where I am, nor hardly what my own name is, nor could say whether I am in my senses, or not, but of this, I am quite sure, that your husband there—my excellent friend, George Elsworth—is out of his; and, therefore, taking it for granted—from what I have heard him say of you, every day for a twelvemonth, and every hour of the day, when we have happened to be together—that you are his wife, I shall not wait for a formal introduction."

"Not so much as, by your leave, Tom, hey?—one word, if you please. Tell me, both of you—are you strangers to each other? Nay, nay, Harriet, never shake your finger at me, nor color, nor pout. I am finding my way back to the shore; and every step counts now. Are you strangers or not—perfect strangers?"

"We were, not five minutes ago."

"My dear, I'm half ashamed of you, I declare; recollect yourself."

"Don't cry, Harriet. Did you ever see her face before, Tom?"

"Never, in all my life."

"Never in all your life! That's it!—rum-te-iddity! rum-te-iddity!" skipping about the room, and snapping his fingers—"rum-te-iddity—don't laugh, Harriet! I'd rather see you cry. Rum-te-iddity!"

"You monster! What will Mr. Harper think?"

"Never mind what Mr. Harper thinks! rum-te-iddity! But I say, Harper, you did see the woman's face in the cream-colored barouche, hey?"

"Yes, and by the way, that was the only time I ever did see her face."

"Indeed! I thought you saw her face on the fourth of July."

"No; she wore a veil then, and I only got a glimpse of it when the wind lifted the lace, and the lady with her appeared to be threatening Millar, as I thought."

"Oh, ho!—upon my word, I'm the happiest fellow. You wouldn't know her again, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, except by her person, or step, or style of dress."

"That'll do; that's enough! Rum-te-iddity! I insist on making you better acquainted, my love. My dear, Mr. Harper—Tom Harper—Mr. Harper, my dear!"

"How d'y'e do, my dear."

"Hang your impudence, Tom! But that's so like him, my dear—free and easy, you know; free and easy—that's the way with Tom—rum-te-iddity—rump-te-iddity-ido! Tragedy or comedy, Harper, all the same to you, I see."

"I'm off to-morrow, you know; any commands? shant I bespeak you a birth at Saddler's Wells?"

"Oh, hang the theatre. I'm tired of tragedy—comedy—farce, and opera. By the way, though, Harriet, my love, will you just do me the favor to bring in your shawl, I want Tom to see it. He's a judge of these things, aint you, Tom? Long while in Cashmere—the Vale of Cashmere.—You know I've long promised you a sight of it, hey, Tom?"

"With all my heart, my dear"—going out and returning after a little delay, with her face flushed.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Why, where do you think I found my shawl?—this magnificent shawl that I keep with so much care?—that I do not see perhaps once a month?"

"How should I know, dear? Where it belongs, I hope."

"No, my dear—but I found it in our nurse's room, hanging over a chair; and when I expressed my astonishment, what do you think her answer was—the jade! Why, that she had been playing mama with it, to amuse the baby. Oh, these servants!"

Harper looked at the shawl, then at the wife, and then at the husband, with a puzzled expression, as if wondering what would happen next.

"And now, if you please, my dear child, just oblige me so far, will you, there's a dear—just so far as to order in your sky blue bonnet, and white ostrich-feathers."

"A sky-blue bonnet and white ostrich-feathers!" whispered poor Harper. And when they entered the room, he stood staring at them, as if an apparition had started up through the floor, while his friend stood watching him, and evidently enjoying his perplexity.

"Well, George, any thing more?" whispered the obedient wife, blushing and faltering at every step.

"Yes, dear, one thing more. Just oblige me, will you, by putting on that bonnet and shawl in the way you generally wear it."

"Don't be so foolish, my dear."

"I beg you would, madam, said Harper," not knowing what else to say.

"Well, then, if I must, I must;" and straightway the blue bonnet and white ostrich-feathers were mounted, and the magnificent shawl was flung over her stately person, as you may see the drapery cast in a picture of Paul Vesnece, and there she stood, trembling with every breath she drew, and coloring to the eyes.

"And now, my dear, one thing more. Just oblige me by walking across the room, with your back toward us, will you?"

"Why, what a fool you are making of yourself, George, and of me, too," said the dear patient wife, walking across the room, however, just as she was bid.

"There, sir, there! did you ever!" cried the happy husband, capering after her and rubbing his hands together with delight—"did you ever!"

"No, never!" said poor Tom.

"Ever what, my dear?" inquired the wife.

"Ever see such an astonishing resemblance."

"Never!" said Tom, beginning, all at once, to see the drift of the exhibition—"never, in all my life, except in one single case—the woman I saw in the barouche," fastening his eye upon the beautiful wife, with a puzzled expression—"though *she* had not the air of a gentlewoman, as I told you before, George."

"Exactly! But the step and the carriage—the bonnet and shawl, they are identical, ar'n't they?"

"Pre-cise-ly!"

"And she was the most beautiful creature, hey, Tom—the most beautiful creature, and the most of a—"

At this moment the door opened, and the nurse entered to whisper something to her mistress.

Tom bowed—stared—and then stood waiting as if to be introduced to her—his head forward—his mouth wide open, and breathing so you might have heard him all over the house.

The girl heard him—turned as the light of a lamp flashed into his face, dropped upon her knees, threw up her arms, and screamed as if she was going into fits.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! have mercy on me! do not turn me into the streets, and I will never, never do so again!" cried the poor distracted thing.

In five minutes more, the whole matter was cleared up. To avenge the slight he had received, the unprincipled wretch, Millar, had actually employed this girl, and put her into Elsworth's family, and persuaded her to personate her mistress and wear her clothes, hoping to destroy the character of the wife, and sure of obtaining what he most coveted on earth—a vulgar notoriety, if nothing more. He had well nigh succeeded. Another hour! a single hour, and the faithful wife and the affectionate husband might have been separated for ever. As it happened, every thing was explained now, even to the satisfaction of Harper, who acknowledged at last, that he saw no great objection after all, to a married man being the father of a child by a married woman—provided, however, that, in every such case, the woman was his own wife. And what is more, within forty-eight hours, the wicked and shameless profligate, Millar, had judgment—not of death, by a bullet through the head, nor even of disgrace by a cowskin laid over the shoulders—but judgment of *notoriety*, of oyster-shop and newspaper notoriety, for intriguing with cast-off chamber-maids and milliners' apprentices—whose letters he always took care to preserve, and sometimes to publish in the Moral Reformer and Philanthropist.

AFFECTION, like Spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen soil at last; and the heart which asks nothing but another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

Original.

## THE REFEREE CASE.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE outlines of the following sketch were related to me, by an aged and honored member of a large family connexion; a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and most comic tales are but recollections of past scenes, of which he can say, in the language of *Aeneas*, "*quorum magna pars fui*."

"Many years ago," said Mr. E—, "I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character. After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and, after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

"Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment, in order to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance, which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress. A merchant of New-York, in moderate but prospering circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered her his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries, such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure. Fifteen years passed away: the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort, requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof, when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' sickness, and from

that time until the period of which I speak, the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the *first* husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

"It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, that we first met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary. The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall certainly never forget my surprise at his appearance. Small in person but remarkably well-formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle's, and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed a very different being from the arch-traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable. But there was one peculiarity about him, that reminded me of the depths of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you, that the only thing I disliked was his step. He glided rather than walked: his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement, which involuntarily makes one think of treachery, and in the course of a long life I have never

met with a frank and honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.

"Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin fingers to one of the pages desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the *principal witness*. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone, 'Do you know this lady?'

*Answer.* 'I do.'

*Burr.* 'Will you swear to that?'

*Answer.* 'I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter.'

*Burr.* 'Can you swear to her identity?'

*Answer.* 'I can.'

*Burr.* 'What is her age?'

*Answer.* 'She was thirty years of age on the twentieth day of April.'

*Burr.* 'When did you last see her?'

*Answer.* 'At her own house a fortnight since.'

*Burr.* 'When did you last see her previous to that meeting?'

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was, 'On the fourteenth day of May, 17—.'

'When she was just three weeks old,' added Burr. 'Gentlemen,' continued he, turning to us, 'I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickness, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman—

let us ask her which of these two has been to her a father.'

"Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied,

'My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our only supper was a bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not afford to purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father.' She paused.

'Would you excite my own child against me?' cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

"The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke. 'You are not my father,' exclaimed she vehemently. 'The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father?—you, who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? 'Never! never! Behold there my father,' pointing to the agitated defendant, 'there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is *my father*. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!'

"She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

'Gentlemen,' said Burr, 'I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice.'

"I need scarcely add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well-merited shame."

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

SURMISE is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputation; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.

Original.  
THE DEATH OF NERO.

—  
BY EDWARD MATURIN.  
—

CHAPTER I.—THE PEOPLE.

"Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy!"—MACBETH.

EVEN to the termination of his reign, Nero persisted in the same levity of character which had hitherto marked its course. He was still swayed by a passion for dramatic entertainments, and an ambition to be distinguished by his excellence in music. For the gratification of these desires, he had betaken himself to Naples, where the constant current of pleasure weaned his mind from the cares which embarrassed it at home. While here, his principal occupation was the construction of an hydraulic organ, which, if successful, he promised to exhibit on the stage. But the fancied security of a Tyrant is as deceitful as the sullen calm which precedes the storm. It is, as it were, the momentary slumber of Nature ere she rises with renovated strength and collected energy. A fatal stillness hangs on the air, and the clouds muster in silence, like a host who rally in the ambush of midnight. So was it with Nero. While the Emperor forgot his dignity in the characters of coachman and comedian, his people renounced their allegiance, and the revolutionary feeling extended itself even to the Provinces.

An insurrection had broken out in Gaul, under the conduct of one Julius Vindex, whose father, in the days of Claudius, had been Senator; and at his instigation, Galba, the succeeding Emperor, was creating a similar movement in Spain. Both, however, proved unsuccessful. Virginius Rufus was appointed to take the field against the Gauls, and defeating them with great slaughter, compelled them to fly. So great was the disgust created among the Roman legions under his command by the character and frivolities of Nero, that they made a tender of the Imperial Dignity to Virginius, which was, however, declined. Vindex, unwilling to survive the defeat of his struggle for liberty, fell upon his sword on the field.

At length the intelligence of the danger which threatened his empire, and the emotions which prevailed throughout Italy, roused the enervate monarch from the lethargy into which vice and pleasure had plunged him. He abandoned his favorite hydraulic instrument, and the trifles which detained him at Naples, and hastened to Rome. His fears were, however, soon dissipated by the arrival of letters from Virginius, containing the death of the insurgent, Vindex. The Emperor testified his pleasure by singing to his harp!

The defeat of his enemies, while it appeased his fears, gratified his pride. On his way to Rome, he had seen a monumental sculpture, representing a Roman soldier dragging along the ground a vanquished Gaul by the hair. He willingly imputed this event to a favorable omen from the Gods; and their will had been already signified in the suppression of rebellion.

In the meantime, the spirit of faction which had so recently disturbed the peace of the Provinces, was gradually extending to the very heart of his capital. The vices of his private life, and the unjust rapacity with which he seized the treasures of wealthy citizens, and squandered them in the hours of wantonness and pleasure, were gradually dissolving the ties between Prince and people. An event which had accelerated the progress of revolution, and, operating on the public mind, ripened into action those principles which but waited for a pretext.

The city was at that period threatened with a famine, and the people remained in eager anticipation of relief. At length a vessel arrived from Alexandria, supposed to be laden with corn. Their joy was soon exchanged for rage and indignation when they discovered, that instead of conveying the expected supply, the ship was laden with sand from the banks of the Nile, for the purpose of smoothing the arena for gladiators and wrestlers. They no longer restrained their sentiments. The transports of public rage were at times, exchanged for expressions of scorn and contempt towards their Prince. The streets were filled with multitudes clamorous with indignation and revenge.

"Away with this monster," cried one of the leaders. "He sports with his people and their wants. We ask for bread, and he gives us sand. Down with the Tyrant whose throne is supported by pillage and bloodshed!"

"Ay," replied another, "he hath plundered citizens to supply his wants and pleasures. When our country was in danger he hath been contending for prizes in Greece and Naples. He hath forgotten the name of Roman, and seeks to wrest it from us, also."

"Where is Vindex?" shouted a third. "He was a soldier. Better have a soldier on the throne, than a minstrel and player. Away with this buffoon. Away with him, we say. On! To the palace!"

The murmurs of popular discontent extended to an unexpected quarter. The Prætorians, who, from the very nature of their office—body-guard to the Emperor—had been loyal to his throne, now exhibited symptoms of disaffection, and took side with the insurgents. Popular passions are seldom without a leader whose eloquence and arts though apparently devoted to the public weal, are too frequently the tools of his own advancement.

Their tendency to rebellion was confirmed by the example of Nymphidius, a Prætorian Præfect. To ingratiate himself with the populace, and ensure the destruction of the Tyrant, he distributed bribes, and promised liberal bounty in the name of Galba. He thus endeavored to establish the dangerous precedent of a Prince's election to the throne by the violence of the soldiery, rather than the sanction of a deliberative assembly. Thirty thousand sesterces were promised to each Prætorian.

The soldiery being thus secured, his next aim was to represent to the senate the utterly destitute condition of the Emperor, which therefore left that body comparatively in possession of supreme power. The assembly remained in suspense. Timidity and irresolution marked their proceedings.

The panic had reached the palace. The people and soldiery had at length thrown off the mask. Public opinion had yielded to the sense of oppression and rapacity. The sensualist paused in his pleasures, and the Tyrant forgot his cruelty.

## CHAPTER II.—THE PALACE.

"Down with the Tyrant! Away with the player!—Galba—a soldier for the Cæsars' throne!" Such were the cries uttered by the people as they surrounded the palace.

It is a fearful thing to witness the last moments of the guilty. The nerve which has supported them in the hour of bloodshed and horror, seems to be relaxed; the sternness which has never bent to circumstances, is at length awed into the weakness of childhood; and conscience, who has marked in silence the workings of passion, and the blow of the assassin, gives now to the tongue of the accuser the poison of revenge.

Such were the feelings of the Tyrant as he heard without the clamors of hatred and derision. The noise of his insulted people rang in his ears like the reproofs of conscience. It revived his career of crime and folly, and almost declared the penalty which was exacted for both.

"Hearest thou that, Epaphroditus?" he exclaimed as another shout rent the air; "how wouldst thou advise? Flight? Speak, speak." Pale, hesitating and trembling, he fixed his eyes on the secretary.

"The hour for Cæsar's flight is not yet come," replied his favorite; "this many-mouthed monster can be silenced by force. Cæsar can yet appeal to the camp, and shall be answered by the loyalty of his soldiers."

"No, no, not one, not one left," ejaculated the wretched man; "they, too, have forsaken me. Ha! hearest thou that? They shout for Galba."

"They dare not raise *him* to the throne," replied Epaphroditus.

"Nay, talk not thus," replied Nero, "I tell thee they who have power *dare* to act as will. How now, Nymphidius?" he said abruptly, as the latter entered.

"All is lost," replied the Præfect with dissembled regret.

"Lost!" retorted Nero, with an air of offended pride. "Now, by Jupiter! thou tauntest Cæsar on his throne. I tell thee Rome is safe while her Cæsar lives." The momentary courage which animated his words seemed to expire with them; his brow contracted, and his lips quivered as he muttered, "Death, death."

"Rome would be safe," replied Nymphidius, eyeing his terror with delight, "but the Prætorians—"

"No more of that," interrupted Nero, as rage in turn supplanted fear, "no more of that. Treason in the camp, and sedition among the people."

"The Fathers, too—"

"Have joined them?" interrogated Nero.

"And are prepared to issue a fatal decree," replied Nymphidius.

"All, then, is lost," muttered the Tyrant. "Oh, that the slaves were mine as before," he continued, in a tone of ferocity, "they should feel my vengeance."

"It is now too late to speak of vengeance," replied

Nymphidius, with dissembled sympathy, "when rebellion is even at the palace-gate. Consult thy safety."

"Save me," said the helpless man clasping his hands imploringly, "and thou shalt own the gratitude of Cæsar."

"I can devise but one plan for thy escape," replied the Præfect, after a pause. "Thou hast but one place for thy retreat. Egypt."

"Must I then fly?" said Nero, as he cast his eyes round the apartment, and felt that the abandonment of his palace was the abdication of his throne. "Can they not be appeased?"

"Thou hearest their clamor," said the Præfect; "as well might we tame the tempest."

"Then must Cæsar fly," exclaimed Nero. "Canst thou secure my retreat from the palace to the ship?"

"I will leave nought untried," replied Nymphidius, as he withdrew.

## CHAPTER III.—CONSCIENCE.

"All, is lost. Cæsar no longer fills the throne. The Prætorians clamor for a soldier," fell incoherently from Nero, as he flung himself upon a couch. "Alone, alone. Where are now the praises which hailed me victor? Silent. Where are the flatterers that courted me in the moment of power? Gone. Solitude, solitude," continued the wretched man, agitation and fear almost stifling his utterance.

"Ha! who's there?" he cried, seizing his sword, as terror whispered the approach of an enemy."

"Nymphidius," replied the stranger, entering.

"What tidings? Quick!" rejoined Nero, breathless with fear and impatience.

"Fortune is against the House of Cæsar," replied the Præfect, still wearing the mask in the affected sympathy of his manner. "Nought has been left untried by thy servant to quell this clamor, and nought save bribes drove the people from thy gate."

"Thanks, thanks, good fellow," said Nero, abruptly. "Say, hast thou secured my flight?"

"I did thy bidding," replied Nymphidius, "and ordered the soldiers to equip a vessel for thy conveyance to Egypt, but—"

"Well, did they so?"

"Not one," rejoined the Præfect. "The license of the populace hath extended to the camp, and the disaffected know no other motives save their own interests and wishes. I speak not," he continued, with that well-skilled hypocrisy which not only points the dart, but watches the rankling of the wound, "to give thee needless fears; but when I ordered them to repair to Ostia, the reluctance was too manifest to admit a doubt as to the allegiance of the Prætorians. One of them asked me, 'Is it so wretched a thing to die?' As he spoke, the sneering malignity which marked the expression of the man barbed the imputation of cowardice contained in his words."

"To die! To die!" muttered the Tyrant, almost inaudibly. "Cæsar, hath it then come to this? Have the children arisen against the sire, taunting him with the fear of death? Alas!" exclaimed the wretched man, pressing his hands to his fevered brow, "now my deeds recoil on mine own head. The Fates enanare me in the

meshes of mine own net. Hark," he continued, starting in terror as imagination painted the clamors of an insurgent people. "What noise was that?"

"My lord, I heard none," replied the Prefect, calmly.

The Tyrant listened attentively, when he found that he had become a dupe to his own fears, the tears of agony and shame came to his relief. He leant on the shoulder of the treacherous Prætorian, and wept bitterly.

"Thou but sportest with time," said the Prefect in a tone which disguised design under affected sympathy. "Let not Rome see Cæsar play the girl, when her disobedience claims the sterner appeal of the sword and punishment."

"True, true," said the Emperor, starting from his reverie, the mention of punishment reviving at once the sense of rank and power; "true, the tear should not be now the Prince's weapon—the sword—the lash," he continued, convulsively locking his hands. "Slaves, slaves!"

"Those slaves," rejoined Nymphidius, with bitter irony, "may become masters when the sovereign abjures his sceptre."

As the Prefect spoke, the mention of concession to his people roused the dormant pride of the Prince, and the recollections of the lofty House from which he traced his descent. He, for the moment, forgot "the taste of fear;" his eyes kindled, his countenance became flushed, and his form assumed an air of imperial command, as imagination seemed to embody the glories of his House.

"Cæsar," he exclaimed, after a pause, "shall die with that sceptre in his hand." The burst of pride, however, was brief and weak. It sprang rather from a sense of insult than courage to resent it, and shone as faintly as the last torch ere it expires by the funeral-pile it watches. "Thou wilt not leave me, Nymphidius?" he said, imploringly, as fear began to reassert her former sway.

"My Lord," replied the Prefect, "the time presses, the people clamor, and sedition is rife in the camp. Tarry here longer, and even my arm is weak to defend thee."

"Whither, whither, can I fly?" exclaimed the Tyrant, clasping his hands in fear and doubt.

"From the palace," rejoined Nymphidius.

"They will detect and seize me," replied Nero. His voice faltered, and his face became ghastly as he added, "they will seek my blood; I have not spared theirs."

As he spoke a distant shout reached his ears. "Ha! hearest thou that?" he cried.

"It is the people," said the Prefect.

"Save me, save me," exclaimed Nero, rushing to the feet of the soldier, and burying his face in his mantle.

"Rise, rise, my lord," said Nymphidius, reprovingly, "let not thy servants see Cæsar at my feet."

The Emperor rose hastily, and casting his eyes wildly round the apartment, observed his sword. He rushed and seized it. As he held it in a position to receive his fall, another shout still closer rang through the palace. The sword fell from his hand. He stood fixed to the spot. The drops fell profusely from his brow. His eyes glared fearfully. "Not yet, not yet. I dare not," fell brokenly from him, and twining his fingers in his damp and matted hair, he rushed from the chamber.

"The game prospers," said the Prefect, coolly, as he smiled at the weakness and terror of his Prince. "The people shall be backed by the Prætorians. This night the latter shall desert their posts at the palace, and join their comrades in the camp. The days of Nero are numbered, and Galba shall wear the Cæsars' crown."

#### CHAPTER IV.—LOVE AND MISERY.

The wretched man, with the delusive hope of suffering, had but exchanged one place of torment for another. The criminal, by flight from the spot of his guilt, hopes to bury its memories, and still those murmurs of conscience which rise like curses, "not loud but deep" from the grave of his victim. But though the external world may change its aspect and features, the heart and mind are still the same. Conscience, like a persevering anatomist, still holds the probe and cautery to the wound. And though Nature may smile and bloom in the place of his retreat, though the skies be blue, and the sun gleam with his accustomed brightness, yet guilt, with her sable curtain, obscures the face of day, and makes creation a darkness and a blank.

He had fled from one chamber only to be haunted in another with the shadows of fear and crime which harrowed and persecuted him. As he hurried rapidly through the passages, he seemed to be pursued by the lashes of the Furies, yet shuddered to advance, when the very floor at every step was stained with crimson. Still, on he rushed, his gait tottering and uneven, his eyes wandering and wild, and his hands locked in earnestness for protection from the Gods, as every footstep sent its hollow echo through the vacant space.

He at length reached a small ante-chamber connected with his own private apartment, and flinging himself with violence on a couch, burying his face in his hands, the harrowings of fear were succeeded by the bitterness of grief. Through his locked hands the tears gushed profusely, but the spirit of repentance slumbered, while grief and terror unlocked the fountains of nature. Where the mind is harassed, the body partakes its restless uneasiness. He started from his couch, and paced the chamber.

"The Gods—the Gods vouchsafe their aid!" groaned the guilty man. "Ha! back—back, I say, thou blood-stained shade," he continued, clasping his hands to his eyes, as imagination bodied forth the spectre of his own thoughts; "back, there's blood upon that hand—those eyes—that form—Jupiter! shield, protect thy servant!" Pale and shivering he sank upon his knees, his hands still firmly clasped to his eyes; he slowly withdrew them, and surveying the apartment with a hurried and trembling glance, rose from the ground. "Fool, fool," he murmured, "what can'st thou see? 'Tis here—here—the vulture preys, and the fires waste and burn—ha! do I dream?" he continued in a recollective tone, as though fear had broken the chain of connected thought. "Why stand I here parleying with conscience, when murder even stalks through my palace? They would have me fly! Alas! alas! whither? Hark! what sound was that?" he paused and listened. In that breathless moment not a sound was heard. "Fool!" he said, in a tone of bit-

terness, "I am my own torture. Flight were impossible—the Prætorians have joined the rabble, and the sentinels at the gate would seize me." Fear and uncertainty, while they distracted his mind, broke the link of his thoughts. He wandered from theme to theme, at one moment forming designs for his safety, at another shuddering at the vivid recollection of his crimes. Even his hour of relaxation rose, as it were, to taunt his misery and embitter it by contrast. The part of *Œdipus*, which he had so frequently personated, rushed to his memory with the coloring of "a mind diseased," and the language of fiction realizing the agonies of his condition, he exclaimed, "My wife, my father, and my mother doom me dead. Dead—dead!" he continued, as the pale terrors of the image seemed to blanch his cheek and lips; "dead! 'Tis but a moment, and the pain is past—this, this shall end it." He drew from his bosom a small vial and was presenting it to his lips, when the door of the apartment opening, disclosed the form of *Actæ*. Shame and indignation flung their shadow athwart his countenance, as he felt the attempted deed bespoke his fear. It was but a moment—the vial was snatched from his hand, the Asiatic was clasped to his heart, and the whisperings of guilt and fear were for the moment lost, in the soft and seductive tones of the mistress.

"Wherefore here?" said Nero, hastily, his face averted from the lovely form he clasped, and the shame of detection subduing his words to a whisper.

"Nay, ask me not," replied the affectionate slave, clinging to him with that tenderness and passion, which dignify the character of woman in the hour of affliction. "Where *Cæsar* is, even there should his slave be also. Thinkest thou, my lord," she continued, her dark eyes kindling with the pride of exalted feeling, "that it is the part of woman only to tempt the stream, when its still and sleeping bosom mirrors back the image of a sunshine-heaven? Or thinkest thou the flower she has tended with a sister's care through the summer's day, she will not raise from the ground, though it be chilled and blasted by the winter air? Yea, press to her heart those withered leaves, in memory of love and hope that have faded like the brightness of that flower! Think not 'tis woman's part to share the hours of joy and happiness, to echo mirth, or paint the smile, and yet leave misery to the sad companionship of a lone and sinking heart."

As she spoke the tears fell quickly, from the ardor and sincerity of her love, and twining her delicate arms around his convulsed and trembling frame, imprinted on his cheek that kiss which betrays not—the seal of woman's love. Nero stood silent in her embrace, shame and terror struggled for the mastery within, and pride forbade him even to regard her who, though woman, could inspire suffering with strength.

"Speak, speak, my lord," she continued with earnestness, still more fondly clasping him to her bosom; "speak, and tell thy slave that in misery and sorrow thou lovest her still?"

"Misery!" ejaculated Nero, while he pressed his hand to his eyes to subdue the rising tears. "Misery! I am miserable. Hunted for my life, by those whose praises were as false as the breath that made them. Misery!

name it not, my girl; 'tis here—here—it gnaws like the adder's fang."

He broke from her clasp, and declining his head on his breast, his expressions became stifled and broken.

"Leave me—leave me," he said falteringly, "if these be my last moments, let not a woman witness the tears of *Cæsar*."

The emphasis seemed for a moment to rekindle the dying spark of kingly pride; but like the brief resuscitation of vital energy, ere the lamp be extinguished, it only lent the stronger contrast to the weakness and prostration which succeeded. The pride of the king subsided in the terrors of the man, and Nero could not repress the tears, more bitter when shed in the presence of a woman.

"Leave me," he said, bitterly.

"I sought thee not, my lord," replied the Asiatic artlessly, and approaching, once more embracing him: "I sought thee not to part so soon. I came, not as one who brings no comfort, but to listen to the grief she cannot silence, and the tears she cannot dry."

"Comfort!" responded Nero, while the ardor of her embrace, and the gentleness of her voice, that most excellent thing in woman, for the moment dissolved the spell which bound him to the sense of his condition. "Comfort! Where—"

"Here," responded *Actæ*, interrupting him, "even in the arms of her thou lovest, and who, through weal or suffering, will requite thee with that priceless treasure thou hast confided to her keeping—rich as the day thou gav'st it her, for time hath not decayed it: and pure as the stream whose mirror is stirred not, save by the breath of heaven."

"My own—my faithful one!" said Nero, after a pause, regarding her, his expression borrowing a tenderness from the tones which fell as soft as a strain of the *Æolian*, amid the wintry blast which awakes its music. "My own! Wilt thou alone, of all who have smiled to deceive, still cling to me amid the storms which beset and threaten me? Yet," he continued, after a moment's pause, steadfastly gazing on her lovely face and almost compassionating the self-devotion which shuddered not at death, "Yet I would not have thee cling, *Actæ*, so reckless in thy love. Thou art even now as a fair flower of the spring, clasping thy tendrils round a rude and storm-beaten tree. If I must fall," he said, his voice weakened by emotion, "let not the blast that crusheth me, wither thy young and beautiful stem also."

"As I have lived, so will I die with thee," replied *Actæ*, passionately; "tear me not from that fate which passion defies, while it consecrates the pile. Be it in the palace, the retreat of persecution, or the hour of disgrace, as our hearts have been twined so let our loves be. Thou hast raised me to the throne, and I will leave it but with thee. The love of woman, though it may bloom in the bright and fragrant hour of summer, can spring also in the wastes of grief, or shed its perfume on the winter air."

The slave sank her head upon his breast, and the tears which passion shed were answered by the throbs of grief.

"Away, away! with these woman's weapons," ex-



claimed Nero impatiently, starting from the reverie into which agony and doubt had plunged him; "this is no time for grief, and if it were—"

"Let thy tears fall here, even on the heart which is thine," cried the Asiatic, extending towards him her arms, imploringly.

"Not now, not now," uttered Nero, endeavoring to rally the thoughts their interview had interrupted. "Not now. Safety—danger—flight," he added, brokenly.

"Where *thou* goest will I go," exclaimed Actè, rushing forward and clasping his hand to her heart. "Thou shalt not, can'st not leave me."

"I will return, my love," replied Nero, looking at her with a countenance where fear paled the cheek, while it quivered the lip, "presently—"

"I will follow thee, even to death," cried Actè, clinging still more earnestly to the hand he endeavored to wrest from her.

"Ha, thy words sound like an omen!" retorted Nero, as he tore himself from her and hid his face in his hands.

A deep and hollow groan rang through the apartment. The words, "he leaves me!" followed in a stifled, inaudible tone. Nero turned, and beheld the prostrate form of his mistress. Her cheek was white, her brow calm and composed, and a smile still hovered round that half-open, chiselled lip, as though Love and Hope wreathed their garlands around the cypress-wand of Grief. He stooped and kissed her, and casting on the form a look of agony and despair, darted from the chamber.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE FLIGHT.

The goadings of crime, the apprehension of instant death, and the incapability of satiating vengeance on those whom wrongs and persecution had invested with a superior power, rose within the tyrant, as, in flight, he cast a lingering look upon the palace of his pride, his power and his guilt. Mingled with the ceaseless cries of a sanguinary and determined mob, rose the sweet and silvery tones of her whose attachment had, for the moment, subdued the horrors of his fate, and lent a respite to its pain. It fell on his anxious and nervous sense like the music of the Mermaid's voice, when she sports amid the strife of the waters, and braids her tresses that float on the wing of the tempest. "He leaves me," dwelt on his memory with a melancholy, anticipative of a separation, he *felt*, would be final. Still, on he rushed: he knew, he cared not whither. In the delirium of the moment he sank on his knees, and supplicated Jupiter that the earth might yawn, and Curtius-like, that he might sink into her womb. The dread silence which prevailed around, giving to prayer the mockery of its own echo, fell on him with the appalling sense that even the gods had forsaken him. He started from his knees, and uttered a shriek of wildness and terror. He clasped his hands to his eyes, as amid the shades of evening he descried a figure rapidly approaching. He flew from the spot; he stopped for a moment, but could not summon resolution sufficient even to look behind. The footsteps became still more audible. He was evidently pursued. Flight was his only refuge, and his last hope was to anticipate the blow of his enemy. Fear and despair lending rapidity

to his flight, he darted onwards. He was not far from the Tiber, and on the moment resolved that its waters should be his tomb.

He was already on its banks—the footsteps rapidly gained on him—he stooped over the edge, the clear cold stars were sleeping on its bosom—he involuntarily started back, as, in the attitude to plunge, his reflected image met his eye. A momentary courage throbbed within his heart, like the deceptive gleam of hope which lights the eye of the dying man; he drew his sword, and resolved to withstand the comer.

Tears and surprise for the moment suspended the power of utterance, as he recognized in the voice of the stranger, his freedman, Phaon. The faithful servant, kneeling, pressed to his lips his master's quivering hand.

"Rise, rise," said Nero, hastily, "this is no time for the cold forms of duty. Save thy Prince; or even where he stands let thy hand end his pain." As he spoke the tears gushed freely, and with a tremulous hand and averted face, he presented Phaon with his sword. "Strike!" cried Nero, in a hollow, trembling tone.

In silence he awaited the fatal blow, and turning round, beheld the sword at his freedman's feet. "How is this?" he exclaimed, his voice scarcely strong enough to assume the tone of anger, "how is this? Said I not to thee, strike? Wouldst see thy master hunted like a beast, when *thou* couldst save him from their fangs?"

"My lord," replied Phaon, "I will save thee, but not at the point of thine own sword. Nor shall it be said, I showed my love by an act of bloodshed."

As Nero heard the last word his face became still more ghastly, heavy drops coursed his contracted brow, and his whole frame was affected by a violent shudder. He tottered to the shoulder of his freedman, and leaned on him for support. In that one word, as in a mirror, the guilty man reviewed his whole life of cruelty and horror.

"My lord trembles," said Phaon, as the emotion of Nero rendered it difficult to preserve his station.

"I—I—it will soon pass," rejoined his master, with hesitation, endeavoring to suppress the agitation which betrayed his fears. "Speak, speak!" continued Nero, after a pause, "save me if thou canst. Whither wilt thou lead me? Where can I hide till this storm subsides, and my pursuers weary? Speak, speak!"

His eyes, glowing and dilated, were fixed upon Phaon in the agony of suspense and fear; and as the freedman met their glance, he involuntarily shuddered at their wild and distorted expression.

"I will lead thee," replied Phaon, after a pause, "where hatred cannot pursue, nor suspicion find thee—even to my own villa. The obscurity of the place will favor thy concealment. It is but four miles distant from Rome. Caesar shall be safe beneath his freedman's roof. I will watch thee by night, and desert thee not through day. Fear me not," continued the freedman, with a fidelity worthy of a better object, "I will maintain a secret communication with the city, and thou shalt know as well the proceedings of the Senate as the People."

"Thanks, thanks!" exclaimed Nero, seizing his favorite's hand, the terrors and humiliation of the moment merging all sense of distinction; "thanks—I fly with thee

this moment. We can enter the palace privately. We must provide ourselves with steeds."

On entering the gate of the palace in disguise and haste, they found no impediment to their progress, not any disposed to question their purpose. The palace in the absence of its master, seemed to have forgotten its splendor and pride, and had even already assumed an air of loneliness and desolation. It resembled, to its awe-stricken monarch as he stood within the solitary space before it, a temple, in whose destruction and neglect the wrath of the Gods had anticipated the decay of Time. Huge and dark it rose against the midnight sky, the starlight but faintly depicting the irregularity of its outline, or brightening the dense shadow which slumbered on it like a cloud. Disaffection and revolt were evidently progressing with a fearful certainty, for the gates were deserted, and the Prætorians had already joined their associates in the camp.

Nero paused for a moment, to contemplate the surrounding wreck and desolation. Grief and despair could no longer be restrained—a deep groan burst from him—it rolled through the surrounding space—it echoed like the lamentation of Ruin, when she weeps amid the solitude she has made.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE TYRANT'S END.

At dawn of day the Tyrant commenced his last and fearful journey. The decay of power was marked in the scantiness of his retinue. No courtiers followed in his train, to flatter and vaunt his praises to the sky. Not a Prætorian followed the blighted fortunes of his master. He whose minstrelsy, poetry, and dramatic attainments had called forth the exulting shouts of his people, and extorted even decrees from a Senate, scarcely less debased and servile, was now flying as a slave from the very city where he had ruled as Lord; and companionless, save in two attendants, was glad to abandon the pride of a palace for the humble security of an obscure villa.

With the mysterious silence of men whose errand may be death, the forlorn party slowly emerged from the palace-gate. Not a word was exchanged. They even shuddered to look upon each other, lest fear, too palpable in the visage of each, might daunt the courage despair had given. The small body followed in a line. Phaon, with an attachment which might have borrowed lustre from a better cause, led the way, his arm prepared for any casual resistance, and his eye vigilant for any enemy who might oppose their expedition. The wretched fugitive, divested of all imperial insignia and wearing nothing save a close tunic, covered by an old and tattered cloak for the purpose of disguise, followed his freedman. His head was partially covered by the cloak, and his face concealed by a handkerchief he held before it. In this sorry and degraded plight followed the *Emperor of Rome*. The rear was closed by Epaphroditus, his Secretary, whose fidelity shrank not from sharing the vicissitudes of his master's fortunes.

They had just cleared the palace, as the rising day flung its cold grey mist on its huge and sombre mass. A dismal gloom hung on every object, which even the renovating touch of light, seemed unable to clear or dis-

pel. The spirit of darkness still slumbered there, as though light, and life, and all the refreshing influences of day, refused to bestow their gifts where guilt and bloodshed had so long fixed their abode. A mist, deeper and heavier than the gathering shades of evening, spread like a curtain, blending into one vast, indistinguishable pile the variations of shape and outline. He checked his steed for a moment, and flung on it a last look, in which memory painted the revival of many a scene of horror; and, as unable any longer to endure the strife within, waving his hand to Phaon, the troop pushed their horses to a gallop.

Rigid and immoveable as statues, they bestrode their steeds. The hands of his attendants were braced to their sword-hilts. Not a word escaped them, as they sped their way. The rigid firmness of the horseman bespoke his resolve not to quit his seat with life.

As thus they advanced, a wild and discordant shout broke the surrounding silence. The horses pricked their ears, and the firmness of their riders was disconcerted by surprise and uncertainty. They checked their steeds abruptly, while Phaon and Epaphroditus unsheathed their swords. The steadiness and resolution of his followers, was strongly contrasted by the fear and cowardice of their Prince. The bridle fell from his hand, and his steed becoming unruly, was seized and checked by Phaon. The shout had died away, and a stillness deep and grave-like succeeded. It was once again broken by a clamor from the same quarter, wilder and louder than the last, and accompanied by expressions so plainly heard, as at once to announce to the tyrant the certainty of his doom and the inutility of flight. The words "Galba! Galba!" came distinctly on the wind. Animation seemed to forsake his cheek, and uttering with difficulty, "It is the Prætorians—fly!" their journey was resumed at a quickened pace.

They were not far from the freedman's villa; their horses, at the same time, pushed almost to full speed. On a sudden the steed of Nero drew up abruptly, his ears were drawn back, and he snuffed the air with violence. The faithful Phaon dismounted, and seizing the bridle, endeavored to lead him forward. The animal only retrograded more violently, and rearing, almost dislodged his rider from his seat. The Emperor could not restrain his impatience and fear, but vented both in words of threat and execration. The delay seemed ominous of advantage to the speed of his pursuers. Phaon, unable to account for the obstinacy of the animal, relinquished the bridle for a moment, and cast his eyes searchingly around him. The cause at length met his view, and he started back with instinctive horror. As Nero looked on his terror-stricken countenance, fear suppressed curiosity; at length, in a muffled and indistinct tone, scarcely removing the handkerchief from his face, he said, "Speak—quick—what seest thou?"

"The form of death," replied Phaon; "unburied lies a corpse by the road-side."

"Curses on this steed!" muttered Nero, "they may be on us even now."

As he spoke, he lashed the horse violently, the noble

animal reared as before, and casting a side-long glance where lay the object of its timidity, plunged forward.

The suddenness of the motion jerked the veil from Nero's hand, which he had hitherto held to his face. Misfortune seemed to insert her threads in the very web which hope was weaving. At that moment a veteran, who had been dismissed the service, passed. He at once recognized his master, and saluted him by name. Nero hastily waved his hand—he was discovered—his flight would, no doubt, soon reach the city. "Forward!" he exclaimed, at the very top of his voice. Their horses were now at full speed.

The expected asylum at length rose to view. Within a short space of it they dismounted, and counselled as to the policy of future measures.

"It were not safe to enter it by the public gate, my lord," said Phaon, "your person may be recognized. Informers are frequent. Servants are seldom proof against the gold which buys their master."

"I am in thy power, good Phaon," rejoined Nero, "resolve, and quickly, for my safety."

"Thy entrance into the house," said Phaon, hastily, "must be private. Cross that field, and lie concealed till I have made a passage for thee in that remote wall of the house. Leave thy steed with me. Epaphroditus and I will do all."

The wretched man listened to the stratagem with the meekness of a child, who bears submissively from his elders what he dares not resist or dispute. He cast on them a look, more expressive from its silence, and hastened to the appointed spot.

Faint with excitement and fear, the wretch stooped and raised in the hollow of his hand, some impure water from a ditch. "Is this, then, the cup they have reduced Cæsar to drain?" he said, while the tears mingled with the water. "Well, well, so the draught is no bitterer, I am content."

As he raised his eyes to the appointed quarter of the house, he observed a hand waving him onward. It was Phaon's. He darted to the spot with the precipitancy of one to whom speed was life, and with difficulty was squeezed through the excavation they had made.

The field he had quitted was scarcely more barren or desolate, than the apartment to which he was now conducted, and which was destined to witness the last struggles of Rome's Emperor. The walls and floor were not only destitute of covering, but defaced with squalor and filth. He surveyed it for some moments in silence, but could no longer restrain the bitterness of insulted pride, and the degradation which met him at every step. He burst violently into tears, and fell on a mean and tattered couch, the only furniture in the apartment. While he lay alternately the victim of grief and passion, his attendants, who had withdrawn to the remote end of the chamber for the purpose of conference, approached him.

"Danger presses, my lord," said Phaon, kneeling, "and there is but little hope. They who have met us on the road will conjecture thy retreat, from bearing my company." He paused to observe the effect of his words, and the tone of his master's feelings. "It is but a moment," he proceeded with hesitation, "and the cares of

life are forgotten, and with them the hatred of thine enemies."

"Must I then die?" said the tyrant, slowly rising from the couch, and surveying the naked chamber with a wild and glassy eye, "Must I then die? Is there no hope?"

"None," replied Phaon.

Courage and resolution seemed to rise with the answer. He hastily dashed the tears from his eyes—his manner became firm and collected. "If they hunt they shall not reach me," he said, "this day shall be my last. Let my pile be collected, and mark, let not a Cæsar sleep without a monument—I would have some marble on my grave."

His momentary firmness forsook him, and, turning his face to the couch, the violence of his grief sent a dull and heavy echo through the chamber.

Footsteps were heard in the passage, and immediately a messenger, according to the private instructions of Phaon entering, presented him with papers. "From Rome?" said Phaon, in a subdued tone.

The words acted with the power of a talisman on Nero, who recognized in them the consummation of hope or despair; and, starting from the couch, he seized the packet. He perused it with eagerness, but the tears which fell, and the trembling of his hands and frame, fully interpreted the nature of the intelligence.

"A public enemy"—"ancient usage"—were the only words they could hear. "They have outlawed me from mine own realm," he said at length, with difficulty summoning courage to speak of his fate, "and the Fathers have condemned me to die, according to the rigor of ancient usage." His voice failed him, and the tears which choked it, were exchanged for a violent transport of rage. He tore the papers into fragments, and trampled on them. He folded his arms with sternness, and his figure for the moment assumed a rigid composure. "What is ancient usage?" he asked after a pause.

The attendants, as unwilling to disclose the severity of the punishment decreed, exchanged silent looks. The task at length fell on Phaon.

"Pardon, my lord," he said, "the question and your condition demand truth for the answer. It was the law of the old Republic, that every traitor should die a lingering death beneath the rod of the Lictor; his head fastened between two stakes, and his body entirely naked."

An agonized expression, combining shame and pain, overspread the countenance of Nero, as he heard this detail. He started from the spot, as though he already writhed beneath the stripes of the Lictor. He stopped short again—his respiration became short and hysterical—he drew from his bosom two poignards, and feeling their sharpness gazed on them intently. He suddenly turned to his attendants, and extending the daggers—"Has none," he cried, with bitterness, "the courage to show me how to die?"

The words were no sooner uttered, than the trampling of horses was heard at hand. A troop of soldiers instantly entered the room, and surrounded the door. Nero saw that hope was at an end—the monarch had indeed fallen from the high estate, which once commanded the

flattery of men. The officer disregarded all obeisance, and proceeded to disclose the nature of his mission.

"The Fathers," he said, "have decreed Caesar as traitor, and ordered him into my custody, to be conveyed back to Rome to suffer punishment. Soldiers, your duty!"

Two or three advanced to seize him, but despair at length nerving resolution, he stabbed himself in the throat. The blood flowed copiously, but the wound was not mortal; he tottered for a moment, and fell to the ground. His eyes wandered around the chamber with the languor of exhaustion, as imploring some friendly hand to complete the work. "Will ye," he at length exclaimed in tears, "will ye see Caesar without a friend?"

Epaphroditus rushing forward, seized a dagger, and having previously marked the fatal spot, with averted face plunged it into Nero's bosom.

A violent shudder convulsed his frame, and, raising himself slowly from the ground and casting on the officer a smile of triumph and derision, the last of the Caesar's was no more.

"So great," says Suetonius, "was the joy exhibited at Rome upon the intelligence of his death, that the people ran to and fro through the city, with caps on their heads."

The ominous acclamations of the Prætorians were realized, and Galba shortly afterwards entered Rome as its future Emperor.

Original.

### SPRING SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

THE virgin May, young, coy and blushing, trips  
Along the fields with downcast, modest eyes—  
And, looking round her with a sweet surprise,  
Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips  
Of tender leaves, and buds that ope their lips  
To the moist kisses of the amorous air,  
Whose rival is the bee. Oh, false and fair!  
To yield your honey dew to wanton sips!  
The sky is angry with ungrateful May,  
That she her blooming favors thus bestows—  
And so keen darts from misty quiver throws;  
And the Spring's darling weeps the morn away.  
Capricious nymph! At eve no more she plains,  
For other, flattering airs, come whispering softer strains!

II.

THE birds sing cheerily, the streamlets shout  
As if in echo—tones are all around—  
The air is filled with one pervading sound  
Of merriment. Bright things flit about—  
Slight spears of emerald glitter from the ground,  
And frequent flowers, like helms of bloom, are found;  
And, from the invisible army of fair things,  
Floats a low murmur like a distant sea!  
I hear the clarions of the insect-kings,  
Marshall their busy cohorts on the lea.  
Life, life in action—'tis all music, all—  
From the enlivening cry of children free  
To the swift dash of waters as they fall;  
Released by thee, oh, Spring, to glad, wild liberty!

Original.

### THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

ERE I beheld thee, gentle Wife,  
Pale Sorrow, in control,  
Drew from the restless fount of life  
The pleasures of the soul.  
The earth had no attractive flowers,  
The sky no light from starry showers,  
For Gloom involved the whole:—  
No pathway then to me was blest,  
I panted for Eternal rest.

I saw thee, and Delight arose  
Within my darkened heart;  
I felt where grew its weed-like woes  
Joy's flowers in clusters start.  
I saw the earth of emerald hue,  
I saw the sky of starry blue—  
The world of heaven a part!  
I wished no longer for the skies,  
While earth was such a paradise.

I felt it bliss to gaze on thee—  
To see thy mild blue eyes;  
Their witching color seemed to be  
The gift of summer skies!  
And when I heard thine angel-voice  
My heart was leaping to rejoice  
At its own glad surprise—  
I heard it with a pleasing fear,  
And hoped its tones again to hear.

Ah, then I saw thy wealth of mind  
Most lavishly unfold—  
How did thy thoughts in words unwind  
Like threads of pliant gold!  
They were the thoughts that cannot die,  
The mind's peculiar jewelry  
From Nature's cunning mould.  
Oh, how I wished it were for me,  
To gain so rich a treasury!

How long was I a worshipping,  
Bowing before thy shrine,  
That I might see thy feelings stir,  
To mingle them with mine.  
The springs of Love soon swelled to bless  
Reflecting happy images  
To cheer that heart of thine—  
And fond affections, hand in hand,  
Were round us as an angel-band.

Oh, ever may the lot be ours,  
The pleasures to enjoy,  
Which clustering mid the sunny hours  
Can never tire nor cloy!  
May all the ardent hopes of youth,  
Revealed in all the light of truth  
Our thankfulness employ—  
And every stormy pathway seem  
Enlivened by a rainbow gleam!

Original.

## TRUE HONOR—A TALE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

## CHAPTER I.—THE CONDITION.

"SIMON, announce to Lieutenant Endsleigh that I am ready to see him."

"Yes, sir."

Sir John de Follaton was seated, when he gave this command, in the library of his ancestral halls. One arm rested on an ancient writing-table, a venerable heirloom, and one gouty foot was propped up with cushions on a stool. The gout was hereditary as were all Sir John's dependencies. The library was on the second floor of an octagonal tower that lifted its castellated summit aloft in hoary grandeur in the midst of the edifice of which it was the most imposing feature. A porch, richly ornamented with gothic tracery carved in the stone of its walls, and with lofty pinnacles, projected in front, and from either side extended wings of the same material and architecture with the central tower. It was a proud old castle, with its labelled and mullioned windows, and its embattled and ivied walls. It had stood without a change, save the jealous repairs necessary to its preservation, it may be, since the days of William the Conqueror; certainly, since Edward the First's time, for the domain was conferred by that monarch on Launcelot de Follatoun, as the original conveyance, sacredly preserved in that same library, sufficiently demonstrates. And from that by-gone day to the one on which we have introduced the reader to Sir John de Follaton, it has descended without a break in the regular succession, through a long line of haughty de Follatons, to this last, the proudest and haughtiest of them all. The motto on their coat of arms was, and had ever been, "Honor!"

Sir John was a bitterly disappointed man. He was the first of his race, to whom nature had vouchsafed no son. One daughter alone graced the halls of his fathers; but oh, it was such a daughter, that in the very woe of his heart, he could not spurn her from the excess her beauty and sweetness merited. She was bred from early childhood, as every scion of the de Follatons had ever been reared, in every adorning accomplishment of body and mind; and she had grown to womanhood, proudly pre-eminent for cultivated charms, with an open, laughing, sunny countenance, and not one sprinkling of de Follaton pride in all her composition.

"Simon, announce to Lieutenant Endsleigh, that I am ready to see him." We repeat the command, to recall the reader to the library and its occupant. The servant retired to execute his mission, and Sir John settled himself in his chair to receive his visitor. There was pride, rank pride, in the calm repose of every movement; and it was printed yet more deeply and legibly on his corrugated brow, and eagle nose, and thin, compressed lips; and in the piercing fire of his eye.

Lieutenant Endsleigh was ushered in. He was of middle stature, with a frank, manly, *taking* countenance. He might have been handsome, perhaps, at other times, but now his cheek was pale, and his lips had a visible

tremble. He advanced one step from the door, and stood still, with his eye fixed on the haughty baronet. Sir John bent an earnest gaze upon him in turn, without a movement of courteous greeting; and as he drew himself up to a more stately height, he betrayed that the young man had power to move him to the soul; for his lips slightly parted, and the blood mounted to his very forehead. But after a moment's pause, he drew his hand across his face, and bending forward with a stiff and slight inclination of body, to be interpreted by his visitor as a bow, he beckoned with his finger, and said, "Come nearer, young man."

The lieutenant advanced to the opposite side of the broad table to that at which Sir John was seated, and his eye fell beneath the keenly scrutinizing glance with which the Baronet now assailed him. Finally, Sir John spoke, and there was harshness mingled with the de Follaton pride of his tone.

"Lieutenant Endsleigh, I will enter without circumlocution upon the business for which I have summoned you. You saw my daughter at Bath, sir?"

"I did." There was agonizing suspense and enthusiastic love in the lieutenant's manner, and emotion, as he answered.

"Forgetful of her rank, you dared to aspire to her. You took advantage of her open nature; and strove to ingratiate yourself into her affections. You succeeded. Her friends discovered your intercourse when it was too late to avert its results. Would to Heaven I had been there to preserve the honor of my house!"

This last sentence was an involuntary ejaculation. The young officer's cheek was in an instant flushed to crimson, then pale, then flushed again. He trembled in every limb; and bringing his arm to the table with an audible sound, he would have spoken. But the Baronet waved his hand in opposition, and with an apologetic "Pardon me," continued—

"Caroline de Follaton loves you, young man. I have threatened—I speak it openly—I have threatened, conjured, implored her, but she has had no heed to me. She loves you, sir, and she has forgotten to laugh, and her step has become slow and heavy. Young man, I cannot lose my child, and I have sent for you. But who and what are you, that you should be linked with a de Follaton?"

The lieutenant did not hear this second, and more bitter reproach. His thoughts were with the being whom he loved better than his own soul.

"But no matter," continued the Baronet; "as I said, I could not lose my child. But he whom the world knows not, who knows not himself, and whose honor has not been proved, until it has been found pure as molten gold, may never wed the heiress of de Follaton, though she pine and die, and I follow her, a grey-haired and childless father, to her grave! You are a soldier, young man, and may be what I would have you; but your courage and honor have never been tried, and your rank is low. Nay, nay, I mean no insult. Be calm, and calmly hear me to the end. It's a good symptom, however, that you do not tamely cringe beneath my words. Sir, England is in arms on the Continent. There is a

field for valor to prove itself. Would you seek it if you were able?"

"Indeed, Sir John, I would; but my regiment—"

"Is now in Holland. You are major of the 18th!"

As Sir John spoke, he threw across the table to him a paper which he had been twirling in his hand. Endsleigh looked at it in amazement. It was, indeed, a commission as major in the 18th. He gazed on the astounding document, then turned his eyes in mute astonishment on Sir John.

"Sir!" his bewilderment at length permitted him to articulate.

"I repeat it, sir; you are major of the 18th. Let it suffice. The commission is yours without recompense or reserve. Now, sir, the path is straight before you. Prove to the world and to me that you are worthy of a de Follaton—of my child!"

Endsleigh's heart was too full for words. The unutterable brightness of the future that broke upon him, and the seraph form that seemed to beckon onward with heavenly smiles—and hope—and ambition—all swelled within him. He seemed to exert himself to speak, but not a word came forth.

"It needs nothing of this, sir," said the stern Baronet. "You owe no gratitude. I have but played an instrument in your hand with which you must work your own progress. If you fail to do so, my hate and my curse be on you! If you carve an honorable way, my daughter is yours! Look, sir, at your escutcheon. Read there! "*Honor!*" It never had a stain! That shield was ever proudly borne; and it shall never be disgraced! But I waste time. Here is something to enable you to sustain your rank. Psha! do not exhibit the foolery of hesitation, but take it up. There are five hundred pounds. Should you need more at any period of your probation, send to me. And now, sir, I have done. My carriage will convey you to the village directly; and you must avail yourself of the first coach to London. Stop there so long as may be absolutely necessary to fit yourself for your station, and then away."

Sir John rung and ordered the carriage. Endsleigh lingered in painful irresolution, like one whose errand is but half accomplished, and who cannot recall the rest to mind. He took up his cap—laid it down—took it up again, and half crossed the apartment; then returned to his station at the table. His color went and came, too, and he seemed in strange confusion. Sir John steadily observed him awhile, then bluntly said—

"Well, young man, what more?"

"Caroline," said he, blushing more deeply than ever.

"You cannot see her," interrupted Sir John, hastily.

"If you have any word to convey to her, I must be the messenger. You are nothing to her now, sir—what you may be, is dependent, as I have said, on yourself. She shall be made fully acquainted with your fortunes, but remember, sir, only through me. I am to be your correspondent."

At this critical moment, Major Endsleigh found free voice.

"I love her, Sir John, as such a woman deserves to be

loved. I did not forget her rank and mine. I strove with myself, but it was in vain. I was about to ask to see her. I would have told her how grateful I was for this opportunity to prove my worthiness of her. I would have gathered firmness and resolution from her presence—and—I may pass away in the struggle to achieve my end, and never see her more; and it had been grateful to say one word at parting. But I bow to your decision. Farewell, sir! I think I shall not disappoint your hopes—farewell."

Pride and tenderness may both exist in the heart—both, too, supremely active. They are not incompatible with each other, though they may wage unceasing war. Affection had ever conquered the pride of Sir John's spirit in connection with his daughter. It did so now. The manly bearing of the young officer, won, too, upon his feelings. He drew out his watch.

"Stop," said he. "Go to her. The attendant in the ante-room will conduct you. I grant you fifteen minutes for the interview."

Endsleigh sprang rather than walked to the door; and scarce a calculable fraction of the precious minutes vouchsafed to him, had elapsed, before he pressed his Caroline to his bosom. Her illness had only been the withering blight of 'hope deferred,' and now she could smile again! They had not seen each other for three long months—they had now but fifteen poor little minutes to live over again the past, and dream together of the future, and yet, after the first rapturous greeting, there they sat, hand in hand on the sofa, looking into each other's eyes, and often closing in a fervent kiss—and saying scarce ever a word, save a mere epithet of endearment. Those minutes were gone, and Simon knocked at the door before they had hardly calmed themselves into an appreciation of the ecstasy of reunion; yet now they must part again!

"Dear Caroline," said Endsleigh, "God bless you for your love to me. What were I deprived of it! And now I may win you! Now I may claim you at your father's hand, my own, for ever! Think of me as living upon the thought of you, and striving for the prize of my well-doing! Farewell, my own, my own, farewell!"

Caroline suddenly tore herself from his straining embrace, and severing a tress of her golden hair, thrust it into his hand. Kissing it repeatedly, he placed it in his bosom.

"Let it be at once your watchword and *galisman*," said she.

They parted. Major Endsleigh entered the carriage, and it drove away. The coachman cracked his whip, the high-mottled steeds tossed their heads as they snuffed the air, and sprang away, and the wheels rattled along the gravelled avenues. Major Endsleigh turned to take a last look at the edifice which held his choicest treasure. A handkerchief was waving from a window; he lifted up his cap in return; and at the moment, the castle was hidden from his view. He fell back, sighing, into his seat; he remained but a few hours in London, to which he hastened; and not many days elapsed before he was on the bosom of the tide, bound for his regiment on the Continent.

## CHAPTER II.—THE BANQUET.

"Hip—hip—hip! Hurrah! Hip—hip—hip! Hurrah! Hip—hip—hip! Hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Hip—hip—hur-hu-hurrah! Good! A real joke?"

"Silence, Leland; you are noisy."

"Noisy! That's good again! I'll p-p-prove directly that you l-l-lie under a mistake, sir!"

"You'll soon lie under the table, my fine fellow!"

"That's personal, by —! I l-leave it to the company if that isn't personal. But I f-forgive a m-man that's too drunk to k-know (hiccup) what he's about."

"You're very kind, Captain Soberness."

"Mr. Ch-chairman, I propose a t-toast!"

"Attention, gentlemen! A toast from Captain Leland."

"Gen-gentlemen, I propose the mem-memory of Major Petrock. Heaven rest his soul, and the h-health of his successor!"

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha! a good one for you, Leland. You doubtless expect that the next Gazette will read, 'Benedict Leland to be major of the 18th, vice Petrock, deceased.'"

"I do, that's a fact. Do you me-mean to in-insinuate any thing de-derog-deroga-derogatory to my pretensions? If tried service was ever re-rewarded—"

"Service in what? The ranks of Bacchus?"

"Jim Cuth-Cuthbert, you're a d-d-d—d fool!"

"Leland, I'll put you on your back if you're insolent. But sit down and behave yourself. There's no doubt of your title, and none of your chance, neither. We'll make it hot water for an inter-lop-er. You're safe, however. The colonel thinks so, too."

"Jim, you're a d-d—d good fellow!"

"Indeed, then, either way, eh, Leland?"

Endsleigh crossed the channel, ignorant of the peculiar trials he was about to encounter. He had been carefully trained in the ways of uprightness, by poor and humble, but pious parents, and aside from his principles, he had an instinctive and utter abhorrence of vice, meanness and sensuality. He was to enter a regiment, whose officers had been long associated together, without a change—who were governed by the most jealous esprit du corps, and were addicted to many follies and vices, governing themselves by an arbitrary code of right and wrong, of honor and dishonor, the offspring of the laxity and perversity it favored, rather than of the eternal principles of morality, none the less binding and everlasting that they exist in every degree of strength in various minds. The death of Major Petrock had effected the first breach in their alliance, for many years; and they were resolved that the senior captain of the regiment should succeed him. They did not, however, anticipate any other appointment, since their petition to the War-office had been advocated by the general himself—a hoary veteran, hating from his soul, the system of purchase and favoritism, by which the untried, and sometimes, very boys, were commissioned, in disregard of the claims of those whose scars deserved honorable advancement from their country. Captain Leland was a valorous soldier.

Endsleigh dreamed of hair-breath 'scapes, and well-

fought fields, as the only tests of his courage—the only contests for his glorious stake.

Colonel Saltram, who occupied the chair, was called out soon after the conversation detailed above. When he returned, his face exhibited much emotion; and so soon as he reached his seat, he rapped strenuously on the table for silence. Curiosity enforced his mandate, and in an instant, even the intoxicated were still.

"Gentlemen, the general has received despatches from home, the contents of which will excite no less your indignation than your astonishment. Give me your attention. Gentlemen, the claims of our worthy companion in arms, Captain Leland, have been disregarded; and one Lieutenant Endsleigh, late of the 24th, is promoted to the vacancy in our regiment. The general commands that he be respected accordingly."

All rose. They were one in feeling—one in courage—one in determination. It was not out of any special regard for Leland that they thus advocated his pretensions, for he was a hot-headed man, with few intimates; but by the freemasonry of their long intimacy, they had learned to consider an insult to one an insult to all. They were, too, men considerably advanced in years, while the new major was understood to be yet in the ruddiness of youth. This strengthened the excitement against him.

"I move," continued the colonel, "that the officers of this regiment view this denial of their unanimous petition, with regret and sorrow!"

"Agreed! agreed. Seconded—it's unanimous," were the several ejaculations of the officers, some of whom were scarce able, from the depth of their potations, to sit erect in their chairs.

"I move," said Lieutenant Dortmund, less fiery and more humorous than his fellows, "that a committee of two be appointed to communicate to Captain Leland, now asleep upon the floor, this news, so interesting to him."

The lieutenant and Ensign Cuthbert were nominated by the Chair, to the duty. The snoring captain was lifted into a seat, and when sufficiently awakened to comprehend what was said, the appointment of Lieutenant Endsleigh was announced to him. It had enough of power over his inebriety to bring him to his feet; not, however, without imminent danger of an overturn.

"What's that! A-another man than myself, major! Is that—that true? It's so as-astounding, that I stagger under it, I do, indeed, damme!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" went round the table; for the captain made a lee lurch as he spoke, and almost capsized himself and all things about him.

"What in fury are ye laughing at? But a-about this major. I c-consider (hiccup) myself in-insulted! You're insulted! We're all insulted! I can't stand it!"—so down he went at full length upon the floor.

The company soon separated, and when Captain Leland recovered from his intoxication, and was again made acquainted with his disappointment, his rage knew no bounds. He had considered the vacant majority as secured to him; and he had been saluted by its title. He

ground his teeth together in the extremity of his passion, and swore, with multiplied and horrible oaths, that his successful rival should atone for the insult with his blood. His companions were animated by a degree of the same sentiment, and encouraged him in these feelings. A system of petty vexations was arranged for the new officer, to render his situation as disagreeable as possible, and Leland awaited his coming, abating nothing of his bitter fury, but fostering it by the delay! and resolving on a far more speedy and signal vengeance than his fellows were disposed to execute for his sake.

Before many days, Major Endsleigh arrived, and waited upon his general. He bore letters from Sir John de Follaton and other high quarters, which made it the evident policy of the general to treat him with consideration; although, from influences before explained, he was disposed, negatively, to encourage the cabal against him. Endsleigh's bearing excited his interest, too, and enlisted his sympathies; and when, after a few days, the major, having, with the most poignant sorrow, discovered his situation, consulted him whether it would not be advisable to obtain a transfer to some other regiment, he was disposed to yield him both advice and assistance. But he counselled Endsleigh to remain, and to conquer his foes by his deportment, and his elevation above the reach of grovelling abuse.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE TRIAL.

The tenor of Endsleigh's conduct did not produce the effect desired. It was so strongly in contrast in every respect with that of his enemies, that it rather served to inflame than to conciliate. He observed to every one, a marked courtesy—would not permit himself to be excited by the thousand and one aggravations to passion which were thrust before him, and never mingled in the often revels of the officers, nor exhibited those propensities so manifest in them. It was a difficult task to comport himself as he had determined—to sustain the fortitude and equanimity so necessary. Insult met him in every quarter; not open and tangible, and yet not so covert but that it fully revealed its nature. His days were days of misery. In his hours of loneliness, it required the exercise of every nobler faculty of his mind to prevent him from succumbing to his trials. But the high purpose for which he was now to strive—the momentous stake for which he was playing, was the star of his observation—the guide of his action. When more than ordinarily oppressed—when the weakness of his human nature rebelled at its fetters, and in despair and wretchedness, he was sorely tempted to relinquish the contest with himself and others, in which he was now contending, he would reflect how far more honorable and glorious would be this victory, than even an evidence of the brute courage which would satisfy the proud heart of Sir John de Follaton, and win his lovely daughter; how much more enhanced would be that daughter's love, when she should be told of this desperate struggle; and he was nerved to continued endeavor.

It was resolved by Leland and his associates, to bring matters to a crisis. It was manifest, that Endsleigh could not be cajoled or taunted to commit himself. Every

day testified to his nobleness and superiority; and some decisively hostile demonstration was necessary to effect their object. A plan was secretly concocted, to force Endsleigh to offend Leland, that there might be occasion for a challenge; which his guarded conduct had thus far prevented.

Leland was the best shot in the regiment.

The army was at this time quartered in the village of B—, and Colonel Saltram sent invitations to a dinner at his rooms. Major Endsleigh was, of course, among the invited. He was perfectly unconscious of the object of this merry-making, but scrupled whether to attend. The officers were careless of that only benefit of social feasting—the elevation, hilarity, and keenness of mind to which it conduces—and indulged appetite, merely for the gratification of sensual desire. For such enjoyment, Endsleigh had little yearning. He feared too, lest the passion brooding against him in the minds of most, should be awakened to energy by indulgence, and he be compelled to submit to open and undisguised assault. But it might give equal offence should he decline to be present, when unrestrained by duty; and he deemed it the wiser course to attend, and with eyes open to his position, to avoid the results he deprecated by caution and wariness.

When he entered the apartment, he was received with studied civility. During the first course at table, but little conversation took place; every one was conscious of the coming crisis, and every exuberance of feeling was checked. Endsleigh was impressed with the conviction of something unusual and restrained, but it was indefinable and unaccountable. Yet he exhibited no wonder or confusion, but sat in calm collectedness and self-possession. Leland was nearly opposite to him, and the remainder of the company were unavoidably impressed by the strong contrast between the two: the former, erect and secure in innocence and the boldness of moral determination, the latter, flushed and uncertain in look and gesture. Leland was apprised by his own consciousness of his deficiency in coolness; and poured down glass after glass, which, in his mental excitement, only seemed to inflame his passions without embarrassing reflection.

Before a long period had elapsed the wine began to do its work, the tongues of the company to wag, and the denouement to approach.

"The health of Colonel Saltram, our gallant host!" said a lieutenant, at the foot of the table.

"Our gallant Colonel!" was tossed off in a bumper, followed by stunning cheers.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, in reply, "I thank you; and let me give you in return, 'May we ever be as a body of brothers!'"

"We cannot, while our unity is invaded by strangers!" cried a captain, on Endsleigh's right.

"Nor while children are sent among us to be our commanders," added a surly, grey-haired lieutenant, twirling his glass.

These exclamations were not only indecorous and insulting, but of that boldly mutinous character, which would render their utterers amenable to severe punishment. But the criminals were incited to this exposition of malice, by the countenance of their superiors, at the



same time the superiors of the insulted officer. The recklessness of the remarks were, however, so startling, that the very expectants of them were wonder-stricken, and a perfect silence for a few moments ensued; every eye being bent on the individual against whom they were directed. The whole matter burst upon Endsleigh at once, so soon as they were uttered; and he felt to his soul that he had been enticed to his intended destruction—that he sat, unfriended, among almost, if not indeed, blood-thirsty enemies. His cheek grew somewhat pale, and he involuntarily lifted himself up into a more erect position, while he glanced hastily at the offenders. But reflection was not overcome by excited passion, and swallowing his rising indignation and anger, he remained silent, to await the further development of the evident plot.

"Gentlemen, I will give you—Ourselves—when a brave companion is again severed from us, may no beardless upstart be thrust upon us to usurp the laurels, with which tried service should be rewarded!"

This was pointedly delivered by the lieutenant-colonel. It was a sore trial to Endsleigh, and his paleness was superseded by a momentary flush, while his lips trembled with excitement. But he was still silent.

"A bumper to Captain Leland!"

Endsleigh had never accustomed himself to strong potations. At the toasts already drunk, he had only moistened his lips. He detested nothing more than the beastliness of drunkenness; he viewed it as no venial crime, to steal from the mind those attributes which make man a-kin to his Creator. It may be that the proposer of the latter toast had noticed his continence, and, aware of Leland's suspicious and inflammatory nature, had employed this expedient to expedite the contemplated quarrel. Certain it is that when, according to his usual custom, Endsleigh replaced his glass upon the table without having sensibly diminished its contents, while every other drained his to the last drop, Leland started up with diabolical rage painted on his livid features, with protruding eye and clenched fists, and in utterance impeded by passion, exclaimed:

"An open, deliberate insult, by—! Major Endsleigh you have not drunk your wine, and I will have satisfaction!"

"Yes! yes! An insult! Satisfaction! satisfaction!" were the exclamations of one and another; and Leland, resting his fist upon the table, eyed his antagonist with a fiery glance of malignity. Endsleigh calmly rose, and bowed to the whole table.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if I have unintentionally offended, I am extremely ready to apologize; and let me be believed, when I say, that an insult or slight was the farthest thing from my thoughts."

So saying he lifted his glass, which he filled to the brim, and proposing, "The best health of Captain Leland," he drained it to the bottom; and then bowing again, without a quiver of voice, or a trembling nerve, he continued—

"I will not profess that I have not felt the spirit of many remarks, that have been made at this table to-day; and I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise, that,

guest as I am, I should not have been protected by our mutual entertainer. I came, utterly ignorant that I was to be made the target for unbridled abuse, but I have resolved to permit none of you to triumph in my weakness, and enjoy success in my discomposure. At an early period of my connexion with the regiment, I was apprised, by indubitable manifestations, of the feelings entertained toward me; and was disposed, for a time, to consult my comfort and your desires by departure from among you. My inclinations were overruled by the advice of others more experienced than myself, and I have remained. I have never injured one of you, in word or deed. No one of you can convict me of the slightest violation of the strictest courtesy; and, while I regret the perversity which expends itself on an innocent object, I will also add, that I am surprised at their undignified and ungenerous cabals, in veteran English officers. I have no feeling deeper than that. Permit me, gentlemen, to take my leave."

The rebuke of Colonel Saltram, the host, expressed in the commencement of Endsleigh's address, was deeply felt—deeply as it was deserved. But it is manifest that he who could forget the first principles of courtesy, and lend himself to measures so degrading, as those in which he was now a prominent actor, could not properly appreciate honorable reproof; and while his self-esteem was humbled to the very dust by the stinging correction, it enkindled the fiercest fires of hatred, and an eager longing for revenge. When, therefore, Endsleigh, leaving his hearers mute with astonishment, turned toward the door to retire, he exclaimed with a smile of bitterness,

"Not until we have filled our glasses to your health. Oblige me by tarrying a few moments. Gentlemen, the health of Major Endsleigh!"

Endsleigh, bowing acquiescence, but without a word, returned to his seat. The company, appreciating Colonel Saltram's sarcastic tone, could not comprehend that he intended to receive Endsleigh's rebuke, by actually fulfilling his friendly proposition. They waited, therefore, to receive their cue from him; and they were correct in their hesitation. He had no sooner proposed Endsleigh's health, as narrated, than he turned his empty glass upside down, with an accompanying hiss. The action was imitated by the most, and the hiss re-echoed, while but a few, propitiated by the major's noble demeanor drank, in good faith, to his health. Endsleigh stood up again, in the midst of the utter silence that ensued. The demonstration of enmity, just exhibited, was too glaring and galling, too, to be unnoticed, and he did not attempt to disguise his indignation and anger.

"Colonel Saltram," said he, "I forgive you for this, if you can forgive yourself. Am I in the company of gentlemen? I begin to doubt it. I cannot believe you to be in the exercise of your full senses; and such are unworthy of anger. Gentlemen, from my soul I pity you—as some day or other you will, in humiliation, pity yourselves!"

He turned again to the door, his conduct inexplicable to men, who had taught themselves to regard an arbitrary code of false honor as the vade mecum of the soldier; and were incapable of comprehending any revenge,

not based on brute exertion. His hand was on the handle, when Leland cried out at the top of his voice, "A coward! A d—d infernal coward!"

What a word for a soldier's ear! Endsleigh sprang to the table, with his fingers involuntarily clenched, his eye darting the fire of passion, and his whole frame trembling. He was excited to the verge—the very verge of the precipice of true honor! He was about to plunge down to a level with his vile defamers, and forget the high glory of the soul! But he had strength to pause on the destructive brink! He checked himself, while the fierce language of recrimination was faltering on his tongue! An effort—the triumph of mind over body—of the elevating sentiments and god-like reflection over frenzied and riotous passion—and his fingers unclenched, his glance lost its intensity, and his frame regained composure. He regarded the ferocious Leland with an expression of lofty disdain and contempt; and finally said, in even a calmer and more steady tone than ever:

"Sir, you are a madman! I will call on you to-morrow; but," he added, as he witnessed the general smile at his supposed concession, "I charge you and all to understand, I shall come not to arrange for any quarrel with any instrument. I will see you to counsel with you; to convince you how much you have injured yourself and me. I will conquer you, Captain Leland, before I have done; but by other weapons than the pistol or the sword!"

Again he turned to go; but two, too enraged or intoxicated to observe the slightest demands of decorum, planted themselves before the door, and with oaths denied egress; while Leland started up, as well as all at table, and swore that Endsleigh should fight him on the spot. All gathered about the two, who stood facing each other, Endsleigh, now possessed of resolution and coolness, beyond the power of any contingency to dislodge; Leland, brandishing his fists, pouring forth oaths, and more and more enraged as he saw how futile were his endeavors to excite his foe, and with what a calm smile he regarded his gesticulations. The voices of a dozen men were mingled in stunning confusion, one or two expostulating and demanding peace, but the most anathematizing Endsleigh by every expression at command. When all had fatigued themselves with shouting, and grown tired of the sound of their own voices, they ceased their vociferations one by one, and awaited the action of the principals in the threatening conflict. In this pause, Leland's fiendish tones were again heard.

"I'll have your heart's blood! Fight me—fight me, coward! now, with swords or pistols, or I'll brand you with infamy, and horsewhip you before the whole regiment!"

"Captain Leland," answered Endsleigh, without an evidence of emotion, his voice as firm and playful as in common parlance, "I will neither fight you now, when you are insane, nor to-morrow, when you are yourself. I fear no man—no—but I do fear, and I am not the coward to conceal it—I do fear the anger of heaven and my own self-condemnation, should I shed the blood of a fellow creature!"

There is something in moral courage—that courage which springs from the counsel of those faculties which man enjoys alone, of all animated creation, which demands involuntary respect, and stamps its own grandeur on the countenance beyond the reach of misconception. Its deliberation has no features in common with hesitating fear, and its gentle firmness cannot be confounded with the anxious lingering of weakness. But it is the most fatal arrow in the side of those who are conscious of their inability to imitate it. So Endsleigh's conduct enlisted some in his favor, while it the more inflamed those who were governed by debasing incentives. Leland was rendered almost beside himself by its influence; and advancing a pace or two, aimed a violent blow at the major's face. Expectant of such an outrage, he received it on his arm, and grappling with the giver, dashed him, by a single effort, to the floor; kneeling above him to prevent his rising, until his further violence should be arrested. Those most sympathizing with the prostrate man, would gladly have pounced upon his conqueror, and inflicted serious injury upon him; but Endsleigh had now won the favor of so many, that he might, perhaps, have disputed the contest to the discomfiture of his assailants. They, therefore, looked on in gloomy inaction, smoothing their fury within them, or voiding it in suppressed oaths. Endsleigh held Leland to the floor, until by his struggles to relieve himself, he had totally exhausted his strength.

"Are there none," said Endsleigh, then, "who will restrain this misguided man from a further exhibition of weakness?"

"Yes! yes!" cried several voices, with alacrity; and, trusting to the tide now apparently turning in his favor, Endsleigh released his grasp upon the panting man, and, uninterrupted, left the apartment. He retired to his quarters to ruminate upon the scene he had passed through, and to forebode evil from its ill omened influence. The code of honor, by which an insult must be wiped away in blood, was then most extensively prevalent in the English army, and to infringe it was irreparable disgrace. Moral or religious scruples were the mark for the jeers of ridicule and scorn; and afforded no bulwark of protection to their entertainer. Endsleigh knew how much he had risked to maintain his principles. He knew that his actions and words might go forth to the world, misconstrued or misrepresented, and his fame be blasted for ever. He felt, in the extremity of agony, that his Caroline might, perhaps, be lost to him. The busy tongues of his malicious foes would surely wag to his harm, and Sir John de Follaton, who doubtless had correspondents to apprise him of his conduct, might receive and credit the condemning tale. Eager to anticipate falsehood, he sat down and penned to Sir John a minute account of the fracas, and of the grounds upon which he had conducted. The despatch was, by chance, entrusted to the same courier who bore a falsely colored statement from one of the very officers most concerned in the affair.

Sir John took up the falsehood first, and having perused it, he deliberately tore Endsleigh's letter in pieces, without reading a word, and threw the fragments from the window!

## CHAPTER IV.—THE REJECTION.

A lie will travel from Maine to Georgia, while truth is putting on his boots! The report was industriously circulated by Endsleigh's enemies, that he had wantonly insulted a brother officer by declining to drink his health, and had, in the most cowardly manner, refused to make honorable amends. This was almost universally credited; first, because the majority of men are perversely prone to swallow ill against their fellows rather than good, when the choice is presented to their appetites, and again, because there were few to contradict it: for of those who had succumbed to Endsleigh's magnanimity, the most had returned to the domination of old sympathies, with the vanishing of the agitated scene; and, if they did not actively engage in the dissemination of untruth, were silent, or shook their heads when appealed to for their evidence. Endsleigh found the approbation of his own heart scarce able to sustain him, under his aggravated trials. The infection of suspicion and contempt of him, soon spread from his own regiment to the whole army, and he could turn to no quarter for friendship and sympathy. The very privates seemed to accord to him reluctant obedience and courtesy, as though it were humiliation to be commanded by one stigmatized by the opprobrious epithet of coward. He longed for an opportunity to prove to his maligners and the world, that his conduct was not the offspring of cowardice; but fortune seemed to have leagued herself with his foes. Skirmish after skirmish took place, and he was in every instance so stationed, that he was unable to partake in the conflict. A six months thus passed away. He heard nothing from Sir John, nothing of his beloved Caroline; and all this while he struggled on, with his sorrows pent in his own bosom, and not one straggling ray of comfort to cheer him, save the single and uncertain hope, that stormy clouds cannot always obscure the sunlight, and that the blessed and clear blue sky of truth and justice would one day be revealed above him.

At this time, he received one morning a summons to wait upon the general, and was charged with despatches to England. This duty was received with mingled feeling, in which joy was uppermost. The lover ever longs for the sight of his mistress: and Endsleigh was eager for communion with Caroline. It was true, he had been favored with no opportunity to prove his honor, and Sir John might interpret the delay unfavorably; but the hope of an interview with Caroline gilded even this anxiety, and whispered to him that he could easily communicate the truth, and place his situation on its right footing in Sir John's mind. He was glad, therefore, to be on the Channel, wafted by prosperous breezes to his native land.

When he arrived at Portsmouth, the first newspaper on which he laid his eye, contained an article copied from a London print, and headed "A Black Sheep in the Army," giving a detail of his difficulty with Leland, and the occurrences at the dinner, but so warped and distorted to his disadvantage, as to be hardly recognisable. Indeed, it was only by the initials and the designation of time and place, that he could identify it in any respect whatever. But, untrue as it was, it struck fear to his

heart. The silence of Sir John was now explained—this report, or one of similar tenor, had undoubtedly met his eye, and out-weighed his own explanation. He hastened to London. At his interview with the minister, to deliver his despatches, the nobleman paused at the sound of his name and repeated to himself, "Endsleigh—Endsleigh—ah, I remember!"—and his demeanor, in the communications he was necessitated to hold with him, was cold and formal. The announcement of his coming in the papers, was accompanied with defamatory reflections, designating him in plain terms, as the officer referred to in the article before noticed. He was rejoiced that in the great city, not one had ever known him, had ever called him friend; and, so soon as his business was concluded, he hastened away toward that centre of all his thoughts and anticipations, Follaton Castle.

It was a dark and stormy afternoon, when he opened the Park-gate and approached the hall. As he walked up the avenue, the old trees sighed in the wind, and the big drops were driven into his face as they were shaken from the moaning branches. They seemed to weep at his coming, rather than to welcome him; and in that sympathy which the mind feels with the bright and the gloomy in nature, he was rendered disheartened and fearful of his reception. The grey-headed porter answered his faltering summons, and sent up his name to Sir John. His very soul was chilled by the cold reply—"Sir John bids me say he knows no such person as Major Endsleigh!" He could not leave the door without a second effort, and desired the servant to present his earnest request to his master, for a few words with him. It was of no avail; again the answer was returned—"Sir John says peremptorily he does not know, and wishes no intercourse with Major Endsleigh!"

He paused on the step. There was pity and commiseration in the countenance of the porter, and he stood, holding the door in his hand, awaiting Endsleigh's action.

"Is—Lady—Caroline here?" said the major, in a low, tremulous tone.

"She is," answered the porter; "but she is not well."

The tears came gushing into Endsleigh's eyes. He drew his hand hastily across them, but not before the porter had noticed his emotion.

"Come in, sir—come in," whispered the kind old man. "Come in and refresh yourself; Sir John need not know it."

"No—no—I thank you, but cannot!" answered Endsleigh, and turned from the door. The rain now poured in torrents, and the dreariness of nature harmonized with the desolation within him. He paused when at some distance from the castle, and cast a glance at its windows in the direction of his Caroline's apartments; but the form of the loved one was not there—no glance returned his own. Arrived at the village inn, where he was known, he was compelled to detail to curious questioners and gaping listeners the occurrences of the war, and this increased his agony. Tearing himself, finally, away, he threw himself upon a sleepless bed, and arose with fevered blood and aching head. So soon as the

proper hour arrived, he started for the castle, about a mile distant, having resolved to plead earnestly with Sir John for a hearing; not to return, indeed, until he had harrassed the proud nobleman, by importunities, to afford him a chance for the vindication of his honor. What was his consternation and renewed despair, to be informed that Sir John had left the castle, at an early hour, for Bath!

"And Lady Caroline?"

"Accompanied him. She was somewhat better, but so weak as to require to be lifted into the carriage."

Again he retraced his steps to the village, and, by the first opportunity, was on the road to Bath. His determinations were now governed by desperation.

"He shall not avoid me," he said to himself, "where he goes, I will follow. I will not tamely submit to be judged without a hearing. He may spurn me from him, but he shall hear me!"

Amidst such reflections he alighted at the hotel, where he hoped to meet Sir John. He was wearied beyond nature's endurance, more by conflict of mind than exposure of body, and as a servant was conducting him to his room, that he might meet the repose to which he had been long a stranger, he encountered in the passage-way his Caroline's maid.

"Meet me on this spot at nine," said he, overjoyed at the rencontre, "as you love your mistress!"

She nodded acquiescence, and passed on. A new turn was given to his feelings. He could, at least, discover what were Caroline's views of his conduct, and how she regarded him still. He called for writing materials, and penned a passionate and exculpating note, conjuring her to believe that he would rather die than forget true honor. He paced his room until the hour appointed with the maid, and then hurried to the passage-way. She was there, and received his note. He had petitioned for a reply, and a second meeting was arranged. His impatience for its arrival cannot be described. He could scarce contain himself—scarce pacify his restless spirit. It came at last, and true to the moment, he was in the place appointed. Promptly as himself the maid appeared, and thrusting a note into his hand, hastily retreated. He returned to his room. The writing was in Caroline's well-known characters, and only pausing to kiss the direction—"Henry!"—which was a harbinger of good tidings, he tore open the seal. He read of love, fervent as ever—of trust in him to the utmost—of confidence in his high-mindedness—of resolution to make him her earthly guide, or none beside. But it conjured him to refrain from seeking her. She was feeble, and it was uncertain when she could appear abroad; and her father was watchful and jealous of their communication. It was to avoid him that he had thus suddenly left the castle; and it would not work for good, should he persist in being near them.

What would Endsleigh have more? Imploring heaven's blessing on such faithful and enduring affection, he booked his name for London that very night, by good fortune escaping Sir John. In four days he was with his regiment in Brussels.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE TRIUMPH.

"The foe—they come—they come!" A ball was given at Brussels, on the night before Waterloo's field was crimsoned with streams of blood; and, in the language of the gifted poet,

"Last noon beheld them fall of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms; the day,  
Battle's magnificently stern array!"

Endsleigh was not with the gay and thoughtless revelers, and his ear was among the first to catch the sound of the cannon's distant roar, and to arm for the coming fight. There was a strange feeling in his soul: a something that whispered, that the hour of his glory, the tomb of his shame, was soon to be ushered in. He was collected, yet burning with impatience. He eagerly watched every arrangement, and longed to dash among the foe and strike for Honor. His regiment, contrary to his hopes, was stationed somewhat in the rear, and he began to fear that he might yet longer wear the signet of dishonor. The battle began. Volleys of musketry pealed along the air, and the loud cannon thundered forth their iron death. Clouds of smoke, like a mournful canopy, overshadowed the scene, and nature seemed hushed in silence, to weep the dreadful conflict. Fiercer and fiercer raged the battle strife: and now came the reeling charge, now was the flashing bayonet driven home to inflict its gaping destruction—now death strode madly around, bathing in the blood of hecatombs!

"They retreat! A base retreat! The cavalry are broken by the French squares! The infantry turn, by heaven!" cried Colonel Saltram.

At the moment, the order came for his regiment to advance. Endsleigh's heart leaped within him. It was the hottest moment of the fight. The ranks march firmly to the disputed ground. They fired—they charged—they wavered! Colonel Saltram was killed, as he shouted in encouragement; the Lieutenant-Colonel, a moment after, fell wounded from his horse. Endsleigh was then in command. He dashed among his men—his firm tones were cheering and inspiring—the panic-struck were reinvigorated, the yet unyielding filled with new determination. The General's aid rode up.

"Major Endsleigh, the General's eye is upon you. You must turn this part of the French line, or the day is lost!"

"It shall be done!" cried Endsleigh.

With an echoing shout, after a second appeal, the regiment advanced. Again they charged—Endsleigh's sword was the pioneer to victory—it was a deadly struggle, but it was triumphant. The enemy fell back—the English again shouted and pressed on, and the French retreated in disorder. More than half of the 18th were weltering in their blood, but victory had perched upon their helms!

Night closed around the scene, and Wellington had won immortality. Thousands lay prone on the bloody field, over whose lifeless remains young Hope wept tears of anguish; but some reposed after that terrific fight in pride and exultation, for they had twined a wreath of fadeless laurels about their brows. Among these was Major Endsleigh.

Publicly congratulated by his commander, on his courage and surpassing coolness at a desperate crisis, he was made one of the bearers of despatches to London. How diverse were his sensations, from those with which he had before sought the shores of England—how different his reception in the great emporium of the world?

The country was filled with sympathetic joy; and before many days a ball was given in London, by one of the proudest of the nobility, to Endsleigh and his associates. What a change! Once he was neglected and disregarded—now, the proud and the beautiful thronged around him, eager for his acquaintance, and tendering their warm estimation. But his measure of happiness was not yet full. There were others to seal his triumph, without whose recognition, the fiat of all the world was as nothing. He had, as yet, been unable to seek Sir John de Follaton, he knew not whether to dare to knock at the castle door again.

Before he slept, he resolved to make a trial of his standing, and to seek the castle once more; but in the morning, while he sat at breakfast, the door opened, and Sir John was ushered in. Endsleigh started to his feet.

"My boy, your hand! I have hurried up to London to welcome you—I arrived only last night. I come in person to ask forgiveness: and to say, that the carriage is at the door, and Caroline de Follaton in London."

Thus reads a chronicle of the year 1816, with a long list of processions, and noble personages in attendance: "Married, in St. James' Chapel, by Right Reverend Bishop —, Colonel Henry de Follaton, late Major Henry Endsleigh, his name having been changed by letters patent, to Caroline de Follaton, only child of Sir John de Follaton, of Follaton Castle."

Original.

#### DOTS AND LINES.—NO. I;

OR, SKETCHES OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC.

THERE has been so much written about Natchez in books and newspapers, by editors and authors, that a traveller has now little to say which has not been said already. Nevertheless, I think I have a right to a hearing, as well as my contemporaries and predecessors, and will, therefore, venture to place my own thoughts upon paper. This letter, however, will be consumed by the relation of the incidents of the passage, from Baton Rouge to this place. After leaving this pleasant town, whose hills (like the oasis of the desert,) relieve the eye of the traveller long wearied with the level shores, which, from New Orleans above meet his sight for a hundred and fifty miles, we found the banks of the river less beautiful, the plantations not so extensive or so numerous, and frequently separated by large tracts of forest approaching close to the river, while the staple of the soil changed from sugar to cotton. The planters' houses, instead of being large square edifices with double piazzas, and surrounded by orange and other evergreen trees, were now replaced

by neat white painted and unpretending cottages, with a light gallery running along their front, with here and there an unsightly forest tree in the surrounding enclosure, while the humble wooden "gin" took the place of the extensive brick "sucrerie" or sugar house. The face of the country wore a fresher and newer look, and the farm struggled for existence with the encroaching forests. There were exceptions in here and there some "nice bir," as the English are wont to term strikingly beautiful spots of scenery, where some man of taste had pitched his tent for life, not so wholly the slave of mammon that he could not devote a portion of his wealth and estate to the gratification of the eye. Every league, in ascending the river from Baton Rouge, the country becomes less cultivated; the shores, where plantations have not removed the forest are monotonous and gloomy, and the eye of the voyager soon wearies of the sameness of green leaves, and an unvarying level shore line. For leagues there is no other variety in the scenery on either hand, than that presented by the different forms, height, and species of trees, a log floating on the water, a turkey-buzzard hovering high, foraging for his food, a single skiff launched to cross from shore to shore, or at distant intervals, a descending steamboat. The town of Bayou Sara, or St. Francisville, is a place of considerable business; and a bluff of light yellow earth, at a small port called Hudson, alone broke the even line of the shore until we reached Fort Adams, formerly occupied as one of the frontier posts. A score of white houses and stores, perched on the summit of the bluff, forms the port and town of Hudson, which has sprung up within half a dozen years.

A short distance above port Hudson, and on the west side of the river, we passed one of the mouths of "Fause, or Fause River." It is a crescent of nearly still water, extending from the river through a large circuit of rich land, and returning a few miles below again into the Mississippi. This segment was some years ago the original bed of the river, which swept round for many leagues through this bend, to accomplish a direct advance of a few miles; but the current gradually wore through the peninsula, and leaving its old circuitous bed, the river made a new and strait channel for its waters, which is now its regular course. The bend, which the river deserted, was bordered by some of the richest plantations in Louisiana, the settlers were cut off from navigation, and their estates at once depreciated. There is, however, at some seasons of the year, boat navigation through the old channel. The Mississippi is annually deserting its circuitous sweeps, and cutting plantations at one point and making them at another. I am told by one of the pilots, that the river between New Orleans and Memphis will in all probability, in ten years, by the constant mutation, shorten its course one hundred and seventy miles.

Fort Adams, which is the first town of the State of Mississippi seen in ascending the river, is a small village at the foot and scattered at the sides, of a collection of hills nearly two hundred feet high, covered with trees, and clothed with grass nearly to the water. Half-way to the summit of the principal hill of the group, stand the

ruins of Fort Adams, consisting of a grass-grown, dismantled fortification of earth. Its site is well chosen, commanding a prospect, both up and down the river, for several miles.

Fort Adams does not contain five hundred inhabitants, and its chief business is in shipping cotton; it is the mart of the adjacent cotton region. The amount of its business is not great. The hills of Fort Adams are a striking and romantic feature in this level region, standing alone like isolated promontories. From Fort Adams to the White Cliffs, twenty-one miles below Natchez, the river sweeps through a forest principally of cotton-wood, occasionally passing plantations, their ploughed surfaces embellished with stumps, the dwellings plain and often constructed of logs, and white washed. Ellis', or White Cliffs, are a lofty wall from two to three hundred feet high, and two miles in length, of mingled red, yellow, and white earth, but so blended by distance as the observer approaches from the south, as to exhibit a light grey color. The undulating summits of this promontory, are on a level with the proper summit level of the State of Mississippi. At the Walnut Hills, at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, and Natchez, the elevated portion of the State protrudes into the low bed through which the Mississippi flows. Mr. Powell, the phrenologist, has lately advanced some theories in relation to the phenomenon of these cliffs, which are at least sufficiently ingenious. Between Ellis' Cliffs and Natchez, the shores present the same unvaried lines of forest, broken here and there with a plantation. Five miles below Natchez, the promontory on which it is situated towers above the level forest, with the steeple, dome, and light-house, and the roofs of the loftier dwellings of the town; while at the base of the cliff for nearly a mile, a long line of buildings of various sizes and irregularly placed, with steamers, a few ships and brigs, and dense masses of flat boats bordering the shore, indicate the lower town, or "landing," as it is termed. As the steamboat advances, the traveller detects roads cut into the side of the perpendicular cliffs of earth, communicating with the upper town. When within a mile of the city, the traveller who has visited Quebec, will be struck with the remarkable resemblance between the two places; the upper and lower town, the excavated road, the broad river sweeping at the base of the promontory, the height, form, and appearance of the cliffs, (which, although of light colored earth, appear in the distance like rock,) will all remind him of Quebec, viewed from Point Levi. In a brief outline of both views which I hastily sketched and compared, the resemblance was strikingly apparent. Fort Rosalia, immortalized by Chateaubriand, rose more than two hundred feet above our head, as we run into the landing. Fort Rosalia was formerly an important military post. So long ago as one hundred and eight years, the French garrison which occupied it, were massacred by the Natchez tribe, whose chief village was situated about two miles south of the present site of Natchez. The origin of this massacre is beautifully narrated in a tale, from the pen of J. T. Griffith, Esq., of Woodbourne, Adams County, to which the reader is referred. The same graceful writer has also thrown an imperishable interest around Ellis' Cliffs, through his "Fawn's

Leap," a tale republished in England, and ranked by an English critic as one of the best American stories.

The bluffs of Natchez are about the same height and extent of the Ellis' Cliffs, presenting the same earthy, perpendicular face to the river, as if they had been cleft to their base. Above the town they gradually retreat from the river, become less precipitous, and their sloping sides are verdant and clothed with forest trees, while foot-paths wind picturesquely along their sides. Both above and below the city, the summits are clothed with clouds of foliage, and the general aspect of the scenery there, is that of rural beauty united with sublimity. From the deck of the steamer as we approached the land, some men on the verge of the cliffs appeared like pigmies, and no doubt we appeared quite as much like Lilliputians to them.

I was struck, on landing, with the commercial noise and bustle, and the appearance of great business. The lower town had arisen from its ashes, purified by the fire by which it was nearly consumed last year. Numerous buildings had been erected, and others, of commodious size, were in progress of completion. Gambling houses had been abolished, and commerce seemed to have taken the place of pleasure and dissipation. Steamboats were busy lading and unlading, several hundred flatboats lined the levee, which was piled for two thirds of a mile with articles of export and import, the stores were crowded with goods and customers, and the throng on the levee was as dense as that in the busiest section of New Orleans. The Steamboat Hotel, where we stopped, was well kept by a gentlemanly and obliging landlord, the table being far better furnished than Richardson's at New Orleans. As I was to leave again in a few hours, I consumed a portion of that time, in walking with a friend about the city. The result of our peregrinations, I will leave for my next.

The improvement of Natchez in the last three years, is the subject of remark by those who have had the opportunity of comparing its present, with its past condition. In the years 1830, '31, and '32, not fifty dwellings of any kind were erected in this city. In 1833 and '34, the citizens began to talk about a port of entry, tow boats and ships, and all at once a new spirit seemed to have seized the men of capital and influence. Under their exertions, the town awoke from a lethargy in which it had remained since the disastrous visitation of the yellow fever, in 1825, and a spirit of enterprise pervaded all classes. The result is now eminently apparent. Natchez has thrown off her colonial sort of dependence upon New Orleans, is an independent port, and ships from Europe now load and unload at her levee. A new life is given to every thing. In three years she has nearly doubled her population, her wealth, and her size. New streets have been laid out, which are beautified with handsome buildings, and the whole face of the town is so changed and improved that it is now scarcely to be identified with itself five years ago. Within the past year, more than one hundred stores and private edifices have been erected, many of the latter constructed with great taste. The pleasant hills north of the town are sprinkled with villas, which have sprung up within a few months, and the city has nearly spread

over double of its original surface. In fifteen years, with its present prospects, Natchez will, in all probability, contain twenty thousand inhabitants. The esplanade in front of the town, which has been for years the grazing spot for the cows, the play-ground for boys, the parade for soldiers, and the promenade of the citizens, is nearly filled up with buildings; whose encroachments upon this naturally beautiful spot—whose healthy air and open space are so essential to the health of the city—promise soon to obliterate it altogether. On crossing it on my way into the town from the landing, I could not but view with regret, the unsightly inroads which business is making upon this spot, which has no equal as a public promenade in the whole United States. It is not yet too late to reserve a belt of it along the cliffs, but it is now too much deformed ever to be restored to its former beauty. "Improvement," as it is called, too frequently defaces places which nature intended should be the garden spot of her domain. In going through the streets of the landing, my ears were no longer saluted as, heretofore, those of all travellers have been on landing here, by the sound of the fiddle, the roar of debauchery, and the hellish noises which once characterized this region; which, for many years, was so notorious for its scenes of profligacy, assassinations, and all sorts of iniquity. Active, intelligent merchants, industrious mechanics, the sounds of business and labor, now give a new character to the place. Large stores were going up on both sides of the principal street, which had been laid in ruins by the fire in January, 1836. This conflagration was a thorough cleaning of the Augman Stable. Subsequent events have shown that this fire was the work of a revengeful gambler. He deserves the thanks of the community, as justly as he did the halter, which recently rewarded him for other crimes. Five years ago, a gentleman and his family would as soon have thought of taking his lodgings in the town jail, to wait for a steamer's arrival, as to go under the hill and take lodgings at the taverns there. Gentlemen sometimes did so, but guarded their rooms and baggage as if they had been among thieves. The spirit of enterprise which had birth in the upper town, spread to this place, and Samuel Cotton, Esq., opened a very fine hotel for the reception of steamboat passengers. About the same time extensive commercial houses were opened here, and at length, after the example at Vicksburg, the town rose *en masse*, and expelled the dwellers of that den of wickedness, "Silver Street," from their haunts; the fire followed and purified the place, and now, with a population of a different character, extensive stores and even dwelling houses, and a hotel rapidly improving in respectability and popularity, Natchez under the Hill (save that most of its stores are open on the Sabbath), is not behind any other place on the river. It is to be regretted, that the exception just mentioned should exist. Without defending the custom of keeping stores open on this day, it may not be amiss to attempt to explain, for the benefit of our Northern censors, why it is so; showing them that the custom does not lie in "the rottenness of society," but in the existence of circumstances peculiar to this region, and indeed the whole Mississippi valley travelled by steamboats. Steamboats will always run on the Sabbath.

Therefore, among some four or five hundred, day and night traversing the waters of the Mississippi, one or more will have passengers or freight for the towns on the river. It is, therefore, necessary that some store should be open to receive the freight, and supply the boat with provisions. Every store-keeper feels himself equally entitled to trade with the steamer, and share the profits of trade with his neighbors. Therefore, they all throw open their doors, and the Sabbath is converted into a day of business. At Natchez landing, where often a dozen steamers arrive on the Sabbath, there is a great bustle of business on that day, and it often proves, with the addition of negro customers, who do most of their trading on Sunday, to be the most profitable day of the seven! In the city on the cliff, where there is no such temptations, not a store, except here and there a groggery, kept by some foreigner, opens its doors on that day. The appearance of Natchez landing, on a sunny Sabbath forenoon, is very lively. Steamers are arriving and departing, or unloading their freights, hundreds of negroes, porters, and draymen, are bustling, swearing, and contending around them, in their several vocations. The long levee is thronged with flatboat-men, lounging about, or trading from store to store; negroes in their Sunday finery, strangers and well-dressed citizens of the upper town, who, free from their six days' labor, enjoy the seventh in watching the arrival and departure of steamers, mingling in the lively scenes of the levee. Although this profanation of the Sabbath is to be regretted, and admits of no defence, yet it will continue so long as steamboats run on the Sabbath; and, until money-getting men very considerably change their natures, the time is doubtless far distant when captains of Mississippi steamers will tie to a tree on Saturday night, and lie by until Monday morning. Boats, when they arrive at a place, must land and take in passengers and freight, and be supplied with provisions.

"Stores," observed a gentleman to me, who followed this custom, "stores, sir, are inns for steamers, and when the landlord shuts up his tavern to stage travellers on the Sabbath, then we may here, on the river, shut up our stores on that day. The principle in both cases, sir, is the same."

On entering the upper city, I was struck with the appearance of a new hotel, on Main Street, which is just completed. It is the finest edifice for travellers in the Western country. The front is about the dimensions of the Tremont, but much more imposing. The parade is very fine, and the structure is an ornament to the city. The proprietors, Messrs. Holton and Barlow, are yankees. In hotels, Natchez is rich. The Mansion House, and Parker's Mississippi Hotel, have both been recently enlarged, and both rank among the best hotels in the Union. By the character of hotels, the wealth and enterprise of a city may be pretty accurately estimated. In no city is the traveller better taken care of than here. There is yet another house of this kind needed, and on a large scale, at the landing. The hotel there is very well kept, but the building is too small; steamboats stop at Natchez so short a time, and also often stopping in the night, it is necessary for those waiting for boats to take

rooms at the landing, for there is scarcely time to carry baggage from the city to the river, between the arrival of a boat and its departure. The amount of travelling to and from this point is very great, and on account of the limited accommodations, but few can be accommodated with rooms in the present house. A building of the largest size is wanted here, and, well kept, would be daily full of travellers. Planters who come in from the country with their families, and now put up at the hotels on the hill to wait for steamers, losing many boats and much patience by being too late at the landing, would then, tempted by pleasant rooms, come directly to this house. It is at all times the best way for travellers, whether ladies or gentlemen, who are waiting to go up or down the river, to put up at once if they can secure rooms, at this hotel, where the polite attentions of Mr. Lane will ensure their comfort. An extensive hotel here would, no doubt, return a better interest on the capital invested, than any other in the city. A boat has just arrived, on which I shall take passage up the river. I may write you again, from my state-room on board.

J. H. I.

Original.

## THE FAITH OF WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

"Two things there be on earth that ne'er forget—  
A woman! and a dog!—where once their love is set!"—OLD MS.

It was the morning after the exterminating fight of Hastings. The banner blessed of the Roman pontiff streamed on the tainted air, from the same hillock whence the Dragon standard of the Saxons had shone unconquered to the sun of yester-even! Hard by was pitched the proud pavilion of the conqueror, who, after the tremendous strife and perilous labors of the preceding day, reposed himself in fearless and untroubled confidence upon the field of his renown; secure in the possession of the land, which he was destined to transmit to his posterity, for many a hundred years, by the red title of the sword. To the defeated Saxons, morning, however, brought but a renewal of those miseries, which, having yesterday commenced with the first victory of their Norman lords, were never to conclude or even to relax, until the complete amalgamation of the rival races should leave no Normans to torment, no Saxons to endure; all being merged at last into one general name of English, and by their union, giving origin to the most powerful, and brave, and intellectual people, the world has ever looked upon, since the extinction of Rome's freedom. At the time of which we are now speaking, nothing was thought of by the victors, save how to rivet most securely on the necks of the unhappy natives, their yoke of iron—nothing by the poor subjugated Saxons, but how to escape for the moment the unrelenting massacre, which was urged far and wide, by the remorseless conquerors, throughout the devastated country. With the defeat of Harold's host, all national hope of freedom was at once lost to England—though to a man, the English population were brave and loyal, and devoted to their country's rights—the want of leaders—all having perished side by side on that disastrous field—of combination, without which, myriads are but dust in the scale

against the force of one united handful—rendered them quite unworthy of any serious fears, and even of consideration to the blood-thirsty barons of the invading army. Over the whole expanse of level country, which might be seen from the slight elevation whereon was pitched the camp of William, on every side might be descried small parties of the Norman horse, driving in with their bloody lances, as if they were mere cattle, the unhappy captives; a few of whom they now began to spare, not from the slightest sentiment of mercy, but literally that their arms were weary with the task of slaying, although their hearts were yet insatiate of blood. It must be taken now into consideration by those who listen with dismay and wonder to the accounts of pitiless barbarity, of ruthless indiscriminating slaughter on the part of men, whom they have hitherto been taught to look upon as brave, indeed, as lions in the field, but not partaking of the lion's nature after the field was won—not only that the seeds of enmity had long been sown between those rival people, but that the deadly crop of hatred had grown up, watered abundantly by tears and blood of either, and lastly, that the fierce fanaticism of religious persecution was added to the natural rancor of a war waged for the ends of conquest or extermination. The Saxon nation, from the king downward to the meanest serf, who fought beneath his banner, or buckled on the arms of liberty, were all involved under the common bar of the pope's interdict!—they were accursed of God, and handed over by his holy church to the kind mercies of the secular arm! and, therefore, though but yesterday they were a powerful and united nation, to-day they were but a vile horde of scattered outlaws, whom any man might slay wherever he should find them, whether in arms or otherwise, amenable for blood neither to any mortal jurisdiction, nor even to the ultimate tribunal to which all must submit hereafter, unless deprived of their appeal, like these poor fugitives, by excommunication from the pale of Christianity. For thirty miles around the Norman camp, pillars of smoke by day, continually streaming upward to the polluted heaven, and the red glare of nightly conflagration told fatally the doom of many a happy home! Neither the castle nor the cottage might preserve their male inhabitants from the sword's edge, their females from more barbarous persecution! Neither the sacred hearth of hospitality, nor the more sacred altars of God's churches might protect the miserable fugitives—neither the mail-shirt of the man-at-arms, nor the monk's frock of serge availed against the thrust of the fierce Norman spear. All was dismay and havoc, such as the land wherein those horrors were enacted, has never witnessed since, through many a following age.

High noon approached, and in the conqueror's tent a gorgeous feast was spread—the red wine flowed profusely, and song and minstrelsy arose with their heart-soothing tones, to which the feeble groans of dying wretches bore a dread burthen, from the plain whereon they still lay struggling in their great agonies, too sorely maimed to live, too strong, as yet, to die. But, over and anon, their wail waxed feebler and less frequent; for many a plunderer was on foot, licensed to ply his odious calling in the full light of day; reaping his first, if not his rich-



est booty, from the dead bodies of their slaughtered foes. Ill fared the wretches, who lay there, untended by the hand of love or mercy—"scorched by the death-thirst, and writhing in vain"—but worse fared they, who showed a sign of life to the relentless robbers of the dead—for then the dagger—falsely called that of mercy, was the dispenser of immediate immortality. The conqueror sat at his triumphant board, and barons drank his health. "First English monarch, of the pure blood of Normandy." "King by the right of the sword's edge." "Great, glorious, and sublime!"—yet was not his heart softened, nor was his bitter hate toward the unhappy prince who had so often ridden by his side in war, and feasted at the same board with him in peace, relinquished or abated. Even while the feast was at the highest—while every heart was jocund and sublime, a trembling messenger approached, craving on bended knee permission to address the conqueror and King—for so he was already schooled by brief but hard experience to style the devastator of his country.

"Speak out, Dog Saxon," cried the ferocious prince—"but since thou must speak, see that thy speech be brief, an' thou would'st keep thy tongue uncropped thereafter!"

"Great Duke, and mighty," replied the trembling envoy, "I bear you greeting from Elgitha, herewhile the noble wife of Godwin, the queenly mother of our late monarch—now, as she bade me style her, the humblest of your suppliants and slaves. Of your great nobleness and mercy, mighty King, she sues you, that you will grant her the poor leave to search amid the heaps of those our Saxon dead, that her three sons may at least lie in consecrated earth—so may God send you peace and glory here, and everlasting happiness hereafter!"

"Hear to the Saxon slave!" William exclaimed, turning as if in wonder toward his nobles, "hear to the Saxon slave, that dares to speak of consecrated earth, and of interment for the accursed body of that most perjured excommunicated liar! Hence! tell the mother of the dead dog, whom you have dared to style your King, that for the interdicted and accursed dead, the sands of the sea-shore are but too good a sepulchre!"

"She bade me proffer, humbly to your acceptance, the weight of Harold's body in pure gold," faintly gasped forth the terrified and cringing messenger, "so you would grant her that permission!"

"Proffer us gold!—what gold!—or whose? Know, villain, all the gold throughout this conquered realm, is ours! Hence, dog and outcast, hence! nor presume e'er again to come, insulting us by proffering, as a boon to our acceptance, that which we own already, by the most indefeasible and ancient right of conquest! Said I not well, knights, vavasours, and nobles?"

"Well! well! and nobly," answered they, one and all. "The land is ours—and all that therein is—their dwellings, their demesnes, their wealth, whether of gold, or silver, or of cattle—yea! they themselves are ours! themselves, their sons, their daughters, and their wives—our portion and inheritance, to be our slaves for ever!"

"Begone! you have our answer," exclaimed the Duke, spurning him with his foot, "and hark ye, arbalast-men and archers, if any Saxon more approach us on like

errand, see if his coat of skin be proof against the quarrel of the shaft."

And once again the feast went on—and louder rang the revelry, and faster flew the wine-cup round the tumultuous board! All day the banquet lasted, even till the dews of heaven fell on that fatal field, watered sufficiently, already, by the rich gore of many a noble heart. All day the banquet lasted, and far was it prolonged into the watches of the night, when, rising with the wine-cup in his hand, "Nobles and barons," cried the Duke—"friends, comrades, conquerors—bear witness to my vow! Here, on these heights of Hastings, and more especially upon yon mound and hillock, where God gave to us our high victory, and where our last foe fell;—There will I raise an abbey to His eternal praise and glory—richly endowed, it shall be, from the first fruits of this our land. BATTLE, it shall be called, to send the memory of this, the great and singular achievement of our race, to far posterity—and, by the splendor of our God, wine shall be plentier among the monks of Battle, than water in the noblest and the richest cloister else, search the world over! This do I swear—so may God aid, who hath thus far assisted us for our renown, and will not now deny his help, when it be asked for his own glory!"

The second day dawned on the place of horror, and not a Saxon had presumed, since the intolerant message of the Duke, to come to look upon his dead!—But now the ground was needed, whereon to lay the first stone of the abbey, William had vowed to God. The ground was needed; and moreover, the foul steam, from the human shambles, was pestilential on the winds of heaven—and now by trumpet sound, and proclamation through the land, the Saxons were called forth, on pain of death, to come and seek their dead, lest the health of the conquerors should suffer from the pollution they themselves had wrought. Scarce had the blast sounded, and the glad tidings been announced once only, ere from their miserable shelters, where they had herded with the wild beasts of the forest, from wood, morass, and cavern, happy, if there they might escape the Norman spear, forth crept the relics of that persecuted race. Old men and matrons, with hoary heads, and steps that tottered no less from the effect of terror, than of age—maidens, and youths, and infants, too happy to obtain permission to search amid those festering heaps, dabbling their hands in the corrupt and pestilential gore which filled each nook and hollow of the dinted soil, so they might bear away, and water with their tears, and yield to consecrated ground the relics of those brave ones, once loved so fondly, and now so bitterly lamented. It was toward the afternoon of that same day, when a long train was seen approaching, with crucifix, and cross, and censer, the monks of Waltham abbaye—coming to offer homage for themselves, and for their tenantry and vassals, to him whom they acknowledged as their king; expressing their submission to the high will of the Norman pontiff, justified, as they said, and proved by the assertion of God's judgment upon the hill of Hastings. Highly delighted by this absolute submission, the first he had received from any English tongue, the conqueror received the monks with courtesy and favor, granting them high immunities, and

promising them free protection, and the unquestioned tenor of their broad demeanors, for ever. Nay! after he had answered their address, he detained two of their number, men of intelligence, as with his wonted quickness of perception he instantly discovered, from whom to derive information as to the nature of his new-acquired country, and newly conquered subjects. Osgad and Ailric, the deputed messengers from the respected principal of their community, had yet a farther and higher object than to tender their submission to the conqueror. Their orders were, at all and every risk, to gain permission to consign the corpse of their late King and founder to the earth, previously denied to him. And soon, emboldened by the courtesy and kindness of the much-dreaded Norman, they took courage to approach the subject, knowing it interdicted even on pain of death; and to their wonder and delight, it was unhesitatingly granted. Throughout the whole of the third day, succeeding that unparalleled defeat and slaughter, those old men might be seen toiling among the naked carcasses, disfigured, maimed, and festering in the sun, toiling to find the object of their devoted veneration. But vain were all their labors—vain was their search, even when they called in the aid of his most intimate attendants, ay, of the mother that had borne him! The corpses of his brethren, Leofwyn and Gurth, were soon discovered, but not one eye, even of those who had most dearly loved him, could now distinguish the maimed features of the King. At last, when hope itself was now almost extinct—some one named Edith, Edith, the Swan-necked! She had been the mistress, years ere he had been, or dreamed of being King, to the brave son of Godwin. She had beloved him in her youth, with that one, single-minded, constant, never-ending love, which but few, even of her devoted sex, can feel, and they but once, and for one cherished object. Deserted and dishonored, when he she loved was elevated to the throne, she had not ceased from her true adoration, but quitting her now joyless home had shared her heart between her memories and her God, in the sequestered cloisters of the nunnery of Croyland. More days elapsed, ere she could reach the fatal spot, and the increased corruption denied the smallest hope of his discovery—yet, from the moment when the mission was named to her, she expressed her full and confident conviction that she could recognize that loved one, so long as but one hair remained on that head, she had once so cherished! It was night when she arrived on the fatal field, and by the light of torches, once more they set out on their awful duty. "Show me the spot," she said, "where the last warrior fell;" and she was led to the place where had been found the corpses of his gallant brethren, and with an instinct that nothing could deceive, she went straight to the corpse of Harold—it had been turned already to and fro many times, by those who sought it. His mother had looked on it, and pronounced it not her son's, but that devoted heart knew it at once, and broke! Whom rank, and wealth, and honors had divided, defeat and death made one!—and the same grave contained the cold remains of Edith, the Swan-necked, and the last scion of the Saxon Kings of England.

H.

Original.  
THE SAILOR.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! dwellers on the stable land,  
Of danger what know ye,  
Like us who boldly brave the surge,  
Or trust the treacherous sea?  
The fair trees shade you from the sun—  
You see the harvests grow,  
And catch the fragrance of the breeze  
When the first roses blow.  
While high amid the slippery shroud,  
We make our midnight path,  
And even the strongest mast is bowed  
'Neath the wild tempest's wrath,  
You slumber on your couch of down,  
In chambers safe and warm—  
Lulled only to a deeper dream  
By the descending storm.  
But yet what know ye of the joy  
That lights our ocean-strife,  
When on its way our gallant bark  
Rides like a thing of life—  
When gaily toward the wished-for port  
With favoring gale we stand—  
Or first your misty line descri—  
Hills of our native land!  
But yet there's peril in our path,  
Beyond the wrecking blast,  
A peril that may whelm the soul  
When life's short voyage is past;—  
Send us your Bibles when we go  
To dare the threatening wave,  
Your men of prayer—to teach us how  
To meet a watery grave.  
And Saviour—thou, whose foot sublime  
The foaming surge did tread,  
Whose hand, the rash disciple drew,  
From darkness and the dead.  
Oh, be our ark, when floods descend,  
When thunders shake the spheres—  
Our Ararat, when tempests end  
And the green earth appears.

Original.

## SONNET.—TO MISS \* \* \* \* \*

FAIR to the youthful, inexperienced eye,  
Her paths of life in long, perspective seem;  
Unclouded bends above the azure sky,  
And years roll on in one delicious dream.  
Wouldst thou, my friend, secure this glorious lot?  
By myriads sought, who fail, alas, to find.  
Be TRUTH thy guide in every act and thought,  
Assisted by a well-enlightened mind.  
Then though the face of nature be o'ercast—  
Though rushing storms, and howling winds arise,  
Thine inward calm shall mock the angry blast,  
And mental sunshine gild the frowning skies.  
Be TRUTH THY GUIDE, till life's short day is done,  
Its joys and sorrows past, and Heaven is won! B.

Original.

## PROGRESS—A THOUGHT.

ONWARD is the order of Nature! It is written on the streams as they flow, and the planets as they roll! Onward is the order of intelligence. What was man—what is he?

He stood upon the beautiful earth, a savage. The mighty energies and attributes of his spiritual nature were enclosed within him, for time had not unlocked the casket. The perceptions of his senses were his guides of thought. The howl of the wind through the branches of the forest, had to him, for he could not trace the sound, a mysterious agency; and in the quivering of the leaves, he recognized the finger of a God! The blue concave above him was a mighty and solid arch; and he saw the light and felt the heat of the great ball of fire that came up on the one side, and went down on the other, and there he worshipped! There was a spirit in the consuming fire that burned upon his hearthstone. The thunder came; and the thunder was the rolling of the chariot wheels of offended deities, and the lightning the dreadful weapon of their wrath—and he knelt before the altars he had reared to the invisible Gods beyond the wonderful arch that spanned his sight. He stood by the outstretching waters; and it was the might of dread and adorable spirits that lifted the huge waves, till their white-capped crests seemed to dash against the sky, while the twinkling stars were the lamps of Heaven?

What is man? A portion of Time has mingled with Eternity, and the casket is unlocked. Man rides upon the wings of the wind, and it is his minister. He hears its howl, and sees the quivering of the leaves, and smiles, unmoved, at his triumph. Like a scroll hath he rolled back that blue concave, and surveyed, with mental vision, the far reaches of infinity. He hath measured the light and the heat, and he telleth of that great ball of fire, whence it cometh, and whither it goeth on its majestic round. The consuming fire obeyeth his command; and there is to him a pleasure in the voice of the thunder, and the flash of the lightning, for he knoweth them. He careereth on the roaring waves; and those twinkling stars are, indeed, the lamps of Heaven; for they are like that great ball of fire, though far—far removed, and light the Universe!

M. F. H.

Original.

## TO THE WIDOWED.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

MOURN on! for she who died in her bright youth,  
Was worthy of thy tears; ay, mourn and weep;  
It is thy right, thou man of riven heart.  
And shall we say to thee who knew her love  
In all the plenitude of its first wealth—  
Lived on her smile, and treasured every look  
As some rich gem from out her pure heart's mine—  
Whose very soul was wreathed in love to hers—  
To thee, her husband, shall we say—not mourn?  
Not mourn thy wife—the mother of thy babes?

It were as well to bid the mighty sea  
Curb in the sweep of the eternal waves;  
To tear a mountain from its rocky base,  
And bid it centre in the brooding sky;  
To check the torrent as it thunders on,  
And force its heaving waters to their fount,  
Or to work aught that never yet was done  
As once to hush the bleeding spirit's wail,  
Can we force back complainings of the heart,  
When all her strings by agony are torn?  
When every pulse is throbbing out its woe,  
And garnered hopes are crushed like trampled flowers,  
Never to blossom in the soul again?  
Say, can we smother down the voice of grief?  
If so, 'twould gather up its silent strength  
And break the heart which stayed its passage forth.  
Weep on, I say, thy soul hath need of tears!  
They are the dew—the rain-drops of the soul—  
A blessing rescued by the hand of pain  
To raise the crushed affections of the heart.  
Think ye, God gives capacities for joy,  
With nerves that tremble to the touch of woe,  
And then breaks off affection's sacred wills—  
Rends all the cords that bind Love's treasure in—  
Tears out the idol from its holy shrine,  
Forbidding man to mourn? It is not so!  
To cleanse the soul from all its earthly dross,  
He sends affliction—draws the spirit on  
To bear its load all humbly to His throne,  
And by deep anguish purifies the heart.

Mourn on, I say! but not as those that mourn  
Without the glory of a blessed hope.  
Think on the dead as when a fair young bride  
Proudly ye bore her from her mother's arms,  
To cheer with all her loveliness thy home!  
Think of the holy bliss that dyed her cheek  
And brooded like a spirit in her eye  
When first she saw her infant in thy arms,  
And heard thee in the fulness of thy joy  
Thank the Most High that thou wast made a sire.  
Remember all her fortitude in pain,  
The open hand that always unseen gave;  
The gentle sympathies that warmed her heart;  
How like a pulse that ever beats to bless,  
Her presence was in all thy weary hours;  
Remember all, and with a firm belief,  
Sanctioned most strongly by a blameless life,  
Feel that her soul is happy with her God,  
Embalmed, ethereal, holy with His love;  
Full of a melody too rich for earth,  
And breathing praise, as flowers their odor shed.  
Know, too, that when in Paradise ye meet,  
The joy her earthly life has been to thee—  
Compared to that eternal banquet there—  
Will be but as a glow-worm to the stars,  
Or as the glimmer of a pearly lamp  
To the broad glory of Jehovah's throne.  
Know that affections granted by our God,  
To bind his creatures in sweet union here,  
Will be the essence of a Heavenly life—

The vital spark exhaled from out our hearts,  
As otto rised from the blasted rose.  
Love strengthened here, and purified by death,  
With Him will issue forth in gushing strength,  
As some high fountain from a crystal rock,  
And mingling love of saints with love to God,  
Will be of immortality the joy.

Affection is the Deity's best gift—  
The brightest star that blazes on his crown,  
And flashes its refulgence to the earth.  
Would He take back the birthright of the heart—  
Diveat the spirit of its Heavenly light,  
Yet shorn and beamless call it to his feet ?  
Ah, no—the love that blesses us on earth,  
Refined and pure, will cling to us on high.  
*Here*, we but taste the sparkling fountain head :  
*There*, the broad ocean of eternal bliss  
Expands and undulates as time sweeps on,  
Its bosom rainbow-tinted with the smiles  
Of happy spirits, bathing in its waves.  
The love which links us here will ever bind ;  
Death has no power o'er the immortal soul,  
Nor can from thine icy fingers steal  
One attribute to cheer his darksome love.  
It is a solemn and a mighty thought—  
Life, life, eternal, endless, endless life !

It may be fancy, but how oft the soul  
Feels as if holding converse with the dead !  
An awful consciousness that they are near  
Thrills to the heart, and holding every nerve  
With a most fearful hand, convinces us  
Almost that it is so.

This thought is sweet !  
Perchance, in pity now, the new-made saint  
Bends e'er the beings of her earthly love—  
Hears the sad beatings of her husband's heart—  
Sees how it swells while gazing on her babes,  
With throbbing brow, and eyes that dimly see  
In their sweet faces, features of his wife.  
A guardian angel, bending o'er her babes !  
The thought is beautiful ! And does she know  
The chastened grief of all her tearful friends ?  
Perchance ; but then, with clear, unclouded eye,  
Which comprehends what death alone can tell,  
She knows 'tis good that they are called to mourn ;  
And folding up her wings of spirit light,  
Bows meekly to Jehovah for his grace.  
Sweet saint, if from thy bright, eternal home,  
Thy spirit may commune with friends on earth,  
Oh, breathe some comfort to the breaking hearts  
Thy death has made so desolate and dark.

#### CHANGE.

THOUGH flowers may gladden our path to-day,  
When to-morrow we come, they are passed away ;  
And the cheerful smile, and the rosy hue,  
From the cheek of beauty have faded too ;  
And our gentle whispers no more impart  
A feeling of joy to her youthful heart.—MRS. EMBURY.

#### Original THE GALE.

—  
BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

THE shore and sea spread far in light  
Beneath the Autumn sun ;  
The shore was e'en a blessed sight,  
The waves were all as one—  
Not a thing was there which appeared not bright,  
'Twas a scene no soul could shun.

That morn a ship made sail for sea,  
And friends beheld it go  
Out of the bay—how silently—  
How noiselessly and slow !  
Not a heart but bent in its prayer the knee  
That a prosperous breeze would blow.

But soon the sun in haze was veiled,  
The earth and sky were dark,  
And all the watchers' faces paled,  
With fear's discolored mark :  
And the prayers were said for the souls that sailed  
In that noble, sea-bound bark.

The wind blew strong and very fast,  
Then came a rainy mist,  
And the huge sea to mountains cast,  
With wrathful voices hissed ;  
And the landsmen stood in their fear aghast,  
When they saw the whirlwinds twist.

The gale swept on, a maddened thing,  
The night, advancing, grew  
Darker and darker 'neath the wing  
Of thunders as they flew,  
And the sky was torn by the Lightning King,  
With his bolts of fiery blue.

All night—the life-long night, the cries  
Of mortals in distress  
Seemed in the cloudy blasts to rise,  
With moans of helplessness,  
And the horrid shrieks and the pain-fraught sighs  
Of the souls no voice could bless.

And when the daylight broke once more,  
The sun in glory came,  
And shed upon the wreck-strewn shore  
Its precious, golden flame.  
But the ship ! The ocean its fragments bore,  
And on one was found its name !

—  
OVID finely compares a broken fortune to a falling column ; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him ; but should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum.

# BEAUTY, WIT, AND GOLD,

SUNG BY

**MADAME VESTRIS,**

THE MUSIC BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

*ALLEGRETTO.*

First system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 6/8 time. The treble staff has a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a supporting line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Second system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 6/8 time. The treble staff has a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a supporting line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 6/8 time. The treble staff has a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a supporting line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 6/8 time. The treble staff has a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a supporting line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

One had wit, and one had gold, One was cast in beauty's mould,

Guess, which was it won the prize? Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes?

First began the handsome man,  
Peeping proudly o'er her fan,  
Red his lips, and white his skin,  
Could such beauty fall to win?  
Then stepped forth the man of gold,  
Cash he counted, coin he told;  
Wealth the burthen of the tale,  
Could such golden projects fail?

2

First began the handsome man,  
Peeping proudly o'er her fan,  
Red his lips, and white his skin,  
Could such beauty fall to win?  
Then stepped forth the man of gold,  
Cash he counted, coin he told;  
Wealth the burthen of the tale,  
Could such golden projects fail?

3

Then the man of wit and sense,  
Woo'd her with his eloquence,  
Now she heard him with a sigh,  
Then she blushed scarce knowing why,  
Then she smil'd to hear him speak,  
Then a tear was on her cheek;  
Beauty vanish, gold depart,  
Wit hath won the widow's heart.

Original.  
VISITING-CARDS.

"The past  
With Time's dim witchery around it cast,  
Steals on the sleepless memory."

I HAVE opened this little treasure-box of loved names, each a sweet or bitter link in the chain of memory. They are but paper—bits of pretty, ornamental paste-board, yet what a world of associations do they open. How does my heart leap or stand still, as I raise each from the repository which, in three years, has not been opened. My fancy cheats me, for as I unclothe this little box, my room seems filled with familiar faces—*young, happy faces*, that I once looked on and loved. The delusion is over; I am alone, ay, alone. I have no friends such as they were, and shall never have again—never.

Here, on the top of this pile, as if to win me from my lonely thoughts, is the name of my dearest friend; how delightful are all the associations connected with it—how like herself are the delicate Italian letters. I can almost see her taper fingers forming the slight rose-wreath that circles them, so delicate and lightly touched, that a fairy might have pencilled it. What a pretty link this little card is in a chain of remembrances! Who would think that tears would come into my eyes while looking upon it? Yet, why should I not weep? We are parted, probably, for ever. I loved her, and she loved me—I think she did. And there is not between earthly things, love more holy (maternal love excepted) than that which one woman bears another. There is a magnanimity in it which raises it above all other kinds of friendship—a freedom from selfishness that exalts it above common attachments. If there is a character in writing, this is characteristic—very—for she was the purest and most delicate of beautiful things—one that you could gaze upon without speaking, till your heart brimmed with pleasurable emotions. She was one that a woman might point out with exultation as a specimen of her sex. It is strange how some hearts will live surrounded by evil, and yet remain uncontaminated, and even ignorant of its existence. Isabella's soul was one of these; it lived among the evil and the good, like a pure spring welling up its own bright waters, unmindful of, and untainted by the stagnant pools around it. Three years ago, Isabella was a young, lovely girl. She is a wife and a mother now; what a beautiful change must have been there. Love to her would be like sunbeams to the water-lily, expanding its beauty, and rendering its purity brilliant. A sweet picture she would make, as she is now mirrored in my mind, with her dark hair parted from her forehead, her Grecian face lighted up with maternal love, bending over that little cradle, and her dark, contented eyes dwelling on the infant within. Dear Isabella! how I love her.

This large enamelled card, with its gilt border and its graceful running hand, comes next. My heart aches, as I look upon it, for it is a relic of the dead—of one whose inheritance of genius was too much for his vigor. Ambition—literary ambition—cost him his life. I never saw a handsomer mouth and chin than his; there was something so very chaste and spiritual in the expression;

but his eyes were too bright and large. It seems as if his thoughts were consuming him with their own brilliancy. His forehead was white, and very high, arching out till it became too heavy and full of intellect to harmonize with the lower part of the face. I never saw an old man with a forehead like that. Death loves such brows and sets his signet on them early. The souls of those that possess them, seem to prey upon the body, consuming it gradually, till a slight shock proves a death-bolt. Such a one was he who left me this card. In his twenty-third year, the fire of genius was turned upon his heart in disappointment, and he died.

I have said he was ambitious. He had just engaged in his first literary enterprise, a monthly magazine. The first number came out, written almost entirely by himself, full of promise and beauty. Critics lauded, the world approved, but few subscribed. The publisher became discouraged—would not consent to risk money in the establishment of the work, and it never reached its second number. This was a death-blow to poor J. He had quaffed one intoxicating draught of praise, and his soul thirsted for another; but the fountain was blocked up, as he thought, for ever. He had ascended one step on the ladder of fame—had been hurled back with a sudden violence; and his spirit was crushed in the fall. I saw him two months after the failure of his work; and in a low, but very sweet voice, he told me he should not live many days. Even while he was saying it, there was a melancholy smile on his lips, like the moonlight on a bruised flower. He extended his hand, and it was thin and pale, like that of a sick infant. He said truth, poor fellow. I never saw him again. Why did this card thus present itself? I was sad enough without it. S. A. S.

Original.  
FAREWELL TO WINTER.

FAREWELL to thee, Winter, thy triumph is o'er  
Thou wilt chain up the fountains and streamlets no more;  
The cascades are bursting their pent-prisons free,  
And mimicking echo replies to their glee.

None mourn thy departure, for close at thy heels,  
Young Spring, her light footsteps of verdure reveals;  
And bright little songsters are singing her praise,  
While valley and woodland resound with their lays.

The earth is rejoicing to see thee depart,  
As Spring's gentle zephyrs, are touching her heart;  
And sweet valley-lillies peep out from their beds,  
Still modestly drooping their delicate heads.

'Tis a season of joy—every bird, tree and flower,  
In soul-cheering harmony, welcomes the hour,  
When Flora's fair nurslings are fanned into bloom,  
By the breath which is sealing, grey Winter, thy doom.

Then farewell to Winter, as off and afar,  
He drives on the storm-winds, his icicled car;  
For where late his withering sceptre has been,  
His blossom-crowned daughter shall reign o'er the scene.

New-Haven.

S. A. F.

## THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Mr. Hamblin's engagement since last month, has revived "*Ernest Maltravers*," Mrs. Shaw being engaged, also, to play *Alice Dorell* in it. With this array of novelty and talent, the theatre has been advancing in prosperity, when, perhaps, had the same talent merely been engaged upon the standard plays in the language, the house would have been deserted. The public have only themselves to blame for the reign of melo-drama—they like it or they would not have it.

*Ernest Maltravers* is an unnatural play—but it is full of incident and situation, which seem to make up for all other deficiencies, and these are well managed in themselves. Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw, acted well throughout, but there seemed little disposition on the part of the other performers to give effect to their portion of the business—indeed, there was culpable negligence very visible throughout.

Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw have also appeared in *Bertram*, a tragedy by the celebrated Maturin, which is seldom played. Mrs. Shaw's conception of Imogene was truly excellent, and, if she failed, it was in portraying the awful power of the character, for it is truly too sombre, throughout, for so successful a pupil in Thalia's school. Mr. Hamblin's *Bertram*, we rank among the finest pieces of acting which we have ever seen. We shall never forget the manner in which he recited the annexed passage:—

"Thou tremblest lest I curse thee—tremble not—  
Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched—  
Though thou hast made me—but I will not curse thee—  
Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart—  
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!—  
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee—  
Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness—  
May he thou'st wed be kind and generous to thee,  
Till thy wrung heart, stabbed by his noble fondness,  
Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood—  
May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother  
Who cannot love the father of her child.  
And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,  
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,  
May ruined Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—  
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—  
While his cold corpse doth bleach beneath her towers."

Throughout, he sustained himself in a manner highly effective, stamping himself as an artist of great excellence.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloman commenced an engagement about the middle of the month. The former is a comedian, the latter excels in tragedy, Mrs. Sloman opened in *Pauline*, in Eulwer's *Lady of Lyons*. Her personation of the character was rich in points wholly new to the audience—points which evinced great ability and judgment. She is peculiarly forcible in passionate passages, seeming to throw her whole soul into the character which she is representing. Although we have seen *Pauline* personated by several eminent actresses, we have seldom been touched by the delineation of the character to such an extent as when we saw it in the picture by Mrs. Sloman.

This lady has likewise appeared in Southern's "*Fatal Marriage*," personating Isabella with a degree of force and pathos quite uncommon. Mrs. Sloman's style is that of Mrs. Siddons—bold and commanding, but as personal beauty is more admired by the multitude than the charms of intellect, we suppose the lady will fail to create any great sensation in the theatrical world.

Mr. Sloman is a very clever low-comedian. His style is quiet, but rich in humor and point. We have been delighted with him.

The engagement of Mrs. Gibbs and Mr. Sinclair, has introduced opera at this house; and we think that the manager will find the plan a good one.

Madame Lecomte and Mene. Martin are, also, engaged, and from all that we can ascertain, the season will terminate with brilliancy, and with profit to the manager.

NATIONAL.—This theatre, since our last, has continued to prove fashionable, and the audiences have generally been large. The chief novelties have been the production of a new play, by the author of "*Bianca Visconti*," and the Complimentary

Benefit to the manager, on the eve of his embarkation for London, whither he has gone for the purpose of securing several popular artists for the coming season.

"*Tortosa, the Usurer*," was the title of the new play, and Mr. Wallack personated the hero, it being his first appearance on the stage for many months. His performance of the character was replete with tact, discrimination and power, and the artist won a new laurel by the effort. The character unites great sarcasm with good-humor, and is excellently well drawn in every respect. The play is one of which the author may be proud—and sets a seal upon his well-earned reputation, which is not to be removed. The other important characters are *Angelo, Isabella and Zippa*, which were severally represented by Mr. Conner, Miss Monier and Mrs. Sefton to the extent of their abilities. All these parts have prominent situations in the play, and the plot is principally confined to these and *Tortosa*. The play has proved very popular, and has been performed for two weeks to large audiences. The scenery, dresses and properties were excellent, and the author was very fortunate in receiving such liberal treatment from the manager.

Mr. Burton, the celebrated low-comedian, has passed through a short engagement, appearing in several of his favorite characters. He is one of the best actors in his line, in the country, and we desire to see him permanently settled in this city, where he will be sure to be appreciated.

The vocalists have been engaged at this establishment, and are to bring forward several operas which are unknown on this side of the Atlantic. They will, probably, conclude the season, when the roof of the theatre is to be raised that another row of boxes may be erected.

Mr. Wallack will return from England, and will endeavor to bring with him Messrs. Kean and Vandenhoff, Miss Vandenhoff, and other performers of acknowledged eminence.

BOWERY.—This extensive theatrical establishment is completed. It has been erected in an almost incredibly short period of time, but is, nevertheless, well built and finished in every department.

The edifice has been erected on the site of the old theatre; on ground two hundred feet deep, and seventy-five feet wide, extending to Elizabeth Street from the Bowery. The front of the theatre has a magnificent aspect, which renders it as imposing as that of any other public building in the city. Four massive, fluted columns, with rich friezes, rise above seven marble steps which lead to the main entrance. The capitals are modelled from those of an Athenian temple, and are very splendid, while the other ornaments are in fine keeping, and are admirably calculated to satisfy the best taste.

On the north and south sides of the edifice, are the entrances to the pit and gallery, wholly disconnected from the entrance to the boxes. Attached to the second tier saloon, is a balcony of excellent construction, which will prove a pleasant withdrawing-place in the summer season, for those who wish to lounge between the acts.

The lobbies are extensive, and the shape of the boxes of the most approved form. The depth from the boxes to the stage is fifty-two feet—the width, thirty-nine feet. The pit will hold eight hundred spectators very conveniently. The orchestra is so constructed as to give the leader a view of all the musicians, thus rendering his task less severe than it would be in an ordinarily-shaped one. There are twelve private boxes, elegantly fitted up with drapery and other appointments. There are four tiers, the gallery forming a portion of the upper one, the whole so extensive, as to seat three thousand persons, and yet so constructed as to allow the spectators, farthest removed from the stage, to hear with distinctness.

The stage is eighty-five feet deep, and seventy-one wide, the breadth of the curtain thirty-two feet, and so arranged that the whole can be thrown open in the production of spectacles.

The paintings and decorations are by one of the best artists in the country—an American, Mr. J. Lehr—and are highly creditable to his taste and judgment. A delicate green forms the ground work—the dome representing the congregation of the Muses, etc. Wreaths of oak and laurel, arabesque, in panels,



with gilt mouldings, are on the lower tier—the arms of the different states on the second and third—and the fourth bears the portraits of American heroes and statesmen. The proscenium is very lofty, having for a device, in the centre, the Phoenix rising from the flames, emblematic of the theatre; and on either side, medallion portraits of Washington and Franklin. Above the stage doors are devices, significant of tragedy and comedy, and the arms of the state and city. The walls of the boxes are of a pure white, and when the theatre is lighted by the handsomely-constructed chandeliers which have been introduced, the building will not be surpassed by any house in the country, either in elegance or adaptation to the objects for which it is intended.

The manager of the theatre has, we learn, exerted himself, in connection with melo-dramatic performances, to bring forward the best plays in the language, with a force in the cast equal to that of any other establishment.

FRANKLIN.—The legitimate drama has been introduced at this theatre with good effect. Many comedies and tragedies, by the best dramatists, have been produced with great care, and we are happy to learn, have been found so attractive as to induce the manager to devote his attention more closely, in future, to their representation.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

PASCAL BRUNO: *Lea & Blanchard*.—This is the title of a volume which contains two stories, the one which constitutes the title, a story of Sicily, and the other, "The Atonement." The first is edited by, and the latter from the pen of Theodore Hook—a name which always is a guarantee for something racy and sparkling. Pascal Bruno is a translation from a paper by Alexander Dumas, and is full of varied interest. From the moment the reader commences the story, his attention is fixed and his mind absorbed until the end. "The Atonement" is a fitting mate for the other, although of a different kind. The character of Bellione is powerfully drawn, and exhibits the pencil of a master-hand. A richer volume than this, for the lovers of fiction, is seldom published.—*The Carville*.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.—These are published in numbers, and are well printed on good paper. Persons who are pleased with the writings of Charles Dickens, cannot but be gratified to find these sketches published in a cheap and attractive form.

HORACE VERNON; OR FASHIONABLE LIFE: *Lea & Blanchard*.—Although this novel will be read with avidity, we think it a production of only transient worth. Some of the characters are well filled out, while those that are merely sketched, are attractive. Fashionable life is well depicted in these pages.

THE POETIC WREATH: *Lea & Blanchard*.—Collections of poetry have been very frequently published within a few years, but we have seldom seen a work of the kind more tasteful in every respect, than this. The selections have been judiciously made, and the book is handsomely printed and bound. The extracts, however, are taken entirely from English poets.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, No. XII., by "Boz": *Lea & Blanchard*.—The publishers continue to issue the numbers of this work with creditable despatch, and the interest taken in the work, we learn, creates a prompt sale.—*The Carville*.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY: *Harper & Brothers*.—This little work, by Theodore Sedgwick, is formed of sketches of observations made in England, in 1836, although the title seems to indicate it to be an essay. It is filled with valuable information, and is a pleasant piece of summer reading.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA: *Carey & Hart*.—When we announce to our readers that Walter Savage Landor is the author of these two elegant volumes, we have said enough to ensure for them a reading. He who reads the book once, however, will not be contented. It will charm him so that he will read it over and over, and always with renewed delight. The prose of Landor is as delicate and easy as that of any writer in the English language—a fine model for young writers.

THE AMERICAN JOE MILLER. With humorous illustrations: *Carey & Hart*.—This is a collection of American witticisms from the newspapers. We are glad to see so many good things published in so good a style.

THE IDLER IN ITALY, by the *Countess of Blessington*: *Carey & Hart*.—This is one of the most entertaining books of the season. While it gives us fine descriptions of the cities of Italy and their environs, it introduces us to many distinguished characters, with whom it is pleasant to become acquainted, even through the medium of printed pages. We think the work will have a rapid sale.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL: *John S. Taylor*.—This is a translation of the travels in Petraea, Egypt and Arabia, of Alexander Dumas, the celebrated French dramatist. It is from the pen of a lady of this city. The work is well printed, and we have read a large portion of it with the highest satisfaction. Some of the descriptions are among the most thrilling which we have ever read. The account of the time passed in "The Bewildering valley," is drawn with a vividness actually enchanting. The whole forms a delicious treat for the reader.

HITS AT THE TIMES: By G. P. Morris.—This is a collection of humorous sketches which have appeared in the *Mirror* within a few years, and forms a duodecimo volume—which is beautifully printed, and also, happily illustrated by Johnston. "The Frenchman and the Water Lots" is among the best sketches in the book, and is a very good hit at the mania for speculation, two or three years ago so common throughout the country.

THE CABINET MINISTER, by the author of "*The Heir of Selwood*."—This work will find readers without the aid of newspapers or periodicals. Its merit is of an uncommon kind, and so is that of all the works of the same lady. There is a liveliness in her scenes which gives a reality to every thing which is described, that not only pleases the reader, but actually forces him to become interested. The faults are many, but they are such as readers generally care little about.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Another volume of the "*Companion*" is commenced with this number. It is printed on new type, and we have made every effort to render it in all other respects acceptable to our readers. We think we may safely appeal to the past for an assurance that we shall go on improving, without holding out any promises whatsoever.

As we are opening new books, and are transferring the names of subscribers, we trust those who are indebted to us, will make it a point of duty to remit, at once, the amounts which may be due from them severally, and save them and us much unnecessary expense and trouble by their promptness.

ANNELLI'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.—Mr. Anelli has thrown open the gallery at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, to the public, having arranged therein a large number of his paintings. They are daily commanding the admiration of visitors, and very deservedly so. We have sat for several hours in contemplation of the various subjects which he has handled, and most willingly add our feeble praise to that of the many admirers of the fine arts who have eulogized his works.

Mr. Anelli is one of the best painters in the country, and were we inclined to employ an artist to do a piece of painting with great excellence, we should not hesitate to seek Mr. Anelli's aid, for his pencil is a rare one.

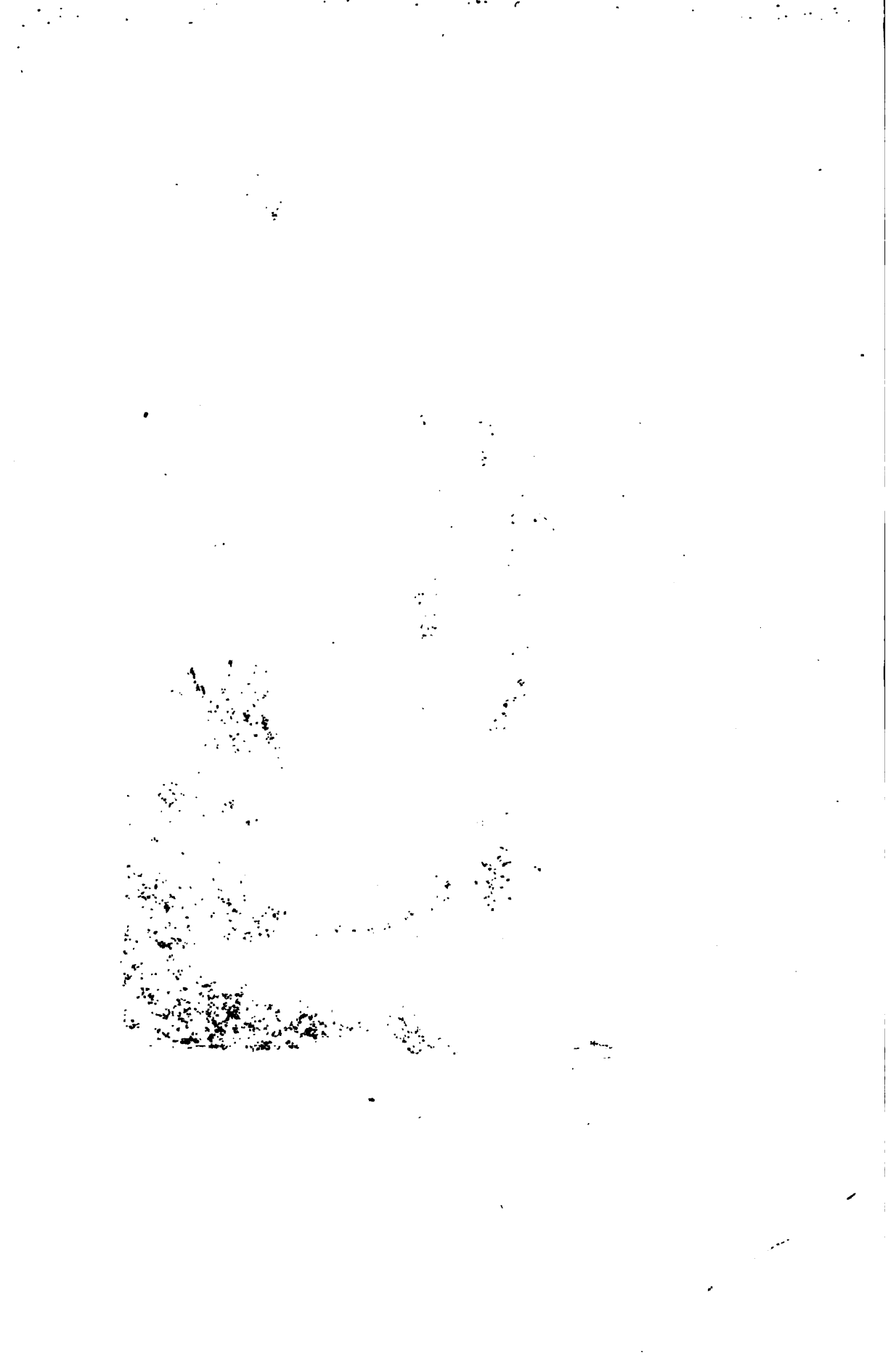
NIEL'S GARDEN.—As a place for amusement, this garden is to be superior to any thing of the kind ever known in the country. A new theatre for operatic ballets has been erected in the garden, fronting on Broadway, and a large number of popular artists have been engaged to carry forward the design of the proprietor. The old saloon is to be constantly occupied by the Ravel family, having been fitted up with a view to this new arrangement in a neat and commodious manner. We have no doubt, that, with these alterations, the garden will become a principal attraction during the summer months, both for strangers and citizens.

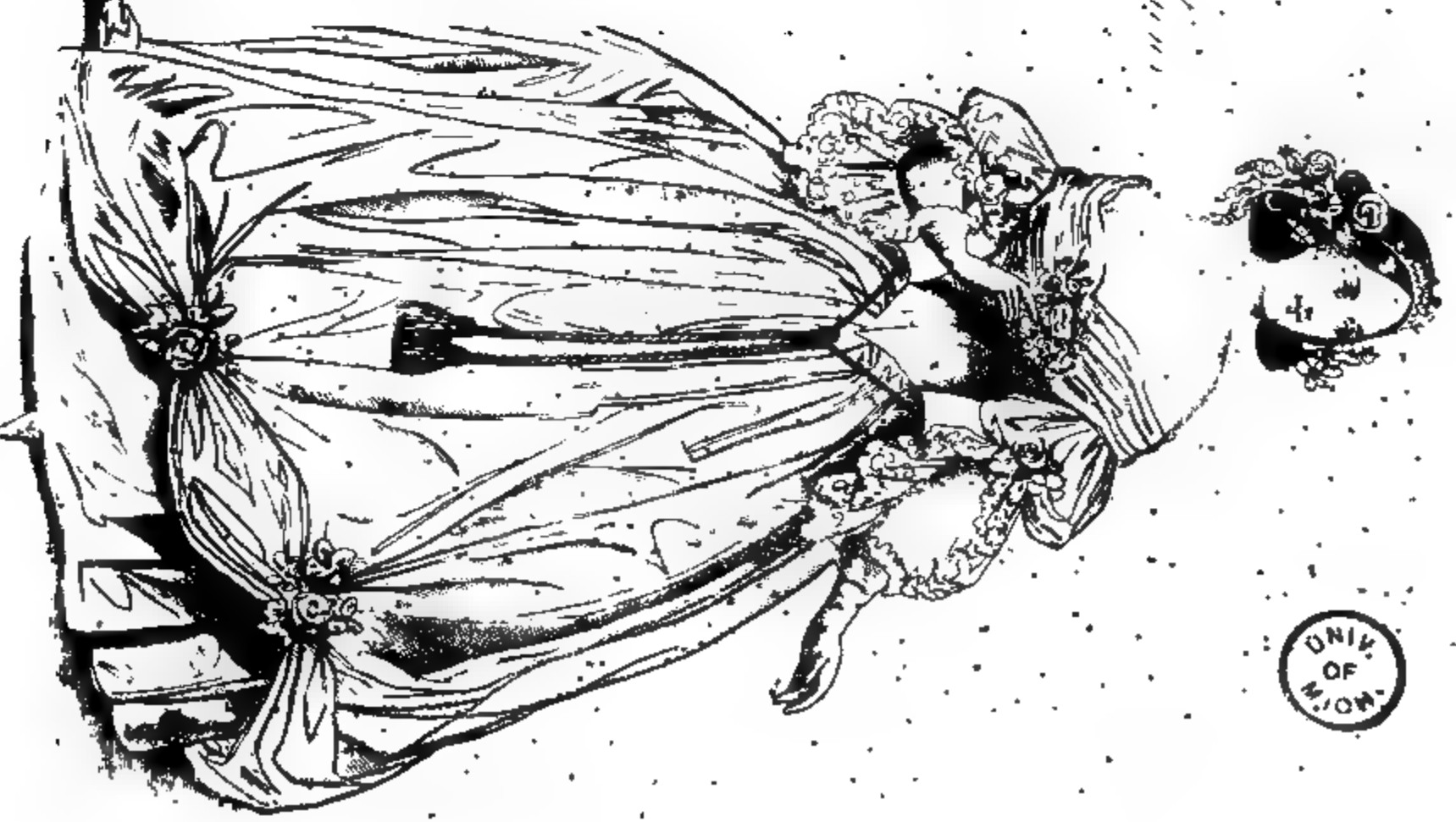




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ONLY  
OF  
NOW



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1839.

## "NOW WESTLIN WIN'S."

THE plate which our engraver has executed for the embellishment of the magazine this month, was designed for an illustration of the following beautiful song, by Robert Burns—

Now westlin win's, and slaughtering guns,  
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;  
The moorcock springs on whirling wings  
Among the blooming heather:  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitless fells;  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lovely dells;  
The soaring hern the fountains:  
Through lofty groves the cushat roves  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel-bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind, their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender;  
Some social join, and leagues combine,  
Some solitary wander:  
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
Tyranic man's dominion;  
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,  
The fluttering, gory pinion.

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
All fading green and yellow:  
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,  
And view the charms of nature—  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
Swear how I love thee dearly:  
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
Nor autumn to the farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, my lovely charmer!

The song was one of the early productions of the poet's muse, and the lady immortalized in it, one of his early heroines, one who allowed him to be a lover for a few months, and then, as he in one of his letters expresses himself, having pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony, jilted him with peculiar circumstances of mortification.

VOL. XI.—7

Original.

HOPE.

—  
BY PARK BENJAMIN.  
—

HOPE never leaves the human heart—  
She sheds a ray beneath the plume  
Of sable Death, will not depart;  
But, like a moonbeam through the gloom  
Where storm-clouds thicken, breaks and shines,  
So that the gazer, lost and lone,  
Joys that, beyond those dark confines,  
A purer, brighter orb is known.

Man is immortal! Hope reveals  
The solemn truth; or why should we  
Long for the home that Time conceals  
In some blest clime beyond the sea?  
The billows dash—Life's fragile bark  
Reels to the shock, yet on we sail;  
Hope is our pilot, bids us mark  
The beacon's blaze, nor heed the gale!

There are no terrors for the breast  
Of him whom Hope sustains and cheers—  
And, though her promises are best  
To merry minds and youthful years,  
Still, when sustained by virtue, Age  
Woos her mild solace, soft she breathes  
Amid the white locks of the sage,  
And rose-buds, in his chaplet, wreathes.

The sweet consoler! I have seen  
Her spirit in a form of earth—  
A simple girl she seemed, with mien  
Of pensive grace and tender mirth.  
She gently oped a hovel-door,  
And lo! a broad, rich beam of light  
Poured in, and all the dark before  
Became, like her, serenely bright!

I saw a dungeon. Chained and worn  
With anguish, lay a brave, strong man:  
He fought for Freedom, and was borne  
Away, while blood in torrents ran  
From hearts, whose loss a nation wept:—  
Hope came at length, like his own child,  
And whispered that Oppression slept—  
The patriot stood erect and smiled!

Best boon of Heaven, she visits all—  
But most with grief prefers to dwell;  
She flashes swift through crowded hall,  
And loiters long in lonesome cell.  
Ideal nymph! thou'rt all to me,  
Sister and bride and angel, too—  
Say! is there one on earth like thee,  
So gentle, constant, fond and true!



Original.

## THE PLAY AND THE AFTERPIECE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein they play in."—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is probably no species of amusement so dangerously attractive to a young and imaginative person, as the theatre. A frivolous mind finds it merely a fashionable way of dissipating time, but to the character of which I speak, it is a sort of fairy land—an enchanted garden, and the dusky slave of the lamp, by whose agency so lovely a spot was created, is quite forgotten while the eye and fancy run riot amid its pleasures. Who can have forgotten her visits in early life to the scene of such sorcery—the strange delight with which she gazed on the brilliant dress-circle, and the feeling almost of awe with which she looked down upon the sea of human faces that rolled beneath her in the pit? Who can have forgotten the impatient longing with which she watched the mystic green curtain, even as the Egyptian novice, in olden time, gazed on the dark veil which concealed the burning glories of the mysterious Isis—the breathless anticipation when that curtain slowly began to rise—and the pleasant shiver that ran through her frame as she felt the rush of cold air from behind the scenes while her eye was suddenly filled with the mimic splendor of the stage. And who does not also remember the utter prostration of all mental and bodily strength that followed this strong excitement? I do not know how it may be with others, but I have certainly been sensible of as much fatigue resulting from the enjoyment of fine acting, as from severe mental labor, or unwonted physical exertion. Perhaps, had I been a habitual attendant on the theatre, my feelings would have become hackneyed and less susceptible of such powerful impressions. But I could never bring myself to resort to it as a mere pastime. I never went unless to witness such historical skill as could afford me intellectual gratification, and I have generally returned completely overcome with lassitude—the natural consequence of great excitement. That such impressions may be fraught with danger to the weak-minded, is without doubt, and an instance now occurs to me, which seems to me worth noticing.

Josephine Beauvilliers was the youngest daughter of an old French merchant, who, having made his fortune in this country, was content to remain here to spend it. His children were all married except Josephine, and his time was now divided between his counting-room, his dinner-table, and the *spectacle*, upon which the family were regular attendants. Josephine had been highly, but not judiciously educated. Every thing connected with the imagination, she learned with difficulty, and, according to the prevailing system, she was taught those things best which she learned most easily. She had none of the volatile spirit of coquetry which generally distinguishes her country-women, but its place was supplied by what was still worse—*sentiment*. She left school at the age of seventeen, with a person of exceeding beauty—a head full of the romance of a novel-reader,

and a heart thrilling with "vague dreams, as yet no object knowing." Her intellectual faculties were given up entirely to the mastery of imagination, and in all practical manners she was a mere child.

Josephine had never visited the theatre until after she left school, and it had, therefore, all the charm of novelty. But to a mind like hers, it scarcely required any additional recommendation. Night after night, her stately form, sparkling with jewels, might be seen in the box immediately opposite the stage;—night after night did she watch with unabated excitement the progress of the mimic epitome of life, scarcely drawing breath except when the curtain fell before the brilliant scene. She knew it was an illusion, but she wished not to be awakened to the realities of a sober-suited world, when she could thus dwell amid the splendors of regal state in the fairy land of the drama. The actors in that bright scene, were objects of her special reverence. She envied while she almost worshipped the queen of tragedy, sweeping in jewelled robes across the narrow limits of her transient kingdom, and the suffering or triumphant hero seemed to her mad fancy a model of all that could ennoble humanity. There was no one who could share her enthusiasm sufficiently to awaken her from her delusion. When we feel that there is no sympathy with our feelings, we distrust our friends' power of judging accurately of their tendency, and Josephine well knew, that to all her family, the theatre was merely a place of amusement. There was none to feel its excitement with her, and, while sharing her pleasures, explain to her the dangers of their unbridled indulgence. When gazing with delight on the beauty of the scenic hall, there was no one to destroy her illusion by pointing out (as I knew once done) the candle-box on which its frame-work was resting; and the journal which discloses the fact that the finest actress of modern times may utter a coarse 'aside' in the midst of the exquisite breathings of Juliet's passionate tenderness had not then awakened from their dream those whom her magic had entranced. To Josephine, all was for a time, reality, and the stage-lights seemed to her the boundaries of all that was beautiful on earth.

This dream of youth would probably have been quite forgotten in the more absorbing fancies of womanhood, had not Josephine unfortunately learned to combine them in a vision dangerous to her peace, but dazzling to her imagination. Among the inferior actors, was one distinguished less for his histrionic powers than for his fine person. Towering above all his companions in height, with a figure cast in the mould of perfect symmetry, and a face of dark beauty, brilliantly lighted up by a smile that disclosed teeth of pearly whiteness, Rodolph Fitzgerald was certainly a most noble-looking man. Decked with the trappings of his profession, he realized the idea of a paladin of the days of chivalry, or a *preux chevalier* of the days of Louis Quatorze. His voice was remarkably fine, and his singing exquisite. A walking gentleman—or a minstrel, he could personate admirably. He did not quite fail, even when filling the part of regal dignity, but he was quite incapable of any thing that required talent or memory. Josephine, with all her passion for the theatre, was no judge of good acting. She

had early singled out the handsome actor as the object of her notice. She marked the grace of his attitudes, and listened to the clear rich tones of his voice, until she forgot all others, in her absorbed attention to him. She sometimes wondered that he did not fill more prominent characters, but it never occurred to her that, notwithstanding his surpassing beauty, his total incapacity to enter into the spirit of an author, must for ever keep him in the ranks as a subaltern. To see him elsewhere than on the stage, she never dreamed, and she could scarcely account to herself for the feeling which induced her to use her influence with her father, to procure a stage-box. She was sensible to a new and delicious tremor of pleasure when she found herself so near the object of her passionate admiration. Her color went and came, her heart beat thick, and her pulse quickened when she listened to his love-making or flippant stage-compliments, as if they had been really addressed to herself.

It was not long before the handsome actor noticed his young admirer. There is nothing so quick-sighted as vanity; even envy is purblind compared with it, and Rodolph Fitzgerald was at no loss to determine the full value of her absorbed attention to his merits. It happened, somehow or other, that it now became necessary for him to walk always to the left side of the stage, and his soft words and tender looks generally glided past his mimic lady-love, and found their way into the box which Josephine occupied. At first she could not believe the possibility of such happiness, but when she could no longer doubt, the deluded girl actually bedewed her pillow with tears of grateful joy. She paused not to inquire what would be the result of such a wild passion. "I shall never see him except on the stage—I injure no one but myself by this hopeless devotion, and I will bury the secret in my own heart till it brings me to the grave." Such was the sophistry of passion in a mind whose romance was indeed an "opium-dream." Josephine continued night after night to gaze upon his noble form—to watch for the soft glance of his speaking eye, and to listen for the melting tones of his exquisite voice, careless that she was imbibing a poison fatal to her peace.

Fitzgerald was not insensible to the undisguised admiration of the beautiful girl, and his attention towards her was certainly not abated by the information that she was a rich heiress. Let me do him the justice, however, to state that motives of self-interest were least uppermost in his mind when he looked upon her superb beauty. He was one whom nature had intended for better things, but early dissipation and wayward habits, had marked out for him a course of life, flattering to his baser feelings, and utterly subversive of his few good impulses. He had no intention of allowing the passion of the ill-judging Josephine to evaporate in the sunny atmosphere of fashionable life. He wrote to her, and contrived to have the letter conveyed to her dressing-table. Her imagination had already invested him with all the attributes that adorned the heroes of the *Minerva* press, and this passionate epistle was not calculated to diminish such exalted ideas. Its inflated style—its ardent epithets—its pompous expressions of devotion were peculiarly fascinating to a girl whose taste had been perverted, and whose

fancy had been heated by the wretched trash which then degraded the name of novel! Joy and shame struggled for mastery in her heart, but principle was not strong enough to contend with passion, and Josephine went to the theatre that night with a billet pinned in the folds of her *mouchoir*. As the curtain fell, the handkerchief dropped from her hand, and fell almost at Fitzgerald's feet. A few minutes after, the handkerchief was handed into the box, and she felt sure of the safety of her missive. Her answer had been, as she thought, cold and forbidding, but she *had answered*, and Fitzgerald was quite satisfied to wait the result. He proceeded cautiously at first, but Josephine soon learned to look for a letter under her toilet-cushion every night, and seldom did she repair to the scene of her enchantment without a similar love-token concealed about her person. Step by step she proceeded in her infatuation, until she found herself on the verge of an elopement with a man of whose private character she knew nothing—whom she had never seen except in the masking-tire of a stage-hero—and of whose real name, even she was utterly ignorant.

Perhaps Josephine would have been less hasty in her resolution to quit her father's protection, had not her romantic fancy conjured up an ideal persecution to affright her. Her cousin Antonie arrived from Paris with an avowed determination to win her regard, if possible, and she well knew her family favored his suit. Her imagination immediately conjured up the vision of a tyrannical father and cruel mother, bent upon effecting a marriage which her soul abhorred. It is true, Antonie was young, good-looking, and agreeable, therefore, not likely to be an especial object of aversion; it is also true that her indulgent parents never dreamed of forcing her inclinations, but Josephine was little accustomed to calculate probabilities. Her lover, made acquainted with her ill-grounded fears, took advantage of them to propose an immediate elopement, and in an evil hour she consented.

It was on a Sunday evening, the only time that Fitzgerald could free himself from the trammels of his laborious profession, that Josephine left her father's house to meet her lover. He had always appeared to her imagination in the glittering costume of the theatre, and when she beheld his graceful form cased in a snuff-colored frock coat, and fine throat concealed beneath the *levelling* black stock, her first feeling was one of extreme disappointment. Pouring out a thousand ardent expressions of gratitude and affection, Fitzgerald led her to the carriage which was in waiting, and then—when for the first time she found herself in company with him—she learned that she was about wedding herself to the fortunes of a poor and nameless adventurer, for the very designation by which she had known him, was as theatrical as his profession. Whether she felt any misgivings at that moment, it is in vain to surmise. She had now gone too far to recede, and she found herself in the presence of the clergyman, who was to unite them before she had recovered from her bewilderment. But much as she fancied herself in love with Rodolph Fitzgerald, she absolutely started with dismay when, as the ceremony proceeded, he was addressed and responded to the name

of Ichabod Jenkins! For a moment, every thing was forgotten in the horror of becoming Mrs. Ichabod Jenkins, and she could no longer disguise from herself the fact, that an hour's intercourse had stripped him of many of the attributes with which her fancy had decorated him.

Josephine's first care, after her marriage, was to write to her kind old father, taking care, however, to sign her name Fitzgerald, and not Jenkins. He answered her with a French version of the old proverb—"as you make your bed, so you must lie in it," and enclosing a check for five hundred dollars, bade her farewell for ever. She was yet too much under the excitement of passion to regret this as deeply as she afterwards learned to deplore it, and the knowledge that she was an outcast from her family, scarcely cost her a pang. Like too many of her temperament, she had cherished a sickly sensibility to the entire neglect of all the social affections, and she was soon to pay the penalty of her folly.

Josephine had not the slightest idea of the value of money. She had always enjoyed the luxuries of wealth, without ever inquiring into the sources whence it was derived, and she had not the least conception of the straits to which poverty could reduce people. She was therefore quite surprised when her husband informed her that it would be necessary for them to remove to humbler lodgings, at least, until her father relented. Her ideas of love in a cottage included—a romantic abode on the banks of a purling stream, surrounded with flowers, whose spontaneous growth spared all the labor of cultivation, and fruits that fell ripe at her feet in all seasons of the year. But on the internal arrangements of that cottage—the daily routine of breakfasting, dining and supping, she had never wasted a thought. How then could she bring herself to superintend the household affairs in a miserable suite of dingy apartments, on the second floor of a house in — street? Poor Josephine—she knew no more of domestic duties than an infant, and those little offices of kindness and attention which so naturally and gracefully come under the province of a wife, were to her the bitterest and most humiliating tasks.

Though nothing could be more gentlemanly than Fitzgerald's appearance on the stage, yet he was, in fact, a man of coarse habits, and vulgar propensities. He assumed the manners along with the costume of his part, but the actual man was a very different individual; the smoky lamp that lighted up the scene, was not more unlike the noonday sun. His apartments were constantly filled with such associates as usually attend a man of such habits—men like himself, who had wasted their substance in riotous living, and now fed on the husks which society might afford them. Josephine found herself the centre of attraction to many who had once been the objects of her admiration, but her heart sickened with disgust as she saw how little these votaries of excitement resembled the characters they personated. There were some noble exceptions, it is true—men who drew their inspiration from the poetry of their own natures, and whose lives were as exemplary as their powers of expressing passion were surpassing, but they rarely mingled in the incongruous assemblage that was to be found in the

abode of so inferior a man as Fitzgerald, and Josephine found to her sorrow, that few, very few, could rise superior to the influence of a profession whose very success depended upon continued excitement. Alas! she had paid dearly for the infatuation. She had exchanged the refinements of elegant society for the coarse jollity of vicious indulgence—the home of luxury for the abode of pinching penury—and the tenderness of parents for the love of a husband utterly incapable of appreciating purity of heart, and delicacy of feeling.

Josephine, as may be supposed, had little native strength of character to contend with difficulties. She took no pains to conceal her disappointment; her temper became soured, her manners harsh, and in her husband's opinion, nothing but her beauty remained. He had been no less disappointed than his wife, though his dreams had been of a more worldly nature. He had hoped her father would soon relent towards his favorite child, and day after day he vainly expected for her a recall to the paternal roof. When, however, her father still continued inexorable, after the lapse of two years, during which time Josephine had become the mother of a sickly little girl, he determined to make her beauty profitable since her fortune was beyond his grasp.

Gradually—for he anticipated her repugnance—he unfolded to her a scheme which he had been secretly maturing. He spoke of her beauty, her talents, her musical skill, and finally proposed that she should try her fortune on the stage. Her answer was calm, but a tragedy queen would have given her crown for such a tone of suppressed feeling as that in which it was uttered. "Bring back the fancies you created only to destroy—restore the illusions of my blighted youth, and gladly will I enter a place I once deemed a fairy land of bliss; but tell me not now of the theatre. I have been behind the scenes—I have beheld the coarse machinery that produces what I once thought magic beauty, and now I would take my little one in my arms and walk through the valley and shadow of death, rather than tread the boards of that vile place, and be as you have been—a personified lie!"

Enraged at her determined refusal, her husband became more and more morose. His recourse to the excitements of strong drink became more frequent, and at length, one day he so far forgot his manhood as to strike her a heavy blow. She rose from the floor, and gazing at him a moment as if bewildered, slowly left the room. He repented of his violence the moment it was committed, but he could not bring himself to the humiliation of acknowledging it, and another hour was consumed over his bottle, before he sought his injured wife. She was no where to be found! The babe also had disappeared, and after a considerable search, he learned from a boy who attended a shop in the neighborhood, that Mrs. Fitzgerald had passed some time before with her child in her arms. Alarmed at these tidings, her husband sought her in all directions, but she had wandered beyond his reach, and he was obliged to take his place upon the stage that night, while his heart was torn with anguish and remorse.

Three days afterwards, a woman with a child in her

arms, was seen sitting on the steps of a church in the upper part of the city. The weather was excessively cold, and both mother and child were thinly clad. A charitable old lady brought them into her house, and then found to her horror, that the child was dead, and frozen stiff, while the mother was a quiet, melancholy lunatic. The commissioners of the almshouse ordered the burial of the infant, and transferred the unhappy Josephine to the asylum for the insane. Fitzgerald heard the story just as he was dressing to personate a minstrel, in which character he was to sing a new song. He appeared pale, and his lips quivered as he attempted to utter the notes. But he had too often played a part to fail now. His song was sung—it was encored; he obeyed, and then throwing a cloak over his gay trappings, he hurried to the asylum. He was admitted after declaring his errand, and found himself at the door of a grated cell, within which, on a straw pallet, lay the still beautiful Josephine. He turned away without a single word, but regularly on the first day of every week, a small sum of money was deposited in the hands of the matron for the support of the helpless patient. He never visited her again, but endeavored to drown his remorse in still more copious potations. He still appeared on the stage, but his bloated person and disfigured countenance soon bore testimony to his destructive habits.

About a year after their separation, Fitzgerald was seized with a fit while passing the city hospital. He was immediately carried in, and lay for many days suffering all the horrors of that dreadful scourge of the drunkard—*delirium tremens*. An hour before his death, he so far recovered his reason as to recognize in the nurse who attended him, the erring and ill-fated Josephine. But the heavy hand that lay upon him, forbade the utterance of a single word of penitence. A look of tenderness—a pressure of the clammy fingers, and the “handsomest man on the stage” was no more! A life of false glitter was finished by a death in the ward of a hospital.

As soon as the news of his death reached Mr. Beauvilliers, he determined to recall his daughter. He had never seen her—never heard from her since he had discarded her, and his heart smote him as he thought of the hardships she might have endured. He found her occupying a humble but useful station in the city hospital. When she left her husband, after the blow which had excited her to frenzy, she had determined to commit suicide. But the thought of her child seemed instinctively to restrain her, and she was unconscious of all that had passed, until after the lapse of several months. She gradually recovered her faculties, and found herself in the asylum. After her entire recovery, she communicated to one of the physicians enough of her story to interest him in her favor; carefully concealing her name, however, and expressing her wish to find some employment that might relieve her from the necessity of applying to her husband for her maintenance. She was allowed to earn her daily bread as a sempstress and assistant nurse in the hospital, and finally, the abode which she had chosen as a refuge from her now hated husband, became the shelter of that husband's dying head.

The dream of youth could never be recalled, but the tenderness of woman's nature is indestructible, and she watched over his unconscious form until death extinguished the last spark of her resentment, and hiding the harsh realities of his character, left his memory to be deified by her imagination. Josephine had suffered much. She was scarcely twenty-three years of age, and yet her own folly had blighted all her happiness, and clouded all her future prospects. A life of retirement was all that seemed left for her, and to that, her habits of thought and feeling were alike averse. Her imagination still ruled her better judgment, and in despite of the wishes of her aged parents who gladly welcomed her to her childhood's home, she sailed for France, with a determination to bury herself in a convent, as a more romantic method of seclusion than could be devised in the common-place land of America.

An old count who came frequently to visit his daughters, then boarders in the same convent, struck with her exceeding beauty, which she certainly took no especial pains to conceal when circumstances allowed it to be disclosed, prevailed upon her to change her mind. When the year of her novitiate had expired, she appeared before the altar to receive—not the veil, but the wedding-ring.

She soon learned that it is possible to play a false part in the theatre of real life, as well as on the mimic stage, and no one who beheld the superb beauty of the richly-dressed Countess de Berneau, adorning the gay circles of Paris, would have suspected that the worm of discontent was gnawing at her heart. But the jealousy of her decrepid old husband embittered all her splendors.

A youth of romantic excitement—a middle age of fashionable frivolity—an old age of superstitious austerity—such was the fate of the beautiful Josephine. Always in extremes, because always under the influence of an ungoverned imagination, her life is like an acted proverb, and the curtain falls while we are still gazing on the withered crone, sitting in her high-backed chair, mumbling with reluctant lips her long-neglected missal, and sometimes muttering with bitter sneer as she revives past scenes, “*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*”

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NOTE.—It has been suggested by a friend who read the foregoing tale in manuscript, that it might possibly be construed into an attack on theatrical amusements, and the profession of an actor. This certainly is not my intention. I am not Quixotic enough to run a tilt against the windmills of public opinion, nor inconsistent enough to attempt to throw discredit upon an amusement which I sometimes share. With regard to the profession, I presume there are in that, as in all others, persons of good, bad, and indifferent characters. My object was simply to show the ill effects of habitual excitement upon an ill-regulated mind. Had I known of any other species of excitement equally powerful and fascinating, I should not have selected the theatre.

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THE influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral element of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

Original.

## HEREWARD, THE HUNTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

THE evening of a summer's day was rapidly approaching, and though the sun was still above the horizon, filling the heavens with a soft and rosy light, he had yet sank so low, that his long rays were intercepted by the gigantic trees, which, at the period of our tale, flourished in one unbroken tract of forest over the swampy plains, now bare and woodless, of Cambridge and the isle of Ely. Dreary and desolate as is the present aspect of these vast, open marshes, which have succeeded to the boundless woodlands, far gloomier and sterner was their character in the first century, reckoned from the Norman conquest. So wild, indeed, and savage was the nature of these solitudes, that, till the hapless day when England yielded to the fierce and tyrannous foreigner, no foot but of the roaming hunter ventured to tread their black and treacherous morasses; which, although bearing a thick growth of alder, and marsh willow, with here and there a group of mighty ashes towering above the stunted underwood and tall rank sedges, offered no sure foundation to the tread of man or beast, and held forth no inducement save in the myriads of aquatic fowl which had bred, almost undisturbed, for ages, in their sequestered pools and perilous quagmires. But when the insatiate victor had seized upon the fairest and fattest of the land, as lawful spoil of war—when it was found by the unhappy Saxons that neither the mail-shirt of the warrior, nor the grey cassock of the monk, was proof against the rage of Norman persecution—thousands of outlaws fled for safety to those impenetrable fastnesses, wherein they dwelt for many a year, defying the relentless enmity of the usurpers, fearless and free, and happier far than those of their own race who, seeking by submission, and on sufferance, to hold precarious tenure of the lands once their own, dragged out a wretched and degraded life, the serfs and bondsmen of their imperious conquerors.

Into the depths of this stern wilderness, the bold-est of the Norman barons had never even dreamed of venturing; and if, at times, necessity compelled them to traverse any one of the few roads which had been carried through its borders, they marched as in a hostile country, with scouts and prickers in advance, with vizors closed, in complete panoply, and even thus, in awe and apprehension, so daring and so dauntless were its dwellers, when in the limits of their own impregnable demesne.

It was by one, the most frequented, of these roads leading through Huntingdon from the metropolis to the more northern districts, that at the hour we have just described, two men were lying in concealment, watching, as it would seem, for the approach of travellers. The spot was one, if their intent were violence or plunder, as something in their aspect seemed to indicate, most singularly adapted to their purpose. The narrow causeway, floored by rude logs, with the black loam forced up through their interstices at every step that pressed them, was skirted on the left by an extensive fen; the soil of which, half

mud, half water, could evidently bear the weight of no more bulky visitor than the curlews or herons which flapped over its surface, or waded in its slimy waters. On the right hand, the earth was firmer, as might be judged from the dense thicket which embowered it, with many a timber-tree, of venerable age, and bulk proportionate, lifting its dark head, clearly defined, against the ruddy sky; but from this island of the marsh, the road was separated by a wide, sluggish stream, soaking its way through moss and mire, between deep banks of tremulous unstable bog. Beside this stream, concealed by the thick foliage of the alders, lurked the two men alluded to above—both Saxons by their aspects, for both were strong and muscular of limb, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired, with fair complexions, where their skin had been defended from the summer's sun and winter's storm, which had tanned all parts exposed to their inclemency into one general tint of ruddy brown. One of the two, and, as it would seem from the deference shown to him by his companion, the superior person, was, indeed, of size, almost gigantic; considerably above six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested, with muscular and brawny limbs, he yet gave promise of activity scarcely inferior to his strength—his features were decidedly, although not eminently, handsome, with a frank, open, and intelligent expression, and animated by a glance of bold and reckless daring. He wore above his close-curl'd auburn hair, an open morion or bacinet of steel, once brightly polished and adorned with curious carving, but now completely embrowned by the rust, which had been suffered to encroach upon its surface, partly, it might be, because its present dinginess of hue was more congenial to the habits of its wearer, than the ostentatious brilliancy with which it had once glanced to every wandering sunbeam. The remainder of his dress was a steel-shirt or hauberk of the antique and uncouth form peculiar to the Saxons, consisting of rude rings of iron, not linked into each other, but sewed upon a leather cassock edgewise, with hose and buskins of tanned deer-skin; about his neck was slung by a stout chain, the ponderous *gisarme*, or double-headed bill, which had been from the earliest times, the weapon of the Saxon race, a long, broad, two-edged wood-knife, thrust carelessly into his girdle, and two short, massive boar-spears in his hand, completed his equipment. His comrade was attired in garments similar in shape, though of materials even coarser, consisting chiefly of the skins of animals, dressed, for the most part, with the hair upon them—he, also, wore a head-piece and offensive weapons, like those of his superior, but no coat of mail or hauberk.

The eyes of both were fixed intently on the farthest point at which the road was visible toward the south; and by their attitudes, and the expression of their anxious and excited countenances, it could be seen at once that they were listening anxiously for some expected sound.

"'Twas but the wind, again!" exclaimed the younger of the two—" 'twas but the wind stirring the tree-tops, Hereward! The sun is sinking fast; we shall not have them here, I trow, this evening."

"Tarry awhile—they will be here anon, good Elbert; two of their horses would fall lame, I know full well,

this morning—that would delay them somewhat. Americ de Bottetourt is not the man to halt, or turn aside, till he have reached his harbor for the night—especially with his bride, that should be of the company! He will not rest, I warrant thee, till he has lodged her safe with the proud priests of Huntingdon. No! no! good Elbert, tarry and list, awhile, they will be here anon. Hist! hist! what sound was that? Sure 'twas the clink of steel."

"'Tis but the chain that holds yon ash from falling. Ringan, let slip a link! but tell me, Hereward, what bride doth Americ lead with him? I knew not he was wedded."

"Nor is he," replied Hereward, in a deep voice, that actually quivered with the violence of his excitement—"nor, by the soul of Hengist, shall be! but, an' he could, he would wed Edith, the bright daughter of old Lancelot Valletort—and she, they say, abhors him. A curse upon the base marauder! He knows no more of courtesy or gentleness toward dame or damsel, than of good faith, or truth, or mercy toward men! May his soul find no rest hereafter, for his vile carcass I will take order with it, and that speedily! And lo, I hear the trampling of their horses!" and as he spoke, he laid his ear close to the margin of the sluggish stream. "I hear them now, distinctly; they have already passed our station! Hist, Ringan, hist! be ready. Hie to our comrades, Elbert; when they shall hear me shout, let them cast loose the lashings, and cut clear the trees, as speedily as may be—but till I cry St. George, let no man quit his covert, and as ye love your lives, let no man harm the lady. I care not if by chance, or by design, but whoso harms one hair of her, dies ere he may crave mercy!"

Before he had well finished speaking, his follower left his side, and instantly was lost to sight amid the tangled branches of the thicket; at the same moment a loud and long-drawn cry was heard at a considerable distance southward, and while its echoes were yet ringing through the forest, a crash, as of a huge tree falling suddenly, arose from the same quarter, and instantly a second and a third report of the same nature, were heard in quick succession.

The party, which had been expected by the foresters, might now be seen threading the perilous and toilsome windings of the road, and as the distant yell rang on the summer air, and was succeeded by the echoes of the falling timber, Hereward—known far and wide through England, as the most free and fearless of his persecuted race, known to the Saxon as the boldest and most uncompromising friend of his unhappy kinsmen, and to the Norman, as the most dangerous and deadly foe—they had found, since first they landed on the white cliffs of Sussex—Hereward, surnamed the Hunter, looked forth with eager scrutiny to note what the effect should be of those unwonted sounds on his approaching victims. He might behold them pause, and halt irresolutely for a moment, moving up close together as if to hold brief council. Ere they moved on again, a horseman dashed up at hard gallop from the rear, and held some converse with the leader of the little party, which, as it seemed,

consisted of some ten or twelve armed men, well-mounted and accoutred in the complete panoply of the victorious Normans, besides two waiting-women riding among the spear-men on mules or small-sized hackneys, and a horse-litter, with close curtains, the usual conveyance, in that early age, for ladies of distinguished birth. Scarce had he noted these particulars, before the outlaw saw that the Normans once again had put themselves in motion. Three men—whom his quick eye at once detected, by their less cumbersome accoutrements, and the long-bows they bore, already bent, with arrows on the string, to be the far-famed archers who had performed such fatal feats upon his countrymen at Hastings—led the advance at a pace as quick as the roughness of the unsafe causeway would permit; these were succeeded, at a short distance, by the same number of those light-armed horsemen, called hobblers, from the small, active animals which they bestrode, with their long lances in the rest—the centre, which consisted of Sir Americ, mounted on his barbed war-horse, with his esquire, and two veteran men-at-arms, all sheathed from head to heel in complete harness, rode close behind the hobblers, the females bringing up the rear under the escort of two more stout archers. It was, indeed, though small, a gallant and a formidable body; and on firm open ground, with enemies to meet them "manfully," as the phrase ran, "under shield," they would have cut their way, unscathed, through five times their own number of assailants, fighting on foot with bill and bow-spear. But he with whom they had to do, knew well the irresistible and fiery valor of the Norman onslaught—knew well the dogged hardihood of his own stubborn countrymen!—closely had he considered, and with accurate and wary calculation noted the disadvantages to which each mode of fighting was most liable—and, with a full appreciation of the high courage of his enemies, and of that practice in the use of arms which rendered every Norman confident and secure of victory, he had so laid his plans, as, while exposing to every possible risk and disadvantage the detested Normans, to bring out the peculiarities of the Saxon character and their undisciplined but daring energies with the most powerful effect.

"Mine! mine!" he muttered, as he saw them entering the toils, "they are all mine, already! Soul of my father, triumph! Mother, thou art avenged!—He, whose accursed hand quenched with your blood the embers of the hospitable hearth, that never warmed a villain till on that hapless night when he craved food and shelter—craved entrance only to betray—shall glut the raven and the fox, ruthlessly slaughtered by his weapon whom he made an orphan. Triumph! rejoice, I say. Souls of the murdered dead!—ye are avenged already!"

Well was Sir Americ de Bottetourt known, and widely, and with good cause, was he dreaded through the green confines of that lovely but unhappy island, which he and his usurping comrades had watered with the best blood of its natural owners. In his first youth when the red field was fought which had consigned fair England to the Norman race for ever, he had yet ridden through the bloody fray side by side with the bravest; and, gifted forthwith by the Duke, with a rich fief torn from its rights

possessor, he had, in fact, been trained up from his very boyhood to deeds of barbarous and unrelenting cruelty. He was, indeed, that rare occurrence among men, even partly civilized, a human monster. Though at this period, when the conquest was in fact but half accomplished, all Norman Barons were tyrannical and grasping, and, if not actually cruel, reckless, at least, of bloodshed, none equalled Americ de Bottetourt for dread intensity of evil. To him, a Saxon life was as that of the boar or deer, or even of less value. The slightest pretext was sufficient to justify the utmost violence to all of that degraded race—the temporary tenure of a few fertile acres, or the supposed possession of a few hoarded angels, was ample cause for the death-warrant of a Saxon Franklin; while beauty or accomplishment, or even youth itself, was held excuse for the worst injury to his defenceless family. Skilful, no less than brave, in fight, this savage Baron had continually risen in the estimation of the successive monarchs who had held sway in England; had constantly received fresh fiefs, fresh appanages; but still the wealthier and the more powerful, the more ambitious he became of greatness, and the less scrupulous of means or measures. Licentious as he was avaricious—when he had passed already the mid-years of manhood—when age, no less than fiery passions, and exposure to the scorching heat of summer, and the keen frosts of winter, had ploughed a thousand deep, deforming wrinkles on his harsh features, and sprinkled his dark locks with snow—he had cast on the lovely Alice de Valletort an eye of fierce desire. What were the secret links, none knew, by which the fierce and overruling spirit of Sir Americ had trammelled the whole soul of this lady's father—a man, who ever of a timid and avaricious, rather than bold or grasping spirit, now, in his age, had yielded himself up altogether to the direction of his sterner neighbor, whom, even while he tremblingly obeyed his slightest mandate, he did not even feign to honor, much less to esteem. Her absolute reluctance to the marriage, nay, more, her utter hatred of the man, had been, for months, the topic of almost universal conversation; for so widely had the fame of her unrivalled charms been circulated, that in that age of chivalry and generous adventure numerous were the young and gallant cavaliers who would have deemed it no slight privilege to be permitted to adopt the colors of the lovely Alice at tilt or tournament; and whom, not even the fierce jealousy and savage prowess of her avowed admirer, could deter from offering at the beauty's footstool, the tribute of their admiration. All their endeavors were, however, vain; and when it was discovered that the bright damsel, though she had eyes to glance, and lips to smile at times upon some favored gallant, had yet no heart to yield—or if she had, possessed not the poor option to bestow it where she pleased—when it was seen that if she caught the dark eye of Sir Americ gazing on her unwonted mood of merriment, she broke off like a guilty thing detected in commission of some desperate offence, and voluntarily, as it would seem, submitted herself to his imperious will—men ceased to strive for that return of courtesy, at least, if not affection, which, while it could be sought for only at considerable risk, it seemed impos-

sible to gain. Such had been now, for many months, the state of matters between the lady and her lover, if lover it be right to term him, who had no mood of gaiety or softness, even for a moment's space—who never offered any admiration, never showed any kindness, never feigned any courtesy, much less affection. Such, then, for months, had been the state of matters, when it was suddenly announced that on a near-appointed day, Alice would be surrendered by her father into the hands of Sir Americ; for the purpose, it was understood, of being under his protection conducted in all honor to a well-known and celebrated nunnery of Yorkshire, the abbess of which was sister to the puissant Baron—there to remain till such time as she should submit herself with no more of reluctance or delay to the high destiny which waited her. The route by which they must proceed, lay, for a space, along the outskirts of the desolate and dreaded tract of fen and forest, which was in those days tenanted so wildly by the unconquered Saxons; and as Sir Americ's name was hated by these savage foresters with no small or unmerited degree of detestation, it had been deemed advisable to travel northward with a powerful and well-armed escort—more, perhaps, as a matter of precaution, than of necessity, for, although, since they had been led by Hereward, the Saxons had increased amazingly in boldness—although they had in many instances surprised, and pitilessly slaughtered those of their oppressors whom they found wandering alone, or with but slight attendance, in pursuit of the woodland game among their perilous fastnesses—they had not yet attained to such a pitch of absolute audacity as would have prompted them to attack men-at-arms, equipped in complete panoply of war, and on their guard no less against the hidden ambush, than the bold front of violence.

It had been Americ's intention to pass the dangerous morass, in which, if any where, he might expect to meet with interruption, at a much earlier hour of the day than that at which he reached it. Two of the horses of his train had fallen lame upon the route, and much time had elapsed before he had been able to replace them; still, he had hoped to cross the causeway before the sun should set, and therefore had pressed onward, having, in truth, no alternative but so to do; for after he had left Cambridge, which was already miles behind him, there was no hostelry or even cottage on the road, wherein it would have been advisable, or even possible, to pass the hours of darkness.

It was, then, in no placid mood that Americ de Bottetourt saw the sun gradually sinking behind the tall trees, which now fringed on every side the darkening horizon; and little was his hope of making good his passage without blows and bloodshed; for he was not unconscious of the bold valor of the Saxon outlaw, nor of the deadly cause he had for waging war to the last extremity against himself, especially, as the most hated individual of a detested race.

Drawing up, therefore, his small band according to the method most approved in those days of incipient discipline, he clasped his vizor, felt that his ponderous sword was ready to his grasp, and advanced, not without something of unwonted trepidation, at a hard trot into the

perilous defile. Already was above one half of its length safely passed; and already had Sir Americ begun to deem the apprehensions, he had of late entertained, causeless, and all unworthy of himself—when from his rear, wildly re-echoed from the thick-set stems of a dim grove which he had just cleared, without hearing sound or seeing sight that could have led him to suspect the presence of a living being, there rose a long loud yell, succeeded instantly by the quick clang of axes, and ere a moment had elapsed by the tremendous crash of falling timber. Scarce had Sir Americ paused to listen to the unusual and unwelcome sound, before the keen and crafty veteran, whom, in consideration of those very qualities, he had appointed to bring up his rear, dashed up at a hard gallop to his side.

"We shall be set upon, sir, instantly," he cried, the moment he was near enough to suffer his words to be audible. "There be a score or two of Saxon varlets down in the thicket yonder, and they have felled some three or four tall trees across the causeway. Retreat is hopeless!"

"Retreat!" echoed the haughty Baron. "Who would retreat before a Saxon! forward, brave hearts, and if the dogs find heart to show themselves, 'fore God and our Lady, but we will pin them to the earth with our good lances. On, archers, and look sharp—let not a villain show his head above these cursed bushes, but mark it with a cloth-yard arrow. Forward! Saint Genevive for Americ!"

Such were the words with which the Norman, adopting the array which has been heretofore described, dashed onward—while from behind, nearer at every instant, and more near, rang the wild whoops and yells which had in the first instance announced the presence of the enemy.

"Damian, they be behind us yet," he said, addressing himself in a whisper to the veteran 'squire who rode beside his rein—"behind us all. Beahrew me, but I think we shall outstrip them!"

"Look! look! Sir Americ," shouted the old 'squire, almost in the selfsame instant, pointing with his long lance toward the ash-trees of which Hereward had spoken. "Look! my good lord, a chain. Yon ash is half cut through—if it fall we are lost!"

Even as he spoke, the chain which up to this time had sustained the mighty tree, swung free—the branches swayed and cracked, and the gigantic trunk groaned, as it reeled and tottered to and fro.

"On, archers!" shouted Americ—"on, archers, for your lives; get past yon ash-tree into the open glade—on! for your lives—and shoot your deadliest, or we are but lost men!"

Then from the thicket in the front rose, long and loud, the same portentous yell, which had alarmed them from the rear; while, nearer still and nearer, on every side it was repeated, showing that now they were entirely surrounded; and fast and frequent might be heard the ringing clatter of the axes, and the stern voice of Hereward urging the outlaws to their toil. Instant, as Americ spoke, the archers dashed their spurs into their chargers' flanks, and sped at a pace actually fearful along the

rough and broken causeway, driving at every stroke the mud and slime high into air behind them. If they might but succeed in passing, ere the large tree should fall, it was most probable that the whole party would escape; for, cutting on the causeway at right angles, not half an arrow-flight beyond the thicket, an open glade extended with firm soil and good footing quite to the rear of the Saxons; so that, the angle gained, the volleys of the Norman archery would have commanded their position, and rendered it impossible for them to carry their annoyance farther. On they went, gallantly and fast—scattering, however, as one horse outstripped the other—with their long-bows already bent, and arrows notched upon the string. Fearful, indeed—it was a fearful moment—the mighty ash-tree rocked and creaked audibly—one archer has already passed it—lo! he has halted—raised his bow to his eye—that twang has rung the knell of one of the assailants—St. Genevive, St. Genevive, for Americ!" The second reaches it—even now his charger—goaded to his full speed—is springing past the butt—he is safe—and the third close behind!—No! no!—a louder, deeper groan of the huge tree! and down—down it came, thundering to the earth! Heaven, what a fearful sight—even as it fell, the hapless Norman who rode second, dashed into the dread space, and on the instant, horse and man were crushed by the resistless weight into one shapeless mass of quivering and gory carnage—the third man close to the ruin, had yet the time to note it, and with a desperate effort succeeded in arresting the speed of his fiery horse—and now he stood, the noble animal quivering in every limb with terror, its head curbed to its very chest by the strong rider, who, unmoved even by that fearful peril, watched with a steady eye for the appearance of a foe-man. Not long did he wait, for, ere the echoes of that thundering shock had passed away—cheerily shouting to his comrades, Hereward sprang upon the fragment of the tree, which yet stood upright in the ground, as if to overlook the field.

"Down with another tree, my men! One more," he shouted, "and they are ours, beyond hope of rescue!"

The moment he appeared, the arrow whistled from the bowstring of the Norman, but whether it was that his nerves were shaken by the appalling sight he had that instant witnessed, or that the Saxon, as men said, of a truth, bore a charmed life, the shaft sung past his head, and, quivering, stood fixed in a tree hard behind him, buried there almost to the feather.

"Saint George for merry England!" shouted the outlaw in return, and without pausing even to take aim hurled the short boar-spear which he held in his right hand, against the archer. Hurling through the air, it smote him at the junction of the gorget with the breastplate, and driven with resistless force, pierced through and through the neck, and hurled him headlong from his saddle, a dead man ere he touched the earth. At the same point of time, the clatter of the hoofs of the third archer who had passed the tree, and in whom all their hopes of safety were now vested, might be heard, telling of his flight and their abandonment.

They were entrapped almost beyond hope of redemption or resistance!—Before them and behind, the road



was barred by masses of felled timber, which hours of labor would hardly suffice to remove—on their right hand a deep and fordless rivulet, with its banks guarded by the ambushed Saxons, and on their left, a dark impassable morass. Yet, still in this extremity, Sir Americ displayed his wonted gallantry and conduct. "Down with your lances!" he exclaimed, "there be no use of them! Out axes, and dismount! You, Damian," he continued, "with Lancelot and Raoul, hew away at yon timber as you best may, to clear a path—we, with God's aid, will guard ye!"

Down from their saddles sprang the men-at-arms, and in the face of dreadful odds, went steadily, and even cheerfully, about their work. The light-armed spear-men clustered about the person of their leader, who, with his long two-handed sword unsheathed, sat perfectly unmoved on his tall war-horse. The two remaining archers had fallen back with the females to that side of the causeway nearest the morass, and therefore least exposed to instant peril. But the plot thickened—for the instant the first blow fell upon the timber, a dozen Saxons showed themselves on the farther side, and with their bills and boar-spears, commenced so violent an assault upon the men-at-arms, as checked entirely their progress. At the same instant, Hereward stepped forward—with a javelin in his right hand, and his huge *gisarme* in his left—beyond the bushes of the thicket directly in the face of Americ; while half a score, at least, of his rude followers, half-armed, and utterly undisciplined, but hardy, bold, and goaded into fury by unnumbered wrongs, appeared behind him.

"Sir Americ de Bottetourt," exclaimed the Saxon, as he saw his foeman, using the *lingua franca*, then the sole medium of communication between the hostile races, "this day your hour is come! 'Twas this night, seven years—"

"It was," replied the Norman, interrupting him, "this very night, seven years ago, that this hand slew each living dog of your accursed race, save thyself, only, who escaped me then, but to fill up my triumph now. Come forth! and meet thy death, dog, an' thou darest, in fair fight with a Norman noble!"

"Heaven judge betwixt us," Hereward hissed between his teeth close-set, and launched his second javelin full at the speaker's body. This time, however, his aim was less true, than before, for grazing the thigh of his enemy, the boar-spear pierced through demipique and housing of the Norman's charger, bearing him earthward in the agonies of death.

"Callest thou this fair fight?" shouted the now infuriated Baron, "callest thou this fair fight?—then will we drive ye from your 'vantage! Gilbert, thy light-armed hobbler hath cleared a broader trench than that before thee; over, and charge the dog—there is, I trow, good footing!"

Without one word, the young and daring spearman spurred his horse at the fearful leap—the fiery charger faced it gallantly, but in the very act of springing, the treacherous footing failed, and, though he made a noble effort, his fore-feet barely reached the farther brink, while

his hind quarters were engulfed in the tenacious quagmire—the rider struggled up for a moment from the miry ditch, but it was only for a moment—the ponderous axe of Hereward fell like a thunder-bolt upon his head-piece, and crushed the very skull beneath it.

"St. George! St. George for merry England!" and planting one foot firmly on the back of the exhausted horse, Hereward sprang across the streamlet, followed by all his dauntless comrades, and was assailed immediately by Americ. The fray was ended in ten seconds between the vassals of the Norman and the impetuous outlaws, who, caring for neither wounds nor death, bore them down to the ground by the mere weight of numbers, and unmercifully slew them to the last man.

Not so, however, nor so rapidly, was the encounter ended between the Norman Baron and Hereward, the Hunter. Both men of power and muscular strength almost unrivalled, both animated by unusual fury, one fighting for his life, the other, dearer to him than life, for vengeance, they struggled long and desperately. Many and dangerous wounds were interchanged, before Sir Americ's two-handed sword was shivered to the hilt, and himself beaten to his knee by one blow of the Saxon *gisarme*.

"Not so!" cried Hereward, "not so! with weapons in thy hand shalt thou die, Savage Norman! Thou shalt not boast in Hell that Hereward was cowardly avenged—give him an axe, good Elbert!"

His orders were obeyed without dispute, though evidently with reluctance, and armed anew by his foe's mercy or contempt, Sir Americ renewed the combat. Not long, however, did it now last—for less accustomed to the bill than to the sword, Americ failed to parry the third blow, which, glancing from his head-piece, clove deep into his shoulder, and was immediately succeeded by a fourth, which crushed the helmet like a nutshell, and laid the tyrant at the feet of the avenger, a quivering and lifeless corpse.

The last rays of the sun barely sufficed for the conclusion of the fierce encounter, but the pale moon was gleaming through the forest, before the outlaws, with the lady and her female followers, their honorable captives, and treated with due honor, turned to the shelter of their woodland fastness, leaving, as Hereward had boasted, to the raven and the fox, the bodies of their vanquished conquerors.

H.

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A giant mind may be held in suspense; but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetic in consequence of that determination; just as a stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.

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He who maintains the right, though countenanced by the few, and opposes the wrong, though sanctioned by the many, must forego all expectations of popularity till there shall be less to censure than applaud in human conduct. And when this is the case, the millenium will have dawned.

Original.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF  
MRS. MARY ANN HOOKER.—  
BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.  
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MRS. MARY ANN HOOKER, whose original name was Brown, was the daughter of pious and highly respectable parents, and born at Guildford, Conn., Feb. 12th, 1796. She possessed a quick perception, knew the alphabet before the age of two years, and read well at three. She early manifested a great love of reading. Books were her chosen companions. To read, and think, were her great pleasures, while other children were engaged in noisy sports. But if she loved to meditate by herself, she was not selfish—and she regarded her companions with tender love. She was a warm admirer of the works of nature. The simplest wild flower was dear to her. The plants, as they sprang up in her little garden, the grassy path, where she took her rural walk, the green, shady trees, and the chrystal tuneful brooks, were her friends. Her moral sensibilities were equally strong. To do right, to avoid wounding the feelings of others, and always to speak truth, were her rules of action. Her conscience was tender, and if she had committed any fault, she acknowledged it with frankness. Her warm affections and integrity of purpose, were associated with a mind of a high order, anxious to acquire knowledge. She received the advantages of an excellent education, and applied herself to her various studies, with assiduity and success. She was a favorite with her teachers. They were gratified by her proficiency, and pleased with her amiable disposition. Their written testimonials of her good scholarship, and exemplary deportment, she affectionately prized, and preserved among her most valuable papers. After her removal to Hartford, Conn., and the completion of her own term of school-study, she engaged in the instruction of young ladies. She realized the importance of this station, and while she conferred benefits on her pupils, reaped the reward prepared for every faithful teacher; increase in knowledge; and habits of self-control. She was a favorite in the refined society where she moved, and particularly excelled in the graces of conversation. Yet no one could be more free from vanity. "In all lowliness of mind, she esteemed others better than herself;" for she had taken the Inspired Volume of Christ. In friendship she was firm, affectionate, and confiding; though she regarded all with whom she associated, with Christian kindness, she reserved her intimacy for a few kindred spirits—to them her sympathy was overflowing, both in sorrow and in joy, and she forgot herself, when they might be served, applauded, or comforted.

In 1822, she married the Rev. Horace Hooker, and removed to a retired parish in her native state. The responsibilities of pastor's wife she deeply realized, and endeavored to discharge. While exciting those of her own sex to works of benevolence and piety, she strove also, to advance their intellectual improvement. She established stated meetings for the reading of historical and religious works, and especially for the interchange

of written thought. In the latter department, she emphatically led the way, and bore the burden; and some of the most pleasing effusions of her pen, were thus called forth in the form of essays, on various important subjects. A solicitation that her husband would superintend a religious periodical publication, induced their return to Hartford, and her more decided entrance on literary occupation. Their congeniality of intellectual taste, and pursuit, was a source of great happiness, and added a new, and rare element to their mutual affection.

His kind encouragement gradually overcame her self-distrust, so that she at length resolved to devote her pen to the religious instruction of children. Her first work was entitled "Bible Sketches," and is written with simplicity and beauty. She wrote also, the lives of David and Daniel, of Elijah and Elisha. For this series of scripture biographies, she read extensively such books of history and travels as bore upon her subjects, or illustrated the geography, natural history, and customs of the countries where her scenes were laid. She did not present to the public that which cost her no labor, and felt that without patient study and earnest prayer, she had no right to expect success. Her books became favorites not only with the young, to whom they were addressed, but to parents, who peruse them with their children. Her last work was entitled the "Seasons," and its object is to bring the unfolding mind into such familiarity with the objects of nature, with birds, plants, animals, trees, rocks, and waters, as to lead it to recognize and love the Creator of so much beauty, and the Author of every blessing. These literary occupations beguiled the hours of ill health and seclusion, to which she was frequently subject, and the consciousness that they had been in many cases, the means of good to others, imparted cheerfulness and gratitude. Her pen was such a source of happiness, that bodily infirmity was often forgotten or unfelt. In her journeys, she was a close observer, both of the face of nature and the works of art. To the sublime and beautiful, her heart was ever open. The awful majesty of Niagara, the lonely grandeur of the White Mountains, or the freckle of the simplest flower that trembled at their base, touched the exquisite sensibilities of her heart, and told it of the mighty Maker. But her health which had from childhood been feeble began visibly to decline; symptoms of pulmonary consumption were plainly revealed. Her physicians prescribed that she should take shelter from the winter beneath a milder sky, and her husband and sister bore her to the sunny climes of Georgia, in the autumn of 1837. She returned the following spring, no more to go forth amid the soft grassy paths she had loved, or to mark the fresh swelling buds on her favorite trees, but to die. The frame wasted to a skeleton, and the hollow, racking cough told that she had come back to die.

But there was peace in her heart. The Saviour whom she had trusted from her youth up, was sufficient for her. The Bible which she had loved and obeyed, was her stay, as she passed through the dark valley. As a child, yielding to its parents, she laid herself in the Everlasting Arms. Even when in extreme weakness, her mind wandered, sweet words were upon her lips, and bright

images gleamed around her; she smiled on those who stood by her bed, and forgetting that she herself suffered, begged them to take refreshment and repose. She murmured in a low tone, of jessamine bowers, and orange-groves, and hovering forms, brighter and more lovely than she had ever seen before. The beautiful things of nature, which, from earliest memory she had loved, tarried with her, till the angels came; it was on the morning of May third, eighteen thirty-eight, that death came upon her like a friend, soothing her into gentle slumber: without gasp or struggle, she slept in Jesus; "patience having had its perfect work."

Green trees shall wave above thee,  
That dread no wintry snow,  
Meek flowers that learned to love thee,  
Around thy grave shall blow,  
And faithful hearts, and tender,  
Full oft shall linger nigh,  
Their tribute-tear to render,  
And learn of thee, to die.

Original.

### THE LITTLE FAIRY.\*

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

ONE time there was a little sprite—  
Oh, what a fairy thing was she!  
Her goodness was a lovelier sight  
Than her own tiny self could be;  
For at the waving of her wand,  
Rich blessings flowed to every land:  
Good Fairy, grant it may be known  
Where you that magic wand have thrown!  
Sitting within a sapphire shell,  
Swift-drawn by eight bright butterflies,  
She raced with every Zephyr well,  
Making new beauties always rise;  
The grapes were sweet in every place  
That borrowed lustre from her face:  
Good Fairy, grant it may be known  
Where you that magic wand have thrown!  
A king her god-son, ministers  
And careful friends for him she chose—  
Each one like him who never errs,  
For private interest making foes;  
To wolves no friendship would they lend,  
But stood the shepherds to defend:  
Good Fairy, grant it may be known  
Where you that magic wand have thrown!  
She humanized the judges all,  
Making their selfish passions weak,  
So innocence on truth could call,  
And plaintively would dare to speak;  
Error to mercy, too, could kneel,  
Nor find the heart of justice steel:  
Good Fairy, grant it may be known  
Where you that magic wand have thrown!  
To make her god-son stout of heart  
She touched the crown upon his head,  
And all his people, though apart,  
To him in hand and heart were wed;

\* A translation.

If envious nations dared encroach,  
They forced them back at their approach:  
Good Fairy, grant it may be known  
Where you that magic wand have thrown!

Alas, the fairy's fled afar  
Home to her chrystal region fair,  
The Asiatics fear a war,  
America is in despair;  
To us a better lot may fall,  
Yet, though less fear assail us all:  
Good Fairy, grant it may be known  
Where you that magic wand have thrown!

Original.

### TO A DAISY FOUND ABOVE THE SNOW.

I grieve to see thee here,  
Beneath bleak winter's sky,  
For who will mark thy sweetness,  
That heedless passes by?  
I grieve to see thee blooming here,  
Where not one sister flower is near.

Nursed by spring's gentlest gale,  
Ere yet the trees were green,  
Half hidden 'neath their sheltering leaves,  
Thy kindred band were seen:  
How dear the promise that they bore—  
That winter's stormy reign was o'er.

Where are they now? all sleeping  
Beneath the spotless snow,  
Their rest unbroken by the storms,  
That o'er thee rudely blow,  
They sweetly sleep—and o'er their bed,  
The bright hued autumn-leaves were shed.

And many a genial sun  
Of Autumn shone o'er them,  
And murmuring winds though leafless boughs,  
Was their soft requiem,  
But thou—oh, sad thy dirge will be,  
When winter's blasts sweep over thee.

Ah, thus it is with those,  
Who early droop and die,  
Unmarked by them life's wintry storms,  
As in the grave they lie,  
But some, like thee, live on alone,  
When all that made life dear, has flown.

Thou lovely, lonely flower!  
I cannot leave thee here  
To perish all unseen—oh! no,  
Mine be the sorrowing tear,  
And mine the kindly hand to warm,  
To shield thee from the coming storm.

It is no poet's dream—  
'Tis not ideal bliss,  
No! Human love is passing sweet,  
In such a world as this:  
And kindness has a magic power  
To soothe us in life's wintry hour.

Original  
THE DELUDED.\*

—  
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"We endow  
Those whom we love in our fond passionate blindness  
With power upon our souls, too absolute  
To be a mortal's trust! Within their hands  
We lay the flaming sword, whose stroke alone  
Can reach our hearts, and they are merciful  
As they are strong, that wield it not to pierce us!"

It was midnight, and the whole valley of Domremi lay sleeping in the moonbeams, still and quiet, as if no hostile foot had ever trodden its green bosom. The little hostelry was closed and darkened, save where a faint light twinkled through the shutters of Agnes Sorrell's sleeping-room. Joan, the maid, or rather hostler, of the inn, had retired to her loft in the stable, immediately after her rencounter with the English soldier. Excited almost to insanity by the insult offered to her king, and by her subsequent act of revenge, she remained till it was quite dark, lost in a wild and visionary reverie. After a long and fervent prayer, couched in words of almost terrible appeal, she loosened her bodice, and flinging herself on the fresh hay, tried to compose herself to sleep. But it was in vain; the day had been too exciting. Visions of glorious conflict, of tented fields, of hostile armies and foaming war-horses, crowded to her brain, each colored and brightened by her own glowing fancy. At length, she sunk into a broken slumber; soft shadows gathered over her senses, and afar off, in a dream, arose a delicious landscape, where a soft, golden haze floated among hills of the brightest green, forests flushed with blossoms, and crags blazing with precious stones! There fountains gushed from rocks of solid crystal, that seemed to be dissolving themselves, and flowing off in the pure element as it stole, with a soothing murmur, through the grass; and back, against the rosy sky, were heaps of clouds, shifting about the horizon, like snows agitated by a steady wind. Slowly, they all ranged themselves in solemn array, wreathing and folding in fleecy masses over the glowing sky, like banners around a tented field; and each banner, as it streamed out from its gorgeous back-ground seemed to be waving her forward to some great action. It was a dream, and yet it seemed like reality, for the music, which had all the time been whispering among the clouds, came swelling and surging from their folds, like odor bursting from a ripe flower. Louder and nearer it came, and a faint light broke over her closed eyelids. She had ceased to dream; yet the music was there—a soft and continued strain of the richest melody. The maid opened her eyes, and directly opposite her resting-place, there appeared a small star of exceeding brilliancy, embedded in the thick darkness! As she looked, it quivered—expanded—a thousand rays shot out from its burning centre, and rolled off in volumes of rosy light, which deepened about the edges to amber and violet, till the whole neighborhood was flooded with a cloud of

gorgeous and transparent coloring like that which slumbers around a warm sunset. The music died slowly away. The cloud parted to the right and left, and lo—a form, like a winged seraph, appeared enshrined in the transparent opening. The maiden rose on her elbow with a solemn dread; her breath came thick, and she lay like a recumbent statue—her eye fixed, her lips parted, and one hand extended toward the vision as if to fix it on her mind with certainty. It remained distinct and visible—enshrined, as it were, in a sea of music. The azure raiment, and shadowy tresses, which partially veiled its form, seemed impregnated with a silvery brightness, and floated out on the cloud as if agitated by some hidden current of air. In the centre of its forehead, burned a star—such as had heralded the mysterious presence—which shed the concentrated brightness of a rainbow over its heavenly features. In one hand the seraph held a banner, such as the maid had seen in her dream; yet, even as she gazed, the music, which had died away, rose to a full sweep of melody—the gorgeous cloud was strangely agitated—the hand of the seraph was outstretched—the banner had disappeared; and a sword gleamed out in the changing light like the flash of a meteor. So distinct was the perception of the maid, that she even counted the drops of gold which embossed the black hilt, as it remained steadfast, for a moment, with the point levelled toward the ruined chateau. Again the rich music died away—the light paled, and suddenly, as if a pall had been flung over it, the seraph disappeared.

Joan d' Arc drew a deep breath, and fell back, exhausted with an overpowering sensation of happiness. Hours, or moments might have flown, for she took no note of time; but she was still lying on her bed of hay, with a delirious feeling of joy at her heart—large tears rolling over her warm cheek, and broken expressions of gratitude glowing on her lips—when a voice fell distinctly on her ear; it was but a whisper, so sweet and low, that it thrilled her heart like music murmuring in its fount. She lay quiet, as if subdued by a spell, holding her breath, and eagerly drinking in each sound of the Heavenly voice, for such she doubted not it was. When it ceased, she opened her eyes bewildered and afraid. The moon had risen, and its silvery beams streamed through the opening which served as a window, with a cold and quieting effect. Joan wept freely; excitement had exhausted itself, and she began to reason with her heart. She was certain that no delusion possessed her senses; that she had indeed been under the influence of a Heavenly visitor. The whispered words were written on her heart as with a point of steel; she repeated them over, again and again, with deliberate exactness. She was told that in the church of St. Catharine, at Fierbois, there was a sword hanging in a retired corner; this sword she was told to demand of the King of France, and with it to do battle in her country's cause. The blade, the hilt, with its antique ornaments, and the very dust which covered the weapon, were all minutely described, and she was promised aid from the Most High, to accomplish the delivery of her native land.

Joan closed her eyes no more that night; her brain ached with intensity of thought; yet so completely was

\* Continued from page 2.

she absorbed, that the day had dawned, and several travellers had led their own horses from the stable beneath, before she awoke to a sense of her humble duties. At length she arose and went about her accustomed labor, calmly, as if nothing had happened to discompose her.

The next night found the maid of the inn restless and unhappy; till long after midnight she had waited in vain for the appearance of her celestial guardian; she was ignorant of the geography of her country beyond her native valley, and had determined to question the Heavenly messenger on the course it would be expedient for her to pursue, in order to accomplish the great work which she was called upon to undertake. At length, she sunk into an unsound slumber and again that low whisper stole to her ear. There was no light, no brilliant pageantry, as on the previous night; but the voice was the same—low, sweet and tranquil, flowing upon the sense like a south wind. It commanded her to go, on the following day, to the ruined chateau on the brow of the hill—to tell all that had passed to one whom she would meet there, and to be guided by him in her future actions. The voice promised aid from Heaven in all her attempts to free her native land, and exhorted her to lose no time in useless doubts and feminine timidity. Joan listened with a grateful and settled feeling; the doubts of the previous day were entirely dissipated. The first step in her career of glory was pointed out, and she resolved to yield implicit obedience to the divine influence. This determination settled, she dropped into a calm and refreshing slumber. It was deep in the morning when she awoke. Something heavy was lying across her bosom; she put up her hand to remove it, and a snowy banner unfolded and lay in rich masses over her person. She leaped up with an exclamation of joyful surprise; seized the gilded staff, and shook open the folds of heavy white silk. It was the same—the very same banner which the seraph had held on the night of its appearance. In the centre of the pearly field, appeared an image of the Divine Being, wrought in threads of fine gold. The right hand rested on a globe, whereon the different countries of the earth were mapped out, in various-colored gems, so small in size, and so cunningly interwoven with the silk, that it seemed almost impossible that any, save a divine hand, could have produced workmanship so exquisitely beautiful in its design and execution. The image was surrounded by a wreath of flower de luces, wrought in the same manner, with tiny seed pearls, which rose up from the rich fabric like frost-work on a ground of crusted snow.

With a cry of almost frantic delight, Joan shook out the mysterious penant, and waved it triumphantly to and fro. A thrill of awe ran through her veins, as the rustling folds flaunted out on the morning breeze, like the unfolding wings of an angel. The early sunbeams streamed over the jewelled embossments of the globe, with a brilliancy almost painful to behold. The kingdom of France was represented, entirely, by small white diamonds, which flashed out from the humbler stones of the surrounding countries, like a handful of sunbeams radiating from a burning centre; this was to Joan a

beacon-light. She fell upon her knees and poured forth her gratitude to the Virgin for this visible token of her wishes.

The inmates of the hostelry wondered at the glorious beauty of the maid, when she entered from her place of rest. She spoke in a low, calm voice, to those who addressed her, and there was something sublime in the expression of her eye, and in the unnatural gentleness which made the beholder's heart stand still as he gazed and wondered—it was like walking in the presence of an angel, feeling the mysterious influence thereof, but ignorant of the cause. She performed all her customary duties with unusual exactness. She smoothed her hair, arranged her dress, and then spent more than an hour in devotion. After this, she arose and departed for the ruin.

Joan knew nothing of the place she was about to visit, except, that it was the property of the Count Dunois, and was inhabited by two of his aged domestics. Just as she entered a foot-path, which led through the fields to the front of the chateau, a cavalcade of horsemen filed into the gorge from the bridle-path before mentioned. In the centre rode a lady, masked, and in a travelling costume. It was the Count Dunois and his escort, conducting the young Italian to the French court.

Joan wandered, with a kind of aimless feeling around the ruin, till she reached the little garden, through which Dunois had conducted his cousin. It was at the close of a warm summer's day; the flowery nook lay in the shadow of the ruin, save where a slanting sunbeam struck across an angle of the building, and fell in a stream of crimson light across the fountain and the flowing shrubbery which surrounded it—lighting up the blossoms and tinging the white lilies which grew around the basin, to a delicate rose-color. Joan, unaccustomed to ornamental gardening, gazed around with a feeling of delight. The lovely spot, with its breathing blossoms, stirring leaves and bursting buds, seemed as a fragment of paradise, sent down to reward her exertions ere they were accomplished. The cool spray of the fountain, as it rained with a sleepy music into the tank, drew her to its margin. She threw herself on the grass, and remained for more than an hour, as if waiting for farther directions from the Divine messenger, by whose command she had proceeded thus far. The last dying sunbeam was still lingering in her hair, and she lay, with her elbow on the ground—a cheek resting in the palm of her hand, and one foot with its naked ankle, and coarse buskin, half buried in the grass, when a stir in the neighboring shrubbery aroused her. She started up and confronted the gaily-attired Frenchman, who had addressed a few kind words to her on the night of her rencounter with the English soldier.

"Would you speak with my master?" he inquired, with a respectful inclination.

Joan did not well know whom she wished to see; but she bent her head and followed the jester in silence to the hall. He threw open the door which led to the Italian's bower-room, and motioning her to enter, withdrew. Timorously, but with a firm consciousness that she was in the path of her high destiny, she advanced a

step into the room. At another time, when her feelings were less excited, she might have started at the splendor which burst upon her; but now, the scene, magnificent as it was, could hardly surpass the glorious picture which, during the last few days, had been shifting through her glowing fancy. At the extremity of the room a silver sconce, of many sockets, was lighted with tapers of perfumed wax—the steel plate, and the virgin metal, caught the reflection, and scattered the broken light, like clusters of icicles dissolving in a strong sunshine. The flickering light and the deep shadow, on the gorgeous tapestry, gave to the walls a luxurious look, quite indescribable! It was, as if a bed of moss had crept over the ceiling, in variegated and irregular masses, and encouraged by the warmth, were budding there. On a silken couch, directly within the starry light of the sconce, sat the young traveller of our story; but altogether changed in his appearance. The coarse jerkin and hose were exchanged for garments of rich velvet, the heavy shoes which had disfigured a foot of perfect symmetry, were supplanted by slippers of Spanish cloth, but slightly pointed, and linked to the knee by strings of small jewels: his hair was curled, and elaborately perfumed, and, but for his sunburnt forehead, and the firm expression of his lips, he might have passed as one who had seldom known harder service than that of page in a lady's chamber. He had not heard the noise of the door, but sat, with his chin buried in the palm of his hand, and his eyes fixed with an expression of deep and intricate thought on the white smoke, as it curled up from the censer, in wreaths of transparent vapor, and spread, in a fragrant mist, over the apartment. Joan hesitated for a moment; her breath came thick, and she half turned as if to retreat. This embarrassment lasted but for an instant. She turned and crossed the room with a calm brow and a dignified tread. The thick Spanish foot-cloth broke the sound of her approach, and she stood by the traveller's side before he was aware of her presence.

"I am here; what would you with me?" she said, in a calm, rich voice, which broke on the stillness like a sudden burst of music. The youth actually leaped to his feet with surprise; the blood surged up to his temples, and then as suddenly retreated again.

"What would I, maiden!—what would I? Nay, it is I who should put the question—I, who was ignorant of thy exist—of thy presence, till this moment."

It was Joan's turn to be confused; her proud eyes drooped beneath his ardent gaze; her limbs trembled, and she sunk to the couch humbled and strangely afraid. The stranger sat down beside her, and remained enjoying her emotion with a mischievous smile on his lips, and with his eyes fixed on her throbbing temples as she bent her head to avoid his gaze. At length she spoke, but it was confusedly and in a wavering voice. She spoke of her humble parentage—of her orphan loneliness—told how she had thirsted for knowledge in her indigent state of servitude; for the first time she lifted her eyes, when she dwelt on her gratitude to an old priest, who, out of charity, had taught her to read and write. She had been contented and happy in her humble life, she said,

till the breaking out of the wars. Since then, she had lived in a continued fever of excitement; her anxiety for the welfare of the King had become so painful, that it deprived her of sleep, and she had often spent whole nights in prayer for his safety. Here the youth interrupted her, by asking if she had ever, by any chance, obtained a sight of the youthful monarch.

She clasped her hands and raised her eyes suddenly to his: "Alas, no!" she said, "that were a bliss well worth dying for."

The eye of the questioner brightened almost into a smile: but he turned his face away and requested her to proceed. Joan had reached that part of her history which is already known to the reader. In language, as glowing as her own thoughts, she described the appearance of the seraph—the whispered voices, and the sacred banner. As she proceeded, her form became more erect; her eye brightened, and the rich blood seemed melting through her cheek; while her voice became more deep-toned and musical in its inflections. By degrees, she ceased to describe, and her lofty language breathed only of glowing hopes and prophecies of deliverance to France. In the energy of her feelings, she had risen and stood, with the light streaming full on her radiant face, like a Priestess suddenly inspired. The young man gazed upon her with wonder and admiration; his eye flashed back the brightness of hers, and he seemed transported to enthusiasm by her eloquence; but suddenly, a painful thought seemed to flash across his mind. He placed his hands over his eyes, and leaned back in the couch, lost in reflection. She was still speaking, when he reached forth his hand and took hers. She obeyed the impulse, and seated herself in silence, astonished at the change in his countenance. Holding her hand respectfully in his, he earnestly expostulated against her project of joining the army. He pointed out the privations and hardships to which she would be exposed, and reminded her of the probable overthrow of all her aspiring hopes. He spoke of imprisonment, and even death, as the possible result of an undertaking so uncommon. She answered calmly, that she had reflected on all the difficulties of her project, but that she dared not disobey the Divine will. A crimson flush passed over the youth's face; he hesitated a moment, and then hinted at the chance of insult which might await her from the rude soldiery. She made no reply, but raised her flashing eyes to his, and touched the hilt of a dagger thrust through an opening in her bodice, with a smile of stern defiance.

When convinced that all opposition would be in vain, the youth seemed seriously distressed. He arose, and paced the room with a disturbed air; once he stopped before her as if about to urge some argument which he had not yet used, and then pursued his walk without speaking. At length she calmly requested him, as one appointed by Heaven, to inform her of some means by which she might obtain an interview with the King of France. He did not answer directly, but requested her to come to the chateau on the next night, and promised to reflect, in the interval, on the best means of aiding her project.

After Joan had left the room, the youth flung himself on the couch in deep agitation; burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud, "Oh, that I had known more of her before I consented to this cruel—"

He broke off abruptly—started to his feet, and again commenced pacing the room, now and then stopping to give utterance to his thoughts.

"It is too late even for me to interfere," he muttered. "Well, let events take their course; I will be guiltless, at least, of leading her into danger—to the army! No, no! I would not have it proceed to that—" muttering these disjointed expressions, he again flung himself on the couch and gradually sunk into a more pleasant train of thoughts.

The next night Joan was punctual to her appointment; the subject of her anxiety was lightly touched upon, and the day of her departure for the court, spoken of as at some distant period. After this, the conversation took a more general turn. The youth was gay and cheerful; he evidently strove to win her to forgetfulness of the exciting theme which had occupied their time on the previous night. His effort was successful; her haughty reserve gradually died away; she answered his questions with frank and fearless confidence, and, for a time, yielded herself to the influence of his brilliant spirits. She was too ignorant of the forms of society, to feel that there would any thing wrong in thus privately visiting one whose very name she was ignorant of, and, even if she had been better informed, she would have silenced every doubt, by placing the commands of that Heavenly voice which had directed her to be guided entirely by the man before her. It was late when the maid retired to her loft that night. Another appointment had been made and was kept—another, and another, and then Joan d' Arc returned no more to her humble duties at the hostelry.

Two weeks had passed, and Joan d' Arc was seated in the Italian's bower-room, by the same silken couch whereon she had first seen the man who was to be the worker of her destiny. The dress of her servitude had been abandoned, and her superb form was vested in a robe of deep crimson velvet, lined and faced with sable; it was open at the bosom, exposing an inner robe of rose-colored silk, and beneath that, another of the finest linnen, edged with narrow point lace. Her hair, which had formerly been drawn back from her face with such bold and striking effect, was now parted in two glossy waves over her forehead, and confined by a scarlet fillet to the back of her head; whence it fell in a shower of raven tresses down her back. There was a soft and contented expression in her eyes, formerly so wildly brilliant, and looks of domestic happiness brooding in every beautiful feature, as she sat, drooping gently forward—her hand resting in the palm of the stranger's, and her breath floating over his cheek while she watched his slumbers. It was nearly dark; yet there was no light in the room, save that which came from the ever-burning censer, where it remained, like a great pearl, illuminated at the heart, welling out a perpetual cloud of incense. On the marble slab where it stood, fruit and wines, in chrystal goblets, were crowded together, and lay glowing in the

mingled light and vapor, with a look of luxurious profusion. A lute lay on the floor, just where it had dropped from the hand of the sleeper; fresh flowers were scattered about, and the dim light was barely sufficient to melt the surrounding objects into one grand and mellow picture of domestic comfort. Joan had twice bent her cheek to that of the sleeper, when he awoke and smiled kindly upon her.

"What, watching yet?" he said, rising and drawing her to his side, "I have just been dreaming, Joan."

She smiled, and asked the subject of his dream; but before he could answer, there was a knock at the door, and the jester presented himself. He whispered a word in his master's ear. A rush of blood to his face and a hasty exclamation, betrayed that the message was far from being a pleasant one to the young man, who abruptly followed his servant from the room. When they reached the hall, he turned impatiently and exclaimed, "What—directly—to-night," said the messenger.

"Even so; two whole weeks have passed, and the troops are impatient for orders. The Count Dunois would have written, but knew not that a messenger would find—"

"Enough, enough! I will but take leave of her, and then to the road forthwith."

"With submission, let me entreat that there be no delay. I will remain behind and prepare her for this absence."

"Perhaps it will be as well, but mark me; persuade her to remain here till my return, which shall be within the week. Say nothing to inflame her mind. See that every thing is provided for her comfort, and follow me by day-break." While giving these hasty directions, the young man was changing his clothes for the coarse disguise which the jester had brought for him. This personage accompanied him to his horse, and held the stirrup while he mounted. The youth rode forward a few paces, then, wheeling his horse, he beckoned the jester to him. "Remember," he said, "give her no hint of my state or condition, and on thy life, proceed not another step in thy dastardly plotting!"

The jester promised obedience, and returned to the hall, muttering, "Nay, nay, my sapient master, thy whining fondness shall mar no plot of mine. The damsel must fulfil her destiny."

Joan had been waiting the return of her companion for more than an hour, when the jester entered the apartment and informed her that he had left the chateau. She turned deadly pale and sallied back with a faint feeling, the first she had ever known; but instantly recovering herself, she turned to the jester and asked if his master would soon return.

"Perhaps, never," he replied, solemnly. "France is bleeding in the grasp of a tyrant, and it is not meet that the high and the brave should remain in supine ease. The summons was sent, and my master dared not disobey."

The eye of the maid kindled; thoughts that had almost slumbered, blazed anew in her breast; she raised her brow with a haughty confidence, and said—

"I am ready—was no message sent to me? Did he leave none?"

"Yes, my master left this message. 'Tell her,' he said 'to depart forthwith for Vancouleurs; to present herself before Bandricourt, the governor, and to give him the token she wots of. Tell her to request the governor to provide her an escort to Chiñon, and to proclaim her mission in each town on her way thither, and when arrived, to demand an interview with the King of France. After that, we shall meet again.'"

Joan motioned with her hand, and the jester withdrew. In a few moments she joined him in the hall, habited only in the simple vestments of her servitude. She commanded that horses should be provided for a journey, and before midnight, had taken the second great step in her remarkable career.

*To be continued.*

Original.

DOTS AND LINES.—NO. II;

OR, SKETCHES OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC.

THE plantations between Vicksburg and Lake Washington, are nearly altogether new, with rude dwellings upon them; indeed, there is no planter's house above Vicksburg of a better appearance than common farm-houses. There are two or three one story high, painted white, and one or two with galleries, but from the mouth of the Ohio to Vicksburg, there are not, except at the half a dozen small towns on the river, two comfortable or neat-looking dwelling-houses. Lake Providence, which we passed to-day, is a pleasant village, built on one street running parallel with the river. The plantations in this neighborhood are valuable, and the planters wealthy. Princeton, about thirty miles above Lake Providence, and on the same side of the river, and two hundred and twenty miles above Natchez, is a village about the same size as Providence, consisting of a single street laid out on the bank, the buildings facing the river. At this landing, and at Lake Providence, we saw a few flat boats fastened to the shore, but no steamboats. The traveller seldom sees steamboats on the Mississippi, unless under weigh. At every landing, however, insignificant flat boats are to be seen loading, giving employment to one or two stores, and keeping business, at least, alive. Near Princeton, a steamboat passed us, and although it was not two thirds across the river, we were unable to read its name, painted in large letters on the wheel-house, without a spy-glass. This fact will give the northerner some idea of the breadth of this great river. Shortly afterwards an "ark" floated by. This vessel differs from the flat-boat, keel-boat and broad-horn, in its construction. A solid oblong raft of timber, twelve feet wide, and fifty or sixty long, is the ground-work. On one end of it, is erected of rough boards, a sort of covered pen, for cattle and fowls. On the other side is a rude enclosure, roofed like a house, often containing a chimney, and in which the family live. If a farmer from the neighborhood of Pittsburg or Cin-

cinnati, sees a piece of land on the lower Mississippi, in one of his boating expeditions, which pleases him, he returns home, sells out, builds an ark, embarks with his family, and committing himself to the waves, after a voyage of five or six weeks, arrives at his new home, ties his ark to a tree, removes his house, stock and family to dry land, commences chopping down the forest, opens a wood-yard, becomes thrifty, buys negroes, grows rich, and is at last a planter. Many of the first families in the south-western country, after travelling to Pittsburg from the Atlantic cities, have committed themselves to an ark, and so come to this country. We have passed two of these floating houses to-day. On the last one, was an old grey-headed man, and an equally ancient female, comfortably clothed in coarse materials, sunning themselves, and smoking their pipes, in the low space left on the bottom of the ark between the dwelling and the stock-pen. A middle-aged stout yeoman in a long-tailed blue jean coat, and snuff-colored trowsers, was standing barehead at the long paddle which served as a helm, shading his eyes with his hair as he stared at our passing boat. Two women in caps, and coarse, but tidy gowns, were seated near him on the top of the dwelling (which was the upper deck of the ark) knitting. Half a dozen white-headed urchins (Mem: all country urchins are white-headed,) were crowded in a low door, straining their eyes at the grand steamboat, and three or four large dogs, equally curious, were gazing at us from the top of the cowpen. A fire burned on the bottom of the ark, between the two habitable divisions; the hearth was a rude pile of bricks, with an old stove-pipe for chimney. The pot was boiling, and a third female was preparing the evening meal. Two strapping fellows in their shirt-sleeves, working mechanically, but idly, at an oar, two or three chickens, and a proud cock strutting about, a lamb, which appeared licensed to stray from the pen, as a pet, the head of a good-natured looking cow protruding from a window, completed the whole. It was altogether so pretty a picture of domestic happiness, that I could not help looking upon it with feelings of envy.

The flat-boat is somewhat similar in its construction to the ark, which is the most primitive mode of navigation. The flat-boat is made to convey freight. It is a covered shed, five or six feet high, with a bottom sufficiently strong to sustain it, and impervious to water. This shed is covered by a double layer of boards, laid so as to be water-tight, and bent over a ridge pole, running through the centre from stem to stern, so as to form a curve sufficient to shed rain. A portion of the boat at the bows, which are square, is set off for a caboose and sleeping-place for the hands, of which there are usually from four to six. The remainder is filled with freight. Some of these boats will carry from eight to twelve hundred barrels of flour; when light, they draw but six or eight inches, but when loaded, two feet and a half. Some of them are laden altogether with flour, others with horses, others with sheep, or pork, alive, and in barrels, fowls, cattle, and produce of all kinds; some are even freighted with negroes, purchased in Virginia, and embarked at Guyandotte on the Ohio. When flat-boats are unladen of their freight, they are sold for what they will bring,



which is from twenty to sixty dollars, and the owners return home for ten dollars on a steamboat. Keel-boats are not so commonly seen now, as formerly. They are in number, about as one to ten, compared with flat-boats. They are of similar construction to the freighting canal-boats, and used for the same purposes. They are sometimes assisted in descending the river, by a square-sail, and altogether, cut a better figure than the ark or flat-boat. Before the introduction of steamboats, the keel-boat was the sole medium of river commerce. Leaving it to freight in New Orleans, and re-loading with purchased articles (both comforts and luxuries) it was propelled up the Mississippi, with great labor, by poleing along the banks of the river, and laying to every night. A voyage from Pittsburg to New Orleans, at that period, often consumed five months. It can now be made in thirty days. The keel-boats are now disposed of with its cargo, at New Orleans, being in great demand as oyster-barges, for which, with some change, they are admirably fitted. The broad-horn is only a larger and squarer species of flat-boat. The river has been very rough all the afternoon, and at this time, a gale is blowing, in which, at sea, I should run under close-reef topsails. There is considerable motion to the boat, and two or three fresh water passengers are complaining of feeling a slight degree of sea-sickness! Sea-sickness on the Mississippi, five hundred miles above its mouth! Nevertheless, the boat rocks, the joints of the cabin creak, the lamps swing from side to side, the wind wars, and the waves show white caps, and we are in the midst of a regular gale of wind. The surface of the country through which we are sailing, is, for a hundred miles, only a few feet above the level of the river, and the wind sweeps over it as it would over a sea. The only alternative a boat has, when caught, is to drive before it as far as the course of the river will allow, tie to the shore, or lay to, and drift. This last method is dangerous, if the boat is light in freight, as all western steamboats are double-deckers, they expose a high and broad surface to the wind, and are in danger of being upset. This happened to a boat two or three years ago, while lying to; it was struck abeam, and turned completely upside down. To run in shore in a high wind, is still more dangerous, as few places can be found where trees do not overhang the water. These trees are constantly falling, and threaten, by falling upon the boat, greater danger than the hurricane! In 1835, I was ascending the river in the steamer *Black Hawk*, when, as we were running close to the shore, a large cotton-tree fell across the boat, cutting through the upper to the main deck, wounding three men, and doing great injury to the boat. Similar accidents have happened to other boats. Steamers are constantly running, and trees hourly falling, and it is wonderful so few accidents of this kind happen.

As there is no safety in lying to, as running before the wind is not always possible, and running ashore still more dangerous, what shall be done? may be asked. The only thing I can suggest, is to trust to fortune in a gale of wind, as we do when we think of the boilers bursting.

Another man has just fallen overboard and drowned.

He was drawing water with the bucket, which pulled him, (as the boat was moving rapidly,) off into the water, there being no railing to prevent his falling. The cry was raised, the engine stopped, the boat let down, and with two men, put off after him. By this time the poor fellow was a hundred yards a-stern, the wind was high, and we were going dead before it. From the hurricane deck, I once saw him raise his arm above water, and then his hat, dancing upon the waves, was only visible. This was picked up, and the boat at length returned without him, and we were once more under weigh. As the bell rung to start again, the bell rung for tea, and in a few seconds the passengers were too busy taking care of themselves to think of any body else, particularly of a fellow just drowned. He was a deck passenger, and a German. *Three hundred silver dollars were tied around his waist* in a sash, which sunk him at once. Poor fellow, he is gone! and his struggle for a miserable existence in this world, is over. There should be a law to protect the lives of steamboat passengers, and regulate the safety of steamboats. Both of the accidents which have happened, might have been prevented by a railing.

A half hour after leaving Rodney, which presented a very pretty appearance from the river as we sailed away from it, we were once more winding between the level shores, which gives a peculiar character to the Mississippi; the forests immediately bordering the river, principally of the cotton-wood tree, which possesses no beauty of form, although its foliage is dense, and at this time, of a delicate green color. Our steamer run close into the land, crossing from point to point, to keep the convex side of the bends, as all boats do on ascending this river. In descending, they keep the middle of the stream, and move with a velocity twice as great as in the ascent. We passed some fine cotton plantations, which, a few years ago, were a portion of the forest. There was an air of substantial comfort in the well-built villages or quarters for the negroes, the large "gin" and neat dwelling-houses of many! but for one well-ordered plantation, we passed five which were as crude as log-cabins, fields filled with stumps and scathed trees, ragged negroes, ill-clothed, and sickly-looking men and slattern women could make them. I was struck with the appearance of one planter's residence, the prettiest for fifty miles above Natchez. The front was formed of two neat white cottages with piazzas, and separated by an open space of about ten yards, and connected by a paved walk. From the rear of both cottages a line of rooms extended seventy feet back, which were occupied by the servants, and as dairies, granaries, carriage-houses, stables, etc. The dwelling and out-houses formed nearly four sides of a square area; all the doors opening into it. It was constructed nearly on the plan of Prince Murat's Italian villa, near Bordentown, and is, I think, the model of a planter's house. A young gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, with a segur in his mouth, a newspaper in his hand, his legs thrown over the balustrade, with a fine large dog dozing beside him, was enjoying his after-dinner ease on the gallery, while near him, with his chair tipped back against the side of the house, his feet upon its rounds,

and also smoking, sat very much at his ease, a stout, rough-looking man, whom I set down for the overseer or "factor," as Madame Trollope is pleased to christen them. The sun was warm—it was after dinner—the smoke curled lazily over their heads—the dog was asleep—no one was moving about, and altogether, there was an air of Mississippian ease and comfort in the scene, which was remarkably characteristic; an indolent female slave coming out to hand her master a glass of water upon a small waiter as we were going past, completed the picture.

We have passed several steamboats to-day, some laden with cotton, on their way to New Orleans, the bales piled up so high on the guards, that the boats were almost entirely hid; the whole mass presenting a shape that challenges comparison, resembling a steamboat as much as a cloud resembles a camel or a whale.

About an hour ago I was standing on the forward deck, about to level my rifle at a duck seated upon the water, a good long shot ahead, when some one cried out, a man overboard. We hastened aft, but he had sunk, and the boat was not stopped; perhaps not twenty out of two hundred deck and cabin passengers, knew the circumstance, and in five minutes it was entirely forgotten. He was a deck passenger, without name or friend. In endeavoring to get forward, he had lost his balance, and fell off, not over the guards, for there is no balustrade from stem to stern of the lower guard; if there had been, the poor fellow might have still been safe on board. "By George," said one of the hands, renewing his quid, "Dutchmen and sojers are always tumbling overboard. I was one time on a steamer, and we had half a regiment of sojers aboard. Well, such Jonny Raws you never seen. Drunk all the time, an' when they wa'nt drunk, fighting. The first day, eighteen of 'um fell overboard, and not one sinner of 'um was drowned, sink 'um; they had so much liquor aboard, no water could get in. The next day, twenty more tumbled *pitch*! into the water like so many clumsy alligators, and only one o' them was drowned; and that was cause as how he hadn't got his morning grog in his skin, seeing 'twas just at daybreak. But by Golly, I never knowed a Dutchman fall overboard yet, that want drowned dead as a herring." This was the only commentary I heard upon this accident.

We arrived at Grand Gulf about two hours before sunset. The appearance of this place from the river, as it is approached from the south, is extremely picturesque, if not romantic. It is situated on a plain of something more than a mile square, which is nearly surrounded by verdant hills, finely wooded. It is a place of great business, and in five years, from an unimportant landing-place, it has arisen to be a powerful rival to Natchez. This town is rapidly growing in wealth and importance, and already exercises a great influence over the commercial and financial affairs of the state. The community is wealthy and intelligent, and in the spirit of enterprise is not behind any town in the State of Mississippi. A rail-road will soon connect it with Port Gibson, and an extensive cotton region. When this medium of communication is completed, its commercial facilities will be equal to those of any other place above New Orleans. Natchez, Grand

Gulf and Vicksburg, all three are at present facilitating the intercourse with their markets from the cotton regions in their vicinities. Three years ago, a railroad was a chimera not to be thought of here. Now, with the Nashville and New Orleans road, there are seven constructing in the State. At the landing, the steamer Rocky Mountain was unloading railroad cars and iron tracks. The whole front street was stirring with busy people, and every thing wore an appearance of prosperity. The town of Grand Gulf, like most of those on the Mississippi, displays an assemblage of white painted stores fronting the river, and a collection of dwellings scattered over an area back. The stores are generally two stories high, with square fronts, so as to give them, when viewed from the river, the appearance of having flat roofs; the houses are in cottage form, painted white, with little ornamental yards and vegetable-gardens around them. The population of Grand Gulf is less than one thousand.

Original.

# THE FLOWER OF INNOCENCE; HEUSTONIA CERULEA.

BY MRS. SEDRA SMITH.

THERE is a flower, a simple thing—  
But dear, most dear to me—  
And midst a thousand gayer flowers,  
That fairest still will be.  
It dots the ground with star-like gems  
About my place of birth—  
And there, where'er the sod is green,  
'Tis smiling from the earth.  
It comes when wakes the pleasant spring—  
When first the earth is green—  
Four white, or pale blue leaves it hath,  
With yellow heart between.  
It loves to deck the grassy bank,  
That slopes a-down the brook;  
For there, it takes a deeper blue,  
And there, a gayer look.  
But when it grows on sod exposed,  
Its leaves are small and white—  
As if the modest flower grew pale  
Amidst the glare of light.  
It grows about a heap of stones,  
For there the dew will stay—  
It springs beside the dusty road,  
Where children are at play.  
Yes, every where about the fields,  
Is seen the pretty thing—  
And always shall I think of it,  
When wakes the smiling spring.  
And now, though I may see it not,  
When spring-time is at hand—  
I bless thee, loved, and natal flower,  
E'en from a distant strand.  
We call thee Innocence, sweet gem,  
And well it thee beseems,  
For thou wilt ever cherished be,  
With childhood's sinless dreams.

Original.

## HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.

—  
HEROISM OF JEHOSEBA.

"As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them."—ISA. 3, 12.

MAN calls himself the Lord of Creation; yet, powerless and fragile as woman may appear, she hath ever borne equal sway with him over the destinies of the world.

In my former numbers, we have seen how efficient was woman in saving, or shielding her country or friends. In the present number, another heroic female will be displayed—but this picture will require darker shades, for, at her side are two others, who, instead of being, as designed by God, "helpers meet for man," were his ruthless destroyers.

At the period of my story, Judea was divided into two kingdoms, Israel and Judah. Each kingdom saw itself under the despotic sway of a woman. Jezebel reigned in Israel, and Athaliah, her daughter, in Judah—both women of lawless passions and haughty spirit, and, withal, idolatrous worshippers of Baal and Astaroth.

These were only queens dowager—for, Joram, the son of Jezebel, was sovereign of Samaria, and Athaliah's son, Ahaziah, governed Jerusalem. Being much engaged in wars with Edom and Syria, their country was left to the tender mercies of these fierce and cruel women. They were universally detested; but, the people, knowing there was no redress, submitted in silence. Jezebel's persecution of the holy prophet Elijah, after his signal defeat of the prophets of Baal, is well known. "So let the gods do to me, and more also!" said Jezebel to Elijah, by a messenger, "if I make not thy life as the life of one of the prophets thou hast slain, by to-morrow morning!" Elijah fled into the wilderness, and threw himself down beneath a juniper tree, where he prayed to die, rather than to live under the sway of that cruel woman. Her wicked and unjust conduct towards Naboth, united all classes against her, and accelerated her doom.

Naboth possessed a vineyard, which joined the grounds belonging to one of Ahab's palaces, in the vicinity of the city of Jezreel. This vineyard Ahab offered to buy, that he might make it an herb-garden; but, Naboth, unwilling to sell, refused. Ahab persisted: Naboth continued firm, telling the king it was contrary to law to sell his land, as it was said in Leviticus, "The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." Ahab was not used to disappointment—and, being a weak man, it preyed upon him until he was quite ill. His wife, Jezebel, sought him while lying in this mood upon his bed. "Why is thy spirit so sad, Ahab," she said; "why eatest thou not?"

"I am sore vexed," he answered sullenly. "I have asked Naboth for his vineyard, and he refuses, because, forsooth, he will not sell the inheritance of his fathers."

Jezebel gazed upon him with the utmost scorn. "What! art thou the ruler of Israel, or is Naboth!" she said. "Arise! eat bread and be merry—I will give thee the vineyard of this insolent Naboth." Jezebel swept haughtily out of the room to execute her cruel orders.

That day she caused a fast to be proclaimed, because wrong had been done in the city, which needed punishment. Naboth was then brought forth before the people, accused by two of the hirelings of Jezebel, of blaspheming God and the king. He was, of course, convicted, and carried without the city and stoned to death. Ahab took possession of the land of the murdered Naboth.

God sent Elijah to Ahab and Jezebel, to reproach them for their wickedness, and uttered prophecies of their downfall, which, we shall see, were afterwards fulfilled.

—  
Upon the side of a hill, in the land of Syria, stood an ancient man, leaning upon his staff, apparently resting after a toilsome march. He wore a mantle of goats' skin, while a long white beard fell down to the leathern girdle which bound his waist. He gazed sadly upon the scene which lay stretched out beneath him; although, it was lovely enough to raise a smile of admiration from even him, anchorite as he was. He stood upon one of a large circle of hills, bearing every hue and altitude, and enclosing a vast plain, watered by the two lucid streams, Abana and Parphar, and bearing in its centre a large and glorious city. It was Damascus, which reposed upon the centre of the green plain, like a snowy water-lily, wafted upon its verdant leaves. Temples and palaces of marble and ivory, adorned with gleaming gold, arose within its walls, and were reflected in the brilliant stream below. Towards this city was Elisha, the prophet, sent, to fulfil the mission of God.

"Oh, Damascus!" he said, sadly, "beautiful art thou to behold; but, out of thee shall come a sword, which shall bring my country low. Alas! Israel is ripe for punishment, and the wrath of the Lord cannot be staid." A young man arose from beneath an olive tree, where he had been reposing, and approached the prophet. "My son," said Elisha, "thou seest before thee Damascus, the city of Benhadad, king of Syria. Here I am sent to anoint Hazael king, that he may be God's avenger upon Israel, who worship Baal and the golden calf, instead of Jehovah."

"God's purpose is not, then, to send Benhadad."

"No, my son; he is so convinced of God's power, by his forced flight from before Samaria, that he fears the God of Israel."

"Unhappy land! will thy sufferings never cease!"

"Never! until they throw away their idols, and serve the living God."

The rumor, that the celebrated prophet Elisha had taken up his abode upon the hill of Damascus, was soon carried to the ears of the king. He had ever held the holy man in reverence since his memorable defeat, prophesied by him; and now, being ill, sent to know if he should recover or not.

One morning Elijah left his cave, and gazed abroad. A long procession of camels and men were crossing the plain, from the city, towards the hill upon which he dwelt. Elijah knew it was sent to him, and awaited the train's approach. A man, richly clothed, alighted from a camel, and threw himself at the prophet's feet. It was Hazael, one of the principal lords of Benhadad, king of Syria.

"Oh, Elisha! Holy prophet!" said Hazael, "I came from thy son, Benhadad, king of Syria. He lieth in bed ill, and hath sent me to ask thee if he shall recover of this disease. See—here are forty camels, loaded with all that is rich and rare of Damascus, which my master lays at thy feet, hoping thou wilt deign to look into the future, for him."

Elisha looked for a long time mournfully upon Hazael, for, by his prophetic power, he saw in him the ruthless conqueror of Israel. "Go tell thy lord he will not die of this disease"—at last, he said; "and yet, I foresee, he will die of a more cruel death."

Elisha gazed upon Hazael, until the tears ran down his aged cheek; and then, turning from him, the man of God wept bitterly.

"Why weepest thou, my Lord?" asked Hazael, rising.

"Alas, Hazael! it is because I can foresee all the evil which thou wilt do to the children of Israel. Thou wilt burn their strong holds, and slay men, women, and even children, in the cruelest manner."

"What! am I a dog, that I should do this thing!"

"Yea, Hazael. The Lord hath shown me thou shalt be king of Syria, in place of Benhadad." We know not what spirit we are of, until we are tried. Solomon saith, 'He that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool.'"

As Hazael returned over the plain, he sank into deep musing. He should be king of Syria! How his ambitious heart leaped within him at the thought! And the conqueror of Israel!—but he would be a merciful conqueror, and Elisha should find he was not so wicked as he imagined. Elisha had prophesied Benhadad should die, and he would quietly await that event.

"What said the prophet?" asked the feeble Benhadad.

"He told me, thou shouldst surely recover of this disease."

This joyful news so excited Benhadad, as to act favorably upon him, and before the night he was nearly well. Hazael began to grow uneasy. He doubted the truth of Elisha—and, forgetting his resolution of awaiting his master's predicted death, and not willing to rely upon God's will, he determined to murder the king. Early in the morning, ere day had yet appeared, and all the palace asleep, Hazael crept softly into the king's chamber. The old man lay in the heavy slumber of an exhausted invalid. Hazael dipped a thick cloth in water, and pressed it upon the king's face until the spirit had fled. Then, when the murderous deed was executed, and Hazael was gazing upon his victim, did the words he had spoken to Elisha, the day before, occur to him—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing!"—and Hazael saw he had not read his heart aright. "But, now that I have begun, I must go on!" he said, bitterly. "Away to my soldiers!—they must proclaim me king." Hazael was anointed king of Syria.

The words of Elisha, regarding Hazael, were soon proved to be prophetic. He ravaged Israel with fire and sword, and brought upon the country all the evils which Elisha had predicted. Joram, the son of Jezebel, and Ahaziah, Athaliah's son, united their forces and besieged Hazael in the city of Ramoth Gilead, which he had lately conquered. Various skirmishes took place; in

one of which, Joram was severely wounded, and returned to his mother, at Jezreel, to be cured of his wounds. Ahaziah followed him, leaving the army in command of Jehu, a man of great valor, and a skilful soldier. God's purposes were not yet fulfilled upon the wicked house of Ahab: by his humility, he averted the evil from himself, but the time was come to destroy the rebellious race from the land. Elisha was commissioned to anoint Jehu king, in place of Joram, king of Israel. He sent the young prophet, who had attended him to Damascus, to fulfil the mission.

According to his instructions, the youthful prophet repaired to Ramoth Gilead. Jehu and the other captains were feasting in the guard-room, when the prophet entered. "I have an errand to thee, oh, captain!" he said.

"Unto which of us?" asked Jehu.

"Even to thee, Jehu, son of Jehosaphat!"

Jehu arose and followed the prophet into an inner room. The prophet opened a horn of perfumed oil, and poured it on his head, saying—"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: 'I have anointed thee king over Israel. Thou shalt be my avenger, to smite the house of Ahab. And thou shalt avenge me of Jezebel, who hath shed the blood of my servants. The dogs shall eat her in the portion of Jezreel!'" His mission over, the prophet opened the door and disappeared.

Jehu returned thoughtfully to the feast.

"Is all well?" asked one of the guests—"What said this mad fellow to thee?"

"Surely ye know him and his communication," said Jehu; "ye have sent him."

"Indeed, we know not. Tell us what he said."

"He hath anointed me king over Israel, in place of Joram, my master."

Jehu was a favorite with the soldiers, and the son of Jezebel was hated; so that they joyfully received the news, and determined to proclaim him at once. For want of a throne, they covered the stairs, which ran up outside the house, with their scarlet mantles, and, placing Jehu on high, sounded upon their trumpets, and proclaimed Jehu king of Israel.

The warder upon the watch-tower of Jezreel reported to Joram the approach of a body of horse and chariots. Joram knew not whom they were, or if they came in peace or war.

"Let some one go out to meet them, and ask the leader if he come in peace," said the king.

The horseman approached Jehu, who was standing in his chariot. "Thus asks king Joram," he said: "Is it peace?"

"What hast thou to do with peace?" replied Jehu. "Get thee behind me."

The messenger did as he was ordered, and joined the train of Jehu. A second messenger was despatched, who also remained with the approaching party.

The city now became alarmed, and gathered upon the walls to watch the troop. Joram sent for the watchman, to inquire more particulars. "I know not who they be, my lord," he said; "but, their driving is like that of Jehu, the son of Jehosaphat, for he ever driveth furiously."

"It is Jehu," said the king, "and perhaps bearer of news from the army. Make ready the chariot, and I will ride out to meet him."

Joram and Ahaziah, each in his chariot, left the city, and met Jehu, just by the vineyard of Naboth, the Jezreelite. Then sank the heart of Joram within him, when he recollected it, for many prophets had denounced judgments against him and his house, for the great iniquity of his father and mother. The chariots stopped.

"Is it in peace thou comest, Jehu?" asked Joram.

"What peace is there for any," said Jehu, "when the wickedness and witchcraft of thee and thy mother, Jezebel, are so many?"

"Treason!—Treachery!—Oh, Ahaziah!"—cried Joram, and turned to fly, but, an arrow from Jehu, the avenger, brought him low, and he sank down dead in his chariot.

"Throw him upon the field of Naboth," said Jehu, to his captain, Bidkar. "Now have the words of the Lord come to pass, which thou and I heard when we rode behind Ahab: 'I have seen the blood of Naboth,' said the prophet; 'and I will revenge me here, in this very field,' saith the Lord."

When Ahaziah, king of Judah, saw the deed, he fled; but was pursued by the people of Jehu. "Smite him also in his chariot," cried the avenger, and Ahaziah was soon dead. "Bury him," said Jehu, "for he is the son of the good Jehosaphat, but deserves death, for his mother's sake, and because he joined himself with the ungodly Joram." The news of the king's death spread consternation over Jezreel, and they beheld the conqueror's entrance with fear and trembling. His errand, however, was not to the people, but to their rulers. He sought the palace of Jezebel.

Jezebel inhabited the ivory palace which her husband, Ahab, had built. She had decked herself out, and painted her face, in order to dazzle the conqueror, and stood at a window awaiting his approach. Upon her head she wore a golden net, or caul, surrounded by a gauze shawl, as a turban, while chains and ornaments of gold hung over her cheeks, her neck and arms, and little golden bells tinkled at her feet. But, in vain were all these mufflers, crimping-pins, and rings, and jewels called in play: they could not avert her fate. In spite of her design to win Jehu, her natural evil temper broke forth, and, in a taunting accent, she cried out, "Thou wilt repent this deed, Jehu! Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"

Jehu looked up at the windows, which were crowded with slaves and attendants. "Who is on my side? Who!" cried Jehu. Many voices called out their willingness to join him. "Throw down, then, that wicked woman. Let the dogs eat her, according to the words of the prophet." They threw her down, and Jehu rode over her. "Go, and bury her," he said, afterwards, "for she is a king's daughter." And the words of the prophet were fulfilled!

Eager for sovereign power, and devoid of natural feeling, Athaliah resolved, when she heard the death of her son, to seize upon the throne. The natural heirs, however, stood in her way; and these, although they were her own grand-children, she doomed to death.

Jehosheba, the sister of Ahaziah, by another mother, was a woman of great and good qualities, and tenderly attached to her brother. She wept sorely for his death, and acted a mother's part to his young orphans. She was wife of Jehoiada, the high priest of the temple, and lived with him within the precincts of the holy house. "Ahaziah hath been some time dead," she said one day to her husband, "and I have not seen any preparations towards anointing his son as king in his stead. Canst thou tell me, Jehoiada, why it is not done?"

"Hadst thine illness not prevented thee from visiting the palace, Jehosheba, thou wouldst have known"—replied the high priest, in a sad accent.

"What! is the young Zerron dead?" she asked, in alarm.

"Not yet," said her husband, gloomily. "Now that thou art strong enough to hear the terrible news, know that Athaliah hath seized upon the sovereign power, and hath imprisoned the young princes in the palace!"

This was a great shock to the tender heart of the princess. "Alas! my sweet young nephews!" she said, while tears bedewed her face, "they are in the hands of a cruel tigress! Can we not do something, Jehoiada? Let me go to Athaliah, and surely she will listen to my prayer, and let them depart to their uncle's, or to my care, for, I fear me, she will not yet be satisfied with this cruelty."

"No, Jehosheba, seek not Athaliah. Thy prayers, be well assured, cannot soften the heart of that accursed woman."

"She surely will not imprison all those noble young princes for life!"

"Alas! their lives will not be long, I fear!"

Jehoiada turned from his wife's tears, and retreated to the temple. Here he bent in prayer to God, that he would look in pity upon Judah, and avert from it the threatened evil. For Jehoiada had not revealed to Jehosheba the fact of the intended massacre of the innocent princes, which had been told him in confidence, that morning, by the captain of the royal guard.

That night, Jehosheba, unable to sleep, arose and walked in the marble court before her apartment. There she remained some time, reflecting upon the situation of her nephews, to whom, particularly the young Joash, then just a year old, she was very much attached. She could not rest easy without doing something for them, and was busily resolving plans for their benefit, when she was aroused by the sound of trampling horse, and rattle of armor. She ascended to the wall, and beheld a troop of soldiers enter the palace gate. Soldiers at midnight!—her heart sank, and she fell back against the parapet in a cold tremor.

What could it mean! Some deadly event was in progress, and her thoughts turned with affright towards the royal children. But Athaliah could not be so cruel—so wicked! A sudden shriek as from a death-stroke, awoke the silence of night. Jehosheba started as if her own heart had been pierced. She turned toward the palace, where a miserable scene met her view; from the balconies and terraces of the women's apartments, were children and females rushing apparently in the wildest affright. Some soldiers ran in pursuit of them, whom

the wretched princess recognised as the queen's own band, who were notorious as performing every bloody deed which the queen might dictate.

The cries of children and women almost aroused the princess to madness, for she doubted not the cruel Athaliah had given over the young princes to slaughter. Could she stand there and look on without helping them! But what availed her feeble arm against those ruthless men. Jehosheba rushed from the wall, and had nearly regained her apartment, when another loud wail arrested her steps, and she determined, at whatever risk, to seek the palace, and endeavor to save one of her nephews. There was a private way built by Solomon, which led to the palace, and over this, Jehosheba wildly rushed, resolving to die with, or save her nephews. She sought the women's apartments, and found the court filled with soldiers.

"You cannot pass in, lady," said one.

"Away! I am the Princess Jehosheba!"

At the majestic wave of her hand, the soldiers gave way. A dreadful sight met her eye on entering the rooms. Dead and dying children and nurses, who had faithfully defended them, were lying around. Bloody and brutal soldiers opposed her path, but Jehosheba struggled through, for she had thought of the infant Joash, and sought to conceal him, at least. The deadly deed would have been over ere this, but there were a few devoted servants of the house of David, who resisted the soldiers' bloody purpose. All were killed except those in the last apartment. At the door stood two faithful eunuchs, disputing the soldiers' entrance. Jehosheba endeavored to force her way through.

"Forbear, princess," cried one of the eunuchs, "the fiends will kill you, also."

Jehosheba was not to be daunted. She dodged through their swords, and entered the apartment. She gazed wildly around; there were several children and young persons there, of the royal blood, all weeping and clinging to their attendants in the greatest terror.

Cowering in a corner, sat a nurse, pressing in her arms an infant. It was the young Joash, now the only living child of Ahaziah. Jehosheba seized the infant, and concealing it under the wrapper she wore, beckoned the nurse to follow, and rapidly left the room. The faithful eunuchs were dead, and the soldiers, busy with their prey, cared not to stop her, for they were not ordered to murder any except the royal children. Struggling through blood and ribald soldiers, and severely wounded, the heroine Jehosheba at last saw herself in the temple court.

Jehoiada was awakened from his slumber by sobs of anguish. He arose hastily, and beheld his beloved Jehosheba covered with blood, lying senseless upon the floor, while a strange nurse and infant were weeping over her.

Six years was Joash concealed in the temple; the secret of his escape from the massacre being only known to his aunt, uncle and nurse. In the temple, one was more secure than in any place in Jerusalem, for it was then only frequented by a few faithful Jews, the remain-

der of the people repairing to the idol fanes, which Athaliah had reared in many places. The glory had departed from the house of God; its gold was stripped off—its walls broken down, and the golden utensils decorated the altars of Baal. At the end of these six years, Jehosheba thought the favorite moment had arrived to restore Joash to the throne of his fathers. Athaliah, by her rapacity—her cruelty and unlicensed passions, was universally detested, and the people began to sigh for release from her tyranny. The measure of her iniquities was full, and God had commanded her downfall. Jehoiada, as a preliminary step, called to his council some of the Levites whom he could trust, and some officers who he knew were disaffected towards Athaliah. After swearing them to secrecy in the temple, he revealed to them the fact of the existence of one of the royal princes. They were all rejoiced at the news, and vowed to serve him, and place him upon the throne. These were commissioned to go to the several towns and cities of Judah, and collect all the Levites who had been dispersed, and send them to the temple. All the nobles of Judah who had fled from Athaliah's tyranny, were also to be let into the conspiracy. All was ready. The day, a festival day, arrived, and the people summoned by the High Priest, on pretence of an unusual fast, crowded the courts before the temple. Each one who was in the secret, was instructed in his part. They were divided in three bands—one at the court gate, and one at the outer gate. The courts were filled with people, who awaited in silence the commencement of the religious ceremonies of the day. Jehoiada, the High Priest, entered the upper court from a side cloister, leading by the hand a young boy of seven years, and followed by the Princess Jehosheba and his nurse. The High Priest advanced to the head of the steps leading to the lower court, that all might behold him.

"Ye men of Judah!" he said, "ye have heard how our God hath sworn he will establish the throne of David for ever, and hath said David shall never want an heir to his throne—then why suffer ye the daughter of Jezebel the seed of Sidon, on the throne of our glorious king." A murmur of astonishment interrupted Jehoiada. "Men of Jerusalem, I have called ye here this day to know if ye will serve Baal or Jehovah."

"We will worship the Lord our God!" cried several voices.

"And I have called ye here to know," continued Jehoiada, "if ye will serve the daughter of Jezebel, or a son of David!"

"Down with Athaliah!" exclaimed a few who were in the secret.

"Behold, then, this youth. It is Joash, your lawful prince, the son of Ahaziah, saved from the massacre by the heroism of his aunt, the Princess Jehosheba, who, with the prince's nurse, are here to corroborate the tale."

Loud acclamations of joy from all, which seemed to come from the heart, resounded from the throng. The High Priest then placed the prince by the marble column, the usual stand of the king when in the temple, and after anointing him with the holy perfumed oil, placed the diadem of David upon his head. Then the silver trum-

pets sounded, the sweet singers of Israel burst into hymns of praise, and the joyous multitude shouted, "God save the king!"

Athaliah, like all tyrants, was of a very suspicious nature. Her spies had informed her of the unusual concourse in the temple, and she had been uneasy the whole morning. Aroused by the shouts and clangor of trumpets, she repaired to the temple through the king's passage; and when there, a blasting sight met her view. Placed in the centre of that gloomy court, was a crowned king, around whom stood a circle of armed guards; while the people were crowding to kneel and do homage to the son of David. The striking resemblance of the noble child to her son, Ahaziah; the presence of Jehosheba and his nurse, whom she recollected, revealed to her the truth—the boy had been secretly reared, and the people had conspired to place him upon her throne. The most demoniac passion took possession of her. She stamped and tore her robes—"Rebellious wretches!" she cried, "tortures shall follow this! Ho! my guards! treason! treason!"

"Take that accursed woman hence!" said the High Priest, "and slay her without the temple."

Athaliah was slain, and Josiah reigned in her stead. In future years, when the priests and the Levites gazed upon their glorious temple renewed and repaired by their pious prince, and the people were sunning themselves in the peace and plenty which filled the land, they united, first in praising God for his mercies, and next to him, the good Princess Jehosheba for her heroism.

E. R. S.

Original.

## THE PROGRESS OF A SOUL.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

LIT by the Creator's hand,  
By his breath to brightness fanned;  
Weak, and scarce discerned at birth,  
Comes the pilgrim soul to earth.  
Shinest within the bark's frail frame,  
Never dreaming whence it came!  
Never dreaming of the powers  
Slumbering in its depths—the seeds  
Of many words, and thoughts, and deeds,  
Never knowing how it feeds,  
Never counting passing hours;  
Yet every day increased and brightening,  
Which must fetter it whilst here.  
Wanderer thro' this darkened sphere;  
Yet though earthly ties are round it,  
Though the shroud of clay hath bound it,  
Still it struggles to be gone—  
On, on, on!

Through the infant's wailing sadness,  
And its gleams of quiet gladness,  
Soon of inward thoughts and feelings,  
Come the short but sure revealings;  
When it clasps the offered flower,  
Finding beauty's thrilling power—

When its eye will clearly scour  
Commoner things with look intense,  
Grown hath the intelligence,  
That shall after be the sense  
Of the full-grown careful man.  
Then is it for ever striving  
With thought's ocean, floating, diving,  
Wondering, with most wondrous glee  
That such things indeed should be;  
Truths that on the surface lie  
Seems its own discovery;  
Might it but thus happy stay,  
Even in this stage delay.  
No! its task must all be done—  
On, on, on!

On! through all the cloudland, wrought  
From dreaming fancy mixed with thought.  
On, through all the heavier clouds,  
Where the lightning passion shrouds;  
Onward still to the clear air  
Of cloud and mist, and tempest bare;  
But is this the soul? alas!

What strains of dark and clinging clay,  
What dust has gathered by the way,  
What earthly fire is in its ray;  
It may no farther pass!  
Upwards it hath passed till now,  
But its wings are drooping low,  
It cannot bear the clearer space  
That leadeth to a holy place  
In its fallen nature, see,  
Vain its struggle *up* must be;  
Yet that spirit cannot fly,  
From its immortality!

On, on, on! no stop, no rest!  
It is on earth a pilgrim guest,  
Not a dweller! all in vain!  
*Upwards* cannot pass the stain  
On its essence! But beside  
The pathway doth a fountain glide.  
Here that saddened pilgrim may  
Wash the darksome stain away,  
And drink, from that eternal spring,  
Draughts that shall sustain its wing,  
Till it reach the bright abode  
Of Him who traced its upward road—  
Its Maker and Redeemer—God!  
Where the tree of life doth grow—  
Where the living waters flow—  
It shall rest—no more disturbed,  
No wild passions to be curbed—  
No more strugglings to be gone—  
On, on, on!

Liverpool, England, 1839.

He that can give little assistance himself, may yet perform the duty of charity by inflaming the ardor of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant, to those who have more to bestow.

Original.

SKETCHES BY LAMP-LIGHT.—No. II.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE NEW-ENGLANDERS.

THE New-Englanders are, in sooth, a *peculiar* people, and somewhat over-zealous of good works. In the first place, notwithstanding all that others have said of them, and all that they have said of themselves, they have a decided character; and not only a decided, but a *national* character;—a character, which, though not well understood any where, is acknowledged every where; and is, in fact, such as to set them apart from every other people and kindred and tongue, on the face of the earth, not excepting the Jews—whom they certainly do resemble in their history, if not in their character; nor the Scotch, whom they are supposed greatly to resemble, if not in every thing, at least in all the great leading essentials of character; in their shrewdness, their coolness, their seriousness, their hardihood, unconquerable perseverance, and their thriftiness—not to mention their nigardliness and wariness, which we take to be any thing but characteristic of either people; just as the reputed nastiness of the Scotch, growing out of their own jokes, and the exaggerations of Auld Reekie, is no more characteristic of the Scotch than it is of the Irish or English, as a people.

Yes—a *peculiar* people, the New-Englanders are acknowledged to be, even among themselves; but, in what that peculiarity consists, and by what idiosyncrasies or individualities they are distinguished from every other people, or even from their brethren out of New-England, in the Middle, the Southern, and the Western States, would appear to be still unsettled. You may know a New-Englander, the moment you set eyes on him, as readily as you may an Irishman, or an Englishman; and the stage representations and caricatures of New-England notions, habits, opinions, and language, so common of late, have done much toward bringing the rest of the world acquainted with what they have taken it into their heads to call New-England character. But, is it so? Have they, as a people, any such well-defined and settled notions of Brother Jonathan, as of John Bull, or Pat, or Sawney, or the French impersonation of national character, as they get it through the wretched caricatures, the print-shops, and the boards of English theatres?—where the Frenchman is always represented as either a cook or a dancing-master, with spindle-shanks, a weazen face, powdered hair, a cocked hat, a queue, and, maphap, with a sword, and a white apron over his arm, bowing and smirking, and full of the most ridiculous self-complacency; while John Bull, *honest* John Bull, is always pictured with a huge red face, a bag-wig, a bottle nose, a warm waistcoat, a mug of porter, and a big paunch—*always* overflowing with bluff good nature, and a sort of robustious magnanimity; always ready for a quarrel, and just as ready for a make-up; boastful and brutish—without any suspicion that he is either, or that, if he was, it would be any body's business, or that honest John Bull would be any the worse for it—*honest* John Bull, who has beat forty French, and can beat forty more,

as they said in England, after Johnson came out alone with his Dictionary, while the whole forty of the French Academy—as the English people believe to this day—were only talking about theirs. Notions we have—but are they well-founded? Are they distinct and clear, and generally received? I am afraid not. Let us see, therefore, if something more definite and ship-shape may not be found—something of a substantial and *touchable* character—something, at least, which will bear to be represented in body-colors.

In the first place, then, be it understood every where—henceforth and for ever—that the New-Englanders, and they *only*, are the *Yankees*; and that no true Yankee ever was, is, or can be, born a single hair's breadth beyond the geographical boundaries of New-England;—which, be it further understood, is no longer the “*State*” of New-England, any more than Virginia is the “*island*” of Virginia,” as they have long supposed in the British House of Lords—but a confederacy, or sisterhood of republics, under the name of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. This truth—which persists, and will endure no exceptions whatever—even though both parents and all the progenitors of both may have been full-blooded Yankees, ever since the landing of the Fathers; and though the issue may have happened by accident or surprise, at a husking-frolic or a sleigh-ride, just over the line,—this truth, I say, lies at the very foundation of all genuine, hearty, unadulterate New-Englandism; though, out of New-England, it may be questioned, and at Edinburgh, where they put up Audubon, the ornithologist, for a *Yankee*, because he happened to be *born of French parents in St. Domingo*,—it is never acknowledged. No matter what may be said by Grotius, or Puffendorf, or Vattel, or Burlamaqui—we are a law to ourselves in this matter, and we should no more think of admitting the pretensions of a person to the dignity of unquestionable Yankeeism, merely because he happened to be born of Yankee parents in the house of our ambassador abroad, or within a fort, or on board a national ship, over which stars and stripes of Yankee-land happened to be floating at the time, than we should of adopting the issue of a cariboo, a beaver, a catamount, or a moose, whelped under similar circumstances.

Nor can this be wondered at, when you take it into view, all that we have suffered at home and abroad, as a people, by the presumption of those who are not, never were, and never can be Yankees, though born, perhaps, within a few yards of the right place—in the middle of a river, it may be, or *right across the line*. And then, too, just to think of what we have to put up with, from the unpardonable stupidity, the blundering ignorance, of the British Reviewers, and the House of Lords—with whom, as with the great multitude over sea, every living creature, born, no matter how, no matter where, and no matter *why*, within the territory of the United States—the woodchuck, beaver, and buffalo, hardly excepted—is a Yankee—a gincoyno Yankee: as if it were not bad enough to be supposed a nation of blacks or mulattos—our language, a gibberish—our religion, a hoax—and our government, a failure; as if the portraitures of Matthews, and Hackett, and Hill, were delineations of



*national* character—a faithful likeness of *Brother Jonathan*—instead of being what they are—ingenious and clever combinations of *individualities*, not always peculiar to the New-Englander—huddled together any how, to hang stories upon.

But, there is another reason why the genuine Yankees—the unadulterate, unquestioned, and unquestionable Yankees (mind you don't say *unquestioning*) should begin to look about and have an eye on what is left them of the heritage of their Fathers. Even by their brethren of this great confederacy of nations, the land of the Yankees, or Yankee-land, is always believed to be somewhere to the North and East of the South and West; but *where*, they have never taken the trouble to inquire, believing, as they do, in the South and West, that the surplus population of New England, get regularly starved out once in seven years, and forced into a new apprenticeship, of some sort or other, to some trade or other, whereby they may overreach all the rest of the world, the moment they have cut their teeth and set up for themselves, with a freedom-suit on their backs, and a pair of saddle-bags under the arm: with all such, New-England is that store-house of nations, you read of in Robertson's America, out of which is for ever flowing a barbarian torrent on the way to warmer latitudes. That such notions of our character should abound over sea, or that the people out of New-England should so misunderstand, or misrepresent our peculiarities—amiable weaknesses, at the worst—or, if you will, at the *best*—is not so very astonishing, after all; since the New-Englanders, themselves, though sorely puzzled to this day about the origin of the word Yankee, have begun to treat the whole question of Yankeeship, with all its privileges and immunities, yea, even its unqualified self-respect, and jealousy of all encroachment, as either incapable of being settled, or not worth the trouble. As if, in a word, it were too late now for any body to gainsay the established interpretation of the word—its reputed origin—or the peculiarities fathered upon us; or even to resist the alarming pretensions of our fellow-countrymen, who, when they go abroad, and are called Yankees, by the ignorant and perverse of other nations, have not the greatness of soul to acknowledge that they are *only* Americans; as if we had actually made up our minds to the fact, and settled down to the belief, that we are no longer what we have pretended to be;—as if we had accepted for ourselves and for our children's children, a divided birth-right, and were base enough to acknowledge that the word *Yankee* is nothing, after all, but a barbarous pronunciation of the word *English*, by the red barbarian; as thus—*English—Yingish—Yingees—Yangees—Yankees*. And this, notwithstanding a historical record, by no less a personage than Dr. Gordon himself, an eye-witness, you know, to most of the facts he mentions, and a most faithful ear-witness to the rest; who, in the first volume of his renowned History of the American Revolution, (p. 253,) gives the following account of the matter:

"You may wish to know the origin of the term *Yankee*," says he. "Take the best account of it which your friend can procure. It was a cant favorite word with farmer Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, (Massachu-

setts,) about 1713. Two aged ministers, who were at the College in that town, have told me they remembered it to have been in use among the students, but had no recollection of it before that period. *The inventor used it to express excellency*"—(mark that!) "A Yankee good horse, or Yankee cider, and the like, were, an *excellent* good horse, and *excellent* cider." Observe how this accords with its present applications. "But," proceeds the worthy Doctor—"The students used to hire horses of him: their intercourse with him, and his use of the term, upon all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of *Yankee Jonathan*. He was a worthy, *honest* man"—(Ah, ha!)—"A worthy, honest man," but *no conjurer*! How strangely misapplied now, that the Yankees are conjurers! "Why, as for our Josh," said a Yankee father, "he'll never set the river a-fire." "No, father," said Miriam, his daughter—"no—but then I *shouldn't* wonder if he was to *try*"—through the nose. "But," continues the Doctor, "This"—that Jonathan was no conjurer—"could not escape the notice of the collegiates. Yankee, probably, became a by-word to express a *weak, simple, awkward* person; was carried from college with them when they left it, and was, in that way, circulated and established throughout the country, (as was the case with respect to *Hobson's choice*, by the students at Cambridge, in Old-England—see Spectator, No. 509); till, from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up, and *unjustly applied* to the New-Englanders, in common, as a term of *reproach*."

Testimony like this, coming from a writer, who was no friend to New-England, nor to the cause of New-England, ought to be weighed with becoming seriousness. Originally employed, and by the inventor of the word himself, to express *excellency*, it came, at last, to mean, (unjustly, to be sure,) as the Doctor himself acknowledges, "*a weak, simple, awkward person*;" a *worthy, honest* man—but *no conjurer*. Lo! The progress of error! of injustice, and corruption! Let the antiquarians of the New World awake! Let them keep watch and guard over the little that is left to them of the past! Or, while the families of yesterday are quarrelling for precedence, with those of the day before, some of those precious testimonies may be overlooked, or forgotten, or trampled under foot! Just look at the change of meaning—where *words* are not only *things*, but two-edged things—wrought in the progress of only one hundred and twenty-six years. In 1713, the word *Yankee*, you see, meant *excellence, honesty, and worth*; after a while, it meant—such is the progress of corruption—a weak, simple, and awkward any thing; but *no conjurer*. And now, in 1839, at the end of little more than a century, it means, with the great mob over sea, and every where out of New-England, any thing but *honesty, simplicity, or worth*: and even here, in the very heart of New-England, almost any thing rather than *excellence*. Why should it be so! Why is it! To arms! fellow-countrymen, to arms! Let us vindicate the Yankee name—or perish, as the brutes perish!—trampled under the hoofs of the multitude!

But, when the inhabitants of the Old World take it upon them to call the inhabitants of the New World, or

a part of the New World, *Yankees*—do they mean to be civil, or otherwise? That's the question! Do they mean to say that we are weak, simple and awkward—right *worthy* creatures, but *no conjurers*? We rather guess not. And when the people of the South and West are setting themselves in array, generation by generation, against the swappers, and guessers, and squatters, of the North and East, with all their knick-knackery, and cuckoo-clockery, and wooden-nutmeggerly, did it ever enter their good-for-nothing heads, think you, that, by calling us Yankees, they were stigmatizing our *honesty*, our *worth*, and our general *excellence*? We rather guess not. Is it not, therefore, high time to call such things, as men, women, and children, by their right names?

What then, are the Yankees, the *real*, *ginooyne* Yankees? And what are they good for? Out of New-England, they are believed to be characterized by low cunning, or craftiness; by infinite resource; by affected simplicity—not *real*—that's a mistake; and by a most Jewish, or, if you will, Scottish aptitude for driving a bargain; or, in other words, for taking advantage of others, in a lawful way. And, even while they are likened to the Scotch, it is only in those very particulars for which that brave, industrious, thrifty, conscientious, and painstaking people are least loved by their hotter-headed, not warmer-hearted brethren of the South; in every other respect, they are supposed to be unlike.

Now, if—when it is said that the New-Englanders and the Scotch are alike, nothing more is meant, than that, like the Scotch, the Yankees have a character to lose—a character of their own, which, like the thistle that blossoms among the heather, it were dangerous for the ungauntlet, or ungloved, to meddle with irreverently; a character stamped with energy, and truth, and seriousness—a character peculiar to them as a people; and, therefore, that the Scotch and the Yankees are alike;—if that is all, there is no more to be said. We are ready enough to acknowledge the resemblance, and pecket the affront; and if the Scotch are the people we take them to be, they would off cape, at least, or mount a new eagle's feather.

But, if, instead of this—if they mean that we resemble the Scotch in the *distinguishing* and essential peculiarities of character—we say, go to!—and straightway do our best to bring them to their senses. In their history, origin, dress, language, looks, intonations, habits, opinions, superstitions, and political tendencies, the New-Englanders and the Scotch are essentially *unlike*. The New-Englanders are homogeneous—the Scotch are not. No other people of this country—no, or of any other country, indeed—are so. How unlike, indeed, are the Lowlanders and the Highlanders of Scotland;—almost as unlike as are the Irish and Scotch, or the English and the Welsh. Very few of the present race of New-Englanders have originated out of one household—from the people of Southern Europe, for example, or even from those of Northern Europe; such as have supplied other parts of our country, New York, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Neither the Dutch, nor the Swedes, nor the Germans, nor the Irish, have contributed to the population of New-Eng-

land: until within the last fifteen or twenty years, not a dozen families of Spanish, or Portuguese, or Italian origin, were to be found here; and not more than half a hundred French—and these were all confined to our seaports. The founders of New England were all, in fact, from Great Britain; and full ninety-nine hundredths were from *England*—*not* *Ireland*. So far from being Irish are they, that, *as a rule*, they look upon the Irish as little better than a *burthen*; having always been accustomed to see but the poorer sort of Irish, and those employed every where, on the veriest drudgery of the land. And, as to their being Scotch—they are not even willing to be thought *like* the Scotch, when seriously charged with the resemblance; a proof, certainly, that they are not *very* Scotch.

The history of New-England is of yesterday, as it were, and the names of the first settlers have not yet disappeared from the crumbling grave-stones; while the history of Scotland, like that of almost every other people on earth, save those of Botany Bay, Sierra Leone, and Siberia, is lost in the darkness of past ages. The language of New-England is hearty, old-fashioned English—with a deal of the wholesome strength, and roughness, and flavor of the *lusty* old Saxon, as you find it in the Bible, and among the earlier writers of Elizabeth, when our language was manly and stout, and the words were smacked off with a relish, I'll warrant ye; though uttered with a strange rapidity, at times—and, at other times, with a strange lengthening and loitering of the sounds, and almost always with a *twang*. Not so with the Scotch: their native language is a corruption; their adopted English—something worse—whatever they may believe to the contrary. Nor is it even possible for a Scotchman to *talk* English, however well he may write it; or, indeed, any other than his own language, and, perhaps, a little German. For the language of Southern Europe, he is entirely disqualified, both by his organs, and by his habits of speech. And so with our most unintelligible friends, the Irish. Nothing is more laughable to the well-trained ear of a New-Englander, than the *pure English* of a well-bred Irishman—except, perhaps, the *pure French* of a learned and eloquent Scotchman—dining out on his good behavior, and anxious to show off his unconquerable repugnance to the institutions of the people, among whom he may happen to find himself sober. As the Irish have the falling inflexion, and the Scotch the rising inflexion, so the genuine Yankees have a series of alternate inflexions, or slides—now up, and now down—by which they always betray themselves. It is the *Shibboleth* of the race, which they could not, if they would—and, therefore, would not, if they could—get rid of. With the primitive Yankee, afar from the sea-board, these inflexions are sometimes regular enough to become a sort of measured talking, or chant, not very unlike that of the Chinese, when they sing to their three-stringed guitars; that of the idol-worshippers at Owyhee; that of the Quakers in preaching; or that of the Italian improvisatori. I have been reminded, by all these, of the native Yankee, when I was thousands of miles from New-England; nay, more than once, by their monotonous chant; of a schoolmaster, who used to trounce me in my

boyhood; of people I have heard in the witness-box; and of the teamsters, or lumbermen, that flourish along the Kennebec river, and lie sprawling about in the sunshine for hours together, when boards are high and the waters low, talking about "Bob Lup," as they call him, and his brother Dick, and chattering away, the tormented critters! like all-possibles.

In their appearance they are very unlike the Scotch—having hardly a look in common with the true Highlander. Instead of a broad face, with high cheek bones, and a full chest, and a square frame, they are long-faced, and long-bodied, with a moderate breadth of chest, rather spare in the limbs—and, nineteen times out of twenty, if you get a fair sample, mere congeries of whip-cord, muscle and sinew. Great lovers of liberty, like the Scotch—they would sooner die, piecemeal, and rot in the public highway, than put up with such liberty, as the Scotch are proud of. The New-Englanders, like the Scotch, insist upon law and government; and, like the Scotch, are a proverb for their loyalty: but, then, it must be law of their own making, or they'll have none of it—a government which they themselves have established—and their loyalty is always to the work of their own hands. The New-Englanders were never *loyal*, as the Scotch are. They have always had too high an opinion of themselves—and too low an opinion of others—ever to be trampled into shape, even by Parliament;—and not all the Kings, Lords and Commons of Earth, would ever be able to tread them into such a union, as might leave them to be moulded, at some future day, into vessels of honor, or vessels of dishonor, at the pleasure of the potter. The New-Englanders were never willing to be governed by others: the Scotch have no higher ambition—and, to this day, are a by-word, throughout the world, for their loyalty and faithfulness—not to themselves, but to others.

Like the Scotch, the New-Englanders, or Yankees, are to be found every where—among all nations, and kindred, and tongues; driving their trade, whatever it may be, in every quarter of the globe, in every sort of business, in every city and village, in every ship and school, and in every island of the sea.

The New-Englanders are sometimes charged with a deficiency of imagination, of warmth, of enthusiasm and feeling. Yet, of all the poets the New World has produced, at least nineteen out of twenty were, and are, native-born New-Englanders—genuine Yankees, dyed in the wool. That they are deep-thinkers, pretty good scholars, good reasoners, and good writers, all are ready enough to acknowledge now; now, that they have obtained a reputation abroad, which the rest of their literary brethren are without. But whoever thought of saying a word for Yankee enthusiasm, or Yankee extravagance? They would seem almost a contradiction in terms! When do you ever hear the New-Englanders charged with that passionate waywardness, which is claimed to characterize the people of the South? And yet, waywardness, enthusiasm, and extravagance, and a spirit of headlong adventure—of unquenchable hope—are among the characteristics of a New-Englander. What, but enthusiasm, and the loftiest, yea, the most unconquerable, and inconceivable enthusiasm, and way-

wardness and extravagance, could have set all New-England in a blaze, but the other day, as it were—first, on the subject of Independence—then, of a war with France—then with Algiers—and then, of a second war with England;—in all which, there was just nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, if you withdraw these elements from the calculation; and, for enthusiasm, substitute worldly Prudence, or Thrift; and, for headlong waywardness and extravagance, substitute what is believed, out of New-England, to be the New-England character—believed in spite of history—nay, in spite of the most overwhelming body of proof that was ever accumulated within a like period of two hundred years, by any people on earth. Judging by the poets—and ignorant of the geography, the latitude, and the climate, of New-England—who would ever believe that it was *not* in the South; or, that it *was* in the North—in the frozen and barren North—in the desolate and rocky North,—that Louisbourg was besieged and carried, or that the war of the Revolution broke out! Were these, and fifty others I could mention, mere money-making adventurers! And yet, we are a selfish, and short-sighted, and cold-hearted people—without imagination or enthusiasm; and wholly given up to our idol—Thrift!

And so with commerce. Among what people do you see more of enterprise—or as much? Look at our shipping, our fisheries, our manufactures—all the growth, not of accident, from soil or sky, but of labor and perseverance; of long foresight—of courageous hope, and of generous enthusiasm. Ah! but these are all in the way of business. Where money is to be made, who questions the aptitude of the New-Englander? Be it so—but, what becomes of the *money*? That's the question, after all. *What becomes of the money*? Colleges every where—academies every where—hospitals, deaf and dumb asylums, and charitable institutions every where—monuments—*no where*—railroads, canals, bridges, cities, and navies, all busy, and all thriving; or multitudes, where there is no encouragement, laboring with the pen, at prose and poetry, all the year round, without reward, or the hope of reward—glad to work for nothing and find themselves;—if these things are not evidence of something more than a sordid, or short-sighted selfishness—if they are not evidence of *warmth*, and of a generous *enthusiasm*,—then were the monuments of Greece and Rome but worldly adventures—mere *speculations*—upon the purses of the rich. Considering our youth, our difficulties, and our comparative strength, we of New-England have done more than Greece or Rome ever did; yea, more than both together.

But, enough. The truth is, that the Yankee people, as a people, are wonderfully alike. Industrious, frugal, adventurous, and pains-taking, in general, they are sometimes exceedingly rash; nay, even romantic and visionary. Witness the merino sheep fever—the timber-land, granite, and mining fever,—all of which have passed over; and the mulberry fever, the worst type of the purple, spotted, or typhoid, which is just beginning to appear. So is it with every thing. The Patent Office in Washington is only an epitome of New-England—New-England herself, but a larger Patent Office, intersected

with woods, canals, and bridges. Our meeting-houses and whale-ships, our cotton-gins and school-houses, our steam-engines, saw-mills, and academies; our lunatic-asylums, razor-strops, and ploughs; our planting and washing-machines, are all set to work with the same steadfast seriousness. And what then? Why, much of it, after all, is only the surplus power of New-England—our *back water*, running to waste after the New-England fashion—employed, no matter how, so it is but *employed*, until we get time to look into the business, and turn every drop to a profitable account. We like to see every thing busy about us, and every body—and would rather have a child up to his neck in mischief, than idle.

But, we lack *taste*. So far from this being true—we are too timid by half, erring much more frequently on the side of fastidious needs, than of originality, ruggedness, or strength; sincerity and heartiness. Our literary style and our public buildings, and our habits, are all in proof. Afraid of being thought barbarians, northern barbarians, we are getting shy of our own impulses, and quake at the approach of an original thought. Our throes are getting to be premeditated, and will go for nothing after awhile, if they should happen to be irregular, unauthorized, or convulsive.

But, we lack imagination. Really! I want to know! Just look at the Poetry of New-England—always—until of late—always alive, and stirring with the diviner elements of the mind; full of high thought, and calm and beautiful strength, and often impassioned; sometimes vast, and powerful—and, as a common fault, abounding with illustration—overcrowded with picturing. Do these betray any want of imagination?

But, we are wanting in generosity. Take our charities, one by one—our colleges and schools, and public enterprises—and compare them with those of any people on earth, of our age, and with our resources.

But, the New-Englanders are ostentatious. Ah! Hunt for the records of their generosity. They are not to be found. The work is done—the charity established and *felt*—the name of the *patron* is hardly mentioned upon the subscription paper; the money is paid, and there is an end of the matter. It is never heard of more, unless by accidental association with his name. You see no blazonry upon the walls of churches, in Yankee land—no, nor inscriptions of gold, to tell you that A, B, or C, is a yearly subscriber, or a merciful patron, to this or that public charity, or institution. But they are self-satisfied—unwilling, or unable to profit by the experience or the teaching, the wisdom or the scholarship of others. Behold them covering the whole face of Earth, and compassing sea and land, year after year, only that they may return, at last, with their gleanings and their treasures, to the home of their Fathers—like the Swiss or the Scotch—there to enjoy themselves, after a life of drudgery or adventure, to help others, and sit down at last under the shadow of their own fig-tree, better and wiser men for all they have done or suffered in the acquisition of wealth. In all this, though they resemble the Scotch, they are unlike the rest of their countrymen, especially of the South and West; and, to say all in a word, are what they pretend to be—a *peculiar* people.

Original.

## THE LOST DIAMOND.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides."—KING LEAR.

"HAIL, pensive nun, devout and holy!

Hail, divinest melancholy!"

repeated Annette Allison, as she stole to the side of her friend, Cordelia Ruthven, and lightly touched her shoulder.

Cordelia, who had not finished her toilet, when she fell into her fit of melancholy musing, at the voice of the lovely Annette, raised her eyes and threw back the long chestnut hair, which, half veiling her face, fell in rich redundancy over the dressing-table on which she was leaning, and made an effort to smile, as she said, "I wish that I might have the privilege of becoming a nun, rather than to fulfil the far more unhappy destiny for which I am reserved."

"Yes, your destiny is unhappy," replied Annette. "That can be more so, than to be the affianced bride of a handsome, amiable, and talented young man of two and twenty, who is, moreover, rich as a Jew. Oh, it is shocking!"

"Yes, I know that Fame says all this of him; but Fame is a lady on whose veracity I can by no means depend. He was fourteen when he left this country for England, and then, I think he was coarse-looking instead of being handsome. If he has talent, I am glad for his own sake, but as for the riches he has in prospect, I sicken at the very mention of them. They are the jesses that bind me: it would have been a mercy to have been hooded as well as bound. You know on what condition young Morley is to possess his riches?"

"Thy lovely self, so I have heard, is to be appended to them as a kind of clog, otherwise, they will make use of their wings, and flying from his grasp, light into the strong box of a third or fourth cousin, who is already rich enough."

"And knowing this, can you wonder why I am melancholy? Can I feel myself at liberty to refuse the hand of Morley, when I know that by so doing I shall sink him into poverty? Another consideration weighs heavily on my mind. If he be mercenary, even if he should be disgusted with my person and appearance, when we come to meet, he may disguise his aversion for the sake of securing affluence. My fate will soon be decided, as in his letter he mentioned that he should leave England in a few days."

"It was certainly very odd in old Mr. Morley," said Annette, "to leave his property to his nephew on such conditions, but let us perplex ourselves no more about it now, but finish dressing, or we shall be late to the party."

"That is true," replied Cordelia, beginning to arrange her hair.

"What made you select that simple dress?" inquired Annette. "You forget that Miss Eldron, the rich heiress, who has lately come to reside with her uncle, is to be at Mrs. Forrester's this evening."

"No, I have not: but what are stars in the presence

of the sun? I have been told that those who have seen her, have no words by which they can adequately express their sense of her beauty, while in her manners and conversation, there is a fascination absolutely irresistible."

"I care not for that," replied Annette. "Give me the sweet star I can gaze at, not the flashing meteor that dazzles and blinds."

Cordelia had just finished entwining a wreath of rosebuds with her beautiful hair, when a letter was handed her. It was directed to N—, her native town, whence it had been forwarded to Mr. Allison's, where she was only on a visit. She changed color when she saw that it was the hand-writing of Morley, and with trembling fingers broke the seal. When she had finished reading it, warmly pressing the hand of Annette, she said with much energy, "Now I am free."

Annette looked at her inquiringly.

"I will tell you all," said Cordelia, "on our way to Mrs. Forrester's," for Mrs. Allison had just sent to inform them that the carriage was waiting.

Cordelia Ruthven was only four years old, when her mother, whose husband died a few months after the daughter's birth, accepted the hand of Mr. James Morley, a rich widower. He was an Englishman by birth, and, until within a few years previously to his marriage with Mrs. Ruthven, had dwelt in his native land. The customs growing out of an hereditary aristocracy, exerted over him their natural influence, not the less so, that he was able to trace his line of ancestry as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. Cordelia was the child of his affections, and at one time, he thought of dividing his large property between her and his nephew, Philip Morley, who had accompanied him to America; but the pride of ancestry prevailed, and he ultimately resolved to transmit it undivided and unimpaired, to one who bore his name. To gratify both his pride and his love, he fixed upon the expedient of marrying Cordelia to his nephew, and they, children that they were, thought it a mighty fine one. Nor did Mr. Morley, in the fulness of his satisfaction, dream that they would ever think otherwise. He, however, at the suggestion of his lawyer, rather from any fears entertained by himself, relative to the nonfulfilment of the contract, added a codicil to his will, which transferred the heirship from his nephew to a young gentleman, distantly related to the Morley family, if this, his favorite project should be defeated by fault of either party concerned. Shortly after this arrangement, Cordelia's mother died, and a part of the property, which consequently fell to the daughter, was, by the advice of her step-father, employed to purchase for her a small annuity. The remainder was safely invested, the annual interest of which, added to her annuity, would afford her a comfortable maintenance.

Not long before Mr. Morley's decease, he one day called Cordelia into his room, and with much solemnity committed to her care a diamond breast-pin of great value.

"It belonged," said he, "to my first wife, and is, as you may judge from the workmanship, of great antiquity, it having been in her family from time immemorial, and

was, as she has often told me, worn by her grandmother's great-grandmother, at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. It now, by right, belongs to her only brother's eldest daughter, who resides in England, but it is my wish that you retain it two years, when my niece will be eighteen. At the expiration of that time, a person who has my entire confidence, will call on you, and deliver you a letter written by myself, which will instruct you to surrender the diamond into his hands. He will take proper measures to transmit it to the owner, or, if possible, will convey it to her himself."

Cordelia readily promised to take charge of it, and to adhere to his directions as respected its future disposal. Her step-father then turned the conversation to the subject of her future union with his nephew, on which he dwelt long and with much complacency. Although Cordelia had now arrived at an age, when she might be supposed capable of judging for herself relative to an affair involving her future happiness in life, she viewed it with indifference rather than the lively aversion with which she at present regarded it, and forebore to mention those objections which presented themselves to her reason if not to her heart: loth to dim the brightness of the only earthly ray that appeared to cast a gleam of pleasure over the closing days of one who had been to her both father and friend. The change wrought in her feelings, was owing to an accident which transpired about a year subsequent to Mr. Morley's decease. At the time alluded to, Cordelia was journeying south with Mr. and Mrs. Allison, who, on their return, were going to take home their daughter Annette, then at a boarding-school. One morning when they entered the stage-coach, several passengers had already taken their places. One of them, a young man, apparently about two or three and twenty, could not fail to attract attention. A clear, though somewhat dark complexion, a high and thoughtful brow, hazel eyes that appeared black when lit up by the light of the mind, a mouth of beautiful formation, disclosing by word or smile teeth of rare whiteness and brilliancy, all harmonizing in such a manner as to form an expression of countenance highly intellectual, served as a passport to the heart, that caused it to yield far more readily to the charm of his graceful and polished manners, than if they had been joined with an unattractive exterior. He was, moreover, modest and unassuming—qualities that sit gracefully upon the young of either sex—but, when drawn into conversation by Mr. Allison, his remarks, which were clothed in elegant and appropriate language, were original and full of thought, showing him, according to the promise of his countenance, to be possessed of a rich and vigorous intellect.

The two gentlemen kept up the conversation for some time with much spirit, when, at length, the subject being pretty well exhausted, Mr. Allison leaned back in the carriage and remained silent. Cordelia, who sat alone on the middle seat, had, as yet, scarcely spoken. The stranger gentleman, less weary than Mr. Allison, and feeling perhaps, that ladies do not like, always, to sit silent, soon drew her into an easy, familiar chat upon such subjects as are naturally interesting to a female of taste and refinement. As the conversation gradually took a

more earnest tone, he appeared to Cordelia to possess over her the power of an enchanter. The deep fountains of feeling were stirred in her heart, and those latent treasures which had slumbered there, veiled even from her own perception, sent forth their light like the gem beneath the wave when touched by the sunbeam.

When she and her friends alighted at the hotel, where they were going to spend the night, the horses were already in harness which were to be exchanged for those then attached to the stage-coach. Mrs. Allison and Cordelia had but just entered the hotel, when the interesting companion of their day's journey presented himself at the door.

"I was not aware," said he, "till I saw that all the baggage, except my own, was removed from the carriage, that you intended to remain here to-night."

Before either of them had time to reply, "The stage is waiting, sir," cried out a shrill voice in the hall. He hurried only to bid them a hasty adieu, and in a moment afterwards, the crack of the driver's whip, and the rattle of wheels, told that he was gone.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Allison, "that my husband did not offer to exchange cards with him."

If Cordelia, like Mrs. Allison, failed to express her regret at not having ascertained his name, it was not because it was less lively. It was softened, however, by a strong presentiment that they should meet again. She knew when he bade them farewell, that his eye had last rested on her, and the language of that look never ceased to live in her memory and in her heart. Nor was he wholly ignorant of the interest which he had excited in the bosom of the lovely girl, who had been the companion of a day, although it had been carefully and vigilantly veiled by maiden delicacy. The perfume lingers round the spot, where nestles the opening flower-bud, and betrays its presence though hidden beneath moss and leaves. On her return from the south, Cordelia had gladly accepted an invitation from the Allisons, to spend several months with them, for, since the death of Mr. Morley, her home had seemed sad and desolate. The letter she had just received, the contents of which she had promised to communicate to Annette, was from Philip Morley, who had been in America several weeks. He wrote, that as with maturer years he had been led to reflect on the subject, the thought had frequently occurred to him, that she might feel a repugnance at the idea of fulfilling a contract entered into when they were children, in compliance with the will of his deceased uncle. If so, he wished her to feel herself at perfect liberty to accept the hand of any gentleman whom she might honor with her preference; for, although he should thereby be deprived of affluence, with a good profession—that of a lawyer—and his present health, he doubted not his ability to obtain a competency. "It would not be treating you with the candor you have a right to claim," he added in conclusion, "were I not frankly to confess, that my heart is already in the possession of another—one, whom I am almost ashamed to say I have met with only once, and whose name and residence, after much inquiry, I have just learned. I intend, in two or three weeks, to call on you at your residence in N——, and shall then

feel myself bound to abide by your decision, whether it be to fulfil or break the existing contract."

Seldom had Cordelia experienced such an exhilaration of spirits as after the perusal of this letter. The load, which for weeks had weighed down her youthful energies, was removed, and, like a bird newly escaped through some unexpected rent in the net that confined it, she seemed to revel in the balm and sunshine of a cloudless sky. The buoyancy of her spirits heightened the glow of her cheeks, and made her fine eyes more lustrous, and those who saw her as she entered the drawing-room of Mrs. Forrester, felt, that in personal loveliness, she would find no rival except in Miss Eldron, the rich heiress, who had not yet arrived.

"She has come," was soon afterwards whispered, and all eyes were directed towards the door, while several young men gathered near it, that they might obtain a better view of her as she entered.

Yes, she was handsome! Her features seen in profile, were peculiarly beautiful, though sometimes her lips took an expression too haughty; and there were those who felt that they could wreath themselves into that sarcastic smile, which scorches and withers the heart on which falls its light. In her large black eyes that sparkled with the lustre of jewels, there was absolute fascination, and few would have been attracted from them by those of Cordelia, in which the glimpses of a pure, ethereal spirit lay mirrored, like the holy light of heaven in the calm summer fountain. She leaned on the arm of a gentleman, who, in form and features, might have been considered a model of manly beauty. The attention he bestowed on his companion, was of that quiet, delicate, yet devoted kind, flattering to most female hearts, and undoubtedly so to hers, although she received it in a manner that said, "it is my due." A close observer might have seen, that on his first entrance, his eye quickly and searchingly scanned the features of those ladies present, in a manner different from what a person would have been likely to have done, whose devotion to the bright being at his side sprang from the heart, instead of being dictated by politeness.

"Who is he? what is his name?" was whispered on every side, but no one seemed able to give an answer. Cordelia and Annette, who, at the time of his and Miss Eldron's entrance, were in an adjoining apartment, looking at a portfolio of prints, now re-entered the drawing-room. Cordelia immediately knew him to be her acquaintance of the stage-coach, and as their eyes met, she felt assured that his memory was as faithful as hers. She was not mistaken. Handing Miss Eldron to a seat, he applied to Miss Forrester for an introduction to her. "Shall I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Morley, Miss Ruthven," said she.

It would have been difficult to have told which was the most agitated at this unexpected announcement. Cordelia, for a few moments, was oppressed with faintness, and it was only by a strong effort, that she succeeded in assuming such a degree of calmness as not to draw upon her the eyes of the company. Morley, for a short time, stood silent and irresolute; he then said to her in a low voice, "Will you permit me to call on you

to-morrow?" Cordelia bowed assent, and he rejoined Miss Eldron, around whom a number of gentlemen had already gathered, anxious to catch a word, a smile, or even a look.

"I thought," said Annette, addressing Mr. Forrester, the son of the lady who gave the party, "that you were a professed admirer of beauty, and yet you seek not to kneel at Miss Eldron's shrine."

"I kneel to no shrine, unless I mean to lay my heart on it," he replied.

"And you think there is no room for it there."

"If there were, I would not avail myself of the privilege. The woman to whom I give my heart, must wear her affability at home as well as abroad."

"And so, I hope, does Miss Eldron."

"No, she lays it aside as carefully as she does her jewels."

"For fear of wearing it out, I suppose, as Hudibras his wit—but we must not be censorious."

In the meantime, the subject of their comments having an object in view, put forth all her energies to achieve it. She wished to number Morley among those who wore her chains: not more on account of his decided superiority both in mind and person over all who had yet sought to win her favor, than because he was the only solitary individual who could retain his calmness and self-possession, who ventured within the charmed circle of her influence. While those who looked on, imagined that the love-shaft was deep in his heart, she, with a keener and more jealous eye, could perceive as far as she, herself, was concerned, it had, as yet, been only brushed with the feather. She had more than once half suspected that his heart was pre-occupied with love for another. "Be it so," she said, "I shall yet see him at my feet." Dispensing with her natural hauteur, when she found it could neither wound nor humble, she exerted her powers of pleasing to the utmost, nor did she exert them in vain. She even surpassed herself. This she knew and felt, and if any thing derogated from the bewildering effect produced by such a combination of charms, it was that now and then a sudden gleam of light too dazzling, flashed from her eye, that seemed to say there was deep, perhaps, dark passions within; and which might have reminded the observer of the lightning that plays round a summer evening horizon, which, though harmless as brilliant, has yet its home in the clouds. She had just made some allusion sparkling with playful wit, and turning to Morley with an arch-smile, she challenged him to decide whether she was right or wrong. Suddenly the smile faded, and the rich lip, which a moment before had gathered round it such a world of sweetness, was pressed between teeth, beautiful as oriental pearls, till they were stained with blood. Morley had not even heard her remark, but had stood intently regarding Cordelia. A thought of triumph succeeded Miss Eldron's bitter vexation. "Yes," thought she, "I have now found the clue that will guide me to the heart of the labyrinth, and it shall not long hold my first and only rival."

Cordelia, artless as sensitive, from the moment she found that their companion of the stage-coach was no

other than Morley, found it impossible to assume even the appearance of cheerfulness, and retreating to the most obscure corner of the room, with throbbing temples, and a color on her cheeks planted by incipient disease, she painfully awaited the hour of departure.

The ensuing morning, according to appointment, Morley called on Cordelia as early as etiquette would permit; but after passing a sleepless and most restless night, she had found herself unable to rise. Having no doubt but that Miss Eldron was the person Morley alluded to in his letter, she wrote a few lines with a pencil, releasing him from his engagement, which was handed him by Annette. Disappointed in not seeing Cordelia, he bent his steps toward the princely mansion of Mr. Eldron, to spend an hour in the company of his fascinating niece. He was, moreover, a little chagrined at being so unceremoniously released by Cordelia, now that she had ascertained that they had labored under a mutual mistake. He thought that he had been more skilful in reading women's hearts.

He found Miss Eldron at home, and he had never before seen her so simply attired. The dazzling lustre that the flash of jewelry and high excitement had thrown over her features the preceding evening, had given place to a bewitching softness, which, to his mind, was a thousand times more enchanting. Without appearing to do so, she led the conversation to those subjects which would best display her cultivated taste, and the riches of her own strong intellect.

The conversation was soon interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Eldron, who placed in his niece's hand a small ebony box, inlaid with gold, saying, "It is your birthday Alicia, and you will prize this trifling memento for the sake of the giver. Without awaiting her thanks, he passed out at a door that led into the garden. On opening the box, Miss Eldron found it contained a superb diamond ring.

"This must be a costly ring," said she. Are you skilful in diamonds, Mr. Morley?" handing it to him.

"No," he replied, "I have none of the skill of the lapidary, but this, to the eye, appears very splendid. I never saw but one diamond that I should think superior to it, and that surpassed any thing of the kind which I ever saw. There is not a Dutchess in Britain, who would not be proud to wear it."

"And where did you meet with this king of diamonds?"

"It was in my late uncle's possession when I saw it, and had belonged to his first wife. Miss Ruthven has it now."

"Ah! I shall see it, then."

"No, it is not hers. It is only entrusted to her care for a certain time, and even if she were the owner, I think she has too much taste to wear so costly a jewel, as, with her limited means, she could not afford that her dress should at all compare with it."

The subject was now dropped, and music was mentioned; a theme upon which they both could be eloquent. The piano-forte and the guitar were both present, and she could touch each with a skilful hand. She took

up the guitar, and never did the high-minded and devoted Spanish maiden breathe to her national instrument a tenderer or more impassioned lay. When, as died away the last note, she raised her eyes, their long black lashes heavy with tears, emotions of rapturous exultation thrilled her bosom, for the fine countenance of Morley beamed with a light which she knew must have been elicited from a deeper feeling than that of admiration. Could he have beheld the smile that curved her proud lip as she followed him with her eyes, as he slowly retreated down the shaded avenue which led to the high road, how soon would he have rent asunder the toils which she had commenced so artfully to weave around him.

Cordelia, whose excellent constitution had never been impaired by disease, and which, on the present occasion, vigorously and successfully resisted its attacks, was, in less than a week, convalescent.

Among the first who called on her to congratulate her upon returning health, was Miss Eldron. During her first interview, she managed to break down all the barriers of restraint, and place herself upon the most familiar footing. After this, her calls, which were daily, were frequently lengthened to visits, and then so assiduous and active was she in her attention to the invalid, as nearly to supersede the necessity of a nurse. Cordelia's gratitude and admiration were unbounded, and if she repined at her own fate, in being doomed to love without hope, she could not blame the object of that love for being, as she imagined, devoted to one in whom she believed centred every quality, either good or attractive. She was soon able to leave her chamber, walk in the garden and adjacent grounds, and had once or twice yielded to the urgent entreaties of Miss Eldron, to spend a social afternoon with her, when, one morning, as she sat alone by the parlor window, she saw Morley approaching on horseback. He had called several times, but Miss Eldron had always happened to be present. When she heard his step on the threshold, the color deepened on her cheek, her hand became icy cold, and she trembled with irrepressible emotion. A few commonplace remarks having been disposed of, he observed that he had long been seeking an opportunity to converse with her.

"After much inquiry," said he, "I found that the name of the gentleman and lady, in whose company I first saw you, was Allison, and you, I was told, must be their daughter. I expected to meet you at Mrs. Forrester's, but what was my surprise, I might add, consternation, when I found that instead of Miss Allison, I beheld Cordelia Ruthven—her whom I had a few days previously so deliberately released from an engagement, which, but for my unhappy mistake respecting your name, it would have been the first wish of my heart to fulfil. Yet, I rejoiced that I did write after I ascertained that your heart was already in the possession of another, when you received my letter."

"Who could possibly have told you?" Cordelia began in reply; but she stopped abruptly, for she beheld Miss Eldron standing within the door, who, as was her custom, had entered without ceremony. Cordelia cast at her a

hurried glance, to detect, if possible, by her countenance, whether she had heard any part of what Morley had said, but she betrayed no consciousness either by look or manner.

"You and Annette will attend Miss Finlay's party, I suppose," said she to Cordelia, gracefully presenting her with a bunch of beautiful roses, still fresh with the morning dew.

"Annette will go," she replied, "but I believe I am hardly well enough to sustain the fatigue of attending parties yet."

"Nonsense! You will feel better for going. Come, get your bonnet, I have come on purpose to take you to ride."

Cordelia, who hoped that Morley would remain after Miss Eldron had taken leave, and resume the conversation, which her entrance had so abruptly terminated, declined her invitation. But her determination not to leave them together, was not to be baffled, and appealing to Morley, whether air and exercise were not necessary for the confirmation of her health, she, at the same time, laughingly challenged him to be their escort. He, of course, could not do otherwise than assent, and Cordelia, though reluctantly, decided on going.

"I shall come myself to take you to Miss Finlay's, to-morrow evening," said Miss Eldron, when the carriage stopped to leave Cordelia, "and, remember, I shall listen to no excuse."

Cordelia had just completed her toilet, in order to attend the party, when Miss Eldron, true to her appointment, with her accustomed familiarity, entered the apartment.

"Your dress is very pretty," said Miss Eldron, surveying her, "but rather too plain, when we consider that Miss Finlay's party is to be so select."

"You know," said Cordelia, while the color on her cheek became a little deeper, "that I have not the means of dressing splendidly."

"But that is no reason why you should not wear your beautiful pearl necklace; it would be peculiarly becoming now, as your complexion is purer and more delicate than before your illness."

Saying thus, she opened a small ivory box, which, she knew, did not contain the necklace, and the diamond pin, which she had eagerly desired to see, since she had heard it described by Morley, was displayed to her view.

"What a magnificent diamond!" exclaimed she. "Why did you never show it to me?"

"It is not mine," replied Cordelia; and, in a few words, she explained to her under what circumstances it had been entrusted to her care.

"No matter, if it is not yours," replied Miss Eldron; "nobody will know that it does not belong to you. See, Miss Allison," to Annette, who at that moment entered, "how beautifully it looks, sparkling amid the snowy folds of this muslin. It resembles a brilliant star, looking through a fleecy cloud."

Annette assented to her remark, but Cordelia remained firm in her refusal to wear it, and returned it to the casket.



"Permit me," said Miss Eldron, "to look at it once more. I never before saw a brilliant that could at all compare with it. It is pellucid as the morning dew-drop. Here, let me fasten it in its appropriate place, that you can yourself judge of its effect. There! will you not confess that it is a most beautiful ornament?"

"Certainly," replied Cordelia; "and, if—"

"I shall listen to no ifs," interrupting her. "This single diamond is in such perfect keeping with the simplicity of your dress." As she spoke, she looked at her watch.

"What is the time?" inquired Annette.

"Late! I meant to have been at Miss Finlay's before now. I hate going late to a ball or a party: it looks like affectation. Now, as you love me, as the play says," turning to Cordelia, "let that diamond alone, and put on your shawl and bonnet. I cannot wait another minute."

When arrived at Miss Finlay's, they were almost immediately joined by Morley; and, Cordelia, with a painful confusion, which she could not disguise, perceived him intently examining the diamond pin, with, as she imagined, a look of stern disapprobation. "He thinks me extravagant," was her first thought; but, directly it occurred to her, that he had doubtless seen it before, and now remembered it. A look, full of meaning, as Miss Eldron's eye, for a moment, encountered Morley's, told him that their conversation, relative to the diamond, was present to her mind; while she, in her turn, sensible of the effect that was produced upon him by Cordelia's wearing it, might have said, with Iago,

"Work on,  
My medicine, work!"

Except at Mrs. Forrester's, Cordelia had never spent an evening so unpleasantly. The costly diamond drew upon her all eyes, and several of the younger girls, whose curiosity got the better of their delicacy, increased her embarrassment, by asking questions about it.

Much to her relief, Miss Eldron was amongst the first to withdraw. Cordelia accompanied her to her carriage without speaking; and she felt that there was reproach in her silence, which might have occasioned her some uneasiness, had not this feeling been absorbed in what, to her, was of deeper import.

When they stopped at Mr. Allison's, "Good night, my dear Cordelia," said she. "Your judgment was best about wearing the diamond. Forgive me, and forget that you have worn it. It will be forgotten by everybody else by to-morrow."

Cordelia was touched by her apparent sympathy, and, returning the pressure of her hand, and her "Good night," she stepped from the carriage, and entered the pathway that led to the house.

The coach rolled rapidly along, and, in a few minutes more, Miss Eldron was at home. The lamp, at the top of the arched gateway, threw a strong light upon the carriage, and when the coachman threw open the door, she beheld something sparkle brightly at her feet. Taking it up, a single glance told her that it was the diamond belonging to the pin which Cordelia had worn, and which had fallen from the setting. It was, as has already been remarked, of great antiquity, and had not always laid in a box, as during the last few years; and, as the

costliest jewels are said, the quickest to wear their settings, this, unperceived by Cordelia, had become loose. Miss Eldron, when she examined it so minutely, *did* perceive it, and a vague, half-formed wish, which she shrank from presenting before her mind in a distinct and palpable form, pointed to an issue similar to what had now taken place.

With the gem closely clasped in the white and beautifully formed hand, which Morley had so often beheld with admiration wander over the strings of the guitar, or the keys of the piano, stealing her sweetest music, she hastened to her chamber, that she might assure herself that she was not mistaken—that it was, really, *the* diamond. For a short time she stood irresolute, whether to retain it, or to restore it to Cordelia. Her wearing an ornament, so solemnly entrusted to her keeping, which did not belong to her, had, Miss Eldron knew, lowered her in the opinion of Morley; but, the impression might prove only of transient duration, while its loss, which would give a trumpet-tongue to her apparent vanity and imprudence, would, she hoped, produce an effect not to be easily obliterated. The principle of moral rectitude was too feeble to repel the temptation which assailed her under a form that seemed to promise the promotion of the proudest and most absorbing wish of her heart. She deposited the box, in which she had enclosed it, in a drawer, that she carefully locked, and, before she slept, she not only brought her mind to yield to its evil suggestions, but, in a great measure, succeeded in silencing the upbraidings of conscience, by resolving to indemnify Cordelia for the loss of the diamond, under an appearance of sympathy and disinterested benevolence.

The first thing that Cordelia thought of doing, after entering the house, was to remove the ornament, which had occasioned her so much vexation during the evening. What was her consternation and distress, when she found the diamond was gone! Mr. Allison immediately proposed to go himself to Miss Finlay's, unwilling to entrust so important an errand to a servant, to see if it had not been dropped in some of the rooms, although Cordelia felt sure that she saw it, when she put on her shawl. The period of his absence was spent, by her, in a state of the most anxious suspense, despite the efforts of Mrs. Allison and Annette, who deeply sympathised with her, to inspire her with the hope that it might be found. In something less than an hour, Mr. Allison returned. They saw, by his looks, that he had been unsuccessful. Every part of the house open to the company, the door-steps, the path leading to the house, which was hard and smooth, had, he informed them, undergone a thorough search. The path leading to their own house was now subjected to a similar scrutiny, with, of course, similar success. Miss Eldron's carriage was next thought of, but it was now so late, that the family had undoubtedly retired to rest, which would oblige them to defer the inspection of that until morning. At an early hour, Mr. Allison called at Mr. Eldron's, and, informing them of Cordelia's misfortune, leave was readily accorded him to search the carriage.

The moment Miss Eldron rose from the breakfast table, she prepared to call on Cordelia. After expressing

much regret and sympathy, on account of her losing the diamond, she took Cordelia aside.

"I know not," said she, "the exact value of the lost diamond, but this purse must contain a sum sufficient to replace it, and I beg of you, in the name of the friendship which unites us, but, more on account of my having myself been the innocent cause of your misfortune, to accept it."

Her apparent generosity affected Cordelia to tears, but she firmly rejected her offer. She had already resolved what course to pursue. The money left her by her mother, exclusive of her annuity, would, she hoped, replace the diamond, if one of equal size and beauty could be obtained.

Miss Eldron, when she found that Cordelia would not accept the money as a gift, entreated her to receive it as a loan, to be repaid whenever convenient. This proposition being as resolutely refused as the other, Miss Eldron departed, though not without first censuring Cordelia for being so unwilling to receive a favor.

As soon as she was gone, Cordelia consulted Mr. and Mrs. Allison, relative to the plan she had formed of replacing the diamond, which, as it seemed the only one practicable, that would not compromise her independence, which, she was fully determined on not doing, received their concurrence. Mr. Allison, at Cordelia's request, promised to attend to the business, as soon as he had made the necessary arrangements for leaving home.

Many people, as Miss Eldron had anticipated, made themselves busy in magnifying Cordelia's apparent vanity and indiscretion. Morley, in whose estimation she had certainly suffered, forbore, from motives of delicacy, to call on her, which afforded him leisure the more frequently to visit Miss Eldron, who, every day, became more and more sanguine that he would ultimately yield himself a victim to her charms.

One day, when he was present, as she was accompanying one of her most beautiful and impassioned songs with the guitar, one of the strings suddenly broke. She rang the bell, and a girl appeared at the door.

"Janet," she said, taking a key from her reticule, "go to my room, and unlock the upper drawer of my writing-desk, where you will find a box containing some guitar-strings. Bring the box to me."

The girl took the key and left the room.

Miss Eldron's usual vivacity seemed to have forsaken her, and she sat silent and thoughtful. Morley involuntarily took her hand, and the language of love was upon his lips. At this interesting crisis Janet returned. Agitated and confused, Miss Eldron took the box without examining it, and, precipitately opening it, a large, superb diamond fell upon the carpet. A single look at Morley, as he took it up and returned it to her, convinced her that he knew it was the one Cordelia had lost. Neither of them uttered a word, and it would have been difficult to have told which was the palest. Morley approached the door and opened it.

"Stay, one moment," said she. "I demand of you to withhold passing your judgment relative to what you

have now seen, till you receive from me a written explanation."

"Let it be a speedy one, then," he replied, "for the time will pass heavily till I am assured that you are as blameless as I wish you."

"Blameless! No, you will find me most guilty. I only wish to convince you, that I had no desire to possess the worthless bauble, for its own sake."

For a moment she stood silent, and the blood suddenly rushed to her cheek and brow. She then said, "Mr. Morley, you will never see me again. I shall leave this place, to return no more. Farewell, and may you be happy with her whom I have wronged, and who deserves your love and esteem, of both of which I have labored to deprive her. Her heart is yours."

Having said thus, without waiting for a reply, she opened a door, opposite to the one where he stood, and left the room.

The next morning he received from her a note, accompanied by the diamond. After briefly stating the manner of her finding it, and the motives which impelled her to secrete it, she requested him to return it to Cordelia, and make the requisite explanation. "If," added she, in conclusion, "you and Miss Ruthven should deem me worthy of so much forbearance, lock the knowledge of my error, dark though it be, within your own bosoms. If it please you to do otherwise, let the scorn and the frowns of the world be mine—I can meet them."

When Morley had had time for reflection, it appeared to him that he had been subject to a species of infatuation with regard to Miss Eldron, and that every thing appertaining to her, had been seen through an indistinct and bewildering medium; but now, as the premature evanishing of the fumes and smoke, that rise from the censer of the sorceress, may betray the secrets of her art, so, many things, which had assumed a false aspect, revealed themselves clearly to his perception, bereft of all that he had thought lovely and attractive. The deep love, which had filled his heart for Cordelia, and which he, at first, on account of her supposed indifference to him, and, subsequently, from her imaginary unworthiness, he had sought to stifle, as he recalled the expression of Miss Eldron, "Her heart is yours," revived with all its original fervor. He had not called on her since the loss of the diamond; and, now, with that and Miss Eldron's note, at the approach of evening, he bent his steps towards the dwelling of Mr. Allison.

The moon, which had not yet parted with her graceful crescent form, hovered above the western horizon, still glowing with the golden radiance of an unclouded sunset. To shorten the distance, he availed himself of a foot-path, communicating with the grounds of Mr. Allison, which accommodated itself to the course of a rivulet. A narrow grove, composed mostly of elms, skirted the westerly side of this path, and, the moonbeams, stealing through their light and graceful foliage, had an effect far more beautiful, than where they fell upon the landscape in full and unbroken splendor. In many places, amid the wavering shadows of the trees, thrown across the stream, a ripple here and there would sparkle with intense brilliancy; while, close beside, poured through an opening

in the grove, a broad mass of light, undimmed by the shade of a single leaf, was spread out upon its waters like a bright banner upon the breeze.

Morley's thoughts reverted to Miss Eldron, but her appropriate place was in the splendid boudoir and the stately hall, rather than in a serene and beautiful moon-light scene like this. He staid his footsteps, for he thought that he heard the murmur of voices mingle with the breeze. It was no illusion. An abrupt turn in the river revealed whence the sound proceeded. On a large rock that jutted far into the stream, stood Cordelia and Annette. The straw hat of the former, loosely tied, fell back, so as to reveal her white brow, its unsullied purity forming a vivid contrast to the dark hair, wreathed by nature into curls, by which it was shaded.

"No, Annette," said Cordelia, the tones of her voice in the evening stillness distinctly reaching the ear of Morley, "I cannot remain with you longer than while your father arranges this unfortunate business. My annuity will place me above want, though it will not afford me my customary indulgences. I will return to my native place, where cluster many memories, some of them painful, yet all dear. It will be enough to hear that Miss Eldron is the wife of Morley. I cannot remain—and—"

Ere she had time to finish the sentence, Morley was at her side. Annette, thinking that her presence, if desired, was not necessary, quietly stepping from the rock into the path, was probably at home before she was missed.

"Miss Eldron will never be mine," said he; "and, may I dare to hope, after what I have now unintentionally overheard, that you will consent to renew the engagement of our childhood?"

"There is in your mind, a blot upon my name," she replied, "and until that be removed, I am too proud to renew it. Until I can hold the highest place in your esteem, we must henceforth be to each other as strangers."

"If that be all, I have a talisman here, I trust," said he, producing the diamond, "whose virtues will have power to break the charm of the evil genius who has so long presided."

All the sorrow and solicitude of the past was atoned for in the satisfactory explanation that ensued; and as they slowly pursued their way to Mr. Allison's, Morley drew from Cordelia a confession of the interest he had excited in her bosom when they met as strangers in the stage-coach, as well as a promise that she would be his, before the expiration of many weeks.

*Wolfsboro', N. H.*

If a man be sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract, too, must be, to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for, this is an union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death. The adorer of Truth, therefore, is above all present things. Firm, in the midst of temptation, and frank, in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them; decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought; and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none.

Original.

## STANZAS.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE MELLER.

I.

SWEET is the *dawn* of morning  
On summer's cloudless skies,  
And earth's rich scenes adorning  
In beauty's thousand dyes:

II.

Sweet is the morning of *glory*,  
O'er heaven and earth displayed;  
Proclaiming in glad story  
The wonders thus arrayed:

III.

Sweet is the breeze of even  
In whispers through the grove,  
Mid gentlest dews of heaven,  
When all the air is love:

IV.

Sweet is the cradle's slumber  
In soft, ambrosial rest;  
While joys, no heart can number,  
Delight the mother's breast:

V.

Sweet is the cheek that's blooming  
In childhood's sparkling hours;  
No sighs or cares presuming  
T' invade its lovely bowers:

VI.

Sweet is the cheek that's flushing  
In young affection's dream,  
Where clustered roses blushing,  
In conscious rapture seem:

VII.

Sweet is the hour of union  
In Hymen's silken chains,  
And sweet long years' communion,  
When love triumphant reigns:

VIII.

Sweet, when each day is ending,  
To see its duties done;  
And life's sands, though descending,  
Still glittering as they run:

IX.

And sweet, when life is closing,  
Are penitence and tears;  
A heart on heaven reposing,  
Above all doubts and fears.

*Portland, Maine.*

## THE SISTERS.

I do remember them, their pleasant brows  
So marked with pure affection, and the glance  
Of their mild eyes, when in the house of God,  
They gathered up the manna, that did fall,  
Like dew around.

Original.  
WOMEN OF GENIUS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"What is genius but deep feeling,  
Wakening to glorious revealing?  
And what is feeling? but to be  
Alive to every misery?"—L. E. L.

"I REVERE talent in any form," said a young friend in conversation, the other evening, "but, in selecting a wife, I should never think of choosing a woman of genius!"

"And why not," I inquired, expecting to hear him advance the usual list of objections to literary women—their want of domestic habits—eccentricities, carelessness of fashion, and the thousand unjust charges urged against a class of women as little understood as any upon the face of the earth. My friend was a man of no inconsiderable talent, and from him, the sentiment seemed strange and ungenerous. It was probably the first time that he had ever been called upon to think seriously upon the subject. He seemed puzzled how to make a fitting reply.

"Why," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "my *beau idéal* is somewhat like that of Byron's. My wife should have talent enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself. I could never love a woman who was entirely occupied with literature. I want feeling, affection, devotion to myself—a domestic woman who would think my approbation sufficient for her happiness, and would have no desire for greater admiration. I could never be happy with an ambitious woman."

On my return home, the injustice of my friend's speech haunted me. He wanted feeling, affection, domestic qualities in a wife, and, *therefore*, would not seek one in a woman of genius. Byron's *beau idéal* was as purely a creature of the imagination as his Haidée or Zuleika. He seems to have forgotten that to understand and value talent, is one of the highest attributes of genius; that no person ever thoroughly appreciated a feeling or a property of the intellect which she did not possess in a degree, at least. A less selfish man, instead of requiring mediocrity and a worshipper in the place of a companion, would only have wished that the beautiful delicacy which nature has implanted in the female mind to chasten and refine her genius, should be preserved, and that in her pursuits and feelings, she should be *womanly* and true to her sex.

Pen and paper lay convenient, and in fancy, I went on discoursing and putting questions, as if the culprit had been present in person.

Have you been thoroughly acquainted with a woman of undoubted genius—one who stands high in any department of our literature? Have you been domesticated with one—seen her at all seasons—entered into the sanctuary of her thoughts; have you been the brother, husband, father, or even friend of one?

You say no, and yet without knowledge, decide that they are not fit objects of domestic affection; that because certain uncommon powers are granted to them by the Most High for his own good purpose, the common

attributes which form the loveliness and beauty of womanhood are withheld. You would hedge them round with respect and reverence, and yet fear to give them the affection which is to none more precious, by none more thirsted for, or more keenly appreciated. You would smother the spark which must kindle all that is worthy of love in the genius of woman. You would build to her an altar of marble, cold as the grave, and bow down your intellect before it in the homage which mind renders to mind, without one thought that beneath her mental wealth are affections in proportionate strength, which gush up at the call of sympathy, and tinge the mind with hues of beauty, as the sun forms a rainbow by weaving its light among the water-drops of a summer shower. Deep and sensitive feelings alone give that delicacy and pathos which will ever distinguish the creations of a truly feminine author from those of men. The very word genius comprehends all that makes the loveliness of woman. It signifies but the power to feel, deeply combined with an intellect capable of embodying feelings into language, and of conveying images of truth and beauty from the heart of the writer to the heart of the reader.

Why then should you refuse to gather the mantle of domestic love about the woman of genius?

Ambitious, are they? Else, why do they write—why publish?

Why do they write? Why does the bird sing but that its little heart is gushing over with melody? Why does the flower blossom but that it has been drenched with dew, and kindled up by the sunshine, till its perfume bursts the petals and lavishes its sweetness on the air? Why does the artist become restless with a yearning want as the creatures of his fancy spring to life beneath his pencil? When his ideal has taken to itself a form of beauty, does he rest till some kindred eye has gazed with his upon the living canvass? His heart is full of a strange joy, and he would impart something of that joy to another. Is this vanity? No, it is a beautiful desire for sympathy. The feeling may partake of a love of praise, but it is one which would be degraded by the title of ambition.

Ask any woman of genius why she writes, and she will tell you it is because she cannot help it; that there are times when a power which she can neither comprehend nor resist, impels her to the sweet exercise of her intellect; that at such moments, there is happiness in the very exertion—a thrilling excitement which makes the action of thought "its own exceeding reward;" that her heart is crowded with feelings which pant for language and for sympathy, and that ideas gush up from the mind unsought and uncalled for, as waters leap from their fount when the earth is deluged with moisture. I am almost certain that the most beautiful things that enrich our literature, have sprung to life from the sweet, irresistible impulse for creation, which pervaded the heart of the author without motive and without aim.

The motives which urge literary women to publish, are probably as various as those which lead persons to any other calling. Many may place themselves before the world from a natural and strictly feminine thirst for

sympathy; from the same feeling which prompts a generous boy to call his companions about him when he has found a robin's nest hid away among the blossoming boughs of an old apple-tree, or a bed of ripe strawberries melting in their own ruby light through the grass, on a hill-side. The discovery would be almost valueless could he find none to gaze on the blue eggs exposed in the bottom of the nest, or to revel with him in the luscious treasure of the strawberry-bed; so the enjoyment of a mental discovery is enhanced by companionship and appreciation.

That women sometimes publish, from the impulses of vanity, it were useless to deny; but, in such cases, the effort is usually worthy of the motive: it touches no heart, because it emanates from none; it kindles no pure imagination—it excites no holy impulses—because, the impulse from which it originated, is neither lofty nor worthy. It may be safely asserted, that no woman, who has written or published, from the promptings of ambition or vanity, alone, was ever successful, or ever will be. She may gain notoriety, but that is a consequence of authorship, which must ever be painful to a woman of true genius, unless is added to it that public respect and private affection, which can never be secured by one who writes from a wish to shine, and from that wish alone.

Literature is an honorable profession, and, that women devote a portion of their time to it, requires neither excuse nor palliation, so long as they preserve the delicacy and gentleness which are the attributes of their sex. It would be folly to assert that there is any thing in the nature of genius, which incapacitates its possessor for usefulness, or that a literary woman may not be, in the strictest sense of the word, a domestic one.

That the distinguished women of our country are remarkable for domestic qualities, admits of proof, from many brilliant examples. Most of those who stand foremost in our world of letters, perform the duties of wives, mothers and housekeepers, in connexion with the pursuits of mind. It is a mistaken idea, that literature must engross the entire time or attention, even of those who make authorship a profession. It is to be doubted if the most industrious female writer among us spends more hours out of the twenty-four, at her desk, than the fashionable belle devotes to the adornment of her person.

There are few American women, except those who labor for their daily bread, who, by a systematic arrangement of time, cannot command three or four hours out of each day, without encroaching on her household duties, the claims of society, or the little season of domestic enjoyment, when her household seeks companionship and relaxation at home. These hours devoted to authorship, at a moderate computation, would produce four duodecimo volumes a year. Thus, by a judicious management of time, she has produced a property more or less valuable, enriched and strengthened her own mind, carried the sunshine of thought to thousands, and all without necessarily sacrificing one domestic duty—without the least degree of personal publicity, which need shock the most fastidious delicacy.

Cast not a shadow, even, of implied reproach on a class of women, who are quietly and steadily exerting a

healthy influence in domestic life; rather let men of power—and, in this country, there is no power like that of intellect—extend to them such aid and encouragement, as will best preserve the purity of female literature. So long as the dignity and delicacy of sex is preserved, there can be no competition between men and women of genius. In literature, as in every thing else, the true woman will feel how much better it is to owe something to the protection, generosity, and forbearance of the stronger and sterner sex, than to enter into an unnatural strife in the broad arena which men claim for the trial of masculine intellect. Open the fountains of domestic love to her, and there is little danger that her genius will stray from the sunny nooks of literature, or that she will forsake the pure wells of affection, to leap into the high road of politics—to lose her identity in the smoke of a battle-field, or to gather up popular applause and unsatisfactory admiration, in place of tenderness, and all those home comforts which cling so naturally around the feminine heart.

It has been beautifully said, that the heart is woman's dominion. Cast her not forth, then, from the little kingdom which she may do so much to purify and embellish. Her gentle culture has kept many of those rugged passions green, where sterner laborers might have left them sterile and blossomless.

If you would cultivate genius aright, cherish it among the most holy of your household gods. Make it a domestic plant. Let its roots strike deep in your home, nor care that its perfume floats to a thousand casements besides your own, so long as its greenness and its blossoms are for you. Flowers of the sweetest breath give their perfume most lavishly to the breeze, and, yet, without exhausting their own delicate urns.

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Original.

### SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE EARL OF  
EGREMONT'S BIRTH-DAY.

—  
BY MRS. HOFLAND.  
—

LIGHTLY and gracefully, thy weight of years,  
Time-honored Egremont, on thee doth rest;  
And age thy generous spirit more endears,  
To every virtuous, every grateful breast:  
So the tall elm his richest foliage wears,  
When Autumn's hues pervade his lofty crest.  
Noblest among the noble—thy proud name  
Is wreathed in blessings from the poor man's prayer,  
And by the sons of Genius given to fame,  
Which few beside the Medici shall share.  
Patron of Art, protector of the race,  
Who bid the marble breathe, the canvass glow,  
Long be it thine their glorious toils to trace,  
And be in all things what we see thee now—  
Benevolent as wise, and good as great—  
The Doric Pillar of a splendid State.  
*London, England, 1839.*

Original.

ANGLING;

OR, THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

—  
BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.  
—

GEORGE LEWIS was a genuine lover of the angle, and talked with more enthusiasm upon the gentle art than any other subject. Not that he would sit in patient abstraction waiting for a nibble until the spider had wove his net upon his rod, as is set forth by the witty Johnston, who thus represents a miserable-looking wight, whom he impiously calls an angler. Shade of the amiable Isaak, pardon him!

The amateur of the gentle science is well aware, that *patient hope* is far from being the only requisite test of a good angler; much more depends upon the skilful throw of the all but invisible line, the fidelity of his artificial flies, and that indescribable tact that indicates a natural *genius* for the art. Now these are delicate shades of excellence undistinguishable to the common observer, but not the less real. Perhaps a certain happy equality of the nervous system is essential, and most certainly an exalted and refined intellect: for it is our solemn opinion, that no vulgar plodding mind is capable of understanding, far less of appreciating the many niceties and beauties of the art. Good Isaak, speaking upon this very subject of an aptitude for angling, saith, "men are to be born so," that is, born anglers.

Then a love for the science pre-supposes the greatest purity of moral character—for how can one conversant with the gushing melody of the brook, singing over its sweet song of purity; the lake, sheltered like a veiled bride, in the midst of mountain solitudes; and the forest echoing only the language of love and innocence, how can such an one indulge in unholy, and unduly exciting emotions? No, he could hold no companionship with these, were a guilty conscience his; and their holy influences, like the fabled amulets of the east, will shield him from temptation and danger.

If our readers doubt all this, let them read the good, ay, the beautiful pages of the great father of the science. Let them note how the enthusiasm of the delightful old man is divided between love for his art, and love for the beautiful in nature, and the excellent in virtue. With what elegant simplicity he ennobles his art, by simple and natural allusions to Scripture authority. Charles Lamb has said, "It will sweeten a man's temper any day to read Isaak Walton," and he, albeit, bred in the anti-natural manner of a city, was of a kindred spirit, and worthy to sit even at the feet of the good Isaak. Read him, then, most beloved reader, and become, as thou most assuredly wilt, more amiable in thy character, and more devoted in thy religion.

Now, be pleased to apply all that we have said upon anglers and angling to the hero of our story, and thou wilt at once perceive that no mean compliment was intended when we called him a genuine lover of the angle. Yes, George Lewis might have been chosen by the Patriarch himself for a companion in his sports, being, as he was, "free and pleasant, and civilly merry:"

and here let us remark by way of parenthesis, how perfectly well bred the good angler must have been: could any language more pithily describe the accomplished gentleman, than the few words we have quoted above?

Perhaps it were well for George Lewis, that the providence of his father, ensured him something more than a *competence*, or we much fear his fortunes might have stopped far short of what is usually understood by that most indefinite phrase. As it was, he seemed no ways disposed to add to his patrimony by any of the many avenues usually sought for the acquisition of wealth. We will not affirm that necessity might not have sharpened his acquisitiveness, to use the concise language of Phrenology, but as it was, he was content to "let well enough alone."

He was bred to the law, and might have become eminently successful, as his address won him every cause in which he engaged. But the consciousness of superior abilities was quite enough for him, without making much effort to exhibit them. It is well known that those whose pretensions in any case, whether in religion, manners or literature, are somewhat questionable are far more eager to exhibit their qualifications than those whose standing is undeniable and acknowledged.

It is probable George Lewis might have written poetry under some powerful stimulus, love, for instance, but as the passion was still a desideratum to him, he was content with humble prose. He was known amongst the ladies as "the handsome proud young man," for he had never been known to offer any *particular* attentions to a lady of any age; and he seemed in a fair way of living and dying a bachelor, notwithstanding all the benevolent exertions of kind-hearted matrons with marriageable daughters.

It was a lovely morning in June. Lewis had sought one of the many beautiful glades of water with which our back settlements abound, and which are usually denominated ponds, but at a future day, will receive the more elegant appellation of Lakes, and become classic by the pen of the poet and historian.

Sebago Pond is one of the most beautiful of the miniature seas, sparkling as it does like a gem in the midst of the green hills of Maine. At the time of our story, the forest trees were thick to the water's edge, and the wild vine festooned from tree to tree, formed natural arbors of delicious coolness and verdure. The truant school-boy forgot his lessons and the birch in prospective, or, like the martyr, armed himself for the trial, the moment he entered these colonnades arched by the vine, and the heavy clusters hanging in wild luxuriance above his head.

Sebago has always been distinguished not only for its fine scenery, but for the size and excellence of its trout. It is a favorite resort for amateurs of the gentle science to this day. Here George had brought his splendid materials for the sport, the jointed rod, and book of flies, and all the et-ceteras of an accomplished artist.

It was, as we have said, a fine morning in June. An almost imperceptible wind stole from the sweet south, warm and coy, and hardly stirring the young, rich foliage, that now glowed with that deep, intense green, peculiar to the early part of the season. White clouds,

like couches of the eider down, rested upon the blue sky, and the noisy swallow pursued his prey in low circuits, and almost drowned the melody of the forest bird; objects loomed up with a distinctness that reminded one of the mirage of the desert. The opposite shores seemed to approximate, and the landscape above, every rock, and tree, with farm-house, and smoke curling from chimney-top, with grazing herd and snowy flocks, reposed like a duplicate world upon the peaceful lake.

Lewis sauntered leisurely along, so absorbed in the beauty and romance of all about him, that his object seemed likely to be forgotten. He, however, descended the bank, where a small point projected into the water, verdant with grass and turf, shelving over the roots of the old trees, where they stretched out into the still lake. The branches dallied with the blue waves, and cast that portion of the beautiful pond into a twilight shadow. It was the ideal of an angling spot, for there the sportive fish might be seen in clusters, poised upon the waters, their thin fins just quivering in the light.

Lewis had stumbled over a "cape-bonnet" upon the grass, before he observed the spot he had selected was already occupied. A young girl was quietly angling, with her rude apparatus, in this most picturesque of all places. George, of course, was suitably careful not to disturb her, till his curiosity was somewhat allayed. We must frankly own, that the delightful morning, and the employment so congenial to his own taste, made the little maiden, as she sat under the green canopy, look exceedingly well. Lewis certainly *did* think of wood and water nymphs, and all that sort of thing, but we prefer a sober description, divested of romance, and such an one as our readers may rely upon being entirely accurate. Our city readers will probably be greatly shocked, but we must study truth rather than fastidiousness.

There could be no manner of doubt, that the girl was in *very* humble life. One foot lightly pressed a projecting root, while the other was bent under her upon the grass. The one visible was small and white, but its covering was certainly entirely primitive, being what nature had furnished at the time of her birth; or, as the country girls often say, she had on her "wedding stockings." Her dress consisted of a blue petticoat, and a short frock, open at the throat, the sleeves reaching only to the elbow, and drawn about an exceedingly round and well turned waist. There was a beautiful air of repose in her attitude, that contrasted finely with her round, nervous-looking limbs. Her neck and arms were slightly sunburned, but that was a trifle where the contour was so perfect, and where the rich chestnut hair, falling in long massive curls upon her shoulders and bosom, revealed so much of youth and life.

She might have been sixteen, certainly not more. She started, upon hearing a slight stirring of the trees, and the motion probably saved a wily little fish, that might otherwise have been lured from its pure element. She half turned her head, and uttered, impatiently—

"There, you've made me lose it."

The person she addressed, seemed other than she expected; for, she started, shook back her abundant hair, and, looking up, disclosed a pair of large brown eyes,

deeply fringed, and a Hebe-like face, upon which the blush was deepening, and spreading even to her neck and arms. She quietly concealed the naked foot, and dropping her eyes, commenced drawing in the line.

George was too much of a man of the world, to allow the pretty rustic to be long discomposed, and he stooped down to adjust the rod, telling her, at the same time, that she mustn't leave her sport for him, as he would go further down the pond.

"Oh, no—this is the best place," she replied, with perfect simplicity; and then she half rose, but it was quite evident she didn't like to expose her naked feet to one with just the dress and manners of the stranger.

"Then, you must stay, too, and you shall use my rod, and, perhaps, catch the very fish you lost by my means."

The girl made no other reply than what is contained in the eloquent smile of innocence and youth, and resumed her position.

George proceeded to open the pole, and placed an artificial fly, neat and beautifully constructed, upon the hook. She watched the operation with evident surprise, but made no remark, that might betray her ignorance. When all was completed, she took it from his hand with a blush and a smile, and then, with mock soberness, gave him hers, made of a hazel branch and a tow line, in exchange.

George Lewis laughed, but his hand trembled as he took it from the arch girl, and, somehow, he had never felt less at his ease. The child-like simplicity of the little rustic awed while it charmed him.

"Oh, but you mustn't sink my fly so deep in the water, let it move thus, very gently. But what shall I call you, my pretty girl," he said, looking into her eyes with ill-concealed admiration.

The girl blushed deeper than ever, and looked timidly, almost anxiously up, as she replied in a low voice—

"Jane, sir."

"And my name is George."

An arch smile played over her face, and she replied—

"Mr. George, then, I must call you."

"No, no—call me George—I won't tell you my other name—you didn't yours."

She laughed, with the free, ringing laugh of a child. At this moment a noble trout sprang to the hook, and a dexterous jerk of the pole landed it upon the bank. Jane, forgetful of her naked feet, surveyed the beautiful victim with evident delight.

"I shall cook it for my grandmother's dinner; there is nothing else that I prepare that seems to suit her."

This is, certainly, not very romantic, thought George, but it is quite amiable, he thought, again. He wasted a deal of rhetoric in trying to prevail upon Jane to wait, while he should add another trout to her grandmother's dinner; but, she resolutely declined, saying, she was feeble and aged, and ought not to be left alone.

Lewis looked vexed—it was a glorious day for angling—but, then, he could not fail to see Jane home, and she must come again to catch trout for her grandmother.

"Oh, yes—I often come down to the pond to fish."

"Angle, my dear," interrupted George. Jane half started, and half pouted; but she went on:

"I like to come down to the pond, it is so very beautiful—and the trees and the birds. Don't you think it very beautiful?"

"Very, very; but, when will you come again, Jane, to-morrow?"

"If my grandmother should want another trout, I will. Shall you come?" she added, half smiling and blushing.

"Most certainly—and you must come every day, Jane, and I will lend you my rod and flies; and, mind, you must call it angling, not fishing."

Jane laughed, and promised. By this time they had reached the small, low house in which she lived, and Jane timidly asked him to enter. George declined; after going a few steps, he turned and observed Jane in the same attitude in which he had left her, standing in the door with her bonnet in her hand. He kissed his hand to her, and her whole face was instantly covered with smiles and blushes.

George had scarcely, in his whole life, been guilty of so much gallantry before, and now it was elicited by a bare-footed country girl. He laughed when he thought of the thing. Then he thought of her brown hair and soft eyes, and pretty white feet gleaming up from the green grass—her sweet smile and appropriate language—there was nothing vulgar about her, and he was more than reconciled to himself, and half in love with Jane.

The next day was a storm—the wind swept from the hills, and wrought the lake into angry waves, and the rain fell fast and steady; the elms flung their long branches as the wind rushed, and creaked them upon the low-roofed house. The fowl gathered under the lee of sheds and fences, and looked dripping and dejected. The men were occupied in mending and making the various implements of husbandry, and the girls turned the wheel with merry songs, tossing their many curls as they stepped back and forth with the quickly-twisted thread.

George Lewis tried to amuse himself with his books, but they were unaccountably dull; he looked every fifteen minutes from the small window, to assure himself that it *would* rain all day. Yes, there was no prospect of any thing else. The old farmer, with whom he boarded, had predicted as much, and there was nothing to gainsay him. He tried to read, but he thought only of Jane. He was thrown upon his own reflections—there was nothing else he could do. But they were vague and indistinct, and the bright face of Jane might be seen, if thoughts were visible, thrust into the most profound and logical of his conclusions.

Then came Conscience with her stern sense of justice, warning him to beware how he disturbed the quietude of a young heart—how he dared, even in thoughtlessness, cause his image to mingle with the visions of its youth and guilelessness, when he would leave it only to pine in solitude and desertion. He took down the "Complete Angler," and read the story of the pretty milk-maid, Maudlin, and imagined she might have looked somewhat similar to Jane—and then he thought of the wise caution of the good angler to his companion—"Let Maudlin alone," and he resolved to profit by it, as well as by his other beautiful hints and counsels. Yes, he would act worthy of his vocation.

The Sabbath rose bright and beautiful—the lake heaved and blushed in the morning light like the breast of a maiden who has just listened to the witching story of love—the trees every where hung heavy with moisture, and glittered in the sunshine, while the birds awoke the forest with a wild jubilee of music.

The earth had never looked so beautiful to the subject of our story. His moral sense had been refreshed by the reflection of the day before, in which the pure-minded Jane had mingled, even like his guardian spirit of innocence and love. And now the beauty of the Christian Sabbath, and its harmony with the wants of the human soul, struck him with a new sense of its appropriateness.

We need not describe the gathering of a congregation at a New England church. All know how the scattered inhabitants are seen to emerge from field and pasture, entering the highway over stiles, or the still more primitive bars—how green lane and forest shade send forth their quiet, orderly groups, with their subdued voices and respectable attire.

All can conceive the perfect neatness of the nicely-ironed Sunday gowns, with which the maidens appear, each carrying a fan and a pocket-handkerchief carefully folded. Then the young men with their well-brushed and long preserved "best suit," and the youngers with their white hose and stout shoes, and the regulated step of all, as if this were the one day for walking well, for looking well, and behaving well. It is the Sunday air, never to be mistaken, never to be confounded with the manners of any other day in the week.

George saw all this, but it struck him with a new feeling; a sense of its appropriateness—the harmony of all with the primitive lives of the inhabitants—it was the waving of the mantle of the Pilgrims, though centuries had borne them away with the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Then he thought of Scotland, and the wonderful coincidence of mind and manners between our own people and that hardy, virtuous race.

The services were simple and appropriate, and though many a bright eye timidly glanced at the stranger, and many wondered who and what he could be, yet his presence disturbed none of the proprieties of public worship. George saw nothing to shock his city habits, except the circumstance of the whole congregation turning their backs upon their clergyman during the service of prayer.

As he left the church, he observed an aged female leaning heavily upon the arm of a young girl, who notwithstanding her change of dress, he was quite certain must be Jane. As he passed, she looked up, and her whole face instantly brightened with smiles and blushes. He could do no less than walk beside her. She certainly looked very beautiful in her gingham frock and snug cottage bonnet, filled, as it was, with her rich dark-curles. And then her elastic foot scarcely looked prettier in its black, laced slipper than when peering nakedly from the green grass.

"My grandmother," said Jane, in a faint voice, by way of introduction.

The old lady stopped short, to the evident dismay of the girl, and made a strong effort to raise her bowed form, and lift her shrivelled face to that of the strangers;



while her head trembled, and her thin lips were compressed over her toothless gums, till nose and chin were in danger of approximation.

"My grandmother; well, and who may this fine spark be?"

Jane colored crimson. Lewis touched his hat respectfully, and replied, "My name is Lewis, madam," and he proffered his arm to the old lady in his best style. She was instantly appeased, and commenced giving a detail of her infirmities, to which Lewis listened with the greatest deference; for respect for the aged was one of his strongest characteristics.

Jane walked beside her grandmother nearly silent, not even exhibiting a dash of rustic triumph as group after group passed by with marks of recognition, and wondering how the fine-looking stranger happened to be upon such good terms with old Mrs. Bryant.

On reaching the house, Lewis was urged to stop and take tea with them, an invitation he would have declined in accordance with the resolutions of yesterday, but he could not resist the smiles and asking looks of Jane. He seated himself in one of the high-backed, flag chairs that stood by the open window. A grape-vine had been planted beneath, and the bright sun struggling through its thick leaves painted their delicate tracery upon the floor.

A few shelves or "dressers" occupied one corner, upon which were neatly arranged powder plates and basins, bright as silver, some brown mugs, and plain earthen cups and saucers. In another corner stood an old-fashioned walnut desk, glossy and black with age, and a table of the same material, with small crooked legs and club feet, stood under a little looking-glass, considerably inclined. Beneath the glass hung two or three profiles cut in black paper, and framed in oval forms, a pair of "shears," and a skein of brown linen thread, and a pincushion made of colored silk, ornamented with tassels upon each angle. We like to be particular about these things, knowing that our readers can't go themselves and see the little room.

Upon the table lay a large "Family Bible," open at the fourteenth chapter of Job, and a Psalm Book Jane had just laid down with her fan. Upon the desk he observed "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Baxter's Call," "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life of Washington," "Morse's Geography," "Murray's Grammar," "Pike's Arithmetic," and the "Student's Companion." In the four last was written, "The property of Jane Bryant," and in one of them, in another hand, was the couplet,

"Steal not this book, my *honest* friend,  
For fear the gallows will be your end."

Jane made her appearance with an apron of blue check over her gingham frock, and the old lady took her pipe and seated herself in the corner, where she continued to puff away with great diligence, only removing it at intervals to make inquiries of the stranger as to his place of residence, his family, etc., all of which were answered to her satisfaction, except the one appertaining to his visit to the village. She could not, for her life, understand how or why a young, healthy man should

come a long journey just to pull a few fish out of the water, unless, indeed, he meant to sell them.

Lewis shook his head. "What, not sell them? Then what do you mean to do with them?"

"I shall send a part for Jane to cook for your dinner, madam."

Mrs. Bryant looked mollified. "Ay, ay, Jane was gone a long time the last time I sent her down to the pond, but she caught a nice large one."

George looked at Jane, and she smiled and blushed crimson. The table, with its snowy tow and linen cloth,

"Wove by *me* hand, as ye may guess  
Save that of Fairly fair,"

or Jane's, as the reader will understand, was soon spread. The thick apple pie, and cream biscuit, were excellent; and the black tea and cream unexceptionable. Jane presided with the prettiest grace in the world, blushing and trembling, and half dropped the cream-pitcher in passing it to her guest, whereupon her grandmother scolded in round terms. Upon the whole, however, things went off in very good style, though Mrs. Bryant declared that she never knew Jane to act half as bad before.

Trout were uncommonly plenty that year, and so gullible, that they swallowed the hook with scarcely a demur, and the consequence was, that Mrs. Bryant almost every day had one upon her table, and the donor was often, very often invited to dine upon the dainty prepared by the pretty hands of Jane; more especially as he instructed her to cook them after the most approved method of anglers, which was far more palatable than the uncivilized method to which they had been accustomed, namely, that of frying them in pork—yes, in pork. Tell it not in Gath.

George Lewis, as a good angler, was suitably shocked, and very careful not only to teach the proper method, but also to provide sundry delicate condiments, which went still farther to conciliate the old lady. But when he one day placed a large shawl, of the most approved pattern upon the bony shoulders of the ancient dame, he became at once securely installed in her good graces. From that time forth, Jane was permitted not only to go at all times down to the pond, and angle with George Lewis, but to roam all about the woods and gather wild-flowers, and learn their names and classes, with him for her companion and instructor.

Alas, for poor Jane; she desired nothing more, and often might her ringing laugh be heard in the shadow of the green trees, down by the beautiful lake, where she bent over to peer at the fish gathering in the still waters of the bank.

Poor girl! often upon her return home, she might be seen looking anxiously at a pair of small black slippers, which were fast "falling into the scar and yellow leaf." True, the gloves had been often restored by the white of an egg, yet all wouldn't do; it was quite evident they were nearly worn out. Her grandmother had often told her she would have no more that summer, but she still wore them, for she couldn't bear to walk with George Lewis

with bare feet. She didn't mind going without stockings, but bare feet couldn't be thought of.

At length, in springing across a little brook, as George took her hand from the opposite side, she felt her shoe give way, and upon examination, it was found nearly ripped from the sole. The poor girl burst into tears, and hid her feet beneath her upon the turf, for the toes were peeping from the rent.

"What shall I do? What will my grandmother say?" she exclaimed sobbing.

"Don't cry," said her companion, trying to suppress a laugh, "you look quite as well without shoes, Jane."

Jane looked up, and was certainly a little angry, for she wiped her tears, and said with a good deal of emphasis—

"It will do for you, Mr. Lewis, (she had always before called him George,) to laugh at such things, for I suppose you have a plenty of money, but it is very different with a poor girl, who hasn't a cent in the world. Not a cent."

"You shall have a dozen," said Lewis, a little roguishly, and throwing a whole handful of coin into her lap.

Jane arose with considerable emphasis, and the bright silver was scattered all amongst the green grass.

"Good bye, Mr. Lewis; I shan't come down to the pond again."

"Jane, Jane, just stop one moment."

Jane didn't stop, nor turn, but she walked just the least bit in the world slower. George was soon at her side, and when he said in a very low voice, "Miss Jane, I am sorry if I have offended you," the girl's face, for an instant, was covered with smiles, but when she looked up and saw the expression of Lewis' face, there was a something that looked so melancholy about it, and something, too, in her own heart, that made her burst into tears.

Alas! George had forgotten the wise counsel of the angler, "let Maudlin alone," and he felt now the spell that had been woven in his destiny. He took the hand of Jane within his own, and they sat down there in the still forest, and George wiped the tears from her eyes, but neither spoke. They sat long, long, but words were needless in that mysterious intercommunication of soul with soul. It was love—such as angels might own and bless.

"I must leave you, Jane," said the youth in a low, hesitating tone. "You must forgive me, too, that I have staid so long."

The tears swelled from beneath the long lashes of the girl, and her hand trembled. Lewis removed the little sun-bonnet from her thick curls, and drawing her to his bosom, pressed a kiss upon her cheek. A slight shudder passed all over her, and she gently rose from his arms.

"You will come back next summer," she said timidly, yet looking earnestly in his face.

"I fear not, Jane. I may never return. Shall you think of me sometimes, Jane?"

Jane looked as if she wondered how he *could* ask such a question—her color varied, and the red lip quivered, but she spoke not a word.

"You will be married, Jane, to some of these country

beaux that seem to admire you so much, and then I shall be forgotten."

Jane looked reproachfully at the speaker, and attempted to rise.

"Stay awhile longer, Jane; we may never meet again, and do not let us part in coldness."

Jane put both hands over her face, and the tears struggled through her fingers. George tried to speak, but so heavily did the sense of the wounded feelings of the guileless girl press upon him, that he could not utter a word. He dared not declare definitely his own attachment, as that would but add to his injustice.

"Do not weep, Jane," he said, wiping the tears from his own eyes. "Will you not promise to forget me? Will you not be cheerful and happy when I am gone, and forget you have ever seen me?"

"Never, never, George; I shall think of you every day, and every hour in the day. And will you not think of me? Oh, I should love to think you would not forget me."

Lewis pressed the child-like girl to his heart, and felt truly she could never, never be forgotten. But then she could never be his; his proud mother would spurn such an alliance. Bitterly did he regret the thoughtless selfishness of which he had been guilty. But if Jane suffered, he felt that he should be a sufferer too, and his sufferings must be heightened by the pangs of remorse.

Their walk home was nearly silent. Jane felt a deep, deep weight at her heart, and the beauty of the wild flowers, and the music of the birds appealed in vain to her senses. The loveliness of the earth, for the first time, failed to awake an echo in her young bosom. A shadow lay upon her heart, and the light and glory of the world without, jarred like an ill-toned instrument.

Lewis felt that he had been the cause of a fearful change in the breast of the artless girl, and he could only crave her forgiveness.

"Promise me, Jane, should we never meet again, that when you are older, and know more of the world, you will try to forgive me as you do now—you will think of me as a brother, and *love* me as a brother."

The word operated like magic upon the mind of the sensitive girl; it gave a warrant for those undefinable emotions that now agitated her bosom. She threw her meek arms about his neck, and replied only with a flood of tears.

"Will you not promise to be a sister, Jane; alas, I have never known the love of a sister."

"I will, I will, and never forget you; no, never, though we may never meet again. Yet why not come back again, George? I have no brother or sister, no friend but my poor sick grandmother, and I shall think of you, and long to see you again."

"Perhaps I will, Jane, but you must promise to be quite happy without me."

Jane looked perplexed and disappointed, and she did not speak. Lewis felt he had adopted a dangerous and cruel expedient—that Jane was to him more than any sister could have been, and that the poor girl was only deceiving her own heart when she thought of him as a brother.

That day Mrs. Bryant was in her worst possible humor. Nothing did, or could suit her. And now Jane had staid longer than usual, and for three long hours, she had had no one upon whom to vent her ill-humor. One kick had sent the cat, all alive with terror, through the open window, and there was nothing else left. It might have been a relief to punch the fore-stick, but the fire was out, and she had no other resource than "nursing her wrath to keep it warm" until the return of her grandchild.

The poor girl saw the condition of things the moment she entered the door; but she was quite desperate, so she went right up to the old lady, and taking off her shoe, inquired what she must do.

"Do, why, go to meeting barefoot, you are old enough."

Jane was entirely relieved for she had expected nothing else than a "sound box upon the ear," and she saw there was no prospect of the ceremony at this time, for the neighbors used to say of Mrs. Bryant, it was with her, "a word and a blow, and the blow came first." It is probable her anger had reached its climax, and the desperate appearance of the shoe operated as a 'calmer.'

That night Jane received a package containing a pair of kid slippers, and a line bidding her farewell, calling her sister, and expressing the warmest expressions of fraternal attachment. Poor Jane wept herself to sleep that night, with the billet pressed close to her bosom.

*To be continued.*

Original.

#### TO A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

THOSE mild blue eyes are turned on me  
Which ever way I go:  
And I could weep—so foolishly  
While gazing there. I long to see  
One look that seems to glow  
With love for me. So sweet their glances are,  
I feel while reading all their loveliness,  
Like one, who kneeling to some beauteous star,  
He fondly deems that from its home afar  
It sends an answering glance his soul to bless.

And may I breathe my thoughts to thee—  
Thoughts that words cannot tell?  
Yes, such a generous sympathy  
Glow in that smile; it seems to me  
Like some mysterious spell.  
And, oh, so eloquently soft those eyes!  
Surely the soul of love and purity  
Shines through them, and my soul unbidden flies  
To meet it, as a bird to meet the skies,  
And feels still nearest Heaven when nearest thee.

Ah, happy they whose eyes can trace,  
In each fair lineament  
Remembered looks, that years cannot efface,  
And sweet revealings of that inward grace,  
And hallowed moments spent

With thee, in sweet communion and unmixed delight—  
Can murmur, "Thus she smiled when last we met,  
Thus beamed those eyes with fond affection bright,  
And this the same soft glance that met my sight  
When last we parted, all! with what regret!"

And if my heart rejoices in the smile  
Which o'er thy semblance plays—  
And if my fancy seeks thus to beguile,  
Me with the dream that thou art here the while,  
Answering with love, my gaze.  
My gaze—almost a stranger—how must they  
Whose sunshine is the light thy presence showers  
Rejoice to linger when thou art away;  
Where here, thy second self renews the ray  
That shed its brightness o'er their vanished hours.

Oh, priceless treasure! thus will it remain  
When she whose form it bears  
Has gone the way whence none return again—  
Where purest love reveals no earthly stain—  
And the heart knows no cares.  
Then will it speak to those whose tears flow fast  
At thought of ties so sweet, that death must sever—  
Of the mind's loveliness, which blooms for ever,  
By nought of sorrow or regret o'ercast.

And then, as now, those lips will seem to tell  
Sweet words of sympathy,  
With cheering hope all sorrow to dispel,  
Smiling a welcome—murmuring a farewell,  
Ready to bless as they were wont to be.  
When may the loved ones, as they linger here,  
While o'er the past their pensive memory flies,  
Recall what once she was, without a tear,  
And fondly deem her spirit to be near,  
Smiling again in love from those dear eyes.

Original.

#### ELEGIAC SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ASA L. PAYNE, WHO LOST HIS LIFE  
IN A FIRE AT WATERTOWN, N. Y., DEC. 22, 1838.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."—*Job*, 14, 2.

WHY should we mortals count on lengthened days,  
And think our certain doom is never near?  
The sweetest flower that basks in Morning's rays,  
Sinks oft beneath the storm ere noon is here.  
Thus with the friend whose loss we now lament;  
Scarce were his life's bright morning sunbeams o'er—  
Scarce were his hours of happy boyhood spent,  
And now we see his face on earth no more!  
Dire was his fate, in hissing flames enrolled—  
Yet why should impious tears bedew our eyes?  
Did not the famous fiery car of old  
Convey the prophet swiftly to the skies?  
Let Reason, then, and Hope, our grief restrain,  
Nor doubt our loss is his eternal gain.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

**RICHELIEU; OR, THE CONSPIRACY, by E. Lytton Bulwer: Harper & Brothers.**—This is a play, in five acts, and the volume is eked out to a hundred and fifty pages, by means of several odes, of unequal merit. Mr. Bulwer is not a good lyric writer, and, from a peculiar construction of mind, never can be. As a dramatist, he is more clever, although rather awkward and heavy, at times; painting, as he does, copies of nature, rather than nature itself. Mr. Bulwer is a thought-gatherer, and takes pride in being such; esteeming mere thought, without reference to the naturalness of its rising, as more aidant to his career as a play-wright, than those direct bursts of passion, which alone can make a dramatist great. The production abounds in eloquent passages, but it has faults of the grossest kind. If Bulwer, the dramatist, had forgot Bulwer, the novelist, a much better play, both for the closet and the stage, would have been produced. The characters are well drawn, but they appear, before the reader, as though magnified by a telescope—not as the creatures of flesh and blood, which they were, and which they ought to appear to be.

It is but just to say that the play has been successful in England, and is frequently performed; but, this acknowledgment, in our opinion, does not militate against the views which we have expressed; for, a bad play, in these days of false taste and literary trickery, is more likely to enjoy public favor, if thus aided, than the best dramatic production which receives no such aid, and is thrown before the public to rest upon its own merits.

**JACK SHEPPARD: Lea & Blanchard.**—There is a peculiarity about the style of Ainsworth, the author of this novel, which enchants the reader, in addition to the fascination of the story itself. The number before us is the second, and the interest will undoubtedly be kept up to the end—which will be found in the eighth number.

**ADVICE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN: Lea & Blanchard.**—This book is by the author of "Laws of Etiquette," and, to say that the writer has done better in this work than the other, may be sufficient praise with many persons. In our opinion, however, there are books enough, already published, upon good breeding and behavior in society. We think it doubtful if much instruction, on the points generally noticed in such works, benefits the young. We must admit, notwithstanding, that we have read a large portion of the book with a fair share of gratification.

**THE PHANTOM SHIP, by Captain Marryat: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.**—A novel, by the author of "Jacob Faithful," is sure to create a sensation, whatever may be its character; and this is a novel of more intense interest than any other by the same author. The subject is poetical, and it has been treated in a truly imaginative and passionate style. Some of the descriptions are among the most thrilling sketches of life on the sea that we have ever read. This novel will add much to the author's already widely extended reputation as a felicitous novelist.

**BEAUTIES OF DANIEL WEBSTER: Edward Walker.**—Although extracts from the writings of Webster, thus arranged, may seem to the student of little value, yet, it must be acknowledged that such a work is of great importance to the many, as it may reach those who cannot easily obtain a more voluminous compilation of that orator's works. The volume here presented to the public is filled by selections, which are creditable to the judgment of the compiler, and it will be no matter of astonishment, if the book pass through several editions, for it is, moreover, well printed and substantially bound, and contains a likeness of the great statesman, which is well executed.

**THE TENT PITCHED, by N. P. Willis: Samuel Colman.**—This book is formed of letters which have been published in the "Mirror." We do not know that we can compliment the author better than to say that we coincide with the views generally expressed toward it by the periodical press.

**BENEMOTH: J. & H. G. Langley.**—This is a legend of the builders of the mounds in the West—those stupendous hills, which have been the admiration and the wonder of travellers, but the secret of whose formation is buried with the sunless past. The author is evidently young, but the work is one of much promise for his advancement. The work is interesting, and those who are not critical, will find an ample store of enjoyment in its pages, for they are filled with poetically conceived descriptions, and some sentiments worthy of encomium. The author, by study, will early become known in the republic of letters.

**NICHOLAS NICKLESY: Lea & Blanchard.**—These enterprising publishers have issued the thirteenth number of this popular novel.—*The Carvills.*

**MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.**—This work was edited by G. P. R. James, but he has had little to do with it. It is from the pen of an English lady. The work is well conceived, and the histories of the women who are introduced have been written out somewhat fully. We think the volume is valuable.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES: Lea & Blanchard.**—This novel is by the author of "Sayings and Doings," "Jack Brag," etc. We have not read the whole of the work, but we have been much amused with many of the satirical touches of the writer. There is much instruction in it, and, on the whole, it will be read with profit.—*The Carvills.*

**THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN DAY: Lea & Blanchard.**—This history is an attempt to be humorous, through two volumes. We cannot say that the author has been successful, although there is enough in the work that is good, to save it from utter condemnation. The adventures of the hero are varied and attractive, and, we suppose, sufficiently so to excite the attention of the general reader. The work is less valuable, in a literary point of view, than any other work from the pen of Dr. Bird.—*The Carvills.*

**THE CROPPY: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.**—This is a tale, by the O'Hara family. It is a pleasing work. The Irish wit scattered throughout its pages, and the story itself, cause it to enchain the mind, and keep it, as it were, spell-bound, to the conclusion. It is impossible to commence this work, without a desire to continue to the end, which is wrought out in a masterly style. We commend these volumes, with all sincerity, to our readers.

**WALLACE ON THE EYE: R. Carter, 58 Canal street,** has lately published a work with the above title. Dr. Knight, Professor of Anatomy at Yale College, thinks it a work "containing many interesting discoveries, which throw much light upon the hitherto obscure points in the physiology of vision."

**DEERBROOK: Harper & Brothers.**—This is a novel, by Miss Harriet Martineau, and is destined to have a beneficial effect on society, for it exposes many of the follies of life with such force that we are disposed to ejaculate, "we have seen the originals." The book is filled with valuable sentiments, and the interest of the story is sustained with capital effect. The picture of the family of "the Greys" is drawn with admirable fidelity, and the reader peruses the work with a higher estimate of the abilities of the authoress than he could possibly have possessed from the examination of her other works.

**THE HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Lea & Blanchard.**—This work is in two large octavo volumes, from the pen of J. Fennimore Cooper, who has done the country much service, by an impartial and lucid record of our naval engagements. There is no man, perhaps, more capable of writing a history of our Navy, than Mr. Cooper; and, that he has produced so excellent a work, is as creditable to his judgment and genius, as it is a matter of pride to his countrymen.

## THE FAIR ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

## BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY MISS ELIZA COOK:

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

*Dolce. P*



The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE' and 'Dolce. P'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a sharp key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a final chord.



This section shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, which includes a trill and a fermata. The piano accompaniment in the bass staff consists of chords and moving lines. The section ends with a 'FINE.' marking in both staves.

long, long a - go by the Lake of Killarney, Young Kathleen, sweet flower, I woo'd for my bride ; But she

*P*



This section shows the piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, which includes a trill and a fermata. The piano accompaniment in the bass staff consists of chords and moving lines. The section ends with a 'FINE.' marking in both staves.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system also continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *Cres.*, *Dim.*, *tr*, *P*, *SF*, *Piu Lento*, and *D. C.*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

said, that an Irishman's love was soft blarney, Like a rain-bow it lived, like a rain-bow it died ; Yet

fond - ly and tru - ly my bo-som was yearning; Her smile was my star, and her word was my creed : Oh! my

lov-ing was pure, but she mock'd its deep burning, She rived my warm spirit and left it to bleed.

## SECOND VERSE.

But the worm's at the core, and its work is proclaiming  
 The sorrowful tale my proud lip would not speak;  
 It feeds and lives on, in defiance of blaming,  
 It drinks from my breathing, it whitens my cheek:  
 Soon, soon will the fresh weeds above me be springing,  
 And maidens shall come to my grave with a sigh;  
 They shall weep o'er the green sod, and tell in their singing,  
 The wild sons of Erin can love till they die!

## THEATRICALS.

**PARK.**—Mrs. Gibbs and Mr. Sinclair, since our last, have passed through a short engagement, with but little success. They would have been more successful, perhaps, had sufficient aid been received from the stage-appointments, which were scarcely in keeping with the position of the house—certainly, not in rivalry with those at the other theatres. The chorus, too, was deficient in strength and numbers. The principal pieces in which these vocalists appeared, were, "The Lord of the Isles," "The Cabinet," and "Midas." The former had the longest run, and deservedly so, for much of its music is characteristic and pleasing. The ballads, interspersed throughout it, have a charm which can never vanish. Mrs. Gibbs sang with her usual taste, and Mr. Sinclair generally acquitted himself creditably. It is but justice to Mr. Richings, to say that his performance was very acceptable, and that his song, in the second act, was given with delicacy and feeling. In "Midas," Mr. Sinclair appeared more advantageously than in either of the other pieces. He seemed more at home, and, on the whole, sang more faithfully than in the other plays.

At the benefit of Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Freer, from the minor London theatres, made his first appearance as Richard III. We have had no opportunity, as yet, of deciding fully upon his abilities; but, it seems to us, that he is much more fitted for the higher walks of tragedy, than many whom we have witnessed making the attempt.

Miss Clifton has played an engagement of three or four nights to much smaller audiences than could have been anticipated, notwithstanding her personation of Anna Boleyn, in a new tragedy of that name, which was represented three nights. The play is a singular mixture of good and bad.

In the *dance*, Monsieur and Madame Taglioni have created quite a sensation, and the audiences have improved wonderfully. They are very clever. Monsieur Taglioni is a spirited and graceful dancer, and even a remarkably elegant one. Madame Taglioni exhibits an ease of style which captivates, but there is scarcely that gliding from grace to grace, which constitutes finish. Her attitudes, however, are striking and beautiful, and her elasticity of muscles is admirable. The ballet chosen for their first appearance was "La Sylphide," a beautiful piece, which, we were happy to see, was produced with new scenery and machinery, adding much to the general effect.

**NATIONAL.**—We have not much to say upon the performances at this house, as, in the line of novelty, little has been brought forward—the protracted engagement of Miss Shirreff and Messrs. Seguin and Wilson having caused them to usurp the boards almost entirely. Miss Shirreff has appeared in Cinderella, but not with that eminent success that distinguished her previous efforts. "The Mountain Sylph," "Amilie," and "La Sonnambula," have been frequently performed, and the audiences, for the season, and considering the length of the engagement, have been fashionable and large.

Near the end of the month, several benefit-nights occurred, which were gratifying to those for whom they were appointed. Among these, was that of Mr. Williams, who introduced, on the occasion, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Freer, and the public's old favorite, Mr. Browne, the comedian.

The management of the theatre has been conducted in the same style of liberality as hitherto; and little has been wanting, that could satisfy the public, or aid the performers, appertaining to the business of the stage.

**BOWERY.**—This magnificent edifice has been opened with a success unprecedented in theatrical annals in this country. The theatre receives much aid from its scenery, which is truly beautiful—no expense, apparently, being spared to give the eye perfect satisfaction. "Nick of the Woods," a new drama, written by the late *Louisa H. Medina*, was first produced; since which, "Ernest Maltravers" and "Mazepa" have been revived. The two former, in addition to the interest excited, in consequence of their splendor as scenic representations, have borrowed lustre from the acting of Mrs. Shaw, who has, also,

played Constance, in the "Love Chase," with her usual spirit and elegance. "Mazepa" has attracted large audiences. It was produced with all the aids of new scenery, machinery, and costume, with Mr. Woolford in the chief character—which he is well skilled to sustain. We learn that "Macbeth" is in preparation, and that it will be produced with the aid of gorgeous scenery and dresses, in a style worthy the conception of the author. "Macbeth" is capable of being made the most unequalled spectacle in the language, and we have no doubt that this attempt of Mr. Hamblin, to do justice to the legitimate drama, will be crowned with reward.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

**TO OUR READERS.**—We have the pleasure of announcing the names of several new and regular contributors to the "Companion," for the present year. Articles from one or two of them, it will be noticed, appear in the present number. From England, we have Miss Mary Anne Browne, of Liverpool, the sister of Mrs. Hemans, and the authoress of "Ignatia and other Poems," and Mrs. Holland, of London, widely known as the writer of "The Son of a Genius," and other popular works. Of our country, we have Mrs. Ellett, the authoress of several volumes, and B. B. Thacher, author of "Indian Biography."

**NORTH RIVER STEAMBOATS.**—As this is a season when many ladies are in the habit of passing up the river, and as there are many boats plying upon the stream, it becomes a question to ascertain which is the most suitable boat among the many steamers. There are several opposition boats, which ply from the city to the numerous towns on the river, which, from the low price of passage, and the scantiness of the accommodations, are scarcely fitted to carry ladies, who seek for retirement from the crowd, and those comforts which are generally found in good boats.

Although it is difficult to decide which is the best boat, we think there can be no disappointment, if those belonging to the old line are sought, as they are skilfully managed, and no efforts are spared to render them pleasant to those who patronize them. The old line of boats has long been celebrated for attention to passengers and safe navigation, and the public can gain nothing by an opposition which seeks to deprive true enterprise of a fair emolument, which it would be sure to demand, could it be installed in the same degree of public favor which it is its attempt to gain by a temporary appeal.

A monopoly should, indeed, be checked when it fails to satisfy the community; but, a casual opposition, which seeks to make up, by hook or by crook, an average amount of receipts, is not worthy of regard.

**PLATE OF SUMMER FASHIONS.—Full Dress.**—The head will be much ornamented with pearls and other jewelry. The robe consists of white muslin over pale pink satin, the waist cut very low, rounded at top, and very fully draped; the sleeves short and tight, ornamented to correspond with the flounce, which is frilled and gathered in a knot at the side, fastened by a bunch of flowers and ribbons. Cord and tassels. It should be observed that the waist is trimmed with folds, disposed in circles, which serve to set off a good shape advantageously.

**Promenade and Carriage Dress.**—White brocade robe, striped; the skirt is trimmed with two flounces, festooned with a color to correspond with the stripe; low waist, trimmed with blond; puffed sleeves, with deep ruffles; gloves, or sleeves entire, fastened by bands at the wrist. Mantillas of straw color, shot silk, or white wrought muslin. Cord and tassels. Hat, small Leghorn, chip or shirred, small brim, with sprigs of flowers inside, and roses without, or ribbons.

**Evening Dress.**—Pearl gray *pour de soie*, waist made high behind, very low in front, disposed on each side in folds. The front of the skirt in two loops, with a rose in each. Cord and tassels. The sleeves are made full, trimmed with blond lace. The head is ornamented with flowers, the hair brought low upon the cheeks, in broad braids, fastened at the temples.







# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

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burgh. The action commenced at noon. In the main road by which the British advanced, was Commodore || Far away from my home, with sweet Pleasure co-mated,  
VOL. XI—13 On thy banks we discovered the fountains of Joy.



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JULY, 1839.

## VIADUCT ON THE BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

THE arches of the Viaduct, in the plate which we here present to our readers, span the Patuxent, a stream, which at some points, is of very considerable depth and breadth, but which, in addition to its own loveliness, becomes an object of interest for its being the scene of actions which transpired during our country's last war with Great Britain. The view will be recognized for its faithfulness in every particular; and, that it may be more forcibly impressed upon the memory, we annex some of the historical passages which glorify it, drawn from the most respected authorities.

In May, 1814, while the British were attempting to blockade the coast, in the command of a flotilla, comprising a cutter, two gun boats, a galley, and nine large barges, Commodore Barney sailed from Baltimore for the protection of the bay. At the mouth of the Patuxent, on the first of June, he discovered and chased two schooners, one of which, carried eighteen guns. The schooners were soon joined by a seventy-four gun ship, which sent a number of barges to their assistance, and the Commodore, to avoid being cut off from the Potomac, sailed up the Patuxent. The schooners and barges having followed him, he engaged and drove them back, and anchored within three miles of the seventy-four. After a few days, the British were reinforced by a sloop-of-war and a razee, and joining the barges, they moved into St. Leonard's Creek, where Commodore Barney had placed the flotilla across in line of battle. An engagement was the consequence. The enemy retreated, the flotilla followed, and in the afternoon the former made a second attack with twenty barges and two schooners. The action was severe, and the eighteen gun schooner was run aground and abandoned. A corps of artillery arriving from Washington on the twenty-sixth, the Commodore attacked the whole squadron, and after an action of two hours, drove the enemy's ships down the river.

The British Government, hostilities in Europe having ceased, sent out reinforcements to their fleet in America. Sir Alexander Cochrane arrived with thirty sail, and several thousand men, under Major General Ross. This power entered the Chesapeake, and a plan of attack was formed against Washington, Alexandria and Baltimore, the Secretary of State having been honorably informed by the Admiral, that his orders were to lay waste all the accessible towns on the coast. In two divisions, the fleet approached the capital by the Potomac and Patuxent.

Commodore Barney, obedient to orders, blew up the flotilla in the Patuxent, and, with his men, joined General Winder. General Ross landed six thousand men at the head of frigate navigation. He was met by General Winder, and his force of five thousand men, at Bladensburg. The action commenced at noon. In the main road by which the British advanced, was Commodore

Barney's battery. After several vain attempts were made to pass him, the main column was thrown into disorder. His right was then flanked. In all other points, the British gained, and Commodore Barney, with a slight force, stood alone.

The Commodore was wounded in the thigh, and had but a single round of cartridge left; General Ross had nearly the control of the field. Thus situated, the Commodore reluctantly retreated, and soon fell, exhausted by the loss of blood. Taken prisoner, he was borne to the enemy's hospital, kindly treated, and on his recovery, released on his parole.

General Ross marched to the capital, and burned the public buildings, an act which was immediately condemned by the British government.

The division of the enemy's fleet which went up the Potomac, consisted of eight sail, and was commanded by Captain Gordon. It was directed to attack Alexandria. The town surrendered, and stipulated that the houses should neither be entered nor destroyed.

Captain Gordon, afterwards, with a fleet of prizes taken from Alexandria, sailed to join the rest of the squadron in the Chesapeake, receiving some damage from the batteries near the mouth of the river as he descended, and united in the less formidable actions against Baltimore.

The following verses, as an illustration, were written *ex tempore*, on beholding the plate, by the author of "Julietta Gordini."

WHAT a change has old Time, in his course here created,  
Patuxent! sweet river, since when a mere boy,  
Far away from my home, with sweet Pleasure co-mated,  
On thy banks we discovered the fountains of Joy.  
I remember the day when the cannon's loud rattle,  
Shook the bounds of thy bed like the thunder's dread  
    roar,  
And the smoke that arose from the scene of the battle,  
Spread above thee in clouds, and enshrouded thy shore.  
At a distance I stood and behold with deep wonder,  
Through the far-lengthened line, as each lightning-flash  
    broke,  
While the scene was confused by the echoing thunder,  
The dead and the dying that fell in the smoke.  
Oh, how peaceful and quiet is now all around thee,  
Thy banks are disturbed by no din that destroys,  
For twinned Commerce and Wisdom have happily found  
    thee,  
And their zeal for mankind now thy service employs.  
Thou art spanned by triumphant and useful high arches,  
Which unite thy rich banks, as a clasp, firm and strong,  
And Enterprise there with a magic o'ermarches,  
While her votaries follow and fear not to throng.  
What a change has old Time, in his course here created,  
Patuxent! sweet river, since when a mere boy,  
Far away from my home, with sweet Pleasure co-mated,  
On thy banks we discovered the fountains of Joy.

Original.

ELISE ARMAND.\*

A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE curtain fell amid shouts of applause; the name of the celebrated Armand sounded from all lips. Presently she appeared again upon the stage, and with grateful smiles thanked the audience for their praises.

"She is no woman—but an angel!" cried the Baron Herder to his friend William; and not a little displeased was he that the other did not partake his excessive admiration. The friends were separated by the crowd; Herder availed himself of the circumstance to part from William without an adieu, and pursued his way alone to his lodgings. Here he gave vent to his enthusiasm in writing songs; copied the most successful in an elegant hand, and sealed it in a rose-colored envelope. Here he gave himself up to dreams of bliss; fancy led him to the feet of the lovely actress, and the future promised long years of happiness. The next morning he sent the song with a bouquet of rare flowers, and heard with joy that the fair Elise herself had taken the gift from the bearer.

The next evening she appeared as Beatrice in the *Bride of Messina*, and Herder was first in the theatre. With eager impatience he waited for the curtain to rise; to the first scene, in which she did not appear, he paid little heed, being absorbed in the conversation of two gentlemen who sat next him.

"I remember well her first debut," said one; "she was then only sixteen, a lovely budding rose. I then visited the theatre daily, till she married a rich nobleman."

"If I mistake not," observed the other, "her lord was more jealous than Othello; he took his young and beautiful wife to his castle on the Rhine, where she passed her days watched like any Sultana."

"I know little of her history during that time: nor ought except that after a few years she returned to the stage as Elise Armand. Her beauty is now of a statelier kind than before; and for me, I look upon her with not the less admiration, that I know her to have reached her twenty-ninth year."

"It may be questioned if the thought occasions as little uneasiness to the fair one herself," observed the other; "women are foolish enough to vex themselves about an added year or two, as much as if it was sure to bring an added wrinkle to their brows."

Herder was deeply interested in the discourse; "Is she then a widow?" he mentally asked. But at the moment she appeared on the stage, and he saw and thought of nothing but her.

After long deliberation, the enamored youth resolved to write and ask of the object of his affections permission to visit her. Permission was granted. With a beating heart he hastened the next morning to her dwelling. On entering the hall, he heard the voice of Elise in the next apartment, the door leading to which was partly open. She spoke in accents of distress.

"Take the jewels, then, and free me at once and for ever from your sight!"

"Elise!" said a low, deep voice, "Elise! moderate your anger. You are wholly in my power; remember you that?"

"I cannot—I cannot satisfy your enormous demand," she said, sobbing. "Leave me if you are a man!"

"Farewell!" said the voice, "yet we meet again, lady!" and he laughed fiercely. The door was thrown open, and a tall, elderly man strode through the hall without noticing Herder and went down the steps. Herder knew not whether to follow him, or announce himself to the lady; but in the midst of his hesitation the door opened again softly, Elise looked in, and said in a faint voice, "You here, sir?"

"I have this instant come," replied Herder; and followed her into the parlor. She soon became more cheerful; the cloud vanished from her lovely face, and she entered into conversation with her usual vivacity. There was nothing declamatory in her gestures or her discourse; yet her earnestness, and the singular propriety of her accent, gave something dramatic to her manner, and every movement, quite natural in her, reminded one of the antique. She wore a robe of white muslin; a gold comb confined the silken profusion of her hair, and the languor occasioned by recent tears, softened the piercing brightness of her dark eyes. An hour passed swiftly in her society; the young Baron saw it was time to take leave, and faltered an entreaty to be permitted to call again, which she granted with an unembarrassed smile.

Herder was the only son of a wealthy nobleman, high in public office; at the desire of his father, as he had elder brothers, he had devoted himself to the army; and though his fiery temperament scorned all subordination, his fancy painted the "pomp and circumstance of war" in the most fascinating colors. It was not to be wondered at, that a being so richly gifted as Elise, should produce a powerful impression on the heart of such a youth—only twenty years of age. At first he admired the *artiste*; but every day her voice sounded sweeter, her face seemed fairer, and his admiration grew to a passion. The brilliant actress received his homage as a matter of course. She was accustomed to attention and flattery; his song, half read, was thrown into a casket full of similar tributes, and his visits taken as celebrated people take the visits of their admirers. The youth was gifted, accomplished; why should she not solace herself in his society? Elise was not wanting in vanity; she loved the deference and admiration of those who were distinguished; and Herder's enthusiasm in conversation served to divert her mind from painful thoughts.

From the time of his first meeting with Elise, Herder avoided his former companions. Every evening, however, found him at the theatre; when she did not play he was sure to see her in the boxes, and he accounted himself happy when he could obtain a glance of recognition from her, for she never spoke with him on such occasions. Sometimes, indeed, he thought of the strange man and his threats, but he was too much dazzled by the charms of his fair one, to think ill of her, and he cared

\* From the German of Caroline L. Lyser.

not, so long as he feared not a rival. So soon as decorum permitted, he visited her again; his compliments, which had a deeper and more passionate meaning than the simple words expressed, she listened to with her usual composure, and the enamored youth was fain to give her silence the most favorable interpretation. At length she begged to excuse herself, having to study a part, and he took his leave full of hope, but could not prevail on himself to quit the neighborhood of her dwelling. What were his emotions ere long, when he saw a young man of a tall and distinguished person, enter the house, and soon after saw his shadow at the parlor window? It did not occur to him that he had no right over Elise; in the violence of his passion he called her faithless—a coquette, etc, and was fain to rush into the house and satisfy himself by actual observation of her perfidy. As he was about to ring at the door, his friend William came up; and in the excitement of his feelings he told him all.

William laughed and said, "Do you forget that Elise Armand is an actress? I wish not to depreciate their worth, but I never knew one who declined homage. An actress loves no one but herself; for popular applause she will immolate the truest heart. Your devotion can never satisfy so vain and ambitious a creature!"

There was little consolation in this speech to poor Herder; he turned away from his friend, who went on, humming a tune; and he vowed to forget the faithless girl, no longer worthy of his thoughts. For several nights he staid away from the theatre, and even joined some of the clubs. Some days passed, and he conceived a burning desire to see Elise once more; this wish vanquished, at length, the remains of his pride and indignation. It was on a rainy evening in autumn that he visited the theatre, unable longer to live out of the sight of his beloved. He knew she only played in the first piece, and would then return home. He determined to meet and salute her, and hoped from her manner, to gather some intimation of her feelings. When she appeared, tender and lovely as ever, his heart leaped with new hope. Her acting was so natural, so child-like—sure nothing false could dwell in such a temple! The man whom he had seen at her window, might be a relation!

The piece was at an end; he hastened from the box, and along the passage leading from the theatre to the open street. She came, accompanied by her maid; pale, and with downcast eyes, she did not observe him. She dropped her glove by accident; Herder picked it up, pressed it twice to his lips, and handed it to her. She took it with a smile, said a few words of thanks, and with a glance that seemed to speak of sorrow, proceeded to her carriage.

"Why have you deserted me?" was Herder's interpretation of this glance; and his heart swelled again with joy. The next morning he hastened to her dwelling, and to have a pretence for his visit, took along with him Schiller's *Mary Stuart*. He was received cordially; she talked much and pleasantly. He told her that an amateur theatre had been established by his fellow officers, and that as soon as he returned, "*Mary Stuart*" was to be performed; and begged her to give him a few hints

upon the character of Mortimer, which he was to undertake.

Elise did not immediately reply; but after a pause said, "I shall be much occupied for the next two weeks; after that, you are welcome. Learn your part well, so that you can do without the book; I will personate the Queen, and if necessary, the others also, that you may understand the spirit of the play. So come again the third of December."

Herder departed, more her slave than ever. He was again denied to his friends, and passed the whole time in studying his part—scarce bestowing a thought on the circumstance that in a few weeks his furlough would expire.

It was the last day of November; the wind blew fiercely, and the rain pattered gloomily against the windows of the actress' dwelling. She sat on a taburet, close to the fire, mechanically twisting her fingers in her long, beautiful hair. The candles burnt down, but she did not notice it; she was absorbed in thought, and tears stole one after another down her cheek. After a while she rose, went to the window, threw it open, and looked long into the darkness. Suddenly two lights were visible in the distance; she heard the roll of a carriage. "Tis he!" she cried, joyfully, and closed the window. The attitude in which she continued to listen, both hands pressed against her throbbing heart, might have served as a study for a painter. At length the door flew open, and the young man, the same figure Herder had seen at the window, entered.

"Edmund, my Edmund!" whispered Elise. He came up, embraced her, and seated himself on the taburet at her feet, looking tenderly in her face. She laid her head on his shoulder and wept bitterly. The young man soothed her; at length, more composed, and wiping her eyes, she said, "Let us speak now of the future; when will you return?"

"That I will come as soon as it is in my power, my Elise, I need not tell you. Yet, you must not be angry if I stay two months in London. My father will not consent to my leaving him sooner; and if he fulfils *my* wishes, I must sacrifice to his the pleasure of our earlier meeting. But fear nothing; I love my father, and am beloved of him; he will welcome you to his arms as his daughter."

"Ah! I feared he would never consent," said Elise; "and even yet, he may entreat you to renounce me; he may bid you stay with him, and I shall never see you again!" She spoke in a tone of passionate grief—covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Elise! you know well I cannot live without you!" cried Edmund; "and it is not only my best happiness, but my most sacred duty, to spare your heart every pang. Be composed; my father never can, never shall separate us; but as I love and honor him, I will sue in person for his consent. I repeat it, he will be happy to call you his daughter."

"But the distance between us—other impressions—will they not weaken your love for me?" sighed Elise.

Edmund started up, about to reply indignantly; but Elise, clasping his hand, said imploringly, "Dear Edmund!

forgive me! You are the only happiness of my life; it is therefore I am always in fear of losing you."

"You must not doubt me," said Edmund, earnestly. "I have gained much: my father has given up his scheme of uniting me to a highborn heiress; he does not even object to your profession, but he frequently questions me upon your past history; rumor must have prejudiced him against you."

"Elise rose with a look of haughtiness. "Must I stand a trial?" said she. "Do you distrust me?"

"Nay, beloved," interrupted the young man; "I know, and the world knows, that you were devoted to your profession from earliest youth, and that after your husband's death you returned to the stage, assuming your maiden name; and all know your exemplary life; but why did you renounce the name of your husband? There is a mystery about you; and the vulgar ever build reports upon mystery."

Elise turned pale, but collecting herself by an effort, replied, "My whole life lies open before you; I have nothing to hide. I renounced my husband's name, because I was better known to the theatre-going public as Elise Armand."

Edmund kissed her hand. "What need was there of questioning?" cried he; "you are ingenious as an angel; I will show my father your letters and your picture, and they will put all meddlers to shame."

In parting, he urged her to live secluded during his absence; and, if possible, to withdraw immediately from the stage. They talked for an hour together; at last Edmund tore himself from the arms of his betrothed, quitted the house, and soon disappeared in the darkness.

With unexpressed impatience Herder awaited the appointed third of December, and went every night to the theatre, in the vain expectation of seeing Elise. Two days before the time so much longed for, he received a note from the actress, requesting him to defer his visit, as she was ill; and hinted at the same time, that she wished no inquiries made after her. This news but increased the poor youth's anxiety, and his passion; night after night, wrapped in his mantle, he walked to and fro beneath her windows, striving to discover through the closed curtains the shadow of that beloved form.

Elise was really ill. Her parting with Edmund, whom she loved for himself, and not for his rank and fortune, had deeply affected her. In obedience to his wish, she gradually withdrew herself from her acquaintances, and by negotiations and sacrifices, dissolved her connection with the stage. She did not regret society, but she felt the want of the excitement acting had afforded her, more deeply than she could have believed possible. She missed the heartfelt choiring of the people; she could not help longing to mingle once more in the alluring scene—to walk a visionary earth, and yield herself to the magic of the poet's art. From that fair fantastic world she felt as if for ever divided; she had entered the kingdom of prose; and in the absence of her betrothed, it was difficult to fill the void.

She thought upon Herder and her promise to him; and thought it no harm to permit him to visit her; he being inspired, as she fondly deemed herself—only by

the love of art. With joy like that of a child who receives permission to have a party of its playmates, she wrote an invitation to the youth. In a large room adjacent to her lodgings, a theatre was arranged, in which she had often played with a few amateurs. This was opened for the occasion; she dressed herself in the robes she used to wear as Mary Stuart, and welcomed Herder with undisguised pleasure. She was all the queen this evening; and as the youth, with true impassioned feeling uttered the glowing words of the poet, she forgot every thing but his genius, as displayed in the part she was personating. With proud delight, as in former years, when she first listened to the burst of popular applause, she heard the rapturous exclamations of her youthful protégé. "Oh!" cried she, "the actor alone enjoys the beauty of life; for his being is one of which no other, not even the poet, has a conception! When the day declines, and stars appear in heaven, then rises and shines his star! The clamor of every-day life ceases around him; distant times speak in glorious voices to his ear. When he puts on the robe, he becomes, indeed, the individual he represents; while others only contemplate a fine piece of acting—he rejoices and mourns, loves and hates, subject to the magic sceptre swayed by the genius of the poet!"

The enchantress had opened a new world to the eyes of Herder; and all without her, seemed only a dream. In vain his father wrote to him; he had selected a young and wealthy maiden to be his bride. The young man's neglect of repeated letters at length led to an open breach between them. He demanded and obtained a dismissal from the army; thus he was at liberty to devote himself exclusively to Elise. He saw her daily from this time, and communicated to her his resolution, which she encouraged, of embracing the actor's profession. The fortune he inherited from his mother secured him from want, and, instructed by Elise, he determined in a few months to appear before the public.

The relation of his innamorata to Edmund, and her reasons for leaving the stage, were unknown to him, for, with the bashfulness of first love, he ventured no confession, dreaming that he had read her heart.

At Herder's solicitation, and for her own pleasure, Elise again summoned around her the select circle who had often before played in her private theatre. Short pieces, and scenes from tragedies were studied and represented before a small and chosen audience.

How happy was Herder when the evening came appointed for the presentation of scenes from the loveliest drama in the world—*Romeo and Juliet*! He was to stand in her presence; to hear her sweet voice, and as *Romeo*, utter what his heart felt. He longed to speak with her alone; but this evening it was impossible, for a crowd continually surrounded her.

The next evening, just at dusk, he went to her house. The windows were dark; the house was still. He rung the bell repeatedly; at length an old female servant appeared, and answered briefly to his questions that Madame Armand had left the city many hours before, without leaving word whither she was gone.

Much disturbed, Herder returned to his own lodg-

ings. In vain he inquired the next day, and the next, whether Elise had gone; he could obtain no information from any source. He recollected having once heard her speak of a journey to Vienna; and restless, unable to live out of her presence, he set off for the imperial city, in hopes of meeting with her. Before he had journeyed many miles, however, he was overtaken by a storm; and the coachman insisted on putting up for the night at the first village they reached. Their hostess, a garrulous old woman, by way of apology for indifferent fare and attendance, told shocking stories of the fevers prevalent in the neighborhood. Herder paid little heed to her discourse, only urging the coachman to get him off as early as possible on the morrow. But on the morrow Herder did not make his appearance from his chamber; and when the hostess went to wake him, she found him in a raging fever, and quite delirious.

To the sick man, fair forms seemed to flit round his couch; but one was more lovely than all. When, many days after, he recovered his senses, he found himself in a strange, but elegantly-furnished apartment. A young man stood at his bed-side, and announced himself as the proprietor of the house, and his near kinsman. It was Eugene von Herder, his cousin, who was just married and settled there; his wife's was the form which Herder had fancied an angel's in his delirium. Eugene had heard that a stranger of rank lay ill in a miserable inn; and having learned, moreover, his name, had him brought to his hospitable castle, where every possible attention was paid him.

Eugene was silent respecting the disagreement between Herder and his father; but he sought, by every delicate means in his power, to induce the youth to abandon his idea of becoming an actor. The delirium of his guest had betrayed all his secrets. Herder answered little to his cousin's dissuasions, but sank into deep and silent melancholy. He was detained long by weakness in the house of Eugene, and still remained ignorant of Elise's abode. The only alleviation to his sorrow, was the presence of Amelia, the young and lovely wife of his host. His eyes followed her involuntarily when she moved about, intent on household cares; her cheerfulness, her child-like innocence, her grace and dignity of manner, and perfect ease, were a perpetual surprise to him. She did not resemble the actress, either in person or mind; yet she appeared to him beautiful and fascinating.

At length he recovered strength sufficient to enable him to pursue his journey. With expressions of gratitude he parted from his kind relations; and in hopes of finding Elise returned, ordered his carriage back to the city. Memory pictured fair scenes as he saw the well-known towers, and drove through the streets he had so often passed on his way to her.

Taking time only to change his travelling dress, he hurried to her dwelling. His heart had not deceived him; she was there, for the whole first story was brilliantly illuminated. Herder flew up the steps, and stopping the first servant he met, sent him to beg a moment's interview with the lady of the house. He remained in the hall, for he dared not meet her in the presence of strangers.

Elise appeared, pale, and evidently trembling with apprehension; but her brow cleared when she saw only Herder. The youth signed imploringly towards a dimly-lighted room on the left hand; she followed him wondering. When they entered, and he believed himself safe from observation, he sought no longer to control his emotion. He threw himself at her feet, pressed her hand to his lips, and would have clasped her in his arms, but she repelled him, crying, "Herr von Herder! What mean you? What brings you here?"

"How!" exclaimed the youth. "Is it thus I am received? You leave the city privately, return without informing me, and treat me coldly when forgetful of your caprice, and devoted only to you, I come to welcome the beloved of my heart!"

"Sir!" said Elise, affecting composure, though she was far from feeling altogether blameless, "you forget that you have no right over me. If you have deceived yourself with vain hopes, it is your fault, not mine. Indeed, I hold it very unkind, that you have chosen to disturb my marriage day with your ill-timed visit."

"Your marriage, Elise? A masterpiece of a comedy, truly! You saw my love; you permitted it; you gave me hope; for your sake I have quarrelled with my father." He spoke in a voice of bitterness and passion. "And with whom do you now play the lover's part?"

Edmund, who had noticed Elise's sudden paleness, and her withdrawal from the company, and had followed her out of the hall, entered just at this instant. He strode across the room, and said sternly—

"With what right, sir, do you ask such questions? I am the husband of this lady; my name is Harriwell."

Herder laughed wildly and bitterly. "Sir Harriwell! Yes, it was natural for her to choose a man of rank and fortune. May you live happy with this—actress!"

"He is a coyish fool, who indulged himself in idle hopes, for which I never gave him ground; I swear I did not!" cried Elise; and while Herder, dumb with grief and indignation, leaned against the wall, casting fierce looks on Harriwell and herself, she briefly related to her husband all that had passed during their acquaintance. Edmund saw that Herder, carried away by enthusiasm and vanity, had been most to blame for his disappointment.

"It is not well, Elise," said he in English to his bride, "your silence to me of this acquaintance;" and turning to Herder, he said in German "you must see, sir, that you can have no right over my wife; that you have deceived yourself, and mistaken her friendship and courtesy—yes, abused it. You must ask pardon of my wife for your arrogance and violence."

Herder, who had listened gloomily, now approached Elise, and said, "Farewell, gracious lady! You have much to forgive yourself, when you think on my crushed heart!"

Elise trembled; she strove to command herself, but all swam before her sight; she heard nothing more that passed between the men, but sunk in a swoon upon the divan.

When recollection returned, she was lying on the bed in her own chamber, her maid sitting beside her. To the



questions of her mistress the maid answered that her lord had locked himself up in another apartment. This brought to remembrance the scene just past; Elise's head throbbed; she felt herself unable to quit her bed, and lay anxiously awaiting the entrance of her husband. Some tedious hours passed thus; at length she heard under her window the voice of the groom, who had saddled and bridled Edmund's horse.

Would he go out without seeing her—and whither? With an effort of despair she rose from the bed, and went towards the door; her husband at that moment came in, and motioned the maid out of the room. Elise, speechless with apprehension, clasped her hands and looked imploringly at him.

"Elise," said he, gently, "I am going out on business—but I pray you be composed; I will soon return. Should any thing prevent my return, open this packet. Adieu!" He pressed a kiss upon her lips, and hastily left the room; Elise sank on her knees. Soon all was still as death in the house; the still kneeling bride could hear the beating of her heart. The warm sunset rays streamed in at her window, and sparkled on the rich gems that decked her hair, and on her gold-embroidered robe; her bridal splendor seemed to mock her woe.

An hour of agony passed; then her ear caught again the tramp of a horse's feet; the hall door flew open; some one ascended the stairs; her husband entered, his arm in a sling—and with a cry of joy she threw herself on his breast.

Herder had been wounded severely, though not dangerously. His friend and second, William, did all that friendship could suggest. He was soon sufficiently recovered to go out; but he carried a wound in his heart that blasted his youth. His physician prescribed country air, and sick at heart, as well as in body, he sought health once more with his kinsman, Eugene. He received a friendly welcome both from Eugene and his wife, whose gentle cares could sometimes beguile his grief; nor was it without an emotion of shame, and even something like regret, that he learned Amelia's family name, and that she was the bride once destined for him by his father. He had spurned the alliance of a noble and virtuous woman, to be the dupe of a selfish coquette—for such, Elise now seemed to him. By the interference of Eugene, a reconciliation was effected between him and his father; he returned to him; embraced a diplomatic profession in compliance with his wish, and lived apart from gay society.

Sir Edmund Harriwell and his bride arrived in England, and Elise breathed more freely. Lord Harriwell received his daughter-in-law with parental affection, and as Elise perceived that he admired only the domestic virtues in women, she studied to endear herself to him by displaying the engaging qualities of a lovely wife and daughter. The modest reserve she now cultivated, tempered her natural vivacity most becomingly; and her many accomplishments, now devoted to charm the family circle, rendered her the delight of the worthy old man. Thus loved and cherished in the bosom of a noble family, Elise ceased to sigh for the amusements of a city life; without regret she left London to accompany Lord

Harriwell and her husband to their country-seat. There she took charge of the gardens; occupied herself in cultivating flowers during the day, and in the evenings, read to her father-in-law from grave books, or played and sang to him.

Lord Harriwell rarely saw company; but time never passed heavily in his family, such was the variety of occupation for its inmates. Edmund's love for his fair and gifted wife daily increased; and she thought no more of the homage of the multitude, or of the brilliant life she led as an actress.

Thus passed three years in uninterrupted peace; at the end of which time Lord Harriwell expired in the arms of his son. Elise joined in Edmund's filial grief; and it was in her power to console him. He was now the lord of vast estates; and the change in their mode of life soon produced a corresponding change in the character of Elise. Their house was soon crowded with guests, for there were times when Edmund felt that he needed the diversion of company. He still adored his wife; but his ardent wish for offspring was ungratified. Elise felt the disappointment far more deeply; her beauty was on the decline; her health failed, and she began to dread the loss of her husband's affection. To keep this, she tried new modes of pleasing; but alas! her affectation of gaiety only tended to bring about what she most feared.

At this time, a friend of Edmund, who had been long in Italy, returned to England, bringing with him his young and lovely wife, who was the mother of two lovely boys.

Lord C. soon found out his friend Harriwell; their estates were contiguous, so that the friends saw each other daily, and Elise felt but the more unhappy when she saw Lady C. with her children, and witnessed the attention they called forth from Edmund. Elise was three years her husband's senior; she fancied he already regarded her with indifference; and chagrin and jealousy increased her indisposition. The charming roundness of her figure disappeared; her masses of dark hair showed, heightened by contrast, the paleness of her cheeks; even her accomplishments ceased to be of service to her, as she could no longer exhibit them to advantage.

Lord C.'s eldest boy was Edmund's darling, and he often solicited permission from his parents to keep his young guest for several days together. Lord Harriwell could not fail, however, to observe Elise's dislike to the child, though he could not conjecture the cause. The self-tormenting woman had conceived the idea that her husband's fondness for the boy was an evidence of his attachment to the wife of his friend.

Thus passed some time; at intervals, half maddened by jealousy, she would look back mournfully to the time when she was alone the cynosure of all eyes. She sat one day in her closet, apparently occupied in reading; but the angry flush upon her brow showed that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"No!" she exclaimed at length, starting up, and letting fall the book; "I will bear this no longer! I will return to my native Germany!"

The door was softly opened; she turned round, and saw the stranger, whose hateful presence, since her departure from Germany, she hoped she had escaped for ever.

Her lips parted with horror, but she suppressed the shriek that sprang to them; she became deadly pale, and grasped the arm of the sofa for support.

"I am welcome as usual, I perceive," said the man with a grim smile. "But have no fear. I have been seen by nobody. And I come for the last time."

Elise breathed more freely. The man approached, and said in a low tone, "I am gone this instant—so soon as I receive—ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand pounds!"

"So rich a lady cannot feel the loss of so trifling a sum; and you have no children on whom to spend money. Give it me, and to-morrow I sail for South America."

"My whole store amounts only to three thousand pounds," said Elise, trembling violently. She went to the desk, took out a roll of bank notes, and handed them with averted face to the intruder.

"'Tis not enough, lady!" said the rapacious stranger. "If, in truth, you have no more money, I am reasonable, and will content myself with a few valuable jewels."

Pale and trembling, Elise offered him a diamond ring.

"Still, not enough," said the cold-blooded wretch; "bethink you, lady, I am a worker of miracles. I can, with a word, raise you from the dead."

"Take this," said she, faintly, and handed him a necklace.

"The jewels are pretty," said the man, holding the necklace in the sun. "Do not be affrighted; I tell you nobody saw me. I have just arrived in the country, and have luckily hit the moment; the servants are all engaged, and Lord Harriwell is with Lady C. Why do you turn crimson, lady? Men have all their caprices. Farewell."

He concealed the necklace and left the apartment. Elise sank terrified on her knees, muttering, "Let me die—let me die, rather than see that wretch again!"

Voices were now heard below; she distinguished that of her husband, then the stranger's; and both came nearer. The door flew open; Edmund entered, dragging in the stranger, while the servants crowded the ante-room.

"Here is a villain," cried Lord Harriwell, "who has robbed you in a most inexplicable manner, and yet insists upon it, that you gave him the jewels!"

Elise moved her blanched lips, but could not speak. "Ah, pardon me for having frightened you so!" exclaimed Edmund.

"Speak, my lady, and vindicate me," said the accused. "What! will you let me be hanged for a thief?"

"No, no!" gasped the miserable woman. "No! I gave him the jewels."

"Ha! this necklace, worn by my honored mother, which my father himself clasped round your neck, Elise?" And turning to the stranger, he said, "Restore the jewels; if my wife is indebted to you, your claims shall

be satisfied." He then commanded the servants to conduct the culprit to another room, and guard him closely.

Elise was now alone with her husband. He stood with folded arms and clouded brow, evidently waiting some explanation from her of the strange scene that had passed. A sudden revulsion had taken place in her feelings; she no longer trembled, but her composure was the calm of despair.

She knew that all must be discovered, and delayed not to confess what the stranger, she felt assured, would reveal.

"You are aware," she said, after a long and painful pause, in reply to the stern questioning of her husband, "that I lost my father in infancy, and was left in dependence on my mother, an admired actress. She never designed me for the stage, but allowed me to visit the theatre, which seemed to me a fairy world. My mother encouraged my love of the drama, and my dexterous imitation of clever actresses, but refused to comply with my earnest wish, and suffer me to devote myself to that profession. Illness at length overtook her; she was obliged to leave the stage, and her savings hardly sufficed for our support. We received, however, unexpected aid. A rich nobleman, who had studied with my uncle, and happened to be then in K—, heard of our distress, and in the most generous and delicate manner, transmitted a considerable sum, as a loan, to my mother's hands. She recovered; and when after the lapse of two years, being grown to womanhood, I renewed my eager petition. She could no longer oppose it. Dowered with youth, beauty, and talent, I went upon the stage, and was soon the darling of the court and the public. Under the instruction of my mother, I daily acquired more skill. At this period, Herr von Helmhoff, my former benefactor, came again to K—. He visited us; my mother praised him warmly after his departure, and dwelt upon the attention he had shown me. The hopes she built on this attention were not ill-grounded; his visits became frequent, and ere long he offered me his hand and fortune. My heart had never been touched; I became his wife, and followed him, accompanied by my mother, to his home in a distant land.

"My mother lived but a year with me, and died in the belief that I was happy. I was far from being so. I had never loved Helmhoff; I regretted my former life; his great castle, with its splendid rooms, his stately park and charming meadows, to which I too might lay claim, were worthless in my sight, compared to the brilliant world upon the stage; and I would have given all my jewels and rich dresses for a garland of flowers and the robe I wore upon the mimic scene. Often, in the silence of night, I wept over past joys, and present solitude; for Helmhoff, out of jealousy, excluded all society from his house. The only man in the castle besides himself, was an Italian, named Stratti, who had once saved his life in Florence, and whom he blindly trusted. From the first moment in which I saw this man, I conceived an aversion for him, and he seemed to return it with secret hatred. He nourished the jealous suspicions of Helmhoff, and watched my every action.

"About this time I received a visit from my cousin,

Elise Armand, a young actress. She was delighted with the noble old castle, but after a few day's stay there, wished herself away: and pitied me as a hopeless prisoner!"

Here Elise started up and pressed her hands wildly to her forehead. Then collecting herself, she resumed her story, shuddering while she spoke.

"Oh, it was terrible!—and the gloomy castle—I could not bear it! I besought Helmhoff to take me away, or to let me go; but he only answered, 'Ha! would you kill me, Elise? I would rather have you in your coffin, than out of my sight!'"

"Stratti saw and knew every thing; and laid a plan by which he hoped to possess himself of Helmhoff's personal property. Many months I dragged on a miserable life; at length I fell ill of a slow fever. Stratti offered me the means of deliverance. In a moment of desperation I swallowed the liquid he had prepared for me, and soon forgot my woes in insensibility. When recollection returned, I was in a hovel many miles from the castle. Helmhoff, immediately after my supposed death, had set forth on a journey, leaving the care of my burial to Stratti, who had taken the opportunity to liberate me. The joy I felt in recovered freedom, stifled the voice of conscience. I had been grateful to Helmhoff for his kindness to my mother, but I thought the whole happiness of my life too great a price to pay for it. My cousin was married and gone to Sweden; I ventured, after a while, to assume her name. Thus passed many years; I was happy, and respected, till Stratti, who, for a while, had vanished from my sight, returned to cast a shadow over my future life.

"I was separated from Helmhoff—dead for him. You loved me; and to you, from the hour I saw you, my heart was surrendered. I was silent; I became yours; for I could never bring myself to confess my deceit to you. Stratti, too, promised eternal secrecy. Look in my heart, Edmund; think of all I have suffered, and be just to me!"

Elise ended her confession. Without a word, or even a look, which might reveal the state of his mind, Lord Harriwell left the apartment. Her maid came in, soon after, by his orders, to assist her mistress. Lord Harriwell then went to the stranger, with whom he was closeted half an hour, and soon after, the Italian was seen to depart from the castle.

Elise passed the night like a despairing criminal. What had she to hope? Edmund could *never* again trust her; he might, indeed, take measures to inform Helmhoff that she was living; and that was what she dreaded above all things. She could hardly hope that he would endeavor to procure her legal divorce from her first husband, and receive again to his affection the wife who had deceived him. She feared, too, the scoffs of her acquaintance; and her lingering love and jealousy of Edmund, struggling with other feelings, wrought up a tempest in her bosom.

The next morning her maid brought her a note from Edmund; it ran briefly thus:—

"ELISE:—I am going, for a few days, to London. I shall be calm and determined when you see me again. HARRIWELL."

Elise read the billet, then angrily tore it in pieces. "He loves me not!" she exclaimed; "he is deliberating on means to be rid of me!"

Pride, resentment, jealousy, stormed in her breast; perhaps she nourished, also, a secret hope that Edmund, when on the point of losing her for ever, would relent and pursue her. She took, and speedily executed, a resolution which only a spirit like hers, restless, impatient of control, would have adopted.

When Lord Harriwell returned, three days after, he found a letter from Elise, informing him of her flight and present place of abode; and leaving it to his choice to follow, or resign her for ever. The letter was singularly worded; it had been written under violent agitation. Edmund did not hesitate long. He could not consent to live with a woman who had not only basely deceived him, but shown so little regard to his feelings in this last step. He left her to her fate.

Many months passed. Elise rejected the yearly allowance tendered her by Lord Harriwell, and took up her residence in a city in the north of Germany, where she again appeared upon the stage as Elise Armand. A brilliant toilet supplied the vanished charms of youth; and her fine acting commanded attention, though no longer the enthusiasm of old. She went from city to city, and played every where; but her restless temper would not suffer her to remain long in one place. Thus passed a year. The ravages time and sickness had made in her fine person, were now very evident; and she went to a watering-place for the restoration of her health.

She was walking one day in the gardens, wrapped in gloomy reverie; aroused by steps near her, she turned, and saw a pale young man of about eight and twenty, whose well-known features awakened indescribable sensations in her breast. She saluted him courteously; he returned the civility, passed her, and went into the house. It was Herder; but she *had not been recognised!* The next day she saw him again in company, and chance brought him so near, that she could hear every word he said. He was no longer the hot-headed, enthusiastic youth whom she had known of yore! but a stately, intellectual man, before whom she felt her own insignificance. He was much improved in personal appearance; and a certain earnestness of expression imparted singular interest to his countenance. His mind, too, had ripened; he had become a gifted man; what was she now—the brilliant Elise?

The actress shed bitter tears; but with the sight of Herder, long dormant feeling, less painful, were awakened in her heart. She learned that he filled a high public office; he was the pride of his father. She learned, also, that he was still unmarried.

She felt assured that he must recognise her; he heard her name every day; and it galled her to think that he would not claim her acquaintance. The same cold courtesy continued to mark his demeanor towards her.

One day it was proposed to her by some of the company whom she met every day at the hotel, to pass time during the rainy weather, by studying and enacting some dramatic piece before a select audience. Elise scarce concealed her joy at this proposition. "Romeo and

Juliet," was the piece chosen, and as they were in want of a Juliet, they begged the distinguished actress to undertake that part.

A burst of surprise and admiration from the audience, welcomed her appearance upon the scene, on the appointed evening—once more arrayed in the charms of youthful beauty, and proud in the consciousness of merit as an artist. She exerted all her powers to do justice to the part; and once again entered into the spirit of the author.

Herder had taken his place near the stage; he could not gaze on her without interest and emotion, for he saw the same Elise whom he had once so passionately loved; he heard the same voice that once thrilled his heart. Thunders of applause greeted her at the fall of the curtain; but she saw only him for whom she had put forth her powers, *apparently* indifferent to all. Pale and exhausted, she was borne to her apartment. As she removed the false bloom from her cheek, and threw aside her jewelled robe, and looking in the mirror saw her emaciated face, stamped with premature age, her disgust at life returned in full force. "Your time is come?" said a voice within her. "Away, then, and rid yourself of maddening remembrances."

She could no longer command admiration; why should she live? In silence she wrapped herself up in her mantle and quitted the house.

The next morning Herder went earlier than usual to drink of the waters. He walked along the shore; but suddenly started, for the waves threw a corpse at his very feet. He recognised the features of Elise.

Such was the end of a woman who possessed noble gifts to win admiration, yet had so little to make her happy; for she lacked Religion, discipline of mind, and a heart for the joys of HOME.

Original.  
SPRING.

Thou hast come again, bright and beautiful Spring; thou hast come again. Thou hast come from the land of the far south, where thou reignest in perpetual glory. Thou hast come to deliver Nature from her stern bondage, and wake her slumbering powers to life and happiness; to touch the landscape with thy soft pencil, and make it as a picture of Paradise; to breathe upon the silent harp of earth, and send forth strains of inspiring music. A wreath of flowers is upon thy brow—garments of loveliness clothe thee—a silver sceptre is in thy hand—sunshine brightens thy path, and thy step is firm and free. Clouds hang their rich drapery over thee; day and night participate in thy pleasures, and rejoice in thy return. We welcome thee. The groves resound with thy welcome, and the solitary places are glad because of thee. Poetry lays her tribute before thee; incense rises from every hill and mountain to thy name, and every hand is extended to crown thee as the Queen of the Seasons.

Eden was thy first home. There, amid the new beauties of creation, thou didst shine in splendor. Earth had then no other sovereign, but thou wert all in all. The

chrysal streams leaped to the music of thy voice; the flowers derived from thee their beauty, and the air its perfume; the bowers were adorned with thy gifts, and every object reflected thy image. Sin disturbed thee. It robbed thee of thy honors, and darkened thy glory. Thou art no more what thou wert then. Thou art now but a temporary visitant, abiding with us for a time, and then departing. Rivals dispute thy territory with thee. Songs cannot charm thee to remain—prayers cannot keep thee; thou art forced to leave us, and resign the throne to thy successors.

Short as are thy visits, they are always pleasant. Melancholy never shades thy brow—sadness never gives its mournful tones to thy voice. Nature does not indulge in lamentation while thou art with her. Winter brings sorrow and sighing, but thou doth bring all smiles and joy. Inanimate creation testifies its love for thee, and blesses thee as its kindest friend. Man doth praise thee. The husbandman sees the bow of promise bent o'er thee, and cheers his heart with the hopes of an abundant harvest. The invalid rejoices in thy coming; his languid eye looks bright, and his feeble pulses quicken, when from his chamber-window he watches thy gentle progress. The poet hastens to greet thee; it is for thee that the unearthly fire is kindled upon the altar of his bosom; it is for thee that his imagination wanders in quest of the beautiful; it is for thee that he invokes inspiration, and touches the silver strings of his enchanting lyre. Do not the "morning-stars" still shout over thee as they did at thy birth? Do they not, in their distant stations, respond to the voices that reach them from earth—the voices that tell of thy glory? As the messengers of peace pass over the land, have they no eyes to read the glowing inscriptions thou doth write on Nature's page, and have they no ears to hear thy rapturous melodies?

Months have fled since thy last departure, fair Spring. How doth thou find us now? As thou left us? Ah, no. Changes, eventful changes have happened to us; new seals have been added to the oft-told truth, that life is uncertain. We have seen the lines that Hope drew along our horizon, fade away. We have seen our sun obscured; our day has been turned into night; the garlands that our hands made, have withered; plans have been defeated; unexpected trials have visited us; friends have forsaken us; relations have died; enemies have almost triumphed over us; spears have pierced us. Through all, Providence has safely led us. The storm has beat, and wildly beat, but our rock has not been moved. We have had a fierce warfare, but our shield is not broken. There was a kind wing over us—there were guardian spirits around us—our foes were restrained—succor was ever at hand, and hence, our feet have not faltered, and our souls have not been overwhelmed. Amid afflictions, blessings have crowned us, and therefore, in the night of our sorrow, the voice of our thanksgiving, like the voice of the nightingale, has ascended to Heaven.

And what may happen to us before thy next return? We cannot tell—we hardly dare imagine. The future is yet unformed; Providence must give it a character. How it shall be disposed into realities—whether it shall be blessed or wretched—whether hope shall illu-

mine it, or despair spread its thick curtain over it, we know not. Thou hast to note changes every season, beautiful Spring, and so it will be at thy next coming. We—what may we be—where may we be? We are now in full life and bliss, but ere thy return, sorrow may come as the midsummer tempest comes to the ripe harvest. Other friends may be gone hence and we left “to finish our journey alone.” The treasures of the heart may “make to themselves wings and fly away,” and the bitterness of wo may be more fully tasted. Or, perhaps, others may be mourning for us; we may be no more, and thou mayest have to pause at our tombs and adorn them with thy simple beauties.

But should we be separated from earth, we know, that if we are prepared, we shall dwell in “the better land” through the merits of the Redeemer. “*The better land!*” Call it such, for it is a land where all that is beautiful and perfect exists, and where Imagination will find its most glowing pictures infinitely surpassed. Call it such, for it is so far above every thing here, that each one will be compelled to exclaim as he first beholds its glories, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

“There, everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
This Heavenly land from ours.”

L.

Original.

## RETROSPECTION AND ANTICIPATION.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

’Tis almost night: near by the silent shore,  
I linger to behold rich sunset strew  
Its dazzling radiance o’er the west, and pour  
Its glory o’er the waves, till every hue  
Spread there, as in a mirror, meets the view,  
And the calm waters seem “another sky,”  
Save that with snowy wing the wild sea-mew  
With arrowy speed doth o’er their surface fly,  
To gain her airy home, amid rude cliffs on high.

The lovely colors fade: with many a tear,  
Soft twilight gently weeps itself away;  
While one by one the golden stars appear,  
Amid the azure sky, with timid ray,  
Still kindling brighter as the shadows grey  
Of evening deepen silently the while.  
With splendor purer than the light of day,  
Her melancholy aspect they beguile,  
Gilding her pensive brow with a meek, chastened smile.

Now memory goes back to years long flown;  
Their fairy joys come stealing o’er the mind.  
The softening veil of distance o’er them thrown,  
The envious thorn, we now no longer find,  
Which *then*, beneath the clustering leaves was shrined  
Even of the loveliest rose of all.  
The poisonous weeds, which round them closely twined,  
Shading each flower, as with a gloomy pall,  
Are gone—the bloom and fragrance we alone recall.

’Tis ever thus: objects at distance seen,  
Still wear a garb from every blemish free.  
Yonder high mountain with the sky serene,  
Communion seems to hold: we cannot see  
Its cold, bleak aspect, and the minstrelsy  
Of rude, careering winds cannot be heard,  
Mingling in loud and dismal harmony  
With scream of the bald eagle—that fierce bird,  
Whose solitary nest, wild, beetling crags engird.

And fresh flowers cluster round our future way.  
Hope, smiling whispers, “Yes, they’ll soon be here.”  
Alas! they’re gone! Even like the rainbow’s ray,  
Still mocking at a distance, they appear,  
Until the heart, its freshest hopes grown sere,  
Assumes the port of haughty, cold disdain,  
And proudly checking disappointment’s tear,  
Forbears to seek the good it might attain,  
And seems exultingly to woo and cherish pain.

Original.

## THE LAKE AND THE RIVER.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Lake—River why dost thou go by,  
Sounding—rushing—sweeping?  
River—Lake, why dost thou ever lie  
Listless—idle—sleeping?

L—Nought before my power could stand,  
Should I spring to motion!  
R—I go blessing all the land  
From my source to ocean.

L—I show sun, and stars, and moon  
On my breast untroubled.  
R—Ay! and wilt thou not as soon  
Make the storm-cloud doubled?

L—River, River, go in peace;  
I’ll no more reprove thee!  
R—Lake, from pride and envy cease:  
May no earthquake move thee!

L—I, a higher power obey—  
Lying still, I’m doing.  
R—I, for no allurement stay,  
My great end pursuing.

L—Speed thee, speed thee, river bright;  
Let not earth oppose thee.  
R—Rest thee, Lake, in all thy might,  
Where thy hills enclose thee.

L—River, hence we’re done with strife,  
Knowing each our duty.  
R—And in loud or silent life,  
Each may shine in beauty.

Both—While we keep our places thus,  
Adam’s sons and daughters,  
Ho! behold and learn of us,  
Still and running waters!

Newburyport, Mass.

Original.

## THE LADY'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

THE beautiful and placid light of a full summer's moon was bathing, with that misty and poetical illumination so peculiar to the loveliest of the planets, a vast expanse of low and marshy meadow-land, cut up by many a wide and sullen stream, meandering with endless windings through the dull level, here spreading out into broad stagnant sheets of water, hundreds of acres in extent—here soaking their way unseen and silent through quagmires and morasses, to be detected only by their more vivid green from the surrounding marsh. Here and there, through this dreary scene, long lines of stunted willows might be seen following the margin of some stream or river, while, often, beds of osiers, stretching into interminable distance, varied the aspect of the landscape, without, however, affording to the tired eye any relief, or point of prominence or interest whereon to dwell a moment, after its tedious wanderings over the melancholy fen. Through this unpromising and cheerless tract, and at the dearest time of night, a company of persons were taking their laborious way—a company, so singularly constituted, so ill-matched, or—to speak more correctly—so oddly contrasted, that, in any place, and at any hour, they would have excited curiosity, if not astonishment, in the mind of any who should meet them. There were, in all, from twenty-five to thirty persons; the greater part of whom, as might be discovered from the frequent flash and glitter of the moonbeams on their steel harness, were more or less completely armed; all were on foot—though several horses were among them, cautiously led and slowly—with much reluctance on their part, displayed in many a tremulous snort, as with expanded eye, and nostril wide, and quivering limbs, they eyed and sniffed the quaking surface of the bog, along the tortuous and narrow path which only could be trod in safety. Some three or four of these were evidently Norman chargers, not only from their size and breeding, but from the fashion of their steel-plated selles and barbings, while two were delicate and slight-limbed palfreys, with velvet housings, and soft cushioned saddles, such as were used by women. The females, to whom these probably belonged, were now borne, more securely, if less proudly, each seated on a rude hand-chair, carried by two sturdy yeomen; while, to complete the singularity of the whole group, a large and splendid litter, intended evidently to be suspended from two hackneys, was now conveyed by twice that number of armed soldiers, and, from the style and character of its adornments, it could scarce be doubted that it contained the person of some noble Norman lady. This was the more remarkable, as it was plain, on the first sight, that the men who led the steeds, as well as those who were employed in carrying the litter and the women, and the more numerous group which led the way, were not of the victorious, but of the vanquished race. Nor, in truth, would the best Norman knight, that ever buckled spur or belted brand, have been found at that hour in the district through which those travellers were journeying, to have been made the owner of the richest

kef in England: for, it was in the fens of Ely, the dangerous and pathless bogs which lie between the Ouse and Nene, that they were toiling on their nightly road—the only district yet remaining in the power of the persecuted Saxons, who had fled thither, from the cruelty of the oppressors, and thence marauded ceaselessly upon the neighboring counties.

Onward they went, right onward, with the direct, unhesitating march of men acquainted perfectly with the direction and the difficulties of their route, and, at that steady, though not rapid pace, which the most surely brings the traveller to his goal. The blind track, for such it was to eyes less practised than those of the experienced foresters who were now crossing it, wound sinuously through the marshes, oftentimes floored with trunks of trees, where the soil would not otherwise have supported half the weight of the lightest human being—and, always, when any stream or lake encountered it, carried directly through it on an artificial causeway, solid and firmly laid, yet, in all cases, lower by one or two feet than the surface of the waters which concealed it from the observation of all, but those who were acquainted with its mystery. Many of these they passed, with more or less of difficulty and of peril, for it was scarcely possible to force the horses to proceed along them, the sagacious animals knowing, apparently, that the slightest false step or stumble would plunge them into certain and inevitable destruction. The moon was gradually sinking toward the horizon, and many of the stars had already set, when, having traversed several miles of that marsh-land, they reached the brink of a broad and powerful river, running, or rather wheeling on, with a strong, though not rapid current, full of dark wheels and eddies, between banks elevated, by its own deposits, considerably higher than the level of the country they had been hitherto engaged in crossing. Beyond this river, the land rose very steeply, and was completely covered by a thick growth of alders, birch, and hazel, with many a forest tree, oak, ash and elm, towering in shadowy pomp above them, and casting a dark mass of solid shadow over the bosom of the waters. When they had reached the verge, they halted, and the commander of the party, a tall and powerful figure, clad in a habergeon of steel, with a skull-cap of the same metal on his head, and a huge double-bill, or *gisarme*, in his hand, recently stained with blood, raising a bugle, which hung at his girdle, to his lips, blew a peculiar note, three times repeated, with such a pause, as might have been sufficient to count ten, between each call. Scarce had the last call sounded, before a small skiff, pulled by two vigorous rowers, shot out from under covert of the opposite bank.

"Hereward," cried a low and suppressed voice—"Hereward, is it thou?"

"For England!" answered the deep sonorous tones of the great Saxon outlaw.

"Engelrich, it is I! Bestir thee, man; I have a fair charge with me!"

While he was speaking yet, the skiff struck the bank at his feet, and, fastening it by a chain to some projecting roots, the rowers leaped ashore.

"Hail, Hereward!—all hail!"—exclaimed the youth

he had called Engelrich—grasping his hand with warm affection as he spoke. “Again, I trow, victorious?”

“Victorious and avenged!” replied the Saxon. “This trusty blade”—tapping with his fore-finger the ensanguined head of his gisarme—“hath at last drunk the life-blood of the murderous Americ! But, haste thee—have these two damsels over the Ouse, as soon as may be; I will induce their mistress to descend from yon gay litter. We must dismantle it, I trow; for, to transport it, were beyond our means!”

He spoke—and, turning instantly toward the litter—by which, throughout the toilsome march, he had continually walked, endeavoring, by soothing words and kind encouragement, to calm the terrors of its lovely occupant—“Lady,” he said, in tones unusually mild and winning, “our toilsome journey is at length concluded—we have but now to cross the river, and you shall find such shelter, not as your rank or tenderness requires, but as my poverty may lend you. A stout boat waits you, and bold rowers; your damsels have passed over, even now, in safety. May it please you to descend.” And, with a gentleness and delicacy of attention, such as that lovely lady thought she had never once received from those, who deemed themselves the mirrors of true courtesy—her princely countrymen, he aided her to quit the litter, supported her down the steep bank, and casting a rich coverlet of velvet, deep-furred with minever, which he had snatched from her litter, over the rugged benches, seated her carefully in the stern, and, pushing the boat gently out—“Give way, my men!” he cried—“steady, and strong! Fear nothing, gentle lady—all care and honor wait you! Now, Elbert,” he continued, “strip all the tapestry and velvets from yon couch; she will have need of them, I trow, in our rude dwellings; get them, with all the spoils and armor we have taken, into the skiff when next she crosses—break up the wood-work of the litter, and sink it in the nearest well-head; that done, follow me, with our comrades. Ye, Sexwald, Alfric, and Irel, mount ye these Norman chargers, and lead the palfreys by the rein! Soh!” he continued—“Soh! brave horse!”—as he sprang to the side of the noblest of the prizes—“thou canst swim like a swan, I warrant thee!”—and pressing his heels to his side, armed as he was, he plunged into the deep and sullen river. Bravely, however, did the good steed breast it—dashing the ripples vigorously off from his broad breast, and stemming the current with such strong controversy, that the skiff which bore the lady had scarcely reached the shore ere Hereward, too, gained it; and, taking land with a quick, scrambling effort, the charger bounded up the steep acclivity and stood upon the summit, panting and snorting between fear and eagerness, before she had surmounted half the ascent. Dismounting, instantly, Hereward joined the beautiful being, with whom he was so singularly placed in contact.

“Lean on mine arm,” he whispered, in accents which appeared to blend the deepest feeling with the most perfect veneration—“Lean on mine arm, I pray you, gentle one; it is an honest and a stout, although a rough arm, lady! and, above all, fear nothing, nor doubt!—Hereward would not, for all earth holds most rare and

coveted, harm one hair of those raven locks, or call up one chaste blush upon those cheeks of snow. Lean on me, for the way is rugged, and you have suffered much of fear and of fatigue this weary day; and deeds, not meet for gentle eyes, have been done in your sight; and sounds of agony and horror have, it must be, appalled your gentle ears. Yet, may the time come, when you shall remember this day and its terrible events—I do not say with pleasure; for that, I know, so warm a heart and kind, could never feel, even at its worst foe’s slaughter—but, without sorrow, at the least, and with contented acquiescence in the effects they shall produce hereafter!”

“Oh, no!” she answered—“I fear you not, indeed; and I accept your courtesy, frankly, as it is offered. The brave *are*, for the most part—*should be*, ever—generous and gentle! Weary I am, and in some sort disturbed of mind, and shaken, by what I have this day gone through; but I will not dissemble, nor feign any grief for that bold bad man, from whose oppression your hand hath delivered me. Not less than *yours*, was he *my* foe; and, in avenging your own private griefs, you have delivered me, and I can thank you for it even now, as I shall thank for ever that great Being, by whose mysterious Will you have been made the instrument to work this double purpose. You have, too, promised to restore me to my friends and father, and I can do no less in honor than rely on your word, whom I *know* brave and generous and gentle, and whom, till I *know* otherwise, I will believe right true and honorable!”

During this conversation they had, after threading a dark belt of shrubbery and coppice, reached a wide level space, of several acres in extent, surrounded by a solid wall, as it were, of dark and massive foliage, and carpeted by soft and mossy greensward. A bright and bickering watch-fire was blazing in the centre of this area, casting its changeable and fitful light over the waving verdure of the trees, and on the rude walls and reed-thatched roofs of six or eight long, low-browed cottages; simply, but not unpicturesquely, built of unbarked timber, with rustic porticoes and latticed casements. A large herd of horned cattle, under the charge of several sentinels and a score or two of huge and wakeful mastiffs, of the true English breed, were lying scattered here and there, in groups of various numbers, chewing the cud, or dozing on the dewy grass; while a large party was collected round the fire, some cooking the flesh of several deer and boars, the fruit of that day’s chase—some quaffing deep draughts of the potent ale or rich metheglin, which were the favorite beverages of the Saxon race—some furbishing their implements of hunting, or war-weapons, and some out-stretched beside the glowing pile, in calm and profound slumber.

“You must brook rude attendance for so long as you tarry here,” continued Hereward, pointing toward the busy group; “we have no women here—no female foot save thine, fair Alice, and those of thine hand-maidens, hath ever printed this sequestered island; yet, true hearts shall watch over you, and strong hands guard you;—nor could you rest more free from wrong, more safe from violence or insult, within the tower of London, amid your

lordly countrymen, than here, in the last rustic fastness despair has sought out for itself, as its sole earthly refuge against tyrannic persecution. This, lady, is your dwelling"—leading her to one, the smallest, but most neatly finished, of the cottages—"this is your dwelling, so long as you shall tarry with the Saxon—which shall not be, again I pledge my word to you, for any longer space than will allow me to consult for my own safety, in restoring you to all you hold most dear. Your maidens are within already—the furniture of your horse-litter, with such refreshments and such comforts as our humility may offer, shall presently be brought to you. Myself, I will sleep on your threshold—and, I beseech you, lie down to your night's repose in all security and peace, as you shall rise in honor, and, I trust, in health amended!"

He bowed low, as he finished speaking, and ushered her into the low tenement, which, his own wonted dwelling, he had now set apart for his fair captive. In a brief space, the furniture, and the refreshments he had promised, were conveyed to the lady's door. The rest of the war-party came up from the river, crowded around the fire, partook of a brief and hearty meal, and, worn out by the fatigue and exertions of the day, soon fell asleep, some round the watch-fire, others beneath the shelter of their rustic dwellings; while Hereward, wrapping himself in a heavy watch-cloak, and spreading on the earth a few dressed deer skins, flung himself down upon the threshold of the hut he had surrendered to Alice de Bottetourt, and slept until the dawn as sweetly and as soundly as though he lay beneath a canopy of state, upon a bed of down.

The sun was high, the following morn, ere any of the Saxon soldiery were stirring. Alice herself had risen from her lowly couch refreshed, and happier than she had been for many a weary month—relieved, by the death of her detested suitor, Sir Americ de Bottetourt, who had, the previous day, been stricken down by the stout Saxon, from an entanglement, against which she had long deemed it hopeless even to struggle—before her captor and deliverer had wakened from the sound sleep, which followed on fatigue, and that exhaustion of the mind which succeeds ever to unnatural excitement. The first object, therefore, which met the lady's eye, was the fine form and noble features of her rescuer, the latter wearing an expression placid and calm as the smile of a sleeping infant, as he lay, exposed to the chill influences of the night air, watching over the safety of her to whom he had given up his own poor home. Is it strange, then, that a quick thrill of gratitude, not all unmingled with a yet warmer feeling, should have run through the maiden's heart; and that, when waking, his eye met hers, bending with no uninterested glance over his figure—a deep, rich crimson flush should have pervaded brow and neck and bosom; and that, alarmed at the intensity of her own feelings, breaking away like a startled wood-nymph, she should have rushed back into her cottage chamber, and fallen upon her couch, sobbing as though her heart would break? Be it, however, strange or not, such was the fact; and that one instant revealed their half unconscious secret to two hearts. The romance of the lady's situation had awakened a wild interest, even before he

had beheld her, in the brave Saxon's bosom; and had, perhaps—though, if it were so, he was quite self-deceived as to his motives—been one main cause of his desperate enterprise against the ancient foeman of his country and his house. Her beauty, which, though avowedly unrivalled, had yet surpassed his highest expectations; her grace—her gentleness—and, above all, her unconcealed and fervent gratitude toward her deliverer—her feminine, yet noble courage—her uncomplaining fortitude during their night's march,—had all contributed to make a deep impression on a heart, warm, imaginative, and filled almost to excess with many a passionate and high and noble sentiment. It was in vain, his reason whispered that such thoughts were madness—it was in vain, that he resolved to shun her—to repress the rising love—to conquer and crush down the still increasing passion. Thrown, by the accident of their position, into continual and necessary contact, he could not shun her; nor, had he wished to do so, would Alice have permitted it. After that first alarm, she had, with wonted self-delusion, brought herself to believe that she felt no more potent sentiment than gratitude and friendship, toward one who had so deep claims on her—that, to be reserved or cold, would be, in truth, to be ungracious and ungrateful; and, in this confidence, during the month which passed before an opportunity occurred by which she could be restored to her home, she had admitted him to her society, so far as maidenly decorum would permit. She had received his visits—of ceremony, at the first, and simple courtesy—visits which were on each succeeding day prolonged, and which soon came to be looked forward to, by either party, as to the single hours which were to lend their coloring to the whole twenty-four. She had walked with him through the sequestered woodlands of his fen-girt island—she had hung on the rich and fiery eloquence with which he would at times descant upon his country's wrongs, until she felt sometimes half grieved and half ashamed to think she was of Norman blood! In short, her very nature and her soul were changed—she became gradually more and more entangled, till, at the last, she loved, yea, she adored him, with all that deep, unfathomable, and intense devotion, of which the heart of woman—and of woman only—is susceptible. And yet she knew it not—fond fool!—nor did the Saxon, conscious, although he was, of his own all-engrossing love, even suspect it, until the fatal morning came, when she was to depart on her return to her Norman home and kinsmen. The previous evening, all had been arranged; and Alice, though she had spoken with all feeling, though she had openly avowed her warm regard, and professed everlasting gratitude, had been all calmness and impassionate maiden-like tranquillity—had expressed a desire to be restored to her parent, and had not done so much as hint the least reluctance, or regret at her departure.

The morning came. Hereward entered, for the last time, the low cottage door, to lead forth her, from whom he now believed he was about to be for ever parted, and, without whom, he knew that he could never taste of happiness; and, as he uttered his last salutation to her he loved so wildly, although he struggled manfully to crush and quell his feelings—yet, his voice



faltered, and his strong frame trembled, as with an ague fit, and as he thought to say farewell, his tongue clove to his jaws, and the large scalding tears burst from his manly eyes.

"No! no!"—she cried—"No! no!"—I can not, and I will not!—No! no!—God brought us first together—man shall not part us now! Think me not bold—not unmaidenly—but—Hereward, Hereward—I adore thee! Take me, then—take me, if thou wilt, to be thy bride—thy *Saxon* bride—through life, and unto death!—Thine—thine—I am thine, all, and only! Thy home shall be my home—thy country, my country—and thy God mine!" She fell upon his breast, her arms entwined about his neck—he pressed her to his heart, and they two were made one.

Original.

### TO DEATH.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

CONQUEROR, and fiend and foe!  
Thou who hast ruled the world, since that dread hour,  
When on the earth thy dark and deadly power  
Came, linked with sin and woe:

Thou who dost crush the rose,  
Or fling the tall pine down the mountain path,  
Who rid'st the tempest cloud in fiery wrath,  
Or com'st like twilight's close,

A thought is thrilling me,  
Shadowing my spirit in its summer prime;  
Oh! in what place, what season, or what time—  
Where shall I meet with thee?

Shall friends stand weeping by?  
Shall a soft sleep my eye-lids gently press,  
And shall my spirit, calm and terrorless,  
Pass on a gentle sigh?

Or shall the anguished sob,  
And thrilling pang, my failing brow convulse?  
Shall pain and weary torture bid my pulse  
In struggling weakness throb?

Or, sadder fate than this,  
Shall I lie down in loneliness to die?  
No anxious friend, no kind and pitying eye,  
To see these agonies?

Shall mine own land receive  
The wreck of this poor frame, and o'er my tomb,  
My country's flowers in wild luxuriance bloom,  
And her green sod upheave?

Or, shall the cloudless sky  
Of southern climes look down upon my grave?  
Shall the rich orange bloom, or citron wave,  
Where at the last I lie?

Or, wilt thou come, oh, death!  
In mantling flames, and in thy wild embrace,  
Crush me to ashes, that shall have no place  
But on the wild wind's breath?

Or on the stormy sea,  
Down midst the sounding caverns of the deep,  
Shall the cold sea-flowers bloom and watch my sleep—  
Where shall I meet with thee?

Shall age have stamped my brow,  
And cast its film upon my sunken eye?  
Nay, didst thou laugh that moment scornfully?  
Death! art thou near me now?

It may be but the thrill  
Of natural fear, that this weak spirit dims  
To think how soon these sentient moving limbs  
An early grave may fill!

Yet, come thou when thou may'st,  
Thou canst not touch me, save by His command,  
Who holdeth in the hollow of his hand  
The wild sea's tameless waste.

With one thou once didst meet,  
Who light upon thy darkness did confer:  
What art thou now? A conquered conqueror—  
Thy victory was defeat.

Through Him who died for me,  
I fear thee not! I will not dread thy power!  
He hath prepared me for the trying hour,  
Where'er I meet with thee!

*Liverpool, England, 1839.*

Original.

### REMEMBRANCE.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

"Remember me."—MS. LETTER.

BIDST thou that I remember! Yet  
Thou knowest not my soul,  
If thus thou deemst it can forget  
What keeps it in control.  
I cannot, Love, remember! How—  
How can such tribute be,  
Since when we wed my true heart's vow  
Swore aye to cherish thee.

If ere thine image leave my breast,  
Remember thee I may;  
But if, as now, it here may rest,  
And love know no allay,  
I never can remember! No—  
No other form shall spring,  
To make remembrance of thee flow—  
A proof of wandering!

O, never call on Memory,  
If Love can reign alone;  
When two hearts wed, a unity,  
They both should share one throne,  
And never know remembrance—till—  
Till Death shall part them twain:  
Then Memory the seat may fill,  
Where Love was wont to reign.

Original.

ANGLING;

OR, THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.\*

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

THE summer passed away, and the glorious autumn with its rich, sad livery, had deepened into winter. Jane thought time had never passed so slowly, but she soon discovered, that to be happy, was to be employed, and she busied herself about the affairs of the little household with great diligence; and redoubled her attentions to her sickly, fretful relative, whose demands seemed always to grow with indulgence. Jane never complained—never moved as if weary, and the neighbors wondered at the patience and vigilance of the good girl.

At length, as the spring, with its buds and blossoms appeared, the labors of Jane for her grandparent, closed. She was laid to rest in the little grave-yard close to the door of the church, where reposed the companions of her earlier days, each with a stone of slate, ornamented with a death's head and other devices, and bearing the name and age.

She had been the only friend of the orphan-girl, and now she felt utterly desolate and alone. Time hung heavy upon her, and the little low house was now closed and abandoned. The grounds were appropriated by an uncle of Jane's, who took her into his house for a few days with a cold ungracious air, and then told her roughly she must go out to service. Jane might have taken a school, but this same uncle was one of the committee, and careful to secure the situation for his own daughter.

Jane knew it would be impossible to procure a situation as domestic in a place where every family did its own work, and so one morning when a neighbor was ready to go to Portland with a load of marketing, she appeared with a small bundle of clothes, her little all in this world, and begged a ride down in his wagon. The good-natured farmer not only carried her free of all expense, but furnished her a lunch from his own box of "dough-nuts" and cheese, and even purchased her a tumbler of cider at one of the little taverns at which he stopped to water his horses.

Portland was much larger than Jane had expected to find it; she had read it contained fifteen thousand inhabitants, but she had formed no very definite idea as to how many houses it would take to hold so many people. She was bewildered, too, at the noise and tumult in the streets, and wondered how they could ever sell so many goods as she saw piled in the long ranges of shops.

She inquired of a great many, who seemed never to have heard of such a woman as her cousin, Mrs. Liscom. She at length succeeded in finding her, but she certainly didn't live in one of the finest houses as she had expected; for her impressions of Mrs. Liscom were those she had formed of her when quite a child, upon a visit of her cousin's in the country. She recollected her as very independent, and important in her manners, and

had therefore concluded she must be a lady of some consequence in Portland. She was dressed at that time, in a lilac-colored canton-crape dress, which was then considered a great piece of elegance—a large white cape, and a great many bows of light ribbon upon her head.

Her cousin looked a great deal older than she had expected, and not half as genteel. She was brown and large, and had a whole house full of noisy, quarrelsome children, which she ruled with the opposite of the law of love. Her husband, Captain Liscom, part owner, and commander of the schooner Nancy, appeared much more submissive than any of the children.

"So you've come a cous'ning," said Mrs. Liscom, "and want to stay till you can get a place to hire out. Now, my house is just as full as it can stick; the children sleep four in a bed; you might have to stay here a month, and then not get a place, girls is so plenty, and wages so low."

Jane's lip quivered, but she dared not trust herself to speak.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the Captain, coming in to the relief of both parties, "galls is very scare in New York. I'll tell you what, you'd better go there, Jane. I'll give you your passage for nothing, for't'll come upon the owners, (tipping a wink to his wife,) and you can stay on board till you get a place."

"That's the best thing you ever said, John; you'd better go, Jane; the schooner'll sail to-morrow; you'd better go; 'twill be the making of you."

Jane's face brightened with one of its former smiles, and she assented at once. She knew nothing of the world, and fancy had presented a beautiful, but shadowy picture, in which George Lewis, her adopted brother, certainly stood in bold relief upon the fore-ground.

We will say nothing of the selfish indifference of those who thus launched an orphan child upon the great world to encounter its perils and temptations alone; enough for us that it was done.

The passage was short and pleasant, and Jane, with youthful spirits and fine health, enjoyed every moment of it. Captain Liscom, away from his better half, was really a smart and kind-hearted man, and proved himself attentive to the comfort of his young passenger. When she left the schooner in search of a place, he actually put a fifty cent piece into her hand, that she might purchase a "mouthful" in case she grew faint. He went as far as Broadway with her, and Jane thought she could remember the streets, and find her way back to the vessel.

Until she reached Broadway, Jane had not realized that New York was any larger than Portland; but this broad, interminable street, with its jostling population—its Babel of sounds, its omnibuses, and vehicles of every description, superadded to the cries of cartmen, and all kinds of venders, produced a confusion of sights and sounds that struck a dread almost amounting to terror, into the heart of the lone girl. She felt doubly desolate amidst this wilderness of human beings, all strange and unsympathizing with herself, and jostling rudely by her, or staring familiarly into her anxious face.

\* Concluded from page 96.

It was long before she could summon resolution to ascend the steps of one of the fine-looking houses to tell her errand. There was no knocker, and she nearly bruised the skin from her fingers in trying to make them hear from the inside. "Pull the bell, gall," said a rough voice, but Jane didn't know he spoke to her. "Why don't you pull the bell?" said another passer by. A new thought struck our heroine; she stepped back and looked all about the house, but no bell was visible. She was about to give up in despair, when a quiet-looking lad, with books under his arm, observing her dilemma, ran up the steps and gave a small knob a short pull, saying, "That is the way, Miss."

A slatternly Irish girl soon made her appearance, and to Jane's inquiring, answered, "No, indade," and instantly closed the door.

Jane recollected next time to pull the bell instead of using her knuckles, and also to inquire for the lady of the house, as she had been directed by Captain Liscom, "or," as he said, "the servants would send her away without informing their mistress, lest they should lose their own places."

She was ushered into a large, elegantly-furnished room, so entirely different from any she had ever seen before, that she was quite bewildered. To add to her embarrassment, the lady in whose presence she stood was certainly handsome, but tall and stern. A fashionably-dressed young lady sat with unsuppressed titting upon the sofa.

"What do you want, child," asked the stern-looking lady.

Jane's mouth was so dry, that she tried two or three times before she could bring out a word, and then she could scarce speak above a whisper.

"You are too mealy-mouthed by a great deal."

Jane felt as if she should suffocate, and dropped unbidden upon a chair. At this moment she heard a voice in the hall giving some trifling orders, and, as the poor girl recognized its familiar tones, she started from her chair and looked towards the door.

The lady rang the bell violently. "I see how it is, I see how it is; a pretty piece of impudence, really;" and before Jane could understand what it all meant, a pert-looking serving-man was leading her to the door, and turned her into the street.

Jane was faint and tired, and too much stupified to feel the indignity; she was growing weary of life, for all the bright visions of other times were fading from her fancy, and existence began to look like a dull, dreary blank. So strongly did the sense of her friendlessness and poverty press upon her, and contrast with the affluence of George Lewis, that a strange bitterness of feeling came to her heart as she remembered the earnest appeal of George that, when she should know more of the world, she would forgive him—that she would think of him as a brother.

Then she remembered how happy she had been until she saw him—how beautiful the whole world had looked to her, and thought of her present misery, and the tear came to her eyes, and brought back again the gentleness of her heart, and a full forgiveness for George Lewis.

While these feelings passed over her, she had saun-

tered along, unknowing which way she went, when she felt a hand laid lightly upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter, dear," asked a fat, coarse woman. Jane's heart was touched by the unwonted tone of kindness, and her tears flowed faster than ever.

"I was thinking how lonely I am here in this great place without a single friend."

"Poor child, you look ill, and sad enough; go with me, and I will be your friend till you find a better."

The old woman began to look quite agreeable to the friendless girl, and she followed her into a large, fine-looking house, with her heart brim full of gratitude. She partook of some refreshments, the old lady being all the time profuse in her expressions of attachment, and praises of her beauty, etc. Then Jane was shown into a handsome room where a girl arranged her hair, and presented her an elegantly-wrought pocket-handkerchief, with lace quilled upon the edge, and looking, as Jane thought, altogether too fine for use; indeed, she thought it designed for her neck till informed to the contrary; and the girl laughed and clapped her hands with merriment, the mistake was so odd and unaccountable. She might have exclaimed, in the words of the Dodger, in *Oliver Twist*, "My eyes, how green."

She was left alone when all was arranged, to rest awhile upon the sofa; and this sudden turn of good fortune, this unexpected kindness from a stranger, brought tears to her eyes, and called forth a low, fervent prayer for blessings upon the household. Her thoughts grew indistinct, and the fatigued girl forgot all anxieties in a sound sleep.

When she awoke, the room was lighted for the evening, and she found some kind hand had placed the cushions beneath her head, and spread a rich shawl over her feet. She started at observing a gentleman reading by the table. He approached her, and made some inquiries as to her health, at the same time he parted the curls familiarly from her forehead.

Jane was a little startled, and yet, there was an appearance of honest frankness about him, that won upon her confidence. She supposed, too, that he might be the son of her benefactress, and wished to treat her as a sister.

"Have you slept well, my pretty girl," and he seated himself beside her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Jane shrank from him with real apprehension, and her fine brow contracted with anxiety.

"Don't call me so, sir; don't say any thing to turn the head of a poor girl, any more than you would have it said to a sister."

The stranger eyed her a moment with surprise, but Jane's innocent face could not well be misconstrued. "No, hang me if I will," he replied, at the same time rising, and turning the key of the door. Then observing that Jane had turned pale and trembled, he continued—"Now don't be scared, child, I wouldn't harm a hair of your head. I only want to keep all out. Do you know where you are?"

"Oh, no; they have been very kind to me, and have promised to befriend me."

"Yes, as the wolf befriends the lamb, or the cat the

trembling mouse." He whispered something which Jane certainly didn't understand, but which convinced her she mustn't stay where she was.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"You must go with me," said the stranger after making some inquiries as to her history.

Jane looked up through her tears, and read his face for an instant. It certainly was one to be trusted. She then laid her hand in his, saying, "I will go with you, for I know you haven't the heart to wrong a desolate girl."

"No, hang me if I have. You'll make a better man of me, Jane; your innocent ways will go farther to reform me than a hundred sermons."

He took up the rich shawl, and was about to throw it over the shoulders of Jane.

"No," she replied, "that is not mine, or this handkerchief, either."

"Never mind, it's only spoiling the Egyptians."

"It wouldn't be right," said Jane, firmly, and she put on her little shawl and bonnet, and gave her hand to her protector. He opened the doors gently, and they were soon under the glare of the street lamps.

"John Liscom—schooner Nancy—Fulton wharf," said the stranger to himself. "I know him for an hen-pecked land-lubber as he is, to send you out alone in a place like this. I'll blow him up for it;" and with this amiable resolution he took a carriage with orders to drive to the wharf.

Captain Liscom had begun to marvel what had become of Jane, but his benevolent sympathies were far from being energetic, and perhaps he might have had a presentiment that she would find a place without farther trouble to himself; if so, he was doomed to disappointment.

The stranger looked sternly at the captain as he composedly smoked his cigar in the little dingy-looking cabin.

"A precious rascal you are, to send a child like this, backing and filling in this great city, in search of a place! If't hadn't been for me, you'd never laid hand on her again."

Liscom tried to explain, and so did Jane, but he would not listen to a word of apology. He used a reasonable number of nautical anathemas which the reader will doubtless spare the repetition, and wound up by telling him he was "worse than a heathen, or an infidel."

He took a bill from his pocket-book, and presenting it to Jane, said, "Now, Jane, will you not give me one kiss to pay for what I have done for you?"

Jane laid her hand and the bill upon the broad palm of the sailor, while her look spoke volumes of gratitude, and maidenly dignity.

"You are right, girl, right. I would have my sister do just so;" and he drew his rough hand across his eyes; "but you must take the bill—you—"

"No, no, I shall not need it. I shall be grateful to you, sir, as long as I live, and every day, and twice a day, I shall pray for the blessing of God upon you; and if we never meet again in this world, we shall meet in Heaven."

Jane said all this with real pathos of manner, the tears springing to her fine eyes.

"If I ever get there, Jane, it will be through your prayers then, for I have been wicked enough. Hang me, you make me cry just as my poor mother used to, when she told me all about Heaven, and the judgment, and such things. She died a long time ago, and I've had nobody to pray for me since."

"I will always," said Jane, earnestly.

The stranger took a small pin in the form of an anchor from his bosom, and presented it to Jane, saying, "You must take this, Jane, and keep it for my sake; and now give me one curl from your head, Jane, and when I look upon it, I shall think of you, and think I have done one good thing in my life, and that you may be praying for me, and it may be, Jane, I shall pray for myself."

Jane did as she was desired, hardly able to see through her tears, and as the kind sailor departed, he muttered something about his eyes and the fog.

After this, Liscom went out with Jane two or three times, but they had no references, and the girl was altogether too pretty to escape suspicion. He was ready for his return voyage, and yet Jane was unprovided with a place. What could he do? He knew better than to carry her home again to his wife, besides, he could not think of giving her another passage; he had done all that duty could require, and really wished the girl off his hands one way or another; his sympathies, too, had greatly declined from the time that she refused to take the money proffered by the stranger. He could conceive of no reason why she should decline it. The schooner was now entirely ready for sea, and he told Jane she had better try once more, and if she didn't get a place "the deuce must be in it."

Jane had made applications for the situation of teacher, seamstress or domestic, but without success. The weather was growing warm, and she went from street to street making applications and receiving rebuffs, till nearly exhausted, and feeling all the time like a guilty thing, so many significant glances had been exchanged, and so many cruel observations made in the presence of the poor girl.

She wandered on till the buildings grew thin and scattered, and the bright Hudson might be seen sparkling in the sun-light. Then came the thoughts of home, and the beautiful Sebago. She wondered at her own wild project in seeking a home in the midst of strangers, but tears were useless now, and she summoned all her energy to bear the load of misery that began to press upon her heart.

She ascended the steps of a stern-looking brick house in Greenwich street. The door was opened by a vulgar-looking man, with a blear eye, a red face, and very narrow forehead. She was certain he must be a servant, and a drinking one, too. To her request that she might see the lady of the house, he answered, "Yea," gruffly, but without stirring to let her pass.

Jane glanced into the hall, and saw a stout, red-faced woman peering out, curious to know who was at the door.

"Come in," said the man, stepping back a bit, and the woman retreated into a room at the end of the hall.

Jane took the same direction, and told her errand to the stout woman, looking into her face, that she might escape the stare of the man, who had followed her in.

"Where are your references?"

"I haven't any. I didn't know it would be necessary till I came to this place."

"No references! where can you have lived then?"

"Nowhere in New York. I came from Maine."

"What is your name?"

Jane, timid and child as she was, felt they had no right to question her in this cold, heartless manner, and summoning all her resolution, she said—

"You haven't said, as yet, ma'am, that you wish to hire a girl."

"We don't want one without name or reference," said the man, who seemed to enjoy the scene vastly.

Jane spoke with real dignity; "I am a stranger in your city, with no one to explain your customs. I am sorry I have troubled you." She was moving to the door when the man planted himself before her.

"So, then, you're ashamed to tell your name, miss?"

Jane's cheek glowed with indignation. "No, sir, I am not ashamed to tell my name, but if you don't wish to employ me, I don't know what is your right to ask it."

"I'll tell you what it is, miss, this coming for a place without references, and without name, is very suspicious-looking business. I'll tell you what, we might take a common girl of the town into our house in that way."

Jane colored deeper than ever, and moved to the door. "There, miss, I've told you what—you see how it is." He laughed derisively, and left the room.

Jane glanced at the wife of such a brute, and thought she could detect a shade of compassion even upon her senseless face.

"Oh, ma'am, you will think better than that of one of your own sex, I know you will. I ought not to have come here without friends to advise me, but it is too late to repent now. My name is Jane Bryant; I should have told it, only I thought you had no right to question me, unless you wished to employ me."

"No, I am in no want of a servant, and you will hardly procure a situation here, unless you have references."

It was now nearly night; the street lamps were being lighted, and the girl felt doubly desolate as she met group after group of young girls with gay faces and merry tones, returning to cheerful homes and loving friends. She longed for a companion even in misery. She saw a child of perhaps ten years, weeping upon the steps of a house in a miserable-looking neighborhood. Jane instinctively drew towards her. The child wiped its eyes with a ragged apron, and glanced with a shy look at the young stranger; but it read sympathy and kindness in the sweet face, and a warrant for more tears; so the two girls wept together, companions in sorrow, though ignorant of the grief of each other.

"What is the matter, that you weep," asked Jane.

"My mother beat me, and put me out doors."

"Perhaps you have been a naughty child. But then you have a mother and a home! how happy you might be! Never cry when you have a home to go to. You have enough to thank God for, every day that you live.

A home and a mother! Go in, child, and love and obey her, and you can't be unhappy."

The child stared at her with open mouth. "Have you been naughty, too, and saucy; and has your mother put you out?"

"Oh, no, no, child, I have no mother, no home. I couldn't weep if I had."

The child put her head in her lap and now wept for the poor forlorn stranger. "My mother beats me every day, but I won't be saucy any more. I will do what she bids me, and try to be a better girl. Do you think I should be happy then?"

"I know you will; and when you feel angry and disobedient, think of me, with no home, and no mother."

Jane had walked some distance down the street, when she felt some one pull her dress from behind. She turned, and the little girl, all out of breath, was close to her.

"If you will go home with me, you shall have part of my supper, and half the straw that I sleep on; 'tis nice and clean, and my mother shall be your mother. She wouldn't beat you, I'm sure she wouldn't."

Jane couldn't speak for weeping, and she thought, "It is the poor only, that know how to feel for each other." She promised the child she would come back if she didn't find a place, and parted from her with real sorrow.

The night grew dark and windy—the shops blazed with light, and the lamps in long vistas made the streets look like fairy land. Poor Jane had no eye for either beauty or splendor. She felt chilled to the heart, and wondered if the wide world contained one other being as desolate as herself. She had gone from street to street, till quite bewildered, and she knew not which way to turn.

She was near the Washington Parade-Ground, and heard the creak and slam of the gates, as people went in and out with busy feet, and the sound of the watchman's staff upon the pave. The great multitude about her had a community of interest; they were appendages to the great city in which she was friendless and alone. She wished she had gone home with the kind-hearted child, who so generously proffered her little all; for she knew Captain Liscom would leave her with little scruple, and she shuddered as the thought of beggary and death—death in the midst of strangers passed like some grim spectre before her. Her limbs trembled, and she sat down upon the steps of one of the houses in Washington Place to rest just for a moment. She grew frightened at the vague indistinctness of her own thoughts and perceptions. The lights upon the Parade-Ground looked more magical than ever, and flashed and commingled in a thousand fantastic forms. She had fallen asleep.

George Lewis and a friend were returning from a fashionable party in earnest conversation.

"I see how it is, Lewis, you are fairly in love; and such a love! a brown-skinned country girl, with a foot like a shovel—who tells about our 'haouse,' and eats pudding and milk with a big spoon! Faugh!"

Lewis crimsoned. "How you will rattle, Frank; I have said nothing of the kind. I am going upon an

angling excursion, but I do most certainly hope to see the pretty girl into the bargain."

"No doubt, no doubt; I understand it all. This Amaryllis has become the exquisite Dulcinea of your imagination; but spare your friends, George; their eyes are not adapted to your glasses. A barefooted country girl! your taste is unquestionable."

"Have done your bantering, Frank; I feel really guilty while discussing the poor girl in this way."

"Exquisite, Lewis; I have mistook; she is some renowned princess in disguise. I long for the denouement; pardon me, I mistook the elegant (he could not think of a term) for a country girl paddling in a mud-puddle."

George's eye kindled, and his cheek flushed. He certainly looked a little angry. His giddy companion laughed immoderately. "Why, you mean to fling down the gauntlet in behalf of this immaculate Rusticana, but pardon me, I can't fight; no, excuse me."

"Frank," said Lewis, "be serious one moment, if the nature is in you. Now, I hold, that the name of a delicate woman is not to be lightly bandied in senseless jesting. No matter what may be her condition, her virtues may ennoble it. Refinement is not inherent in any one class; it may be found with the humblest maiden, with nature alone for her tutor. Truth and affection are worth more than all the blandishments of fashion."

"Quite a homily, upon my word. Your case is desperate, Lewis. But seriously, this business is like to affect you more than you are aware. You respect the girl—love her even, but you *cannot* have thought of making her your wife—you can't be so mad. A girl with no connexions to sit side by side with your proud mother, George. She would disown you, and all the exclusives in Broadway or elsewhere, would turn up the nose at the poor girl, and depend upon it, you'd find it a bad job every way. I shudder to think of the thing."

It was now George's turn to laugh. "Really, Frank, you have drawn a most dolorous picture. But no fears; I am not yet prepared to make so desperate a plunge, though I confess to have thought of the thing. But on one point I am decided, that is, never to marry one of these automations of fashion. My wife must have a soul; she must live for me, and I for her, and not for a host of fools that have been stretched upon the Procrustean bedstead of fashion."

They had just turned into Washington Place, when they were arrested by the harsh voice of a watchman.

"Come, Dovey, off to the watch-house; you'll be taking a cold here."

A young female attempted to rush by them, but the watch had her fast.

"No flurrying, dear, 'twon't do no good, so be quiet; we're used to sich birds."

"Oh, sir, where do you mean to carry me?" she cried, with clasped hands. The light fell upon her face and revealed that of Jane Bryant.

"Jane, Jane, can it be you," exclaimed Lewis, flinging off the watch. She held out both hands, and nearly fell upon the pavement. It must be remembered that she was not only suffering from mental excitement, but was also faint for want of food.

A carriage was procured, and to the inquiry of Frank where he intended to carry her, Lewis replied, "To my mother's."

"Oh, no, no, she will spurn me from her door; let me go any where, George, into any hovel just to die. I feel that I shall die, and I would not trouble any one. Oh, what a foolish girl I have been! But I have no friend in the world but you, George."

Lewis pressed the weeping girl to his bosom, and even Frank was affected.

Mrs. Lewis was alone, engaged in a book of devotion, when the door opened and her son entered with Jane. A single glance told the poor girl she had been in that very room before, and the impulse of her own impassioned heart prompted the very best thing she could have done. She threw herself at the feet of the lady with pale cheek and clasped hands.

"Oh, ma'am, you once turned me from your door. I didn't know what for; indeed, I am poor and friendless, but nothing for which to blush. Let me work for you, let me die in your garret, but don't turn me out into this great, wicked city, where every one looks stern upon me."

The tears gushed from her eyes, and she fell forward at the feet of the haughty woman. Mrs. Lewis glanced sternly and reproachfully at her son as he raised Jane from the floor and laid her upon the sofa, imprinting a kiss upon her pale brow.

"George Lewis, I didn't expect this of you, much less that my own house—"

"Stop, mother, I beseech you. This child is innocent as a babe. You have heard me speak of her since my visit to Maine. Let me entreat, as you value my peace of mind, that you will treat her as a child."

"This from you, George; and to me! take a servant from the street—a—I don't know what, and treat her like a child! George Lewis, you strangely forget yourself."

"Mother, mother, these suspicions are unworthy of yourself and unjust to me, to say nothing of the wrong to that friendless girl."

The tears had been swelling from beneath the lids of Jane, and she now arose from the sofa, for a new power awoke within her, such as she had not felt before.

"What am I, that I should be the cause of discord between parent and child! Rather let me have perished in the street. I will go, lady, and the Father of the fatherless will protect me."

The proud woman moved not or spoke.

"Mother, would you, can you be so inhuman?" said George, roused to a goodly portion of his mother's own spirit. "If that girl goes, she goes not alone, and should I ever return, I return not alone."

A bitter smile played over the face of the mother. "I have seen that look before now, boy; it has small terrors for me."

"Oh, George, George, it is your mother," said Jane, in a pleading tone. "You once called me sister, and I must not, cannot be the cause of unkindness between parent and child. If I leave your house, ma'am, I have nowhere to go. I must starve or beg in the streets. I will not be burdensome; is there nothing I can do for you,

that I may earn enough to return to my own home? There are many things I can do, and withal beside, ma'am, I will be more than servant to you; I will watch beside you in sickness, and *might* become a humble friend to cheer you in loneliness; and oh, ma'am, I shall be grateful for the slightest look of kindness."

The stern woman's lip quivered at this simple appeal, for she felt its truth, and the pathos of tone and look with which it was uttered. Perhaps, too, she might have felt how often she met "greetings where no kindness is," and longed for one sincere friend—for one who should be to her as a daughter.

George saw the effect of Jane's simple eloquence, and forebore to interrupt it.

"Be seated, child," said Mrs. Lewis. "I must hear your story, Jane, and then we will see what can be done for you."

Jane's cheek often changed from red to pale as she narrated the story of her sorrows, her sufferings, and dangers. When she told of the kind, worthy sailor, and showed the little pin in the form of an anchor, Mrs. Lewis actually shed tears, and George, through the whole, kept his face buried in his handkerchief. Her story was not without its effect. Mrs. Lewis was evidently much softened, and spoke with a degree of tenderness totally unexpected.

"Jane, if I should take you for my little friend, you wouldn't have any thing to say to the servants, except to call upon them to attend you."

"I would do just as you bid me, ma'am. I shouldn't wish to be troublesome."

Mrs. Lewis shook her head and contracted her brow. "Well, Jane, you will keep your room to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for you."

Jane shrank from this galling kind of dependence. "Let me be with you as a servant, ma'am. I shall be less dependent, and—and wound your pride less."

"No, no, Jane, I can do better for you. I must do better for you; you can be my companion and friend, I see you can; I see you can be trusted." Jane burst into tears, and George, the ever calm, quiet George, threw himself upon his mother's bosom and wept, he had become so like a boy again.

It was surprising to see how readily Jane adopted the manners of the society into which she was thrown; we mean the polish of it; for she never lost any thing of her original truth and simplicity. She had only the accomplishments of polite society to acquire, and to a mind like hers, these were but playthings. As the friend and youthful companion of Mrs. Lewis, she was welcomed every where—even by those who might have disputed her claims upon any other ground.

It *did* cost Mrs. Lewis many a pang of pride to observe the every-day increasing attachment of her son for the poor orphan-girl, gentle and loving as she was, and dear as she had become even to her own heart. We need not say how often Jane wept in secret over her hopeless love, nor how the native dignity and delicacy of her mind taught her to avoid every thing like sanctioning an attachment so repugnant to the feelings of her benefactress.

She was sitting alone in her room, her head bowed upon her hands, and her face bathed in tears, when Mrs. Lewis knocked and entered.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," said Jane, rising to meet her. "I was trying to go to your room, but I couldn't. I must leave you, my only friend; let me return to Maine." She spoke rapidly, as fearful she should not say it if she made a single pause.

"Why is this, Jane; are you not happy with me? Why do you wish to leave me?"

Jane felt that all must be told, and yet how tell of that which calleth the ready blood to the cheek of the maiden as often as the secret is pressed home to her heart even in solitude!

"Jane," said Mrs. Lewis, kindly, "is it George of whom you would speak? Do you love him, my child?"

"Oh, madam, when a child upon the banks of the Sebago, I might have dreamed of such a thing. I was ignorant then of the distinctions of society, of the omnipotence of wealth."

"And you have taught me, Jane, to disregard these distinctions; you have taught me the value of the affections—the wealth to be found in a sincere, gentle, and loving heart. Jane, for the two years you have been with me, you have been more than daughter to me; be one in reality. My son loves you, Jane;" and she drew the blushing girl to her bosom.

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The next summer the keeper of a little tavern, upon the Sebago, was thrown into great consternation by the arrival of a plain, elegant carriage, and span of horses. The villagers stared with great diligence after a very elegant lady, accompanied by a gentleman, who might be seen on every fine day, angling in the clear waters of the beautiful lake. Conjecture was upon tip-toe, until one, more keen-sighted than the rest, declared it as his sober opinion, that the lady was no other than the pretty Jane Bryant, whose fate had been such a mystery; his penetration could be explained only from the circumstance of his once having been an admirer of the unfortunate girl.

Mystification was now at an end. Jane visited the old haunts of her childhood with undiminished zest, and gathered wild flowers in the very spots where she and her lover had gathered them years before; not forgetting the little brook where occurred the tragedy of the worn shoe. She had lost nothing of her early simplicity, her vivacity, and love for the beautiful in nature, with the refinements of polished life; and Jane Bryant, now Mrs. Lewis, was, by universal acclaim, pronounced by her former associates, a "perfect lady."

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SATIRE is never relished by woman. It is wholly masculine, and the counterpart to it in the female character, is scandal. Their tender sensibilities cannot endure the idea of attacking whole sets of people at once; so they mercifully select particular examples, such as their next neighbor or best friend, against whom to direct their eloquence.

Original.

DOTS AND LINES.—NO. III;

OR, SKETCHES OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAPITTE," "BURTON," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC.

THE passage from Vicksburg to this place has been unusually long and tedious. The machinery and works of the boat are new, and not having been properly made and fitted at first, are constantly getting out of order. The river, too, is very high, and carries down a great quantity of drift wood, which often gets entangled in the wheels and breaks the paddles. We have lost, since leaving Natchez, full six hours in every twenty-four, in laying to the bank, making repairs. The pilot generally manages to select a wood-yard for this purpose, so that the hands are turned out to pile the guards with wood, while the engineers are tinkering at the machinery. The landing of a steamboat, even on the verge of an uninhabited forest, affords a lively scene. The ladies don bonnet and shawl, and hasten ashore for a walk; the bachelor-looking passengers, who have no claim to such companions, disperse through the woods, cutting twisted canes, gathering strange looking wild flowers, and amuse themselves in a hundred ways. The deck passengers, who do not assist in wooding, jump ashore by dozens, some with bottles—if the landing be near a groggery or cotter's hut—to get them replenished with milk or whiskey; the women, to let their dirty little children roll about, after their long confinement on board, in groups on the ground. Some of the men select a level spot, and display their skill at the rifle, or their activity in leaping. At one time, yesterday, nearly a hundred men had gathered and formed a long lane, through which the leapers ran before they made their final spring. There was much sport—many rough jokes, and a plenty of coarse merriment. I saw one supple-jointed Tennesseean, as agile and straight as an Indian, jump twenty feet on a level. The steward takes this time to go on shore to buy provisions, and returns with his myrmidons, in the shape of half a dozen dirty cabin-boys, laden with squealing pigs, philosophic gobblers, and patient hens, which are duly secured in coops on deck to await their certain doom. I remarked that those passengers who had young families, had to purchase milk for them on shore. It is not customary to have milk on the table of steamers, although it is easily obtained. Passengers frequently purchase it for their own use; and I have seen, on the breakfast tables, half a dozen private pitchers, and once was amused at seeing a captain very complacently accept the ironical offer of the pitcher of milk, tendered him by a passenger. With regard to having milk upon the tea and breakfast tables, in furnishing a greater abundance of fresh meat for dinner, there is in most of the boats abundant room for improvement. I have dined on board a steamer, which, two hours before, had stopped at a landing-place, where turkeys, ducks, chickens and pigs, were abundant about the premises of the woodman,—yet, our table, to which forty gentlemen

and ladies sat down, was supplied with only four dishes of meat, viz: a piece of salt pork at the lower end, where the clerk did the honors; a ham before the captain; a piece of boiled beef, a few plates beyond the clerk, and another piece of broiled beef, disguised with butter and capers, *a la mouton*. Some dried apple pies followed, as dessert. Four decanters, two of Monongahela, one of gin, and one of Cogniac brandy, were placed at intervals on the table; but, either from the badness of the liquors, or the temperance of the passengers, these were scarcely touched. Northerners drink most at the table—the Western people most at bars. Fifty dollars a passage was asked on this boat from New Orleans to Louisville, which is equivalent to six dollars per day for board. Nuts and raisins, apples, and cheese, and bread, poorly compensate for the deficiency of a good substantial dinner. The Ohio boats—that is, those which run between Louisville and Pittsburgh—often keep better tables. The boat dinner I ever sat down to, on any kind of boat or vessel, was on a canal-boat, near Pittsburg, last fall. It out-did any Thanksgiving dinner among the epicurean New-Englanders. There were two roasted turkeys, a roasted duck, roasted birds and chickens, fricassee, roast beef and lamb, ham and roast pig; pies of several kinds, puddings with and without plums, pyramids and pagodas of butter, tarts and syllabubs, floating island, and custard, with almonds, raisins, and fruit. A more sumptuous getting up of an entertainment, I never saw, even at a Mississippi wedding-supper. Do not think, however, that we fared thus sumptuously every day. We had been, the three previous days, winding our slow way from Philadelphia, with rather mean fare. This was our last meal on board; and was given, no doubt, with the aim, that if we had grumbled the former part of the way, at our ill fare, we might leave the boat in good humor, our anathemas turned into blessings. Nothing will restore good humor so readily as a good dinner. The canal proprietors show that they understand human nature.

We arrived at Helena last evening, after passing the mouth of White river and the Arkansas. At the mouth of both of these rivers are landing-places. At the last place, there is but one tavern, one store, and a warehouse. This is a place of some business. Government stores, destined for the Indian nations, are stored here, by the Indian agent, Captain Collins. At the mouth of White river, better known as Montgomery's Point, there is a wretched tavern, where they charge two dollars and a half a day for board; a warehouse, store, grocery, and one or two other buildings. It is a point of considerable trade. These places, since the general clearing out in Mississippi, have been points of re-union for the gamblers. They are not, however, in as ill odor as formerly. Helena, about ten hours' run below Memphis, is the largest town on the west bank of the river, from Donaldsonville to New Madrid, eighty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, (a distance of several hundred miles.) It is composed of one street, intersected by two or three short ones: its appearance from the river is pleasant. In the rear of the village are visible a range of green and wooded hills, which are the only neighborhood of any



kind on the west side of the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to within a hundred miles or more of St. Louis. We here learned that a rencontre had taken place the day before, between two citizens, an editor and a physician. One of the parties assaulted the other in his office, with his knife. He was, however, disarmed after inflicting one wound, and, being in the power of his antagonist, was dirked and cut until he fell lifeless. He was not dead when we arrived. When will this system of pistoling, dirking, cutting and chopping, cease? The demon of bloodshed and private murder seems to stalk with a fearful tread throughout this region. In New Orleans, we were disgusted with the tales of blood and the waste of human life. At Natchez, some tale of a recent fight is detailed to the passing traveller, with the current news from shore. Opposite Natchez, Grand Gulf, and Vicksburg, the duelling grounds are pointed out, where, almost yearly, human life is poured out like water. At every landing-place, one's ears are shocked by some bloody narration, of citizen armed against citizen, friend against friend. The citizens of Vicksburg have recently called a meeting, for the purpose of expressing their opinions in relation to the prevailing habit of carrying deadly weapons. Municipal laws, supported by fine and imprisonment, have been, I believe, already passed there, in relation to this custom. If men were not at all times armed, they would not be so ready to inflict injuries, and resent imaginary insults. It is now, a word, and, not a blow, but the flash of a pistol, or the thrust of a knife. The example of Vicksburg, in relation to carrying arms upon the person, was proposed to be followed in Natchez. If gentlemen will carry arms, let them carry small swords at their sides, at once.

I have just returned from a visit to the town of Memphis, which, like Natchez, is built on the level summit of a bluff. The ascent to the town is very precipitate. The face of the cliffs approaches so near the river, that there is no landing-place, except a narrow path, which has been excavated at their base. There is no bar or beach here to form a foundation for a lower town, as at Natchez, the river sweeping strong and deep past the very foot of the bluff, which overhangs the steamers in vast fragments, which are held only by a few roots, and appear as if about to descend, like an avalanche, upon the boats beneath. Two dilapidated steamboats, altered by the carpenters, making tolerable stores, moored at the shore, are the only buildings there. These are occupied as groceries, fruit and cake shops, and markets for boats, and serve all the purpose of half a dozen stores. Alongside of these floating stores the steamboats stop, as if to a pier. The landing is half a mile below the town, but when Memphis was first settled, a broad, flat bottom stretched beneath the bluff immediately opposite the town. The constantly changing river has now left no traces of this, and the landing-place has been gradually moving south, and is likely soon to disappear entirely, leaving the town wholly inaccessible from the river. The situation of Memphis and its surrounding scenery, is very similar to Natchez and its vicinity. The views, up and down the river, are very much alike at both places; although that up the river, from Memphis, is finer and

more extensive than that in the same direction from Natchez. The Natchez bluff, however, is three times higher than this, and infinitely more grand and romantic. After effecting the short, steep ascent from the river, we came to a nearly level common, which we crossed to the village, nearly half a mile distant, and entered the Bluff, or Front street, whose stores all fronted the river. They appeared to be well filled with goods, and considerable business was doing in the street. The town rejoices, if the signs speak truly, in many doctors, lawyers, and editors. Besides the main street, there is a second street parallel with it, a square back. Those two streets are intersected by half a dozen others. Some parts of the town are composed of streets compactly built, but the dwelling-houses are generally few and far between. We went into an editor's office, (which was a table in the printing office,) where we found the editor directing his papers to his subscribers, for it was publication-day. I exchanged a "bit" for one of them, and, descending the stairs, gained the street, where I saw a hearse, made of timber, the clumsiest, heaviest, most uncouth conveyance that ever man rode to his last home upon. Tommy Trotter consoled himself with the prospect of riding in a carriage to his grave, if he never rode in one while living; but Tommy would rather walk to his own burial, as he had walked all his life, than commit himself to the hearse in question. I like to see a neat hearse and funeral paraphernalia; it speaks well for any village, and shows that the citizens entertain that respect for the dead, which forms a part of our better prejudices. The hearse was drawn up before an office, around which several negroes and boys were assembled. I stopped, and looked in through the open door. A corpse was stretched upon a bed, a coffin was beside it on a chair, and three or four men were placing white linen in it, the edges elaborately scoloped, like paper cut fancifully with scissors. No females were present. The corpse was wrapped in a winding sheet, which was scoloped around the cuff, and white gloves were drawn on the hands, which crossed over the breast. He was a young man, and had evidently, from the fullness of his face, died before the disease could waste him. A few days before, he had been shot by a prostitute, in some hasty broil, which he sought to put a stop to, and died last night. The exasperated citizens, it appears, immediately cut the woman's house to the ground, and the magistrate not being able to commit her, she was driven from the town. I trust, this is the last scene of bloodshed that I shall have to record. The conduct of the Memphians, in dismissing the assassin, without any extra judicial proceedings, was praiseworthy. There are two, I believe three, newspapers published here, and the place is thriving; but the inconvenience of its landing-place is an insuperable bar to its very rapid growth. The general aspect of the town, the appearance of its dwellings, and character of its citizens, differ little from that of other towns and landings we have passed lower down the river. There is a characteristic likeness in all the towns on the Mississippi, and lower Ohio. Above Louisville, they appear more like Pennsylvania and New-England towns. Our boat is now moving. I will write again from Randolph.

Original.

## THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"He that sits above  
In his calm glory, will forgive the love  
His creatures bear each other, e'en if blent  
With a vain worship."—MRS. HERMAN.

"ABOUT ten years ago," said my friend, Mrs. B——, "my physicians having recommended a long sea-voyage as the most probable cure for an attack of bronchitis, my husband, who was then engaged in mercantile pursuits, fitted up a ship which he was about freighting for Calcutta, and resolved to accompany me to India. If I were to relate all my impressions during my absence, I might fill a volume, but I will content myself with narrating a single incident which occurred on our return, and which has impressed itself on my memory too deeply to be effaced by the finger of time. When we arrived at Calcutta, my health was quite restored, and we therefore made but little delay there, as I was anxious to return to my mother, whose advanced age had forbidden her to become my companion. My husband soon disposed of the valuable cargo he had brought out, and a homeward freight having been procured, we prepared to leave Calcutta. The day before the ship was to sail, a gentleman, who announced himself as an American missionary, waited upon Mr. B., with a request that a passage might be afforded to his wife and child. As the cabin was not large, and had been appropriated solely to my use, my husband hesitated to reply till I should have been consulted, and therefore requested the gentleman to call at our abode in the afternoon. As soon as I heard of the application, however, I begged that they might be informed of my willingness to accommodate them, and I felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought of having a female companion during our long and tedious voyage.

"Early in the evening of the same day, he called on me with his wife, to express their thanks. I was exceedingly struck with the great contrast that existed between the two. The missionary was a tall, gaunt man, of some fifty years of age, with a countenance as inflexible as if moulded in iron; his hair was quite white, but thick and wiry, bristling up from his deeply-furrowed forehead as if to contrast still more strongly with his bronzed complexion. His manners were cold and stern, and when I looked on him I was involuntarily reminded of one of the blasted pine trees—'wrecks of a single winter,' which sometimes rear their blighted heads amid the bright scenery of our beautiful country. His wife was one of the most delicate women, in appearance, that I have ever seen. Her age seemed not to exceed twenty years; indeed, her diminutive figure and innocent countenance, made her seem even younger. Her manner was characterized by timid gentleness, and I soon saw that she looked up to her husband with a feeling of awe, almost approaching to fear. His mode of addressing her was cold, almost rude, and her submissive meekness seemed quite unnoticed, certainly unappreciated. Our interview was not a long one, and when we parted, I could not help wondering how the surface could ever appear so

indurate where the genial warmth of gospel truth had penetrated the soil of the heart.

"The next morning I was early on board the ship, and we only waited the arrival of our new passengers to set sail. They came at length, hurrying with them a pale but bright-eyed child, about four years of age. The missionary silently superintended the little arrangements necessary to their comfort, and, to my watchful eye, seemed anxiously striving to preserve the stoicism which he, perhaps, deemed a duty. He scarcely approached his weeping wife, and seemed as if about to return to the shore without exchanging a syllable with her, when she suddenly sprang forward as if to throw herself on his bosom. Whether her habitual awe overcame her, I know not, but, before she reached his arms, she fell at his feet on the deck. The frame of the strong man shook with suppressed emotion as he bent and raised her to his breast. 'God bless you, Ellen,' said he, 'God bless you, and may He forgive me this bitter regret!' She raised her head and looked at him with a bewildered expression, as if she doubted whether she understood him, but the moment of softness passed away: he loosed his clasp of her slender form, and scarcely touching his lips to her forehead, turned towards his child. A second time I saw an indefinable expression of mingled anguish and remorse pass over his face, as if he reproached himself for the strength of his own affections, but the love of the father overcame him, and bending on one knee beside the child, he buried his face in her bright curls, and wept like an infant. It was a fearful thing to see that iron frame shaken with sobs, and that stern countenance bowed before the weakness of a babe. A few brief moments passed, and ere the spectators of the scene could dash the tear-drops from their eyes, the missionary's boat was cutting the waves towards the shore. He never turned his head towards the ship, and though we could observe the oars-men directing his attention to our waving handkerchiefs, he remained immovable.

"For several days Mrs. Warrender remained in her berth, too ill and too much depressed in spirits to be our companion. But her little girl, delighted with the novelty of her situation, was not to be restrained by her mother's illness. She soon crept to my side, and I welcomed her with sufficient warmth to induce her to repeat her visit, so that by the time Mrs. Warrender made her appearance in the cabin, I had already secured a fast friend in the little Lydia. She was a child of very lovely character. Ardent and impetuous in all her feelings, she had the affectionate disposition which always belongs to such a temperament. To harsh reproof, she was unmoveably haughty and inflexible, but to kind remonstrance, she was as yielding and submissive as a lamb. Possessed of great intelligence and extreme personal beauty, she soon became a general favorite. Every one in the ship loved her, and it was pleasant to notice the softened voice and merry smile with which the rudest sailor would take her on his knee and tell her a droll story, or sing her a nautical ballad. She had a remarkably happy temper; nothing seemed to fret her; life was perpetual summer to her, because her sunshine was the reflection of a pure and happy spirit.

"Mrs. Warrender was, as I soon found, seriously ill. Her cough was very severe, and my own opinion was, that consumption had already marked her for the grave. I was too much interested in her to remain long a stranger, and her gentle nature soon acknowledged the claims of kindness. She was one of those timid creatures who constantly require a support. She seemed to want some firmer character on which to depend; some one who might draw forth her confidence, and repay it with sympathy. Had she been called to mingle much in society, this very peculiarity might have made her indiscreet, but in her present circumstances, it only added to the graceful tenderness of her manner. It was not long before she confided to me her simple story. Many of the details, however, which enabled me fully to comprehend her history, I learned in after times, from a member of her own family. These I shall combine in one connected sketch, so as to enable you to understand at once that which it cost me many weeks to decipher.

"Ellen Talbot was the daughter of one who was enthusiastically devoted to the missionary cause. He had frequently expressed his regret that his conviction of the importance of the cause had come so late in life that his duties as a husband and father forbade him to take up the Cross and travel into the wastes of Heathen darkness. From her earliest childhood, Ellen had been accustomed to hear her father avow his determination to educate his sons for missionaries, and his daughters for wives to such heralds of the gospel. She had learned to think that such was her vocation, long before girls usually form plans for futurity, and the romance which belongs in a greater or less degree to the character of every woman, in her, assumed the flattering guise of self-devotedness. Her piety was sincere, her faith undoubting, but she gave herself up to a life of hardship with the same kind of feeling which, in other lands, induces the followers of another creed to sacrifice themselves to the cloister. Hers was not a clear conviction of duty, such as should alone influence the missionary to set himself to his great task. It was a fervid dream of romantic self-devotion; a girlish zeal to make a great sacrifice of personal advantages.

"Far be it from me to rebuke the pious fervor of the missionary. The woman who, strong in the conviction of duty, and relying on the promise that, 'as her day is, so shall her strength be,' abandons the refinements of civilized society and the endearments of home, to traverse the desert in the cause of Christ, is indeed a 'light set on a hill which cannot be hid.' If ever the nations of the earth are to be gathered into one fold—if ever the islands of the far seas are to sing the praises of Redeeming love, it will be through the influence of the weaker no less than the harder sex. The arm of man may wield the lightnings of gospel truth—the tongue of man utter the thunders of gospel eloquence, but it is the hand of woman which must drop the manna of Christian charity over the trackless wilderness of Heathenism. Yet she must not be led forward by the ignis fatuus of a romantic temper—a will o' the wisp, engendered by the vapors of a heated imagination. She must be urged to her high task by a clear sense of duty—Religion must be

the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, to guide her steps—she must have fortitude to suffer, as well as energy to act, and above all, her dependence must be not upon an arm of flesh, but upon the God of her fathers, whose work she has undertaken to do.

"Such was not the case with Ellen Talbot. Sincere, but misjudging, her home seemed to her quite too limited a sphere, and measuring her duties rather by her zeal than her capacities, she forgot that God never placed mortals in a field so narrow that it may not be sown with good seed and give back a rich harvest.

"She was about sixteen when she first met with Mr. Warrender. Her father's well-known piety rendered his house a favorite resort for Christians of all denominations, especially those engaged in missions, and among others, Mr. Warrender came to spend a few weeks with him, previous to departing for India. He was a widower, of perhaps forty-five years of age, cold, stately, even stern in his manner, and ascetic in all his habits. He was well aware of the need of woman's gentle ministry to aid him in his toilsome task, and Ellen's zeal in the cause, her gentleness of deportment, and her extreme youth, which he deemed would enable her to acquire the language of the country with great facility, were his inducements to select her. Of mere earthly affection he did not dream. His heart, like the lava of Vesuvius, had hardened over the ashes of his early love, and no second city of the affections could ever now arise upon the indurated soil.

"In youth, he had possessed very strong passions, and his whole life had been a struggle between right and wrong. At an early age he had formed an attachment to a lady several years his senior, and this passion soon swallowed up all the rest. Yet, even the sweetest founts of tenderness became, in his bosom, like the bitter waters of Marah. The object of his affection, a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, had sacrificed all her worldly prospects to wed the humble missionary, and in the endeavor to repay her for such love, he gave his heart up to the most idolatrous worship of her. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' was the awful command upon Mount Sinai, and fearfully was the denunciation against idolatry brought home to the unhappy man. After eight years of wedded happiness, and partially successful labors among the western Indians, he one day returned from a visit of duty into the interior of the country, only to find his log cabin a heap of ruins, and to rake from its smouldering ashes the bones of his wife and little ones. A brother missionary had accompanied him on his return, and through his care, Mr. Warrender was brought back to civilized life, but many months elapsed after this dreadful calamity, ere his mind recovered its healthy tone. When he re-appeared to resume his missionary labors, every one noticed the change that had taken place in him. From an ardent, impetuous, affectionate pleader with souls, he had now become cold in manner, rigid in principle, severe in admonition, and apparently, unmoved by the ordinary affections of humanity.

"Such was the husband of the timid, sensitive girl, who had lived but in the atmosphere of kindness, and who was now to wither like a delicate exotic transplanted to

a wintry climate. It is strange to observe how different are the results which a vivifying sense of religion produces in different hearts. If I might compare the internal with the external world, I should say it is like a tropical sun, in some places softening the soil and bringing forth fruit and flowers in rich profusion, while in others, it hardens the rock even while it is maturing the rich gems which lie within earth's bosom. Ellen's religion was one of love; her husband's seemed more allied to fear. To her, the enjoyment of God's gifts seemed an acceptable homage to His bounty—to her husband, it seemed a species of sacrilege. In her innocent gladness of temper, she looked upon this world as a scene of probation, where earth's pleasures were to be proved no less than its sufferings—while he regarded it a place cursed for the disobedience of man, whose delights were as so many poisonous plants, deadly to the soul. The tenderness which he felt growing up in his heart towards his wife and daughter, startled him from his fancied security against earthly enjoyments, and he spent many an hour wrestling with the new temptation which he felt to be assailing him, lest the curse of idolatry should again wither his gourd.

"Mr. Warrender had met with all the success which could reasonably have been expected. The field of his labors required careful and diligent culture, while he too often found the tares springing up to choke the good seed. His wife ministered to the bodily necessities of the suffering and destitute, but her courage failed, and the spirit of self-distrust and doubt took possession of her when she sought to enlighten their benighted minds. She was a kind, tender and loving woman, but she lacked the strong intellect, the moral courage, and the firm faith of the missionary. The consciousness that she had overrated her powers—the thought that she was occupying a place which others might fill far more worthily, and the total want of sympathy or support in her husband, all contributed to depress her spirits and undermine her health. All the tenderness of her nature became centred in her child, and when that darling little one began to droop beneath the sultry climate, the mother's terrors overpowered all other feelings. She knew that she had not the faith which supported the high-hearted Mrs. Judson, when, after laying her only child in its solitary grave, she uttered those sublime and thrilling words, 'God grant that the sacrifice may not have been made in vain.' How many a heart has responded to those words when in sorrow and bereavement it pondered over the remembrance of the lovely and the lost.

"While we were yet in the warm latitudes, we were becalmed for nearly a week. The sky was like burnished copper, and the sea like molten brass. Not a breeze stirred, not a ripple moved on the face of the waters; all was one breathless calm. We dared not venture on deck during the day, for the rays of the sun were absolutely scorching, and when night came on, the languor and oppression which we suffered, scarcely allowed us to benefit by its freshness. One day, little Lydia, who felt the restraint of confinement to the cabin more than any of us, contrived to slip away from us unperceived. Her mother, who was lying in her berth, exhausted with the

intense heat, supposed the child was with me, and I thought she was asleep beside her mother. She was absent perhaps an hour, when the mate entered the cabin bearing her in his arms. She had stole upon deck, and after vainly endeavoring to rouse Cato, the dog, to a game of romp, had lain down beside him and dropped asleep. She had not been long there when she was discovered; but she had slept beneath that burning sun, and her flushed cheek showed its fearful power.

"From that hour the sweet child never held up her head. She had received what the sailors call a sun-stroke. For a long time her mother seemed unable to realize the extent of her danger, though she sat beside her, moistening her parched lips and listening to her incoherent murmuring. But I shall never forget the moment when she was first made aware of the threatened blow. I shall never forget the look of wild despair—her cry of agony, and the sudden bending of her knee while she uttered a brief but solemn prayer. From that moment she relinquished all hope, and with a countenance calm but ever stained with tears, she bent over the fair creature's couch. 'I will not murmur, but I may surely weep,' she replied, to my attempts at consolation.

"For three days the little girl lay almost insensible; on the evening of the fourth she awoke to perfect consciousness; a prelude, as I knew too well, of coming death. 'Mother, why do you cry?' said she, as she looked up into her face.

'Because I fear you are going to leave me, darling,' said the mother, suppressing her emotion.

'I would cry, too, if you were to leave me, mother,' said the child.

'But, dearest,' said Mrs. Warrender, 'if you leave me you will go to Heaven,' and she said this to discover whether she was aware of her situation.

'I know it, mother, but I want you to go with me.'

'Surely you are not afraid to go to that beautiful place, my sweet Lydia.'

'No, dear mother, not afraid, but I shall want you in Heaven with me,' was the reply of the dying child.

"Mrs. Warrender looked towards me with an expression I shall never forget, then imprinting a kiss upon the fair child's brow, and motioning me to take her place by the bed-side, she rose and left us for a few minutes. When she returned she was calm, but a deadly palor had settled upon her face which never again left it. Two hours after the child had uttered those few words so thrilling to a mother's heart, her pure spirit had departed.

"Mrs. Warrender's physical strength was unequal to the fearful struggle of feeling. She was conveyed to bed insensible, and a succession of fainting-fits seemed to threaten the most alarming results. But towards evening she recovered sufficiently to rise, and taking her seat beside the body, never again left it till the last sad offices were performed. The intense heat of the weather rendered it necessary to bury the dead as early as possible on the following morning. Attired in one of her little night-dresses, with a simple cap only half concealing her bright curls, Lydia looked as if she had only lain down to sleep. Never, never did death wear a lovelier aspect.

But when we assembled on deck just before sunrise, the beautiful child lay in her coarse shroud, and her sweet face no longer visible to our mournful gaze.

"I will not describe to you the solemnity of a funeral at sea. You have heard its details often before now, and this differed from others only in the peculiar interest which had been excited by the little creature who now lay stiff and cold before us. The mother leaned upon me while my husband read the beautiful service for the dead; her gaze was fixed upon the body as if her eyes could pierce the rude envelope which concealed her treasure from her view. But when the sailors, brushing a tear from their rough cheeks, raised the grating, every heart sunk as the sudden splash of the water struck upon the ear; and the wretched mother, uttering a piercing cry, sunk upon her knees. We bore her to her berth, and she never again quitted it till we arrived at New-York. A breeze sprang up about an hour after the child's body had been consigned to the pitiless waters, and we were spared the pain of feeling ourselves moored above the grave.

"My whole time was now devoted to the suffering mother. She was evidently sinking fast, and I could not help attributing her resignation to her consciousness of the approach of death. I once spoke to her of it, and her reply was very impressive:—'When I first learned my child's danger, I prayed, that if it were consistent with the will of Providence, she might be spared to me. When I found that God had decreed my darling should be taken from me, I made a solemn contract, in my own heart, that if she were saved from the physical bitterness of death, I would never murmur, however I might weep. She died as gently as a rose falls from its stem, and I dare not fail in my promise to my Maker. He has mercifully given me strength, by affording me the hope of soon rejoining her in Heaven. Her last words are never absent from my thoughts, and I cannot help mingling earthly feelings with my aspirations after a better world. I picture to myself her little hands extended to clasp the mother, who so long delays to meet her, and the hour of death will be to me more welcome than the hour that gave her birth.'

"It was a strange, but beautiful fancy, which thus led the mother to feel that she held communion in thought with her lost darling. It may be, that some will censure this blending of earthly affections with heavenly hopes; but she who has ever wept above the bier of a beloved one, will have charity for this weakness. If there be any thing which can make the hope of Heaven dear to the worldly-minded, it is the belief that it is peopled by the heart's lost treasures. The vanity of self-knowledge—the pride of life—the pomps of the world—may all work together to make us indifferent, in the heyday of life, to the vague ideas of a Heaven of bliss, but let the affections be once fastened there, as to the abode of a God of Love, and the home of our dearest objects of tenderness, and it becomes the haven of our every hope.

"When the ship arrived at New-York, Mrs. Warren-der was too ill to reach her father's house, which was about two miles distant from the city. She was removed to our house, which had been for several weeks prepared

for our reception; and there, surrounded by her family, who had been summoned to her sick bed, she spent the few remaining days of her life. She expressed a wish to be buried in her native village. 'My mother lies there,' said she, 'and methinks I should like to rest beneath the same sod.' Tears came in her eyes as she spoke, and I knew she was thinking of the moaning waves where her daughter's little form reposed.

"In the little churchyard of N—, is a modest tomb of white marble, bearing the name of 'Ellen Warrender, aged 21 years;' and the moss-pinks, which her own hands planted on her mother's grave, are fast spreading themselves over her own."

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

Original.

L Y D I A .

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE following beautiful lines were suggested by the death of Miss *Lydia Biddle Gates*, only daughter of Colonel William Gates of the Army, who died at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, in March last, aged 19.

I saw her mother's eye of love as gently on her rest,  
As falls the light of evening's sun upon a lily's breast;  
And the daughter to her mother raised her calm and loving eye,  
As a lake, among its sheltering hills, looks upward to the sky.

I've seen a swelling rose-bud hang upon its parent stem,  
Just opening to the light, and graced with many a dewy gem,  
And ere that bud had spread its leaves and thrown its fragrance round,  
I've seen it perish on its stem, and drop upon the ground.

So, in her yet unfolding bloom, hath Lydia felt the blast:—  
A worm unseen hath done its work—to earth the bud is cast:  
And on her lowly resting-place, as, on the rose-bud's bed,  
Drops from the parent tree are showered, her parent's tears are shed.

And other eyes there are that loved upon that bud to rest,  
There's one who long had hoped to wear the rose upon his breast;  
Who'd watched and waited lovingly till it was fully blown,  
And who had e'en put forth his hand to pluck it for his own.

A stronger hand than his that flower hath gathered from its tree!  
And borne it hence, in paradise to bloom immortally!  
And all that breathe the fragrance there, that its young leaves exhale,  
It shall remind of Sharon's rose—the lily of the vale.

The soldier-father have I seen suppress a struggling sigh,  
And a tear, when'er he spoke of her stood trembling in his eye:—  
No other daughter in his bosom ere had slept, a child,  
No other daughter on his knee had ever sat and smiled.

And he was far away from her, but for her had his fears,  
And anxious thoughts upon his brow had left the stamp of years;  
And now the grave hath, from his hand, removed its sacred trust,  
And father's, mother's, lover's tears have mingled with the dust.

Peace to that dust! for, surely, peace her gentle spirit knows.—  
Around her narrow house on earth the night-wind sadly blows,  
But heavenly airs, that through the trees of life for ever play,  
Are breathing on her spirit's brow, to dry her tears away.

Original.

SKETCHES BY LAMP-LIGHT.—NO. III.

—  
BY JOHN NEAL.

THE THREE CAPS.

"WOED an' married an' aw!" The great business of life was accomplished! The words of power had been uttered: The transformation was complete— instantaneous and complete! They were man and wife—linked together for ever and aye, and for ever and aye separated from all the rest of the world: He, full of determination, of exalted hope, and solemn and high purpose, ready for trial "in any shape but *that*"—of separation or bereavement: She, timid, trembling, and self-distrustful, overflowing with deep and patient thankfulness, and wondering to find herself a woman and a wife—transformed by a touch, as it were, and sanctified for ever to the mysterious duties of a new and everlasting covenant, by the uttering of two or three brief, and not very intelligible words. To her it was a dream—a tumult—and a terror. How knew she—how could she ever know, until it were too late—whether he was, of a truth, what he appeared to be? How could she be sure, notwithstanding all that her young heart, and her generous hope, had whispered to her, that he was not, even as all men are, selfish, heartless, and overbearing by nature, however he might *appear*, under the subduing influence of a strong and passionate love? If so—to what had she betrayed herself?—and, for what!—Which way should she turn—whither fly—to what city of refuge for the broken of heart, betake herself, should that man, the master to whom she had bound her spirit apprentice for all eternity—the partner whom she had taken to the most intimate, and trustful, and perilous companionship, for ever and ever—the friend—the pleasant counsellor—the Image of her God!—the husband of her heart!—should he prove unworthy of her profoundest love, or mislead her into the idolatry of an outward resemblance, alike deceitful and debasing!

To him, it was the fulfilment of a pre-appointed hope; the solemnization of a long-cherished faith. He felt that he had taken his place, for ever, among the immortals—that he belonged to the Future now, as well as to the Past; that he stood upon the outer barrier of a measureless empire, from which he might see kings striving together, among his posterity, and thrones dashing against thrones, and the whole earth undergoing transformations, age after age, at the bidding of those who were to go forth from his loins. God willing—the woman he had taken to his heart was now to become a mother of nations; and if he were faithful to the mighty charge, putting his trust in the Ancient of days, there might be those hereafter who would rise up and count him, as we do Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, among the Patriarchs.

"Ah! what have we here!" As he spoke, the magnificent vision departed—battle and empire vanished!—and he stretched over the table, upon which lay three or four new books, a pile of newspapers, and half a dozen letters; and selecting a parcel, very neatly

folded, and directed in a female hand, held it up to his wife—"Rather portentous, hey, my love?"

"*Rather.*"

"To come through the post office, in bulk, without being *paid* for! Deuse take such people, I say! Were there no obliging members of Congress to furnish a frank, I wonder—none of those who send their old shirts home to be washed, by *mail*, that I must be taxed in this way! No—I'll be hanged if I do! I'll *not* open it!" And, saying this, he flung the parcel into a chair, with an expression of countenance, that made his young wife catch her breath, and begin to look about her.

"A long, sleepy, good-for-nothing poem, to the best of my knowledge and belief," continued he; "or a tragedy—or, mayhap, the outline of a novel, sent to me by a 'constant reader,' or a 'great admirer,' to fill up; or, peradventure, scraps from an old newspaper, forwarded by particular desire, with a request that I would republish them at my earliest convenience, without a word of alteration—or with notes, critical and explanatory. Pshaw!"

Again he had taken up the parcel, and felt of it; and again he was on the point of flinging it aside, when his eye was attracted by the seals.

"That seal, my dear—surely I have seen that seal before—somewhere—"

"And so have I—I am sure of it—but I cannot, for my life, remember where. Stay—let me see the motto again:—yes—yes—no—yet the hand writing appears more and more familiar to me, the longer I look at it. Yes—yes—but for the seal, now, I should feel sure it was Aunt Mary's."

"Or Mrs. A's."

"No—it is more like Emma's; or Mrs. B's; or aunt Anne's;—but the seal!—I'm sure I know that seal!"

"Prettily done up, though— isn't it?"—handling the parcel rather daintily, and holding it up to the light, as if, under a notion that the enclosure might be something more precious than poetry, or prose;—"very prettily done up, hey?—and very tastefully directed."

"By all which, I am to understand, I suppose, that you mean to open it, and pay the postage, notwithstanding your *solemn determination* to the contrary, so often published to the world. Oh, you men!"

"Why, no—not so bad as that, my dear; not altogether so bad as that, I hope"—turning the letter two or three times, end for end, examining the seals anew, and appearing sadly puzzled; "not altogether so bad as that, my love—but, you cannot deny that the parcel is a very pretty parcel."

"And very prettily directed, hey?"

"Very! The writer must be a gentlewoman; any body can see that."

"And young, perhaps?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And beautiful?"

"Why, no—I wouldn't venture to go quite so far as that, Nelly; but she must be well-bred, and a woman of taste, and, therefore, in all human probability, of a cor-

respondent shape, and look, and bearing—of womanly proportions, you may be sure."

"Poh, poh!"—laying her hand on his arm, stooping toward him, and smiling through her thick brown hair, as it fell in large masses over her deep, quiet, in-lighted eyes—"Poh, poh, Mr. Gray!"

"Don't call me Mr. Gray, I entreat you."

"What shall I call you?"

"Why, John, to be sure."

"John!—I!—not for the world!"

"And why not, pray?"

"I never could bring myself to call my husband John—or Dick—or Tom.—I should always be thinking of that story you told Mrs. G."

"What story, pray?"

"Don't you remember! I'm sure I never shall forget it. She always used to call her husband Joseph, and you must have known it, I think; and yet, you were malicious enough to tell that story."

"Oh, I remember, now; but, bless your heart my dear, that was a story from the Spectator, or from Richardson—rather: Lovelace went into a shop, and the woman, wanting her husband, called *John! John!*—and when he appeared, Lovelace called him *John*—at which the woman took fire, and berated him soundly; and then Lovelace asked her, how she could expect other people to treat her husband with more respect than she did."

"Exactly—and I haven't forgotten the lesson, I promise you; nor has poor Mary G. I declare I was afraid to look up for half an hour after you told that story; and I've never seen her since, without thinking of it. Poor Joseph!"

"Poor Joseph!—yes, that's it—poor Joseph, poor John, or poor Peter;—but, if it were George, now, or William, or Charles, or Frederick, or Augustus, I dare say you would soon get reconciled to the name, and forget the lesson you speak of."

"Perhaps I might; though, at the best, it seems to me rather too familiar."

"Rather too familiar!—excellent!—but I understand you, my dear. The disparity in our ages makes it appear so. Then, there's such a fine old-fashioned, fatherly sound in Mr. Gray—'Auld Robin Gray!'"

"There, now!—that's so like you! But, beware! else I may take it into my head that you are not so well satisfied with that same disparity, yourself, as you would have me believe; you think too much of it yourself, I am afraid."

"Perhaps I do—but, if I do, it's for your sake, I promise you: why not say *husband*?"

"Husband!—for a young married woman to say husband!—faugh!"

"Rather too much of a mouthful for you, my dear, hey?"

"Rather. And so—and so—have a care!—you'll break that seal, if you handle it so roughly."

"Well—and what if I do?"

"What if you do!—Oh, nothing—nothing at all!—it's nothing to me, you know; I can have no possible objection, of course. But, if you do open it—open it like a man—and never trouble yourself to find an excuse."

"Ah, ha, Nelly! We are beginning to understand one another, I see."

"High time, I think—oh, you needn't look at me so. The hand-writing has decided you—any body may see that; and why you should sit there, twirling your thumbs, and stripping the feathers off your pen, or eying the seals, and looking more than half ashamed of your self to be so carried away by womanly curiosity, and so taken with a woman's autograph, now that you are a—"

"Now that I belong to you, hey?"

"Now that you are a married man, Mr. Gray—that's what I had upon the tip of my tongue; but, I'm glad I didn't say it, though."

"So am I."

"It would have been quite too ridiculous, wouldn't it?"

"To be sure it would."

"Poh, poh, man—tear open the parcel at once—make up your mind, and break the seals fairly, and you'll feel all the better for it."

"But, my solemn determination, dear"—with dignity.

"A fig for your solemn determination."

"Published to the world, you know"—with significance.

"A fiddle-stick's end. You mean to break it—and you will break it, whether or no, if you keep fumbling with it, after that fashion—there!—what did I tell you—there goes one of the seals!"

"No, no—not quite—only cracked, my dear."

"And, when fairly broken, like a lover's oath—"

"Or a woman's reputation—"

"You'll say it was cracked before, hey? But why don't you open it—ah!—there goes another!—never mind me."

"A plague on the seals! Who would think they were so brittle?"

"Oh, I understand you, dear—you mean to open that parcel by accident; I can see through you!"

"Can you! Let me tell you, my love, that you are a saucy, good-for-nothing, and, in short"—stopping her mouth with a handful of kisses. N. B.—They hadn't been married a month.

"There, there, that'll do! And now you may open the letter, and then you may lug out your purse and pay one dollar and fifty cents for the pleasure of—"

"Only one—twenty-five, my dear."

"Only one—twenty-five, hey! Cheap enough, in all conscience! for the pleasure of seeing the inside of a letter, full of newspaper scraps, etc. etc.—to the best of your knowledge and belief, hey?—the superscription whereof happens to be in the hand-writing of a gentlewoman, with correspondent bodily proportions and accomplishments. Oh, you men!"

"And oh, you women! But, I shall do no such thing, I tell you!" And, with that, he flung the letter upon the table, with such a wrathful emphasis, that it flew half across the room, to the unspeakable amazement of the poor wife. "No, no—my love—not so much of a fool, as that comes to, I flatter myself."

"But, you have done it already! The cracked seal is broken, you see."

"Impossible!"—snatching up the letter.

"And, what's impossible, can't be—and never, never comes to pass—ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, bless my heart! Who would have thought o' such a thing! Look here, my love, just look here—did you ever see any thing so frail? You see it has hardly touched the paper underneath. I declare it's a shame for people to seal their letters so carelessly—don't you think so?"

"To be sure I do—ha, ha, ha!—as in duty bound."

"For my part, I wonder how it ever got through the post office, and therefore—"

"And *therefore*, as the letter cannot be returned, and as the postage must be paid, why, there is nothing left for you but to open it. But, there's another seal, yet—which appears to hold by the corner."

"And so there is, I declare!"

"Which other, you'll tear off, as sure as you're alive unless you—there it goes!—crack!—snap!—there!—now you may open the letter!"

"Thunder and lightning!—what have we here!"—cried he, as he tore open the parcel, and three little baby caps fell fluttering upon the floor. The young wife snatched them up in an ecstasy of astonishment, and, after a diligent examination of all three, declared they were most beautifully made; and then, pointing to one, the prettiest of the whole, with a blue cockade over the ear, burst out a laughing. Meanwhile, her husband having rummaged the parcel over and over, and over again, inside and out, in the hope of lighting upon some clue to the mystery, came at last to the following words, marked with inverted commas:

"Of the future, I need say nothing."—*Yankee*.

Here was a smasher! But, what on earth was the young wife so tickled about? And, what *could* be the meaning of that little blue cockade, which diverted her so much? To the husband, it was all a mystery, and might have continued so to this day, but for the explanations that followed, year after year, till he learnt the difference between a night-cap, a dress-cap for a girl, and a boy's cap. Alas, for the uninitiated, the helpless and hopeless old-bachelors, who may happen to read this part of my story. But, to the caps—there were three, in all, and only three—and not larger than you may see in the windows of a toy-shop, on a doll of a moderate size; but they were caps, nevertheless—and baby-caps—and full of that thrilling significance which always belongs to a baby-cap, whether little or big, in the estimation of the newly-married.

"*Of the future, I say nothing!*" Another hearty laugh—a few blushes—and, then, another and a more diligent perusal of the hand-writing, the seals, and the needle-work—three sorts of evidence, any one of which, if it stood alone, would have been sufficient to establish the authorship; and yet, when they came to be examined together, it was wonderful to see how soon the husband and wife, both were obliged to come to a dead halt. The seal belonged to "Aunt Mary"—that was clear; but the hand-writing was more like Mrs. B's, or aunt Anne's—

and yet, being sealed with black, as if by oversight, (for, who would be cruel enough to send three babies' caps to a newly-married woman, with three black seals—a black seal upon each—unless by mistake?)—the writer must be in mourning—that was equally clear. Now, Mrs. A. was in mourning, while the rest of the good people were not: and, again—on second thought, it did seem to the young wife—and, after a few moments' consideration, she was quite sure—nay, positive—that she had seen that very seal in the possession of Mrs. A. But, then—hang it all!—how *do* you lawyers ever make up your minds in a case?—I can't, for the life of me, see"—continued the wife; and then, after having decided that the present had come from Mrs. A—that it *must* have come from her, and could not have come from any body else on earth,—she turned to the caps themselves, and fell to examining the stitches, for corroboration—labored away for ten or fifteen minutes; and then she flung them upon the table, in a pet, declaring it was quite impossible for Mrs. A. to do such work—that she never did it in her life—that, on the whole, it looked so much like that of Mrs. B., or aunt Mary, or cousin Mary, or aunt Anne, or—that, in short, it was no use trying to find out the authorship of the joke that way. And so, it was determined to say nothing about the affair—to hush it up for more reasons than one; but to lay by the caps in a safe place, with the letter, the seals, the quotation, and the address, and wait till somebody should betray herself, as the author most assuredly would in time, or, till some lucky chance might furnish the requisite proof.

And so the three caps were sealed up with the original paper, and put away where they had nothing to fear from the most prying curiosity. Year after year passed over, and the whole circumstance had been forgotten, when, one day, the youngest child of the family happened to be playing with a secret-drawer in a work-table, which flew open at the accidental pressure of her little hand.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!"—screamed the poor thing; and off she capered with her eyes all lighted up, and both hands in the air. "Oh, mamma! mamma!—see what I've found!—three o' the prettiest little caps, just big enough for my new doll, mamma! Oh, Mary, Mary! father, father! Jemmy, Jemmy!—see what I've found!"

And, sure enough, there they were! The mysterious caps, which, ten years before, had come so strangely to the possession of a newly-married woman. Oddly enough, too, not a hint had ever been received—not a trace found—for ten long years—not a clue—and, the roguish author continued to the last, not only unheard of, but unguessed at.

"But, my dear," said the husband, taking up the parcel and re-examining the seals, the superscription, and the prettily-written words, "Of the future, I say nothing." "My dear—I say!—do you remember this little blue cockade?"

The wife smiled, and was on the point of laughing outright, as all the strange circumstances crowded upon her recollection, when something in the look of her husband startled her. He was evidently pondering some weighty affair.



"Well," said he, at last, "I have heard of coincidences before; I have been a witness to not a few, in my day, that were remarkable enough; but never anything to be compared with this. Three children—and three caps! Neither more nor less! Three children and three caps, at the end of ten years!"

The wife looked up, and, after musing a moment, appeared still more astonished, and calling her boy to her side—*her only boy*—told him that cap with the blue cockade upon it belonged to him—

"And was sent to you, my boy," added the father, "two or three years before you were born."

"How could that be, father?"

"Ask your mother, my son."

"Well, mother, how could that be? And who sent it?"

"We never knew, my dear boy. It's a sort of a mystery; and, had we lived in the days of witchcraft, or among the fairies, what a capital tradition might have been made of it, hey?"

"But, mother," said the boy, "there's three caps in all."

"There *is* there, my lad?" asked the father.

"There *are* three caps, I mean, father; one, I suppose, for Mary, and one for Margaret; were they sent to them, too, before they were born?"

"Yes, my boy—many years before."

"Well, I can't understand that—I declare."

"Nor I neither," said Mary.

"And I should like to know, mother," said little Margaret—"I should so—what they sent the prettiest cap to Jemmy for? Why didn't they put blue ribbons on mine, hey?"

"Because Jemmy is a boy, my dear."

"Well, that's a funny reason, to be sure—ain't it, father?"

"Ain't it—are it not, father, hey?"

"*Isn't* it, father—that's what I meant to say, father."

"Yes, dear—a very funny reason; but your mother will explain that." And then turning to his wife, he added, "'Of the future, I say nothing.' Three caps and three children! One boy's cap, and one boy—neither more nor less! And no mistake, as they say down East. Of a truth, my love, we may as well shut up shop. Our destiny is accomplished!"

"Oh, mother, mother! Are these all the caps they sent you?"

"Yes, dear—all."

"Don't you wish they had sent you *ever so many more*, mother?"

The husband looked at his wife—the wife at the children—and both burst out a laughing together, and were followed by all three of the children, capering and screaming like mad, till they were cautioned over and over again, not to make fools of themselves, till they were old enough to know the reason why.

"As I live!" continued the wife, suddenly starting up and laying her hand upon her husband's arm, and peering underneath her graceful morning-cap, and fixing her large clear eyes upon him with an expression almost of terror—"There, now! I know what you are thinking of!—but you mustn't—you must not! I'll never forgive you, if you do."

"Mustn't what, dear?"

"You are planning it, this moment. I can see your very thoughts in your eyes—you monster!"

"Planning what, wife?"

"Don't call me wife."

"Planning what, Nelly?"

"Planning a story, or a play, or a poem, or some con-founded thing or other, about these caps! I wish they had been at Jericho, before I ever saw them, or heard of them."

"Excellent!—thank you for the idea. It would make a capital story, though, wouldn't it?—especially if one were to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Oh, you authors! and editors! and magazine-writers!—nobody's safe with you for a moment! Do you remember the editor that ran against another man's umbrella, for the sake of a paragraph?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you—in what are you one single atom wiser, I should be glad to know?"

"If I run against the public with a true story like this, hey?"

"Exactly."

"Not a bit, my dear—and therefore, look out for the next *Ladies' Companion*."

"Oh, you're incorrigible! I see that: and therefore—in mercy—don't give the names—will you?"

"Certainly, my love."

#### HUMAN OCCUPATIONS.

WHY is it that we find so many in all professions, occupations, and trades, who are dissatisfied men? They seem to be moving in a sphere in life for which they are neither fitted by education nor taste. The answer to this question is the most important view of the theme. It is because the profession, trade, or occupation, is forced upon the child, before his mind has acquired the power of judging; before his tastes are developed, and his genius, or aptitude to any one pursuit, is evinced. Many men study law, who had better have been farmers or mechanics, and many mechanics had better have been lawyers. The parent, instead of studying the disposition of his child, gives him such a chance as agrees with his own taste, rather than the child's, and, perhaps, by this course, unfits him for all hope of usefulness. There is, undoubtedly, such a thing as natural taste; a taste not innate, but resulting from organization, or early, insensible education. The eye of the painter, the ear of the musician, the love of mathematics belonging to sedentary men, and the phlegmatic temperament, all prove this. If, then, this natural taste should be consulted, instead of pursuing the arbitrary course now so common, we might hope for better work, in all the occupations of life. Beside, a man's moral character often depends upon the interest he feels in his occupation. When they dislike it, they take every occasion to rid themselves of it, for the time, and contract habits of idleness, which lead to poverty, and poverty, in nine cases out of ten, leads to vice.

Original.

## THE DELUDED.\*

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

## CHAPTER III.

THE dwelling in which Mary of Anjou held her limited court at Chinon, had little of regal splendor in its construction or embellishments. The royal treasures had been exhausted in the wars, and the household of the king was often driven to a state little short of penury. Still, his queen, resolute in sustaining her own and her husband's state to the utmost of her power, continued to surround herself with such noble dames and gentlemen as still clung with feudal loyalty to the evil fortunes of their monarch. She hesitated at no measures which promised to sustain her cause, or to excite the wavering courage of her lord, not even the sacrifice of all a woman's rights, and of a wife's dignity. In her ambition she hesitated not to secure influence and power over her husband by craftily closing her eyes to his attachment to another, and yet using that attachment as the means of securing a stronger hold upon his confidence. She surrendered all claim upon his affections that she might fix a more tenacious grasp upon his crown. A few days previous to the events related in a former chapter, the waiting-women of the queen assembled as usual in the ante-chamber adjoining her apartments, and ranging themselves by the embroidery-frames stationed about the room, commenced their daily task on the tapestry which formed the principal employment for the dames of France at that period. They were diverting the monotony of their task by such idle chat as young maidens of honor love to indulge in, when a door leading to the queen's bed-chamber opened, and the royal lady presented herself before them. With a slight inclination of the head in return for their respectful greeting, she proceeded to a chair raised from a level with the rest by a platform carpeted with rich tapestry, and indicated by a motion of the hand, that she wished her embroidery-frame placed before her. A young girl stepped forward, placed a crimson foot-stool supported by four gilded griffins, commodiously for her mistress' feet, drew a small and heavily ornamented frame before her, and laying the necessary implements upon it, was about to retire again to her former station. While the waiting-woman was thus occupied, the queen glanced toward a frame which stood in the recess of a distant window. A slight color came to her cheek when she saw that it was unoccupied, and those who observed closely might have seen that her eyes kindled, and that her lips were almost imperceptibly pressed together. But, if she had any cause for displeasure, these slight indications were all that she allowed to escape her. As she took the needle from her attendant's hand, she said in a voice studiously bland and gentle—

"Is Mistress Sorrell ill, that her frame stands untenanted both yesterday and this morning?"

The group of girls who had gathered near the plat-

form to offer attendance, exchanged furtive mischievous glances, and half-suppressed smiles trembled about their mouths, while the maiden, to whom the question was addressed, hesitated for a reply.

"We have inquired for Mistress Sorrell both yesterday and to-day," she said at length, "but she has not been visible since—since the king left Chinon two days ago. I questioned her tyre-woman, who—who says"—the speaker hesitated and looked toward her companions, but none of them seemed willing to come to her assistance.

"Well," exclaimed the queen, impatiently, and for a moment her eyes flashed, and her lips trembled, "speak out! what said the waiting-woman?"

"May it please your highness, she knows no better where her gay mistress is than ourselves, but she says that Agnes left her own apparel behind in her chamber, and that a suit of page's clothes have disappeared in their place—besides, Françoise, the king's groom, speaks of a pair of horses missing from the stables.

"Well!" interrupted the queen, and pressing her little foot hard upon the cushioned stool, and leaning her elbow on the embroidery-frame, she bent forward and fixed a keen glance on the fair gossip. "Well, go on!"

The girl looked round for countenance, but her companions had retreated to their separate stations like a flock of frightened pigeons at the first indications of a storm. The eyes of her mistress were still upon her, and she was compelled to answer; but it was hurriedly, as one who felt herself to be treading on dangerous ground.

"Why, he says that a page, who looked as much like Agnes Sorrell as if he were her own brother, passed the gate about an hour after the king left Chinon, with the Count Dunois. He had a serving-man in company, and—and that is all I know about it. May it please your highness."

"Enough of this!" said the queen, sternly, raising her voice that all in the room might hear. "Methinks the ladies about our person might find other employment than circulating scandal about their monarch, or vilifying a young person whom it pleases the queen to countenance. Here is a sad ado, forsooth. The King of France cannot ride forth on the same day with a lady of our court but a romance fit for a troubadour is hatched out of it. Minion! get thee to thy work again, beshrew thee and thy false tongue for a mischief-maker!"

With a low obeisance the crestfallen girl returned to her employment, while the queen bent over her tapestry, and seemed intent on blending the golden and azure tints of a violet among the cluster of flowers that had sprung to life beneath her fingers. But, though she had repudiated the scandal of her waiting-woman with stern dignity, a jealousy of power, and the feelings of a neglected wife, which would occasionally make themselves felt, could not be so easily conquered; a rich color still burned in her cheeks, and her hands trembled like an aspen upon the flower it had created.

The window of the queen's ante-chamber opened into a small court, from which there was egress to the street; while her agitation remained unconquered, there was a

\* Continued from page 60.

slight bustle, and the tramp of horses came up from this court. The fire of excitement was yet on her cheek, but Mary arose languidly, and, as if tired of a sitting posture, moved across the room. She had observed the glances of her women, and knew that the sound had some connexion with the subject which had just been dismissed. Without stopping at the window, she passed near enough without seeming effort, to command a view of the court beneath.

She was just in time to see a young page dismount from one of the king's horses, and enter the building by a private door, used only by her husband and the most favored of his attendants. The queen appeared not to observe what was passing, but proceeded quietly with her walk, and after pacing the length of the room once or twice, returned to her embroidery as if nothing had transpired to discompose her.

Scarcely half an hour had passed, when a lady, richly, but somewhat hastily arrayed, entered the room, and with all the beauty and grace of a Hebe, approached the platform where Mary of Anjou was still busily employed.

"Thou hast been somewhat tardy in thy attendance of late, Mistress Sorrell," she said, in a calm, measured voice, as the lady paused in front of her seat. "May we inquire the cause?"

"Oh, your highness is too indulgent to my faults," replied the now comely with a meaning smile. "I believe I am somewhat spoiled," she added carelessly, "but I have come to make atonement and ask forgiveness."

As she spoke, the reckless girl ascended the platform, sunk gracefully on one knee, and bent her lips to the queen's hand without touching it, however. The motion deranged a heavy gold chain which hung about her neck, and a signet ring appended, swung forward from her bosom.

When this emblem of power was thus betrayed lurking in the bosom of her rival, the queen forgot her composure, and turning pale with anger, grasped the ring with a force that fretted the chain against the white neck of the wearer. The worst passions of her nature were aroused, but she had too long held them in check not to have some command over them even then. She fixed her eyes keenly on the signet for a moment, and then dropping it slowly from her hand, looked quietly around to be sure that none were within sound of her voice before she addressed the kneeling girl, who, notwithstanding her former audacity, now shrunk and turned pale beneath the firm glance of her mistress.

The queen spoke cautiously and almost in a whisper, but though subdued, her voice had all the stern intensity of passion.

"Mark me, daring minion!" she said, "thou hast stepped between me and all that common women prize as most dear and precious—a husband's love. I have overlooked the wrong—nay, almost sanctioned it with my protection, for, with me, there is a higher and sterner feeling than that of love. It is for the weak and low-born to content themselves with flattery and fondness. Those who have dominion for an inheritance, turn to braver aims. The wife of Charles of France thou hast

found passingly indulgent. But his queen—remember—brooks no encroachment on her state or station."

"Indeed, noble madam, I have never wished it," said Agnes, almost humbly, for, with all her careless insolence of manner, she felt the disgrace and insecurity of her position in the French court, and would rather have braved a lioness than the haughty woman before her. "If I have sinned, it has been with no thirst for power."

"But this jewel, how happens it that the king should intrust it to thy keeping," inquired Mary, again taking the ring and placing her finger sternly upon it, while she fixed a searching glance on the face of her rival. "Was Mary of Anjou absent, that her sovereign's signet-ring should be left with thee?"

Agnes bent her head, and her face became crimson to the temples as she replied, "It was not *intrusted* to me, gracious lady; I took it from—from his finger. Indeed—indeed, he did not give it me; it was a bold step, but I thought no evil, and have done my best to restore the ring."

"It is well," said Mary, more graciously, "well that thou hast indulged in no dream of power, but art content with thy own advancement, and with that of thy more crafty uncle, whom we had taken somewhat closely to our council; he will tell thee more of our pleasure; meantime, this insignia of our husband's power rests with us."

Here Mary lifted the chain from her rival's neck, and gathering it together in one hand, laid the other with a half jeering smile on a magnificent bracelet which gleamed on the beautiful arm partially outstretched in a pleading attitude before her.

"This token of his vagrant liking we deem less harmful," she said; "content thyself with love-pledges, girl, we council thee; sceptres, crowns, and signet-rings are not for ladies of thy stamp."

Agnes started, and for a moment looked haughtily into the queen's face; her form thrilled with indignation as she felt that insulting touch upon her arm. With a quivering lip and flushed brow she arose and was about to leave the platform, but from some secret policy of her own, the queen seemed anxious to secure a more amicable understanding with her rival.

"Leave this kneeling posture, fair Agnes," she said, "and seat thyself on the stool at our feet; there is a story which thou mayest study to advantage—that of a fair English lady, called Rosamond; thou hast heard it no doubt. They say that the lovely minion affected only the king's love; believe it not! Eleanor's dagger had never been so sharp had the light-o-lady contented herself with bower-room pastime. Had the frail Rosamond been wise—mark me, Agnes Sorrell!—had she been wise, we say, instead of braving her mistress, she would have been guided by her, and not have meddled with things of state without the sanction of royal wisdom. She should have become subject to the queen, and thereby won favor and court advancement; believe us, the fair Rosamond was in fault."

Mary paused, and again fixed her eyes on the changing face of the lost girl before her. She was certain that her words had taken effect.

"Alas," said Agnes Sorrell, raising her hand to brush away the tears that fell to her flushed cheeks, for the similarity of her position to that of the unfortunate English lady, had been placed too palpably before her mind. "Alas, madam, the poor Rosamond's was a wretched fate; perchance the English Queen spurned the lost lady, and would not deign to secure power through another's love. It is a sad—sad story—Rosamond paid a fearful price for a monarch's favor. But, lady, there is a dagger more deadly than that which reached her life—one that kills slowly with a poisonous rust that corrodes the whole being; scorn is a keen weapon, multiplied for ever. The good might find compassion for one who cannot turn but she feels its point levelled against her; who knows, even if she does not feel the blow, that it is sheathed in the bosoms of all she meets—who feels the sting for ever in her own heart! Lady, if your words have wrung tears from me, they spring not more from an aching heart than the laugh and jest and the saucy tone which men as little understand as they would these tears."

The wretched girl was still on her knees, and as she ceased speaking, her face fell forward to her locked hands, and she crouched at the queen's feet, sobbing aloud, for the best fountains of her heart had been cruelly unlocked by her sympathy in the story of "Fair Rosamond."

The attendants looked up at the sound of her grief, and were about to approach the platform; but Mary motioned them back with an imperious wave of the hand, and in spite of their eager curiosity, they were compelled to remain beyond earshot. After a few moments, Agnes again looked up. Her face was pale, and tears still trembled in her eyes.

"Lady," she said, with some degree of dignity, "your wishes are understood. Leave me but *his* love. I have paid a wicked price for it, and it is valueless to you. Leave me but that, and in all things else I am your slave!"

"It is well; but shouldst thou change—should ambitious thoughts ever creep to thy heart, remember there are royal dames can send a dagger home as surely as the English Queen, but who would scorn to strike from woman's jealousy, such as urged her rash hand. Are we understood?"

"Madam, you are; have I leave to retire?"

"To thy embroidery-frame, but not farther; we would give you gossiping ladies no room for scandal. Beshrew their nimble tongues—but they have been playing right saucily this morning! It would be merry pastime could they whisper through the court that Mary of Anjou has quarrelled with her husband's light-o'-love."

Not all the queen's policy could keep down her woman's anger when once irritated. Pride and scorn were on her lips as she uttered this unfeeling speech, and she fixed her eyes on the fallen girl, expecting to see her writhe and cower beneath the insult.

Where we respect and reverence the scorner, sarcasm takes to itself a double edge, and cuts deep indeed; but there is something in a coarse taunt which carries its own antidote; a feeling of contempt arises in the most

abject heart to dull the point of a malicious reproach, however well deserved. Instead of sinking abashed before the eyes of her tormenter, Agnes looked her boldly in the face, and turned carelessly away.

"Those who would have willing slaves must learn to rivet their chains without galling the victim too roughly," she said. "Have I permission to withdraw?"

"Nay, we did not think to anger thee, girl—in fair sooth we did not," urged the queen, feeling the impolicy of her taunt. "Nay, nay, withdraw not thus; we would profit by thy council in our needle-work; here, don thy thimble and stitch the golden tints into these *fleur de lis*; our skill is somewhat overtaxed in them."

Agnes placed the little golden thimble on her finger, and bent silently over the frame, while the queen leaned graciously forward, and strove by commendations of her work and by unusual courtesy, to charm away the impression her rudeness had made. But it seemed fated that her embroidery should advance but slowly that morning, for Agnes had scarcely woven the colors into a single leaf, when they were again disturbed by the tramp of hoofs without, and a cavalcade of horsemen, with two women in travelling-masks, swept into the court. After the space of a few minutes a page entered, and bending his knee, placed a letter in the queen's hand. Agnes looked up as she opened it, and caught a glimpse of the writing. It was the king's. A pang shot to her heart, and bending her head to conceal the anxious fire that burned on her cheek, she plied the needle with an eager, interrupted motion, without again lifting her head.

"It is strange," said Mary, musingly, as she finished reading. "A lady—a stranger, thrown upon our hospitality—where can the king have found her?"

Agnes started and fixed her eyes eagerly on the letter. A jealousy rankled at her heart; her cheeks grew pale, and her lips were motionless. Mary saw her agitation, and smiled, while the hand which held the letter fell carelessly over her chair-arm; but thoughts of her own interest soon conquered this petty exultation in the misery of another; it was no part of her desire to supplant the present favorite with a new rival who might prove less tractable. After pondering the subject in her mind for a time, she placed the parchment in her rival's hand, who perused it with an eager and troubled look.

"My gracious mistress, you will not receive this strange lady. Oh, I beseech you send her hence! What has she to do with—with the King of France? Oh, send her away at once, and there is not the thing on earth which I will not do at your bidding."

The poor girl trembled with the intensity of her feelings; her hands were clasped imploringly, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"It were to anger the king should we refuse the required shelter, the more especially as she comes under the escort of Count Dunois," replied the queen, thoughtfully; "but have no fear; will she not be for ever under our scrutiny?"

"I know, lady, but—"

"Nay, though we would fain will it otherwise, it must be so. This Count Dunois is not one to deny lightly; he

has the whole army at his bidding. After all, the lady may prove some protégé of his, the letter hints as much."

Without heeding the beseeching look which Agnes still fixed upon her, Mary beckoned the page, and bade him conduct the Count Dunois and his companion to her presence. Soon after, the count appeared, leading a masked lady by the hand. Agnes had removed the frame from before her mistress, and stood a little apart, anxiously witnessing the reception. Mary arose and descended one step of the platform.

"Thou art welcome, Count Dunois, right welcome, thou and thy companion. It grieves us that we can offer her but scant hospitality in our court, but that protection which a queen may give is readily hers. Will it please the lady to remove her mask?"

The stranger seemed timid and apprehensive; she drew close to the count and spoke in a foreign language. Her voice was low and sweet as the south wind haunting a bank of violets, and by her gestures, it seemed that she was pleading to be taken back again. Dunois answered in the same language, and after a moment's hesitation she removed her mask and knelt before the queen. Agnes Sorrell turned deadly pale as she gazed on that young and beautiful face—on the small features—the dark, sleepy eyes with their heavy lashes—the sweet mouth, and the hair which gleamed in the light with a purplish lustre, like the neck of a raven when the sunshine is full upon it. The queen, too, seemed struck by her exceeding beauty; she stepped back, cast a quick glance towards Agnes, and for a moment hesitated to raise the stranger from her feet, but, instantly recovering herself, she extended her hand, and with a voice and manner of frank hospitality, bade her again welcome. The lady expressed her thanks gracefully and in pure French, but she still seemed frightened, and anxious to leave the apartment.

"My young friend is a stranger to court etiquette, and a convent life has made her reserved and timid," said Dunois, looking tenderly upon the young creature as she again drew close to his side. May I crave permission that she retire to a private apartment; our ride has been tedious, and she is not used to travelling."

"Apartments shall be made ready forthwith," replied the queen, "meanwhile, Mistress Sorrell shall conduct her to our own chamber."

The count started and looked sternly toward Agnes, where she stood drinking in every word, and watching each motion of the party as if her life had depended on the issue. She felt his proud glance, and strove to brave it, but her eye quailed beneath his, and the blood, spite of herself, rushed to her cheek. Dunois turned his eyes away and addressed the queen almost haughtily, as one who resented some implied wrong.

"My young friend needs not the attendance of Mistress Agnes Sorrell," he said, "her own waiting-woman is without. My page knows the apartments of your dwelling, and will see that his mistress is cared for. If it please your highness, I will summon them."

Mary frowned and answered with a dignity which had something of anger in it.

"Nay, my lord count," she said, "if our attendants

are not deemed worthy to lead this lady to her room, we will ourselves conduct her. The persons of her train can come when needed."

"I crave pardon if in zeal for the welfare of my charge I have given offence. She has been tenderly nurtured, and is as free from guile and all suspicion of guile, as a lily before its urn has felt the sunshine. I pray you, noble lady, protect her; the gratitude of more than one brave heart will be your reward. She requires but countenance and gentle fostering; her life will be very private, and her wishes few. Your royal husband takes deep interest in her welfare!"

"We do not doubt it," replied Mary with the slightest possible degree of sarcasm in her tone as she glanced toward the beautiful and blushing face of the stranger. Turning toward Agnes, she added with an encouraging smile, "Mistress Sorrell we discharge thee from the duty, and will see the lady safely bestowed ourselves. Meantime, ply thy skill at our work-frame; thy fingers have a dainty fashion at blending colors."

Saying this, Mary turned, and with a dignified inclination to Dunois, led the stranger from the room. The count also departed without taking farther notice of any one present. He seemed ill at ease, and a cloud was upon his lofty brow.

An hour after, the young Italian sat in the Queen's chamber, alone. Her travelling-dress was still unchanged, and she remained with her sweet face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly. There was a sound at the door; she knew the footstep; it was one which had ever caused her heart to thrill as with a touch of music. She started up, and with her slight form bent eagerly forward, clasped her small hands and listened. Softly Dunois entered, and she sprung to his bosom like a fawn to its sheltering thicket.

"Oh, my lord, and must it indeed be so?" she said, clinging fondly to him.

The count put back the hair from her pure forehead, and pressed his lips affectionately upon it. "I would gladly will it otherwise, but in these stirring times, the queen's protection is the best I can give thee. Nay, dry those tears, love, I have but a moment to stay, and that must not be spent in sorrow. Remember, if thy husband leaves thee to the care of those he likes not, it is to secure a more happy meeting. One good victory over the English, and he returns to claim his countess in the face of the whole world." She answered only by her tears. "Look up, sweet one," murmured the count, raising her face from his bosom, and pressing a kiss on her quivering lips. "It is but a few months, and we meet again."

"Alas, alas," murmured the poor young creature, weeping bitterly, "it is these wars that make my heart turn cold. When I think of them, I am almost bereft of hope. One blow—a random arrow—" the lady paused, and shuddered upon her husband's bosom.

"Nay, nay, are these words for a soldier's wife? Shame on thee, Laura, for a coward! Come, smile on me once more, and then farewell. I hear steps in the passage."

One embrace—a fervent farewell breathed on her lips, and the young Countess of Dunois was left alone in the Queen's chamber.

## CHAPTER IV.

THIS portion of our story carries us to the time when the Duke of Bedford, after making himself master of the north of France, and renewing his alliance with the Duke of Brittany, had laid siege to Orleans; justly considering that city as the key, which was to unlock his way to the south; the only part of his kingdom still remaining firm in its allegiance to the French monarch. Nothing could have been more discouraging than the situation of Charles at that time. The intercession of the Duke of Burgundy, in his behalf, had failed. Since the battle of Verneuil, his troops had become dispirited and factious, and now, in his greatest need, he found himself unable to supply men or provisions for the besieged town. While things were in this situation, Charles remained in gloomy inactivity, undecided what course to pursue, and almost resolving to retire into a distant province, and to leave his kingdom to the ravages of the enemy; but, as he was about to resign himself to his evil destiny, a strange rumor reached Chinon. It was said that a young girl, near Vancouleurs, had seen visions, and heard strange voices from Heaven, urging her to take up arms for the deliverance of her country; and that, inspired by a divine spirit, she was on her way to offer her services to the French king. This rumor had scarcely had time to circulate, when the singular being did indeed arrive at Chinon, accompanied by the governor of Vancouleurs, by whom she sent a message to the king, proposing to appear before him, and to satisfy him of the divine commission.

It was said, that Charles appeared strangely troubled on the first mention of this rumor; that he had issued a warrant for the arrest of a person who acted as court jester, but who was supposed to possess great influence with his master; it was also rumored, that the culprit, whatever might be his fault, had found means to appease the king's wrath, during a private audience, and the reason of his arrest had never transpired.

On the night of her arrival at court, a muffled form sought admission to the presence of the maid, but was refused, as she had given strict orders not to be disturbed in the rigorous course of fasting and prayer, to which she had condemned herself, preparatory to her audience with the king. The stranger then besought the servant, to whom he had made his request, to convey a letter to her, and offered a purse of gold as the reward; but the superstitious menial was too deeply imbued with religious dread, to dare, even in the slightest degree, to infringe on the commands of one, whom he believed to be endowed by Heaven, with power to punish or bless at will. He, therefore, was firm in his refusal to carry letter or message, and the applicant went away evidently much agitated.

The interview, so earnestly demanded by Joan d'Arc, was at length granted. The whole court, together with the officers of the army, were collected in the grand receiving rooms of the palace; while the populace, a dense multitude, gathered without. Rumor, with its

thousand tongues, had been abroad. The rigid devotion of the maid was heralded from lip to lip, and it was said that she proposed to point out the person of the king, whom she had never seen, and to reveal secrets known only to himself, as a proof of her divine mission. These reports, partly false and partly true, spread rapidly through the town, and all Chinon arose *en masse* eager to witness the expected miracle.

The court was assembled, and waiting with intense expectation, when the young king of France entered his audience room. He purposely wore no ornament, nor sign of rank, save a small diamond star on the left breast. Immediately after his entrance, he mingled with the crowd, that no appearance of superiority might betray his person to the knowledge of the prophetess. The courtiers observed that he was very pale, and that a look of painful anxiety clouded his eyes; but this was nothing singular. The blood forsook many a ruddy cheek, and scornful lips were white with superstitious dread. Not a whisper disturbed the tomb-like stillness as the hour drew nigh. Men gazed on each other with a strange fear, and stood together, motionless and still, like a thousand pulseless statues, brought up from the sanctuaries of the dead. All at once, the solemn chimes of a bell swung on the air. A shiver ran through the multitude—the sea of faces turned toward the huge folding doors; they swung slowly open, and two cardinals in pontifical robes appeared in the door-way, and between them stood Joan d'Arc. A sound arose, like the rush of pent-up winds. It was the sobbing breath of the multitude. The crowd swayed back, like the waves of the ocean when earthquakes are thundering at its foundations. There was a moment of death-like stillness, and the prophetess advanced. She appeared in the garb of her servitude; her features were sublime in their pale, motionless expression; her head was uncovered, and in her right hand she held a folded banner. There was no hesitation in her step—no doubt in her clear eye, as she proceeded up the room, searching the crowd with a slow and penetrating look. She had nearly reached the vacant throne, when her eyes fell on the king. Instantly her composure forsook her. With a cry of thrilling joy, she sprang forward, and would have thrown herself upon his bosom; but he stepped back, and she fell to his feet, and remained there, embracing his knees, with her head thrown back, and her beautiful face lifted to his, with an expression of joy which might indeed be deemed superhuman, in an age, and by a people, less superstitious than those who surrounded her. A murmur ran through the crowd like the moan of a coming tempest; but the trumpet-like voice of the cardinal rose above all. "Behold! a miracle!" it said. "A miracle—a miracle!" resounded from every part of the palace, and then the voice of the multitude went up in a long, reiterated shout. The host without thundered back the sound. Thousands beyond took up the shout, till the enthusiastic joy seemed taking to itself wings and spreading over France.

When the tumult had partially subsided, men turned their attention to the maid. She was standing by the side of the king, meekly, as if she had no part in the

universal joy. Her dark lashes were heavy with tears; her bosom heaved, and her lips trembled with suppressed emotion. The most careless observer could not have mistaken the tremor that shook her frame, for sorrow; yet all were deceived in its source, for, but one had observed the look of deep feeling with which Charles raised her from his feet, nor had heard the words of whispered encouragement that he had ventured to breathe in her ear. When they supposed her to be glowing with religious inspiration, her heart was brooding over those low words of tenderness, and that look of unchanged affection, with a fullness of joy which admitted of no union with ambitious thoughts. It was the loving and lovable woman they gazed upon; not the heroine or the prophetess.

There was one, in that vast assembly, who had remarked the manner of the king, with a bitter and suspicious feeling; who, unmindful of all else, had dwelt upon the surpassing grandeur of the maid's features, till her heart grew sick with jealousy, and she was obliged to leave the presence, to conceal her agitation. This person was Agnes Sorrell.

The solemn show was over, and Joan d'Arc was alone in the apartments which had been allotted to her at the palace. She was seated at a table, with a chart spread out before her; now and then, as she traced the distances with her finger, she would stop, as if suddenly checked by a painful thought, and remain for minutes with her finger pressed hard upon the parchment, her lips set firmly together, and her features alive with conflicting thoughts. She was deliberating on the greatest sacrifice that woman ever did, or ever can make—that of the wishes of her own heart, and of the heart she loved even better than her own—to her sense of duty. At length, she took up a pen, placed a mark against the cities of Orleans and Rheims, and then folded up the parchment, with a smooth brow, and a steady determination in her eyes, which proclaimed, that whatever path she had laid out for herself, it would be pursued, resolutely, to the end. She had been performing that most difficult of all tasks, for a woman—examining her own heart—reasoning against it—resolving against it. She looked back to the days of her sojourn at the ruin in Domremi, with feelings akin to those with which a wandering bird might be supposed to think of his nest in the summer tree; but she stifled all tender thoughts, and remembered how entirely she had forgotten the calls of Heaven for her struggling country, while she had yielded herself to the dominion of her affections. She felt the heavy responsibility which the events of the day had thrown upon her, and resolved to yield up the man she loved; to stifle all selfish thoughts; to turn every pulse of her heart to enterprise, till Charles should be established on the throne of his ancestors; crowned and anointed at Rheims, a city which she had marked out on the chart, as one which lay the most completely surrounded by the enemy, and which was, consequently, the most difficult of access. A knowledge that the object of her love was the husband of another, had no part of her deliberations. Whose claim could be more binding than hers? Whose union more solemn and impressive? Had it not been sanctioned,

nay, urged on, by a voice directly from Heaven? Had she not been commanded to seek his presence, to follow him, to be directed by him in all things? Then, why should she, the appointed of Heaven, doubt the purity of a union, so founded, when contrasted with ties created and sanctioned by the laws of men only? Thus would she have questioned, if a doubt had entered her mind, but none did. She would as soon have disputed the existence of the Deity himself, as the least title of that will, which she believed to have been expressed to her by the Divine voice; therefore, her solemn determination to perform the purpose of Heaven, before she allowed herself to think of earthly ties.

This heroic resolve, Joan expressed to the king by letter. It was in vain that he sought to change her determination; she feared his influence, and would receive neither visit nor message. She passed her time in rigid devotion; never leaving her oratory, nor holding communication with any one.

After appearing before an assembly of learned Divines, who were appointed to examine her pretensions to superhuman influences, and convincing them of her sincerity, she started for the army, a creature almost lifted above the influences of humanity, by the strength of her own faith, and the love of a rejoicing people.

The raising of the siege of Orleans, and the subsequent glorious acts of the maid, are subjects of history, too well known to need the record of our pen. Suffice it, that in less than a year after her first departure from Domremi, Joan d'Arc had performed all her lofty promises, and a road to Rheims was opened to the king of France.

The largest cathedral of Rheims was thrown open for the coronation; its aisles and corridors carpeted with cloth of gold; its massive pillars draped with victorious banners; the great dome, with its heavy ornaments, far overhead, like another sky, broken up by clouds; each lofty and stained window, drinking in the sunlight like a thousand goblets of many-colored wines; every niche, with its saint blazing in brilliants, and smothered by the smoke of a golden censer burning before it; the throne, with its embossments of precious stones, its gorgeous canopy and purple footcloth,—all was exposed to the tread of the multitude; yet, no foot entered, no eye looked in; for the whole male population of Rheims had gone forth to welcome the approach of their king. The streets and the market-places were silent as the heart of a wilderness. The balconies, with their brilliant hangings and streamers of rich stuffs, remained untenanted. Casements were half open, and tanks of red wine stood untouched at the corners of the streets. The great bell of the cathedral staid motionless, its vast tongue quivering as with the impulse of eager hands upon the rope. No sign of life broke the stillness, save when some bright, young face glanced out from a casement, or some frolicsome child would leap into a balcony, and, clinging to the draped railing, lean eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the coming pageant. Suddenly, there arose from the horizon, a sound like the rushing of waters afar off; it came nearer and nearer, increasing in volume and

strength, and then arose the tramp and shout of a vast multitude. Men were now seen hurrying to and fro, in the hitherto empty streets. The city gates swung open, and the royal cavalcade entered Rheims. There was a rush to the house tops, and to the balconies. Silken streamers flashed out from casements alive with joyful faces; and every where might be seen bright young creatures, with snowy brows and smiling eyes, leaning eagerly over the balustrades, their cheeks glowing, and their small white hands trembling with eagerness among the flowers they were about to shower over their youthful monarch.

The procession moved slowly forward. First appeared the king, in his robes of state, mounted on a heavy war-horse, which obeyed the touch of his rein, arched his superb neck, and moved under his magnificent trappings, with the dignity of a well trained elephant. On his right, rode the Maid of Orleans, arrayed in a suit of light armor, formed of small silver scales, each scale a miracle of workmanship in itself. A golden helm was on her head, from which a tuft of long white feathers streamed out, like snow-wreaths afloat on the wind. An embroidered scarf bound her waist, her helm was down, and she moved gracefully forward, curbing, without seeming effort, the fiery spirit of a slender black courser, which curveted impatiently beneath her rein, as he moved on, champing his golden bits, tossing his head, and scattering specks of foam, like snow-flakes, over his glossy chest, while the sunshine glistened over his housings of white velvet, dropped with gold, and heavy with seed pearls, and the noise of his silver shoes was broken by the scented bouquets showered down from the balconies, to be crushed by the hoofs of the cavalcade. The count Dunois rode at the king's left hand; and, behind, came Mary, of Anjou, in a gorgeous litter, surrounded by the ladies of her court, the fair blossoms of the French nobility, among whom were Agnes Sorrell, and the unacknowledged Countess of Dunois. Then came the nobility, glittering in the panoply of war, and a dense concourse, of every age and condition, closed the procession—blocking up the great avenues to the town, and the highways, for many miles without the walls. Onward they went, toward the scene of coronation—wave after wave of human beings, like the perpetual flow of a turbid stream—till the vast cathedral, the market-places, the pavements, and the very house-tops, were crowded to overflowing. The body of the vast cathedral was one dense field of waving plumes and glancing armor; the galleries and the very niches were full to repletion; the dying notes of the anthem were surging through the great dome, and the banners were still swaying to and fro, with the rushing breath of the multitude; yet, a hush like that of the grave dwelt within that sea of living beings. Charles had ascended the throne of his ancestors. The pope's legate raised the crown from its cushion, and held it, blazing like a constellation of stars, over the head of the youthful monarch. The Maid of Orleans stood forth; a cloak of white velvet, clasped on the shoulder by a burning carbuncle, was flung over her armor. Her helm was up, and her radiant face exposed to the gaze of the multitude. She flung her consecrated banner

abroad, and it streamed over the head of the king, like the brooding wings of an angel. The crown descended to his brow, and instantly, as if each heart had felt the pulse of its neighbor's, every knee was bowed in martial vassalage. A moment, and a shout, like the roar of a fierce tempest, rent the air. The bells pealed out their iron voices, and a burst of artillery thundered from the city walls. The vast cathedral, its cupola and lofty turrets, seemed rocking with the concussion of sounds—another, and another shout, louder and deeper than the first—then the crowd swayed round, and, after an interval of tumult, the cathedral was left empty—its foot-cloths soiled and trampled—its banners hanging motionless against the pillars—and wreaths of smoke, yet warm from the extinguished censers, curling among the petted ornaments above the throne.

*To be continued.*

Original.

# SUMMER STANZAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

ONCE more to visit Northern climes the fervid summer hies—

To shed, at morn, a crimson flush, along unclouded skies;

To clothe the fields with golden grain, the garden-dells with flowers,

And crown with garlands, fresh and new, the gaily-dancing hours.

The early dawn is welcomed in by songs of happy birds,

Familiar to the ear and heart, as childhood's warbled words;

And Day, to his repose declines, with music low and deep,

To lull the lovely things of light to their delicious sleep.

The air with softer pinion stirs the leaves that make the shade,

Within the wild and lone recess of some sequestered glade,

And tosses showers of blossoms down from every fragile bough;

To fall, with cool and dewy touch, upon the fevered brow.

Oh, from the city's throng'd resorts, that it were mine to go

To some sweet spot where I could list a fountain's gladsome flow;

And not a sound, save Nature's own, could o'er the silence swell

To jar the chords of quiet thought, or break Seclusion's spell!

June, 1839.



Original.

## THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a boy, who toward his cottage-home,  
A heavy burden bore.—The way was steep,  
And rocky, and his little, loaded arm  
Strain'd downward to its full extent, while wide  
The other, horizontally was thrown,  
As if to counterpoise the painful weight  
That drew him toward the earth.

Awile he paused  
And set his burden down, just where the path  
Grew more precipitous,—and wiped his brow  
With his worn sleeve, and panting, breath'd long  
draughts  
Of the sweet air,—while the hot summer sun  
Flam'd o'er his forehead.

But another boy,  
'Neath a cool poplar, in a neighboring field  
Sat playing with his dog,—and from the grass  
Uprising,—with light bounds the fence he cleared  
And lent a vigorous hand to share the toil.  
—So on they went together,—grasping firm  
The basket's handle, with a right, good will,—  
And while their young clear voices met my ear  
I mus'd on that philosophy divine,  
"Bear one another's burdens,"—and perceiv'd  
That to obey God's word was happiness.

Then like the bee who from the humblest flower  
Sown by the way-side,—gleaneeth for her hive,  
I treasur'd up the lesson,—and when Eve  
Called home the laboring ox, and to its bed  
Warn'd the young bird, and shut the lily's cup,—  
I took my little boy upon my knee,  
And told him of the basket-bearer's toil  
And of the friend who helped him.

When his eye  
Swell'd full and round, and fixed upon my face,  
Taking the story to his inmost soul,  
I said, "My son,—be pitiful to all,  
And aid them when thou canst.

For God hath sown  
Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy,—  
Whose buds are virtues such as bloom for heaven.

If thy young sister weepeth,—kiss the tear  
From her smooth cheek, and soothe with tender words  
Her swelling breast;—or if a secret thorn  
Is in thy brother's bosom,—draw it thence:—  
Or if thy playmate sorroweth, lend an ear  
And share with sympathy his weight of woe.

And when thou art a man, my little one,  
Still keep thy spirit open to the ills  
Of foreigner, and stranger, of the race  
Whom Afric's sun hath darken'd, and of those  
Poor red-brow'd exiles, from our forest-shades;  
Where once they ruled Supreme.

Thus shalt thou shun  
That selfishness which, wrapp'd in its own gifts,

Forgets alike the Giver,—and the grief  
Of those who mourn.

So may'st thou ever find  
Pity and love, in thine own time of need,—  
If on thy young heart, as a signet-ring  
Thou grav'st that motto from a Book Divine  
'Bear one another's burdens,'—and fulfil  
The law of Christ."

Original.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE ALBUM.

BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

'Tis said that a Spirit of beauty and light  
Once vow'd over earth she would merrily roam;  
Then spreading her pinions all glittering bright  
Clear'd the air in her fanciful search of a home.

Away over mountain and valley she sped  
Until a fair garden first bloom'd on her sight  
Where flowers their odors ambrosial spread,  
Her senses to charm and her vision delight.

"Who dwells in this scene of enchantment," she cried;  
When a form of divinity rose to her view,  
And presenting a garland fresh-gather'd, replied  
"'Tis POETRY, sends this sweet tribute to you."

The Spirit then roam'd thro' the bowers and groves,  
Where Music and Minstrelsy lighten'd the hours;  
Till again on light wing, thro' the ether she roves,  
From Poetry's garden of sunshine and flowers.

Next to groves where Antiquity's sages repos'd,  
Away the gay spirit, then rapidly flew,  
Where the legends and learning of old were disclos'd,  
And mentally mirror'd, the Past did she view.

Then soaring again, thro' the ambient air,  
To the Bowers of Fancy, she hastened her flight,  
And listen'd enchanted, while revelling there,  
To legends of love, and the war-tales of knight.

Again were her pinions outspread to the air,  
When a spirit angelic, enchanted her sight;  
Her wings were of azure, and golden her hair,  
And her brow was encircled with halos of light.

Addressing the wandering Spirit, she said,  
"I am Friendship,—of heaven divine, is my birth,  
So quickly thy wings on the ether outspread,  
And hasten for me, on a mission to earth.

"Take this volume, whose pages unsullied and white,  
Are emblems of Innocence, Virtue and Youth;  
And here bid my votaries faithfully write  
Their tributes, to Friendship, Affection and Truth."

"I'll obey," then the Spirit of Beauty replied,  
"And already I've garlands to hang on the shrine,  
For the gifts I have gather'd, I'll gladly divide  
And each shall appear on these pages divine."

"'Tis well," answered Friendship, as swiftly to earth,  
Her messenger flew with the volume of youth;  
Affection's own tribute, to virtue and worth,  
And the Spirit that lights it, the Spirit of Truth.

Original.

## THE FRESHET.—A SKETCH.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

It may not be known to the majority of my readers, that the scenery of the Connecticut river, especially after passing the northern limit of Massachusetts, presents many singular appearances. Ranges of broken and towering hills hem in the fertile and verdant valleys, every here and there converging, as though once united—presenting, where the angry current hurries its waters over the jagged rocks that madden its onward course into foaming rapids, rude and frowning precipices; as though those hills had long ago been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion, and the wide and deep lakes that their various points of union had created, had discharged themselves in cataracts of waters, leaving only the intractable stream that now tumbles onward to the ocean; occasionally emulous of its pristine glory, when the torrents of heaven have swelled its current,—and bursting the fetters that winter has bound about it, it revenges itself in its fiery liberty, by adopting those fetters as the very instruments of its revenge; flooding the vallies, far and near, and piling up the huge blocks of crystal against mill and stately bridge, roaring in angry triumph at its work, and heaping block upon block, until, with a sound as of thunder, the object of its rage is lifted from its very foundations, and splintering and crashing, is borne away to aid its destroyer in its further devastation.

These evidences that the more northerly portions of the river were originally a chain of lakes, is corroborated by the fact that, at a certain height around the bases of the hills, tables of land extend into the vallies, uniform in height, evenness of surface, and perpendicularity of elevation; indicating the water mark, being themselves depositions of alluvion from above. Sometimes the tables rise from the very centre of the vallies, strangely regular in the concavity of their sides, having corners standing forth like huge bastions. Those who have neglected to observe the uniformity of the height of these elevations with the tables at the bases of the hills, have supposed them to be Indian mounds, instead of islands, once rising in beauty from the midst of lakes.

Those tables sometimes extend for some distance up the banks of lesser streams that empty into the Connecticut; and serve to add a new charm to their already glorious scenery. Connected with a stream of this description, are some thrilling incidents, which I am about to relate. The events of the freshet, the preservation of the individuals, and the heroic bravery of their preserver, will have deeper interest in the eyes of my readers, from the fact that they are strictly true.

Peter Kennedy was an honest man—a hard working farmer—in the town of P—, in Vermont, which lies on the banks of the Connecticut. He was not a beforehand man; for though he labored assiduously, he could never look forward with complacency to a 'rainy day,' in the consolation that he possessed the wherewithal to procure the necessaries of life, should misfortune assail him. There are many of Peter's stamp;—who, though

diligent and economical, seem to be ever struggling against time and tide. How it is—whether in their cases, fortune never *will* show her face, or the unfortunates do not coax her properly—do not get a fair hold of the handle of success, we divine not,—but we pass our word for it, that they *are*, and by this token are much to be pitied. Peter, having nothing of his own, rented for several years, a thrifty farm 'at the halves' as it is called in Yankee land—receiving half the produce for his superintendence. He married—he reared a family—he grew somewhat old—and still he was a farmer only 'at the halves'—still had laid up nothing of his own. By and bye he died; and was lost to further labor in the grave. What was his family to do?

That family—There was Mrs. Kennedy, a good woman—a very good woman; but firm and wilful and superstitious—mayhap, now we reason upon it, herself the drawback to her husband's success. Then there was Mary Kennedy his daughter—a true-born Yankee girl; with all her father's energy and perseverance—and just enough of her mother's firmness to give solidity to her character—and more mind than both together. She was not beautiful—but she was good and well-shaped, and graceful—with expressive features and a firm sparkling eye. These two were all; and what were they to do?

The funeral was over. Friends and neighbors had rendered every assistance through that period of the heart's desolation—the interval between the death and burial of a dear relative,—and the widow and orphan were left in their lonely home to look with a shudder to the future. But Mary was not a being to darken yet more the dreary prospect by useless repinings and despair. She nerved herself to meet the exigencies of their situation. She consulted with her minister—her friends—and of them so sweet a girl could have no lack—and they came forward one and all to her relief. The farmers of New-England are a toiling race—they slowly amass a competency by severe labor and rigid economy; and the value of wealth thus painfully acquired is necessarily enhanced to their minds. They look with wariness and hesitation upon applications to their charity, whose worthiness is not clearly manifest; but let a neighbor be unfortunate—his dwelling burned, it may be, by fire—or his means wrested from him by no negligence or fault of his own—and the Yankee farmer is ready then with open hand according to his ability. So was it now. On a Saturday evening there was an assemblage at the minister's to devise ways and means. They came from two or three miles about; of all ages and degrees. The physician of the village, and the merchant and the squire, were among them—I tell of it, to show in what strong estimation Mary was held—and more than all, there were present two young men who had been for some time suitors for Mary's hand. One, Samuel Brady by name, was a substantial farmer, some thirty-five years of age—well to do in the world—shrewd and forethoughtful; yet selfish to a degree. Did he love Mary—was his heart bound to hers by an irresistible sympathy, all pervading, all engrossing,—that true love which purifies the heart, and illumines life and the things of life with a steady glow—lighting up its dark passages, and investing its pleasant

walks with intenser brightness? I doubt it—and the neighbors doubted it all along—notwithstanding that Mrs. Kennedy favored his suit, and almost quarrelled with the gentle Mary that she would not listen to him; preferring as she did young Charles Hall, the carpenter—a whole souled, earnest hearted fellow—industrious, though poor at present—and possessing an energy to overcome all difficulties, and better still, loving Mary with a love that made him feel like a giant in strength of determination. He was the first to make a proposition and give their charity form and shape. "Come," said he, "Squire Haskins, there'll be one third of the lumber left after your barn is finished; and if Dr. Jones will add a little to it of what he's got down at the mill, there would be full enough to raise a snug little house. I'll build it free gratis, off and on, with some help from the neighbors about, and they'll have a roof over their heads at any rate. Who gives the land?"

There was a proposition! Who would refuse his mite? The minister with his eyes swimming, went up and taking Charles by the hand, gave it a pressure that told his Christian thankfulness; for it was not so much the offer, as the readiness and promptness with which it was made, which achieved the end. It kindled every heart in sympathy. "You're welcome to all that's over after the barn's completed," said Squire Haskins with a smile.

"And about that lumber down to mill," added Dr. Jones, "I'm only sorry I haint any team to haul it where it will be wanted."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Bliss, "my people 'll be on hand with the cattle for that 'ere procedur, jest as soon as the word's giv out."

"Come to my store for nails, Mr. Hall," said the merchant.

Old gray-haired farmer Ware had had his head on his cane ever since Charles first spoke; and now at his first pause, he lifted it up, and half shutting one eye and squinting with the other at a corner of the mantel-piece—dont laugh, for he was one of the best men that ever lived, rough as he was—and the more intently he squinted at an object before uttering his thoughts, the more valuable the thoughts were sure to be—he lifted up his head, I say, with his richest squint, and said in his slow unvarnished manner:

"My farm, you know, butts on Snake river; and right on the side as you go down to the bridge the land makes off jest as level as can be conceived on, for a consider'ble distance. I guess, the fact is I know sartin, there's risin an acre in all on't from the bridge down along. Now you're welcome to that 'ere. It'll be snug, and enough on't for a little garding, leavin' out what's took for the house to set on. If that don't suit ye, say where you'd rather have an acre or so—but I'm minded that's a slick place."

It was just the place for Mary. This flat spot was one of the tables of land I have described above; and the scenery around was glorious—a continual feast for her ardent imagination. Let me describe it to you. The stream, not very large in its own proper dimensions, came foaming and dashing in tiny cataracts, through a deep ravine, to mingle its waters with the Connecticut. Across it, about a quarter of a mile from its mouth, a bridge had

been thrown for the high road. Its timbers rested on everlasting foundations—the solid rocks on either shore,—between which, thirty feet below the bridge, the river dashed along. At the same time, the bridge itself was low in the ravine; for there was a steep descent on either side to reach its level. Above, a mill had been built, whose huge over-shot water wheel, turning about down in the very depths of the ravine, dripping ever with spray, added to the romance of nature; while the water played over its dam in a clear unbroken sheet, lulling the senses with its monotonous hum. Below, on one side, birches, hemlocks and stunted pines shrouded the steep bank from the top to the very edge of the stream; and on the other, just midway, was the table of land, proposed to be given by Farmer Ware. Don't you agree with me, reader, that it was just the spot for Mary?

Before many months, a pretty dwelling was erected, and Mrs. Kennedy and Mary installed in possession. It was two stories in height, because a better view could be obtained by a little more elevation; and Charles was ever on the watch for the comfort of the being he loved. On the lower floor were two rooms, one for kitchen and parlor in common—for under Mary's housewifery, so far as neatness and arrangement were concerned, her kitchen always looked liked a parlor—the other for a school room—for she was to have twenty little scholars all the year round, at twelve and a half cents a week each—and that, mind you, in a country village, so far inland, was quite an income for her. Above were two bed rooms; and Mary's, rest assured, was on the westerly side of the house, looking up the stream—and fitted up with every possible convenience.

Mary understood and appreciated the delicate management Charles exhibited in all this,—indeed she knew that she owed to him—to his enterprise and energy, guided by his love, the most of her present comfort; and she poured out upon him that intensity of affection which ever fills woman's heart to overflowing when she is truly loved. But she was not happy in her love. The house was finished—the school collected—and there in the midst of nature's glory, Mary had nothing to desire for mind or body—yet with all, she was not happy. The laugh of the children echoed merrily from the hills, and mingled with the sound of the waters, and to them, their idolized instructress wore always a cheering and alluring smile, but an aching void was beneath. The secret was here. Her mother, a woman of strong prejudices, had imbibed a dislike for Charles, which not all his goodness to her, in her lone widowhood, had overcome. Whenever he visited Mary, she testified by hints and innuendoes that he was disagreeable to her,—and she seemed to delight in tormenting her daughter by the open expression of her feelings, and by asserting her strong disapproval of the connection. This treatment was aggravated by her encouragement of Brady, who yet persevered in his suit, in the face of Mary's coldness. I have said that I doubted his love for her. Let me not be understood to mean that he was guided solely by selfish motives—far from it. He loved, perhaps, as well as he was capable of loving—but by his very nature his attachments were tainted with alloy. He knew Mary to be one of a thousand in capa-

city—that she would make a capital dairy woman, and help a husband to get rich. We will give him credit for some perception of her charms—but he was incapable of fervent love.

So waned the summer hours—and autumn's ruddy tinge pervaded nature. Winter came; and that too with its storms and bleakness passed away. Mary still taught her little school—still bore the complainings and reproaches of her mother with unrepining fortitude and submission. She was kind as ever to her parent; but alas! she was compelled to meet her lover in stolen interviews, and submit to receive in passive sufferance at least, the visits of her mother's favorite, whom she now looked upon with growing dislike. One day, in early spring, Brady represented to her mother that a crisis must be attained—that he must learn decisively his standing with her, as his home demanded a mistress speedily. Mrs. Kennedy told him that Mary *should* marry him; and content to woo the daughter through the mother, he left her, much pleased with the result of the interview.

It was a fair deduction that he was unworthy of Mary, that he had so little refinement of feeling as thus to disregard her own disinclination to him, and rely for success on the influence of her parent. I do not mean the refinement imparted by education—but that natural elevation of character, that infusion of the '*Ideality*' of the Phrenologist, which tinctures the most uncultivated with softness. Poor Mary! She was full—too full of it for peace. It shed an influence over every connection of her life. It lent a charm to her love, and made it doubly dear—but at the same time it sanctified the command of a mother, and forbade infringement. But resolutely she reasoned with that mother, when the stern unqualified command had been given to wed Brady, or live an exile from her parent's heart for ever,—and when reasoning proved abortive, she pleaded—earnestly—tearfully—on her very knees, to be spared—but her mother was inflexible.

A curse had been threatened for disobedience; could she disobey? Within a fortnight, one little fortnight—she must surrender all her fondest anticipations, or lose a parent's smile! Dreadful alternative! The mind not constituted like her own, may sneer at her hesitation; and see full justification and contentment in disobedience; but to her the name of parent was holy.

Her school had been dismissed early, for a storm had been gathering for some days, and already the drops began to fall. Now, as she sat by her chamber window, pale as ashes, the clouds were pouring their treasures merrily down. She resolved to consult the minister—her well-tried friend; and Charles—her own Charles,—at the thought of whom her bosom heaved, and her tears mingled with the rain-drops,—and to make them the arbiters of her fate.

It rained all night, hard and steadily. She had determined to trip up to the minister's before school hours in the morning; but all the morning it was one continued pour—pour; and she could not leave the house. She had no pupils that day on account of the storm, and her loneliness and agitation were unrelieved by customary duty. She had promised to meet Charles in the evening beneath

an aged oak, their sacred trysting-place, but it poured down so as to prevent her, and oh, how much more saddening was this! All night—a sleepless night to her—it was plash—plash—plash—upon the saturated earth; and the river's roar—for two days and nights of rain had swelled it to a mimic torrent—sounded like the knell of desolation. She awoke and looked abroad, when daylight dawned upon her sleepless eyes. All nature seemed resolved into wetness—and still, the third day, it was raining hard as ever. Again no pupils—again a dreary, dreary day—and no cessation to the storm. But towards night it cleared away—the sun broke forth—the atmosphere became sultry as in midsummer, and the drops glistened like pearls upon the trees. The birds that had begun to assemble from their more southerly sojourn during the cold weather, sung gaily on the branches, and all was life and light again. The change in nature's aspect infused a kindred influence into Mary's bosom, and she began to hope once more. But about midnight, after the strange sluggishness had become oppressive, distant thunder rolled sluggishly on the ear, giving warning of a second change. Soon a rising breeze whispered through the trees—increasing every moment, until it blew a shrill whistle, as it careered round the corner of the house, and dashed the branches against each other, until they creaked and grated in the harsh collision. It died away for a moment, and nature was hushed in unbroken and awful repose; as though, for it was growing blacker and blacker with the dense clouds, she was drawing a long breath to prepare for a terrible conflict. Then the sharp lightning flash, followed, almost instantly, by a crash of thunder that made the very hills tremble to their foundations, started sleepers bewildered from their beds, with dazzled eyes—and anon, all at once, torrents poured down from the black sky, overpowering, in the sound of their contact with earth, the very roar of the stream. There was but that one peal of thunder—but until nearly sunrise there was no pause in the rain-fall. The sun however rose in majesty in an almost clear sky, and men felt that his beams would gladden them through the day.

There had been three days and two nights of storm—and finally this last half-night's torrent; and it was a strange forgetfulness in some of Mary's patrons to send their children to school that day, for a thought would suffice to convince, that when time had elapsed after all this flooding, for the surcharged rills and rivulets to pour their contents into the larger streams, fearful freshets were to be feared. It was strange too, that Charles did not dream that the pride of his heart might be in danger. Apathy seemed to have fallen like a mantle upon all; and there were four or five little girls went skipping down the hill to the bridge, a few minutes before the hour of assemblage in the school-room, to drop sticks into the water, as they had been accustomed, and scream with delight as they were borne along, dashing against the stones in their course. But now, when they reached the bridge, a thrill of awe stole through their hearts, and they stood motionless, and almost breathless, with the sticks in their hands that they had gathered higher up the bank, as they gazed on the unusual aspect of the stream. It poured over the dam in a fierce and muddy cataract, hissing and boiling,

and being compressed into a narrower compass, by the jutting rocks on which the bridge rested, it foamed between them, imparting in its giant impetus, a tremble to both the bridge and its foundations. Now and then huge logs came dancing madly over the dam; and striking upon one end on the ledge beneath, leaped up into the air, and plunged in again. One, of more elastic fibre than the rest, struck the bridge in its fall, while the girls were upon it, and shattered the railing; and then their mingled fear and awe found utterance in screams, and they ran to the house, afraid to linger longer. Mary, herself unconcerned, took her station by the window in the school room, and could not keep her eyes from the river, so terribly majestic was it in its flow. Finally she became interested in her duties and half an hour passed—and when again she looked out upon the water, it was verily within a few feet of the floor of the bridge—and its whole, foaming surface covered with logs and timber brought from above. The mill appeared half immersed in a boiling gulf, and then—in a moment—while she was looking upon it, and terror was palsyng her heart, it tottered and wavered—and tearing away some of the main supports of the dam as it was upheaved from its foundations, dam, mill and all were dashed against the bridge. Wedged in between the eternal rocks that formed its abutments, it partially closed the natural channel, and the fast increasing waters swelled upwards—ay, poured over the bridge—and swelled and swelled—all in a very minute—until, forcing a way around, on the side by Mary's house—which you know was on the table of land, but a few feet above the level of the bridge—it came roaring on, and dividing a short distance above the house, a part tumbled into the ravine, while a part poured down the slight concavity between the house and the hill-side—the space being about fifteen feet wide. All this, as I say, was the work of a minute—and when Mary found voice to scream "Mother! Mother!" these lone females and children were isolated there in the foaming waters, with none to counsel or to save!

They rushed to the door—but to have attempted to force that furious current had been madness! It seemed death to remain too—for soon the stream was at the very door-sill—and when Mary took in her arms the last of the paralyzed children to convey it up the stairs, every foot-fall splashed in the water that now covered the floor! They screamed for help from the upper windows;—how the thunder of the torrent mocked and drowned their feeble voices! Then the hope of life being past away, they kneeled and prayed to Almighty God to have mercy upon their souls!

By this time, the stream had so risen as to half fill the lower story of the house, and conceal the bridge entirely, which, protected from the logs by the blockade on its upper side, still maintained its position. But this made the situation of the females and children the more dangerous; for timber, logs and wrecks of buildings sailed furiously by the house on either side, only prevented from bearing it to destruction with its precious contents, by a tree that breasted their onsets and partially diverted their course. But now and then it failed to check some tumbling fragment—which thundered against

the dwelling—shivering the glass of the windows, and making every timber shake in the concussion—but making the poor hearts within to shake and shiver more!

By and bye, one tardy villager after another appeared on the bank above, and though not a word they spoke could be heard by Mary and her mother in the fierce roaring, their frantic gestures too truly bespoke their horror, and cast a deeper gloom upon the sufferers. Then Charles appeared. He darted down to the edge of the water—then up again—casting his eyes around in wildness, unknowing what to do! What a sight for his eyes to behold! There knelt Mary by the window, pale as death, with clasped hands and dishevelled hair, looking upon him and he helpless as an infant, in the face of that mighty danger! Yet he shouted to her to hope still, in a voice whose trembling testified to his own despair—and not a sound of which reached her ears. Once or twice, in very madness, he would have sprung into the torrent—but was held forcibly back by the villagers. Brady came too—and his comparative calmness formed a strong contrast to the wild anxiety which Charles exhibited. He at once declared that nothing could save them; and shook his head at every plan suggested by one and another.

"It is vain—all vain," he cried again. "They cannot be saved!"

"Liar!" cried Charles, with quivering lip and starting tears, "she must—she shall be saved!" He rushed once more to the water's brink—once more would have plunged in, and was again drawn back. Then, wringing his hands in very agony, as a huge log struck the house and crashing through the side, inclined it fearfully, he burst into a frenzied laugh as he exclaimed, "I have it! I have it! follow me! follow me!"

The village was half a mile distant. To that he directed his rapid course, followed by his townsmen, the most regarding him now as a poor maniac—but some, among whom were the scarcely less maddened parents of the exposed children, inspired with sudden hope. Charles paused, breathless, at the tall 'Liberty pole' on the green. "Dig it down," he cried, "for heaven's sake, quick! quick! or they are lost!"

What will not men's energies accomplish in an emergency like this! They caught his fire of hope—they sprung to toil—the pole was rooted up in a few moments—horses were chained to it as speedily—and away they went with their burden on the full gallop,—as though the very beasts knew that many precious lives were depending on their speed. Arrived at the bank, the pole was slid down, until Charles' accurate perception of the proper distance arrested it; and then, lifted upon its end, it was directed to the house, and the females being motioned from the window, it was so truly aimed, that it struck the sill! Oh, Heaven—what a shout arose! That overtopped the torrent's roar, and filled the ears of the endangered ones with gladness. Quicker than thought, Charles divested himself of a portion of his clothing, and hanging from the pole, ascended to the window by the aid of his hands and feet, above the boiling tumult below, fast as a practised sailor climbs the mast.

"Come Mary, said he, not a moment is to be lost!"

"The children first!" she resolutely said.

He knew her moral resolution. He revered her self-sacrifice in that awful hour; and yielded without a word of argument. Fastening a child to his back with shawls and handkerchiefs, he returned as he had come, and safely deposited his burden. Why need I multiply words? Thus did he restore all those five children safely to the arms of their parents—when not the parents themselves or one other villager dared to brave death as he did, in his aid! But Mary and her mother were in danger still—yes—hideous danger—for the house was assailed now by stroke after stroke, and yielded more and more, and it was plain, must soon be swept away. Charles was in the room again—

"Now Mary! Now Mary!"

"My mother before me!"

He almost shrieked as he obeyed her, for his strength, nerved as it was by the excitement of the crisis, was almost gone. But the face of the girl wore the calmness and elevation of an angel: all the tumult of fear had vanished—the sting of death had passed already away, and he knew as before, that she was not to be shaken. But before he left her, he strained her to his bosom, and kissed her lips, cheek, and forehead, and looked upon her in agony, as he said "farewell!"—for he felt, while the shattered house reeled at every frequent crash against it, that he should never see her more alive! Then he lashed Mrs. Kennedy to his back, and, as he had done with the children, descended with her. But it was slowly—painfully—and when he reached the shore, he laid motionless for a moment, breathing hard in his exhaustion; while the blood covered his lacerated hands and feet. But Mary was not yet saved!—his own Mary! He sprang to the pole again—he entered the chamber—he appeared with her at the window! The house tottered as though suspended on a point! They shouted to encourage him; and he started on this last descent! Once—twice—three times, he hung without motion, in his absolute exhaustion! Yet again he started! He approaches the shore! Their hands almost touch him! They have indeed, grasped his feet!—and now, while house, pole, and all go thundering down the abyss, the lovers are drawn to the safe, dry bank!

No pen ere this has chronicled his godlike feat. Was he not worthy of Mary's hand, which Mrs. Kennedy now freely accorded to him? You may well imagine how he strides forward to wealth and honor—a man like that!—with such a wife to encourage him!

Original.

SONG — TO ZOE.

WHEN you see the lake-waves glisten,  
As the moonlight pours above them—  
When to their soft sounds you listen,  
As the zephyrs gently move them,  
Deem you not that love and duty  
Prompt them thus to speak and shine?  
Due to Zoe's heart and beauty  
Is their homage—so is mine.

When the morning birds are singing  
In their sweet retiring wildness—  
When the evening breeze is flinging  
Odors where it walks in mildness—  
Know that every gentle lipser  
Leaves its gift at Zoe's shrine;  
Birds and zephyrs ever whisper  
Love and duty—just like mine.

When the fruits or flowers are rarest,  
As the Spring or Autumn flushes—  
When the sky and stars are fairest,  
And the fountain clearest gushes—  
Fruits and flowers have incense for you—  
Sky and stars light up your shrine,  
And the fountain streams adore you,  
With a passion—just like mine.

I have seen you smile so warmly  
On these tokens of devotion—  
Waves and winds that sued so calmly,  
You have answered with emotion;  
Birds, and fruits, and flowers have rendered  
Colder worship at your shrine,  
And your heart, to all they rendered,  
Was awake—why not to mine?

Buffalo.

H. C.

Original.

L I N E S.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE following lines were written some time since for the *port-folio* of a young American actress,\* who has since retired to the quiet of domestic life. They were suggested by witnessing her performance of *Christine of Sweden*.

IN sooth, a queen; a gentle, loving queen!  
So true to nature, as to cheat the will  
From all observance of the mimic scene,  
To bow in reverence of thy matchless skill.  
Thy brow, which well the diadem became,  
Beamed with the light and purity of truth;  
While the clear eye flashed well and wild the flame,  
From the soul's altars, fed by hope and youth!

And then the high-wrought tales of woman's love,  
Shackled by chains of custom and of state,  
Which the fond heart strives vainly to remove,  
Preferring to be loved, than to be great.  
From thee, the tale came like a pleasant dream,  
Cheating the heart, and robbing it of care.  
Alas, that this all bright and glorious theme  
Should wild Delusion's fleeting raiment wear.

We may observe thy course, and watch thy star  
Brighten with years, along thy Drama's heaven,  
No envious clouds thy onward fame to mar,  
All threatening tempests from thy pathway driven.  
With such rare powers to cultivate the Muse,  
Genius to model, judgment to refine,  
Who may behold thy flight, and yet refuse  
To crown thee champion of the "SACRED NINE."

\* Miss Emma Wheatley.

## A MODEST BLOOMING FLOWER.

## BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

ANDANTE QUASI ADAGIO.  
Legato.  
Dolce.

*f* *Rall.*

A mo - dest bloom - ing flower, I mark'd at coming day— The

*p*

fair - est of the bower, The pride of in - - - fant May: I

*Cres.* *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The second system also has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The third system has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features various dynamics including *Cres.*, *pp*, *f*, and *Rall.*. The vocal line includes lyrics for the first verse.

watch'd it as it grew, And wept that aught so fair, Should  
fade like morn-ing dew, And droop and pe - rish there.

## SECOND VERSE.

At evening's peaceful hour  
 Its form no more is seen;  
 Around that silent bower  
 The with'ring wind hath been!  
 Like that poor faded flower,  
 Alas! my bright hopes seem  
 Wreck'd in affection's bower—  
 Their memory but a dream!



## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE fruitfulness of book issues, is an accurate thermometer of our country's prosperity; it is the literary man's "Commercial Report." By it he gauges advancement and depression, with as much certainty as the merchant arrives at the same result by watching the prices of money, and the sales of stocks. Now take our word for it, we are doing grandly at this present time. Let us count. Here are one, two—some thirty to forty volumes on our table, to be introduced to the public. The country is prosperous, most assuredly.

**CHEVELY:** by *Lady Bulwer: Harper & Brothers.*—This really well-written work, from the peculiar circumstances which have given it birth, and the truth, that it attempts to disclose the domestic peculiarities of that great author, the husband of the authoress of the volumes herself, has obtained for it wider and more diverse criticism than literary productions usually meet with. The celebrity of the satirised husband seems to have won for him much partiality, and to have led many of our critics in their man-service, to forget the principles of courtesy to a lady. Now we have no doubt that the main facts in relation to her domestic troubles, as related by Lady Bulwer, are strictly true. All flesh is frail, and the author of *Pelham* has doubtless, as great, perhaps a greater share than mortals in general. Why not? How reasonable to suppose that when he found himself one of the greatest of men, possessed of influence and standing which would enable him to ally himself to blood thrice refined in the crucible of aristocracy, he should despise the wife of humble birth, whom he had taken to his bosom in his own humbler days—that his proud mother should spur him on to insult and degrade her? This is the most probable translation of the matter; and we can admit no apology for Bulwer's repudiation of his wife—his open intercourse with another, and his permission to that other to usurp his name. We look only with sentiments of indignation upon the apology for Bulwer, put forth by an American, who (*unjustly?*) comes in for his share of ridicule in these pages, that he has, since his marriage, "become the greatest of men, and she the fattest of women." The marriage tie, in the solemn service of the English church, is, "for better and for worse;" and if the repletion of Lady Bulwer's cellular tissue disappointed the great man, he should have borne the infliction of nature with submissive lenity towards the sufferer. Lady Bulwer seems to have issued the book as a last resource; seeking her redress in public indignation.

**CHARLES TYRELL:** by *G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—Does not this author write too fast—not, perhaps, too much so to please the public, but far too much so for the advancement of his reputation? His facility is prodigious, truly; and he is one of the ablest of our novelists. But we seem to look back to "Richelieu" and "Mary of Burgundy," with a feeling that their author should have improved upon those admirable volumes, and that he has scarcely done so. But the public welcome his works; for his fertile mind produces nothing indifferent. This steam-writing, however, is not the safest vehicle to immortality.

**THE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL:** by *G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—Haste, that stumbling-block to genius, is imprinted on every page of this work. It is true, it possesses much interest, but the railroad speed of its construction is its worst bane. Some of its characters are well drawn—its descriptions varied and truthful, as James has proved himself well capable of producing; but over all is spread the flimsy and shrouding mantle of haste. The novel was issued at too late a period in the month to admit of a decision upon its merits, otherwise than thus in general terms.

**HARPER'S CLASSICAL SERIES:**—*Anten's Greek Lessons.*—These volumes do, in truth, succeed each other with a rapidity so marvellous, that we are almost tired of chronicling them; and with an improvement so marked and decided, that without having recourse to almost fulsome praise, we are almost at a loss how to find words whereby to testify our admiration. The

"Latin Lessons" was, and by its general popularity was universally admitted to be the best volume which had then met the public eye; and yet we have no hesitation in pronouncing the "Greek Lessons" better, and in prophesying for them a yet wider field of honor and utility. This is as it should be. The enterprise of the publishers, and the indefatigable industry of the editor, deserve to meet a rich remuneration, and America does honor to herself in showing that she can both appreciate and will reward the toils of those who serve her honestly, and without grudging either time or trouble.

**FRANTASION:** *S. Colman.*—This is a romance, supposed to have been written by the daughter of Coleridge. It is edited by Grenville Mellen, Esq. who, in a preparatory essay, has entered into an elaborate defence of the Poetical and Romantic. We think Mr. Mellen has mistaken his ground in accounting for, and arguing against the manifest indisposition of the reading public to works, the offspring of far-scoarings of imagination into the supernatural and ideal. He ascribes it to the fact that "too many of the age, have been content with the most elegant essays of Fancy, which have ministered to a sorrowful taste, and been praised because they were pleasing." We opine that a better solution of the problem may be discovered in the reaction of the spirit of our institutions, and the more engrossing pursuits of our population upon the mental desires. The mind is an aggregate of powers, and of a consequence, exhibits a variety of tastes, one or another predominating according to the predominant action of one or another power. It is in vain to reason with the strictly mathematical mind, whose highest visions of the beautiful are verified in the happy unravelment of an abstruse theorem—that enthusiasm in such a connexion is absurdity—that the vapory forms of the ideal, alone deserve the outpourings of the soul's deep emotions. In like manner, two differently constituted minds find the highest gratification of the spirit of song within them in widely diverse combinations of tone. To the one, a concerted piece, although its harmony be triumphantly complete, is unpleasant as the most jarring discord; while a simple touching melody entrances his senses. To the other, the position is exactly reversed. Criticism, finding its standard in the taste of the critic, in vain attempts to reconcile these diversities. The two can only be led to unanimity by a radical change in the constitution of one or the other of their minds.

The American people, by position, by habits, by parents, by the spirit of their government itself, and finally, the result of the action of all these upon them, by their very mental constitutions, are, in a measure, adverse to the Romantic. When the diffusion of wealth has introduced leisure and those refined luxuries of mind and body to which it gives birth, a change in taste may gradually be expected. But there are doubtless many at the present day, who will read this romance with delight.

"Elegant Essays of Fancy" appeal to those powers of the mind of which they are the offspring in the writer; and it is in vain to underrate or decry them. They cannot be *argued* out of existence; nor can peculiar schools of poetry and romance be argued into vogue. We should have been pleased to enter more fully into the subject; but limited space forbids.

**JUBILEE OF THE CONSTITUTION:** by *John Q. Adams: S. Colman.*—This is the oration delivered by Mr. Adams at the request of the New York Historical Society, on the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as President of the United States, on Thursday, the 30th of April, 1789. It had been declared by the hearers, to be worthy of its distinguished author; and no doubt, will prove as gratifying in the closest.

Mr. Colman has lately issued several small works. Among them are "John Smith's Letters" about the disputed territory, by the original Jack Downing, and "Rose and her Lamb," and other tales, for children. The Carrills have received more numbers of "Jack Sheppard," "Nicholas Nickleby," and we find, also, on our table, the year's Report of the Directors of the Institution for the Blind, from which we are happy to gather the progressive prosperity of that institution.

**BIRDS AND FLOWERS:** by *Mary Howitt: Weeks, Jordan & Co.*—Here is a pretty book, and is full of pretty things in verse. Who hasn't read some of the sweet productions by this authoress? This little book treats of country things, and may it be read and have the effect desired by the authoress; to convey to many a heart the relish for the enjoyment of quiet, country pleasures; a love for every living creature, and that strong sympathy which must grow in every pure heart for the great human family.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**TREATISE ON THE DAHLIA:** by *E. Sayers: Weeks, Jordan & Co.*—This little treatise on the Dahlia and Cactus, two tribes of flowers very dear to the lovers of these precious ornaments of nature, will be much praised, doubtless, by those interested. It is intended to lead to the improvement of these tribes, and is the result of the personal experience of the author in their cultivation. He acknowledges, also, his indebtedness to the works of Paxton and Mackintosh, two of the most eminent floriculturists in Great Britain.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**THE RUINS OF ATHENS, AND OTHER POEMS:** by *G. HILL: Otis, Broaders & Co.*—The author tells us in an advertisement that the first piece in the collection, was begun at Piræus in 1838; at which time Athens was held by the Turks, and was in its extreme state of ruin and desolation. It was published anonymously in 1831. It appears to us the best poem in the volume, and has many passages of considerable beauty. The versification of all the pieces we have perused, is generally correct; although the author has not that sparsely scattered gift to make the very flow of the words breathe melody. His vocabulary is not sufficiently rich. The poetry is, on the whole, creditable; whether it will carve for him a niche in the temple of Fame, is more questionable. The versifier has to contend with that wilfulness of taste which demands the best poetry or none, while comparatively meagre prose passes her custom house unsearched. The book is "got up" with true Boston neatness.

**CHARACTER OF SCHILLER:** by *Mrs. Ellet: Otis, Broaders & Co.*—We have but partially perused this volume, and abandon it for the time being, to pursue pressing avocations, with eagerness to resume it. It is a signal credit to its authoress, and to our female literature. The chasteness, perspicuity and elegance of its style, united to a due degree of strength, are not the least conspicuous of its merits; while its philosophy and critical accuracy are strikingly superior. We are not indulging in fulsome and unjustifiable adulations. When the reader has perused but a few of its first pages, discussing the theory and genius of Schiller, he will certify without hesitation to our commendation.—*S. Colman.*

**ADAM BURY:** by *Douglas Jerrold: Lea & Blanchard.*—The title is conferred on these volumes by the first tale they contain; the volumes being made up of eight tales, contributions to various English Magazines. Some authors, favored by prosperous winds, sail into port bravely, and dispose of their cargoes rapidly, while others are compelled to lay off and on, and do not find at last so favorable a market with equally valuable wares. Thus Jerrold, well appreciated as he is, has not full credit for his genuine humor. We presume we should be excommunicated for high treason, to draw a comparison between any humorous writer who ever has lived, does live, can live, or will live in all time henceforward, and the lauded Dickens; but as much as we admire that writer, we are so forgetful of ourselves as to dare to say, that in many of his tales, Jerrold equals him; and the reader will agree with us if he will purchase these books, lay prejudice aside, and read them.—*The Carvills.*

**SKETCHES OF STATESMEN:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—It is unnecessary for us to more than mention the title of this issue, and of two other volumes by the same author and publishers, "entitled 'Sketches of Public Characters.'" The fame of Lord Brougham is his sufficient herald; and these biographies, elaborated and revised in his retirement from the journals in which they primarily appeared, have already been chronicled as standing in the highest rank of the essays of the day; worthy of the pen that wrote them. The style of Brougham is severely chaste, and the more vigorous for its freedom from luxuriance;

while it is characterized by peculiar point. Besides, when he chooses to indulge in it, he is master of the most biting and withering sarcasm. We find all these qualities in the volumes before us; while the candid manner in which he treats those who have been his warmest political enemies—Canning, for instance—never withholding praise where it is deserved, elevates himself in the mind of the reader. Probably no juster view of the great public men of England of later days can be found, than is contained in these admirable sketches.—*The Carvills, and Wiley & Putnam.*

**ISABEL; OR, SICILY:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—The antiquities of Sicily, says our author, in the modest preface to be expected from him, are eminently worthy of observation; but the inconvenience attending a visit to them, are such as to suggest, even in the mind of the enthusiastic traveller, frequent doubts whether the gratification thus offered is not more than counterbalanced by the discomfort consequently incurred. The scenery, too, is peculiar, and often unsurpassed for beauty and picturesque effect; yet it is only at certain periods that the weather is such as to do justice to its characteristic charms. The long and rigid quarantines to which the voyager is liable, the want of commodious inns, and the absence of carriage-roads to some of the most interesting localities, are also essential drawbacks to the pleasure of the tourist, especially if he be fresh from the superior facilities of the continent. To one who sympathizes warmly with his race, there are, in addition, many painful associations constantly awakened by the existent poverty and degradation of the Sicilians, but ill calculated to cheer his sojourn.

We have often wondered what causes operated to create the vacuum which exists in literature in regard to the "granary of Rome," which are now thus succinctly explained. Mr. Tuckerman deserves ample credit for overcoming all obstacles in obtaining the knowledge which he has embodied in this interesting volume.—*The Carvills.*

**CONCEALMENT:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—This novel appears anonymously, but is sufficiently interesting to justify its author in continuing his contributions to this bravely-contested field of literature.

**THE BARBER OF PARIS:** *Carey & Hart.*—Paul de Kock has won an enviable reputation. He seeks not his laurels in that fashionable school of the light French literature of the present day, of which Victor Hugo is the father, and which, discarding nature and the natural as something contemptible, deals in that bombastic style and monstrosity of incident, which, intended for the sublime, prove incontrovertibly the truth of the adage from a great man's mouth, that "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" and that the writers of this school have not stopped short of this fatal step. Paul de Kock is more domestic, and deserves his reputation.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**FRANCIA'S REIGN OF TERROR:** *Carey & Hart.*—These volumes form a sequel to the "Letters from Paraguay," by the same author—are written in a plain, unambitious, yet pleasing style, and as they enter quite a new field of historic illustration, are very welcome.

**LADY CHEVELY, THE WOMAN OF HONOR:** *Carey & Hart.*—A pamphlet with the above title has been sent to us. It is intended, doubtless, as an offset to Lady Bulwer's noted satire on her husband. It is a miserable affair. For an author to discourse of the "sanctity of our homes" as an argument against Lady Bulwer, and in defence of so notorious a violator of that sanctity as Bulwer, is insulting to the community.

**THE DWARF:** by *James Rees: F. Saunders.*—This is a dramatic poem. The author throws down the gauntlet to criticism, wherefore he will probably be the more woefully belabored, as the courageous in battle are more exposed to death. Some passages of his production are good, some bad, some stolen. Much is metrical in the measure, while there is a sufficient sprinkling of false metre, or no metre at all, to destroy the effect of what is good or passable. Mr. Rees should have polished his work more, either for profit or fame. Taking its defects and the rather braggadocio preface into view, we cannot estimate the influence to publication; for what is to be gained by the issue of a bad poem?

## THEATRICALS.

**THE PARK.**—An event of moment in current theatrical annals has occurred at this theatre since our last issue. We refer to the farewell engagement and benefit of Miss Ellen Tree. Praise of her exalted impersonations, after the various eulogies we have pronounced upon her several characters as she has appeared in them, would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that she manifested her admirable judgment to the close—presenting to the attention of her audiences during her late engagement, only those plays which combine opportunity for the display of her unrivalled abilities, with the loftiest reaches of poetic genius; thus leaving glorious picturings upon the memory, bright and unobscured.

She has left the American stage, after her short sojourn among us, bearing with her the heartfelt regrets of all true lovers of histrionic art. Possessing far-soaring talent, aided by a perfect mastery of the mysteries of her profession, the result of long experience, criticism of the sternest school has been often foiled in its eager gaze for prey, and compelled to turn disappointed, away. With a spirit imbued with the pure ideal, as well as the enthusiasm of passion, the latter has become exalted by the influence of the former, and the fairest creations of the poet's wand have been invested with a yet more enchanting brilliancy. Ion—that gem of poetry—charms in the closet; but its realization in the acting of Miss Tree, fulfils, ay, surpasses the conception of imagination.

She has left us, to the deep sorrow of all who seek from the drama something more than empty show and frivolous amusement; who regard it, in its truthfulness, as Nature's mirror, capable of blending instruction with its more vain illusions. It is by the performances of such as Miss Tree—such as love and honor their profession and themselves, that this result is produced; and those who hope much from the drama in this light, weep a beaming star lost from their thinly-studded hemisphere.

But we anticipate her early return to us. It is true, the drama languishes at home, and has need for such as herself—master spirits—to purify and elevate it. But it were better it should wallow a while in its degradation; and we opine that we shall welcome this favorite actress to our shores again.

A new aspirant for tragic honors has presented himself during the last month to the public, on the Park boards. He bears the name—ominous—we know not whether of good or evil—of G. F. Cooke. When we say that he promised well, we have said much for him. The dramatic neophyte has much to contend with. Genius, unassisted by art, cannot soar to distinction on the stage; while art, unaided by one scintillation of genius, may often entrap the judgment, and bear away unmerited applause. Moderate success, where art is lacking, is of much expectation. We therefore hope much from Mr. Cooke.

The second engagement of Mons. and Madame Taglioni, during the latter part of the month, was not attended with that eclat which might have been expected from a theatrical community possessing a decided fondness for graceful dancing. It certainly could not be attributed to deficiency in these artists to fulfil the high expectations which had been formed of them, since they have manifested themselves to be skilful in their art to a high degree. It may have been the result of the warmth of the season—but more probably is owing to their introduction to the public in pieces which have been so often repeated, as to have somewhat pallied upon the appetite. Under more favorable circumstances, they cannot fail of receiving the most gratifying demonstrations of success.

**NATIONAL.**—The vocalists, who have been so instrumental during the past season in contributing to the palmy fortunes of this establishment, have concluded their final engagement. In its progress, Rossini's delightful opera of *La Gazza Ladra* was produced; and we were somewhat mortified that the house was not filled to its utmost capacity; for surely, the lovers of harmony could not desire—certainly can seldom enjoy richer music, better presented. This opera stands only second or third in merit in the list of the works of its author. It is full of glorious harmonies. In most operas, the music lacks much of effect, if the words, its vehicle, be undistinguished; but so perfect is

this, that the ear drinks in its sweet concords, and feasts upon the banquet, desiring no addition to its own excellence. We are constrained to compress our observations upon the achievements of the vocalists in it, to the simple assertion, that they won fresh laurels. The opera is very dependant for success upon the talent of the orchestra; and much credit is due to Mr. Penson, its leader, and the gentlemen who compose it, for their brilliant execution.

The benefits were well attended, the public expressing its gratification to the close. Amilie has lost none of its attractions.

**BOWERY.**—The pageantries which are so skilfully and gorgeously presented at this theatre, will prove as in by-gone days, the architects of its fortunes. Thronged houses assemble to gaze in admiration on the gilded blazonry of the scenic art, and the feats of the noble and docile horse.

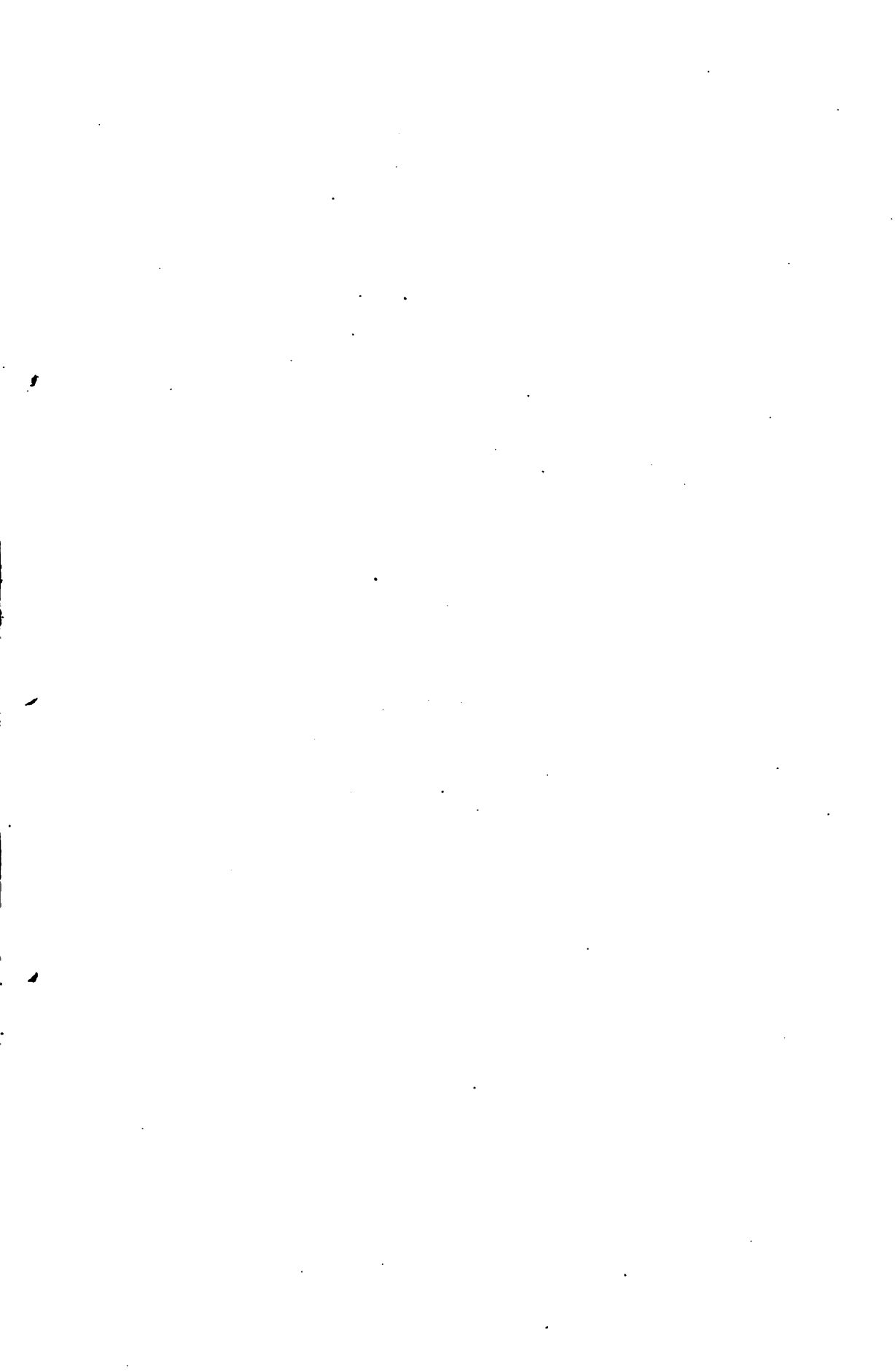
## EDITORS' TABLE.

**OUR FASHION-PLATES.**—Some of our earnest friends of the press, have suggested that it would be an improvement to our plates to have them *colored*. Thanking them for their interest in us, we reply, that *coloring* would be incompatible with the extreme finish of the engraving. It might seem, perhaps, at a cursory glance, that a desire to avoid expense induces us to issue our fashion-plates without coloring; but this idea will be excluded, we hope, when we inform our readers that the expense of coloring would be utterly insignificant in comparison with the outlay now bestowed. Plates prepared for coloring, are mere outlines—ours are elaborate engravings. We have been governed by a desire to present our subscribers with the best means to ascertain the current fashions. The cut of the dress, and the peculiarities of its trimmings and accompaniments, are the desirable points. The color we might give would influence none; for that is selected by every lady in reference to harmony with her complexion, or to gratify her own taste. Since, then, coloring would be much of a saving to us, we are disposed to think that our motives will be appreciated by those "earnest friends."

**NIBLO'S.**—We announced in our last number, that there were sundry overturnings and additions at Niblo's, by which this enterprising caterer for public amusement intended to enhance the satisfaction of a visit to his fairy land. He has succeeded. The charmed scene can ask no more; and in addition to the stationary beauties with which he has invested his retreat, the new saloon offers every evening the light vaudeville, the pleasant melody, the rich swell of instrumental harmony, or the mad freaks of some of Nature's wonderful oddities. We need not add that the enchanting scene is nightly thronged.

**THATCHED HOUSE GARDEN.**—This is the season for fruits and flowers; when Nature puts on her robe of beauty, and the denizen of the crowded and noisy city may relieve the monotony of artificial life by discoursing with her charms. The eager inquiry is heard around, "Where shall we go? Where shall we find the sweetest fruits and the fairest flowers?" We know we shall be doing a service to our city readers by announcing the Thatched House Garden at Jersey City, as one of the most beautiful of summer resorts. You cannot go in a pleasanter direction—a more convenient distance—and you cannot find, if our taste may be allowed the umpirage, a scene of richer delight.

**SULLY'S VICTORIA.**—So! Here is her Majesty in regal state! Upon our word, a nice-looking little body! Fancy her just as she stands there, with one foot elevated upon the step to the throne, exclaiming to Sir Robert Peel, "I'll have none of your interfering with the ladies of my bed-chamber; so trump, old fellow!" These, as will be seen, are not the *verbiage et literatim* words, but much to the same effect. It is a fine painting. We might suggest what seemed to us trifling faults, but as a whole, it is an honor to the artist and the country. The ladies must all visit this little great woman. It makes republicans smile somewhat to view this portraiture of the feminine incarnation of British Majesty, but there is no mistake in the spirit of Victoria, and her determination to occupy the throne to some purpose.





# THE LADIES' COMPANION.



NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1839.



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1839.

## RADFORD FOLLY.

THE delightful scene, delineated in our plate, is situated in the village of Radford, somewhat more than a mile distant from the large manufacturing town of Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, England; and is appropriated to the recreations of the subordinates connected with the manufacturing establishments therein. Such a resort in such a connection, becomes indispensable. Confined during the day in the close, unhealthy work rooms, the operatives pant for opportunity to recover the elasticity and lightness of unburdened nature; and their evenings are devoted to amusement.

In England, where education is not so widely disseminated as in our own country, among the classes we are treating of, the mind has few ardently elevated aspirations—few enduring tendencies to improvement; and it is no less a provision for security from vice than a supply of the longing for recreation, that such spots as the one represented in our plate should be contiguous to business establishments. Where the craving for relaxation and pleasure exists, and opportunities for its innocent gratification are not available, it yields to the ever thronging temptations to criminal indulgence, and becomes debased by grovelling associations, and irredeemably enslaved. But when the charms of Nature are laid open, combined, concentrated and refined by art, even the uncultivated mind recognizes its true resources in her pure delights; and operated upon and stimulated to greater desire by the very enjoyment, contracts a disgust for degrading pleasures that clog and dissipate the energies of mind and body.

Our own manufacturers may derive a subject for reflection from this theme. In our rapidly extending population, the resources of our country are becoming more and more developed, and scorning dependence for necessary supplies upon foreign skill, our manufacturing villages are fast swelling into populous cities, increasing their investments of capital in manufactories, and the number of their operatives. Already, fears have been entertained that the moral and intellectual progress of our manufacturing population is not commensurate with the advancement of other classes in similar respects—already the anxious and eager inquiry has been circulated among the philanthropic and patriotic, what means can be employed to avert this evil, and prevent the possibility that a curse should fall upon our land in the degradation of our manufacturing operatives, similar to that which shrouds the glory of the perfection of the arts in the old world. We respectfully suggest that the remedy will not be attained by the supply of the means of education alone; however liberal it may be. Let the opportunities for and the sources of amusement in the vicinity of manufacturing establishments be investigated. If they be deficient they must be abundantly supplied; if they be perverted and defiled, they must be rightly directed and

purified. Since, by the constitution of our natures, the mind and body will neither of them be fettered by unceasing toil, pure fountains of sensual pleasure become a great moral engine; not to be overlooked, neglected, nor despised.

Radford Folly, as will be observed, possesses intrinsic beauties. The building is handsome, and is contiguous to walks and tea-gardens, laid out with taste and even elegance; while on one side a placid lake completes the beauty of the scene. In the summer season the spot is one of much resort. In the very elegant ball-room, although the grace and refinement of gentility may be wanting, the dancing is at least supported in the vigor and hilarity of careless joy; while, on the lake, the youths from the factories ply their darting boats, join in the animated and exciting race, and make the air re-echo their bursts of jocund mirth. At times, illuminations, fireworks, rope-dancing and other temporary delights increase the attraction and splendor of the scene.

H. F. H.

### Original.

#### TO A SISTER ON OUR FIRST SEPARATION.

I MISS the fond and mute caress,  
My sister kind, and true,  
Whose magic power to soothe, and bless,  
My infant sorrows knew.

I miss the tender sympathy,  
The answering look and tone,  
The clasping hand, the earnest eye,  
That fondly met my own.

I mourn for thee! I mourn for thee!  
In sunshine and in storm,  
In dreams thy speaking face I see,  
And clasp thy fragile form;

Fair summer wears her olden smile,  
Earth is as full of glee,  
But gone their witchery to beguile;  
Alas, I mourn for thee!

I mourn for thee! I mourn for thee!  
Ungratefully I mourn,  
For loving friends encircle me,  
And Hope is in its dawn;

All cloudless is her matin sky,  
Lit by Affection's sun,  
But one lone star still lingers nigh,  
In vesture pale and wan—

'Tis Memory, and while gleaming there,  
Her tender glance I see,  
I turn me from the vision fair,  
To sigh and mourn for thee!

X.



Original.

## THE DELUDED.\*

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

## CHAPTER V.

"Thou hast a charmed life, oh, Fame,  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.  
Away! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring."

FOR many days after the coronation of Charles VII, Rheims was a scene of constant festivity. Tournaments, jousts and balls followed each other in brilliant succession. The gay young monarch abandoned himself entirely to the amusements of the hour, but Joan seldom mingled in these scenes of merriment; and when she did appear, it was rather as a presiding goddess, than as one formed to hold a part in an assemblage of mirthful hearts and happy faces. Her ambition had been more than gratified, and now her spirit turned from the warlike scenes in which she had been acting, to thoughts and hopes of a dearer nature. She began to experience the prostration of bodily and mental strength, which ever succeeds protracted excitement. Her feelings turned back to her valley home, with all its sweet associations; its bright waters, its foliage, and the picturesque old chateaux, with a tender and home-sick feeling. She had looked forward to this season of rest as one of triumphant re-union, when the king, proud of her conquests, grateful for her services, and bound to her by obligations such as women had never conferred, should be exclusively her own,—when his heart should depend on her for happiness, for its very existence, as hers now returned to him. But Joan d'Arc was doomed to suffer that penalty which all women must endure, who sacrifice domestic ease for glorious action. By her own prowess she had opened for herself a world of renown. She had become an object of reverence and envy; nay, almost of adoration. But what woman's heart was ever satisfied with cold homage when its very nature is to thirst for and reciprocate affection?

This deathless principle may slumber for a season: ambition may lock up the springs of her sympathy; selfishness and pride may invest it with iciness; disappointment may shed a mildew over its brightness, and all the stirring passions which haunt the bosoms of women, as well as of men, may combine to subvert the gentle tenderness which is the beauty of her nature. Yes, notwithstanding all the bonds which art may weave about the fountains of her love, they cannot for ever be checked. The tone of a voice; the smile of an infant; the holy stillness of a sunset hour, are each and all of them enough to disturb the slumbering waters, to diffuse a sunshine through the dark places of her soul; and to impart a loveliness to the very passions which have held it in bondage. Men may not admit this, for the world judges of character by avowed and prominent traits, forgetting to seek for the hidden springs of action—for the thousand subtle properties which combine and form a counter influence to the great predominating passions

\* Continued from page 139.

of the human mind. And it is often the case, that the purest and holiest aspirations of the heart, are those which we are the most studious to conceal.

Joan d'Arc had won to herself a fame lasting as the history of her race. She had risen up in the might of an intellect, matched only by the strength of her feelings, and with her own firm hand she had rent asunder the chains with which England had, insidiously, interlaced every portion of her country. But why had she, a humble female, performed an act so difficult in its execution, and so grand in its effect as almost to challenge the belief of after ages? Because her sympathies had been excited in behalf of her perishing countrymen; because her heart with all its untried energies, and its wealth of feeling, had been centered upon the suffering monarch of that country. It was these sympathies and this love, which nerved her arm and strengthened her heart in conflict and danger: her acts had been those of a man and a warrior, but they originated in the affectionate and tender feelings, which form the beauty of the female character. The mighty task which the Maid of Orleans had imposed on herself, was finished; and now, surrounded by the trophies of her prowess, with the lately insolent armies of England humbled at her feet, and the haughty nobles of France crowding to do her homage; worshipped as a divinity by her own victorious troops, and centering in her person power more than regal, if ambition could satisfy the heart of woman, hers might have been satiated with the excess of greatness; but amid all her glory, Joan sighed for companionship and sympathy. She looked around on the great nation whose saviour she had been, for one heart to appreciate hers—for the love of one being to bring sunshine to her solitary grandeur; but she looked in vain, even when she turned to him for whom she had laid aside the gentle attributes of her sex, and whose love had been the guiding star of her actions. The courtiers sought her presence with cold and reverential awe, such as they had been accustomed to render to their tutelary saints; but their smiles and their confidence were lavished on objects far less exalted. Proud and stern in her intercourse with the court, and altogether ignorant of the conventional etiquette which is to be acquired only in society, Joan sought, not by the exercise of her brilliant wit, and a mind naturally graceful, to destroy the marble-like wall which her genius had built about her. She was alike regardless of the elaborate show of gratitude lavished on her by the queen, and of the almost abject devotion of the nobles; but deeply and keenly did she feel the altered manner of the king. There her soul had garnered up its being, and there, when she turned for confidence and love, did she find in their place cold respect and gratitude, chilled by a sense of obligation. Her life had been one of action and of feeling, but not of reflection; or she never would have dreamed of binding the proud heart of a man, by taking upon herself his attributes—by rivalling him in feats of masculine daring. Men love to confer protection on our weakness, rather than to receive aid from our strength. They may call upon us to clamber with them the rugged and dark passes of life, but it is as followers, not as leaders, they seek our companionship. We can aid, soothe,

counsel, and encourage—any thing, but direct—without sundering the flowery bands which link the delicate and good of our sex with the strong and the brave of the other. But let woman once grasp the sceptre, instead of kneeling to touch the tip as did the Jewish queen and the flowers vanish—the silken cord is broken, and the bond of union becomes a fetter of iron, shackling the strength of one party, and wearing away the delicacy of the other.

The King of France still dwelt with lingering fondness on the remembrance of his life in Domremi. He was faithful to that beautiful and glorious being, who had unreservedly devoted to him the first affections of a heart fierce and daring in its ambition, yet gentle, self-sacrificing and generous in its affections—who had crept to his bosom like a half-tamed eagle, enticed unawares in a nest of ring-doves, and, subdued by the gentle influence, was changing its nature there. The being whose love had mingled and harmonized with his own, like tints in the same rainbow, and whose wild and visionary aspirations had but excited his attention, as the romance of a generous and over-excitable spirit. But these visions had become stern and glorious realities. His kingdom had been rescued by the ardor which he had smiled upon as the aimless enthusiasm of a high spirited girl, and his manhood revolted at the thoughts of receiving the royal patrimony, which should have been won by his own efforts, from the hands of a woman, the object of his love, and the creature he would have cherished. He felt that he was ungrateful—that she deserved every thing that his country or his affection could heap upon her. But she had left him nothing to bestow—she had become the protector and he the protected. The heart which she had once possessed, was all that he had to offer, and that refused to acknowledge the passionate, self-devoting girl of Domremi, in the warrior woman of Orleans—she who claimed his love as a kind of right won by her own high prowess, who returned to his bosom exulting in conquest, and flushed with victory, her lips yet warm with the battle cry which had won him a kingdom, and with the red stain of slaughter unwashed from the hand which sought his clasp. The pride of the monarch and the man was humbled by the majesty of her presence. She had burdened his love too heavily with obligations. Feeling the injustice of his own changed feelings, yet without the resolution to act strictly right, or resolutely wrong, Charles avoided explanation, and strove for forgetfulness by plunging eagerly into the gaieties of the court. The cup of pleasure brimmed to his lip with a richer zest, after the severe deprivation of the last year, and he succeeded in concealing the uneasy restlessness of a heart naturally kind, beneath the glare, and bustle, and revelry, that surrounded him.

Joan, proud, disappointed and apparently cold, continued to mingle in the festivities of his palace for a few moments each night, as the mother bird hovers about its desolate nest, though the chirping music of its younglings is hushed for ever. Alone in her grandeur, and companionless in her griefs, she appeared in her victorious armor among the gay ladies and lordly courtiers, a thing set apart for wonder, reverence, worship—any

thing but affection. She felt all this, and her glory was as glittering gold to the traveller panting with thirst in the heart of a desert. It satisfied no want of her woman's heart.

One evening when she had suffered most keenly beneath the lofty loneliness of her position, she happened to be seated by the lovely, yet still unacknowledged countess of Dunois. There was something of sadness and gentle sympathy in the manner and the few soft words of the Italian which won its way to her heart, thirsting as it then was for sympathy. She bent from her stern silence, and for a time conversed more freely than was her wont with the sweet stranger. She even hinted at the exalted and lofty solitude of her situation. The countess knew nothing of Joan's former acquaintance with the king, nor of her residence at the chateau; yet the conversation gradually settled upon their monarch, on his peculiar tastes and pursuits. There was something said in that conversation which caused the Maid to reflect more reasonably upon the means of regaining her lost station in his heart,—and she went to her sumptuous rooms occupied with ardent hopes, and with a new feeling dawning in her bosom, a feeling of friendship and protection for the gentle hearted Italian, who had helped her to while away a few of the hours that dragged so heavily with her. She felt a gratitude for the simple and sincere manifestation of interest, of which a careless observer would have supposed her incapable. It is truly the most highly gifted who are the most dependent upon the social relations for happiness; who feel kindness with the deepest gratitude.

It seemed as if the confidence of a delicate and lovely woman had infused its own feminine nature within the stern heart of Joan d'Arc. She resolved to fling aside her masculine attire for ever; to renounce the camp; and, by the cultivation of the gentler graces, to make one deliberate effort to win back the love, which she could not but see had waxed colder and colder to her each day.

The queen gave a grand entertainment on the succeeding night, and all that was beautiful and noble in her court thronged the receiving rooms of the palace. Mary sat at the head of the room, surrounded by her fair maids of honor; and the youthful monarch was gliding gracefully from one group of court dames to another, lavishing smiles and gay words and graceful recognitions on those most distinguished for beauty or wit, now exchanging a *bon-mot* with a court gallant, and anon beating time to the music which sounded merrily from the galleries. The festivals of the evening were far advanced, when the Maid of Orleans was announced. A sensation was visible in the room. Soft speeches were hushed, half uttered; gay glances were withdrawn, and a restraint suddenly fell over the free hilarity of the hour. All seemed preparing themselves to receive with due homage the cold brow and haughty eye of the inspired woman.

Charles was standing in a distant part of the audience-chamber when she entered. He was leaning against a pillar apart from the throng, and permitting, with a careless, half indifferent air, the attentions of a beautiful girl, who stood partly before him. Few hearts could have resisted the witching blandishments of that grace-

ful creature. There was a Hebe-like youthfulness in the small and exquisite proportions of her person, a richness in the damask bloom of her round cheek, and a dimpled sweetness in the finely moulded chin and full red lips, well calculated to win the lighter feelings of a man like Charles. To the roguish playfulness of a child, and the petulance of a spoiled beauty, was added something of the stronger and deeper feelings of awakened womanhood, something that told most truly, that the first pure spring of her innocent thoughts had been broken up for ever; that beneath the show of arch wit and scarcely restrained mirthfulness, was the disquiet and flutter of an erring, anxious spirit. There was no power in the grace of her position, or in the half mischievous, half appealing expression of the large blue eyes raised to his, even to attract the being they were intended to re-captivate. Her rare beauty had become familiar to him, and that alone might have accounted for the look of apathy with which he regarded her. Deeper and more ardent feelings—feelings partaking of the affections colored by the intellect, and exalted by respect for their object, had supplanted her image in his heart, and it is most true that “We can never love a second time one whom we have once truly ceased to love.” The heart which could feel the rare endowments of a being like Joan d’Arc, was in little danger of sinking back to an inferior object.

When Joan entered the room, arrayed as we have described, Charles started from the pillar with an exclamation of delight which sent the blood back to the roused heart of Agnes Sorrel; and when he carelessly shook off the hand which she had laid upon his arm, and went forward to meet his benefactress, the young girl followed him a step, and then drew back to the pillar, folded her arms and watched his motions with a passionate flashing of the eye, and a quick indignant heaving of the bosom—the angry crimson deepening on her brow, and floated on the upward curve of her red lips, when the court jester glided by and fixed his eyes with a keen warning look on her face. He was about to speak, but she turned away with an impatient gesture, and hurried through the crowd to her station by the queen; there again she fixed a more composed but not less steady scrutiny on her royal lover, as he led Joan d’Arc to the presence of his consort. Charles heeded her not. The being of his love stood before him, as she had appeared in Domremi. The same half tamed spirit darkened in her eye, and trembled about her mouth. The hand interlinked with his, had flung aside its iron glove, and he felt the soft pulse beating to his, with a quivering fitfulness that gathered about his heart like music round a half smothered altar-fire;—all these feelings went kindling over his face, and Agnes Sorrel kept her eyes fixed steadily thereon. She bent her head and whispered a word to the queen; who, too, turned a scrutinizing look on the pair as they advanced. A cloud gathered on her haughty forehead, but she arose as usual, and advanced a step from the chair of state, to meet the benefactress of her nation. When her part was acted, and the pair had gone away, she turned with a haughty and meaning smile to the agitated girl, and said in a low voice, “It must be so, but you cannot have become powerless so soon—you

who flung such a witchery over him, who are very beautiful.”

There was apparent frankness and confidence in speech; but a nice ear might have detected a shiver of sarcasm, beneath the bonied words. The feeling the wife and the woman would be entirely suppressed, and Mary of Anjou enjoyed the humiliation of her own while she trembled at its consequences to her own.

Joan d’Arc was very happy that evening. Her face sparkled, her bright lips were alive with smiles, and her language of an untaught poetical mind sprang from her like sparks from a splintered diamond. If those who had wondered before, they were now lost in admiration. She was no longer the Amazon, but the brilliant and intellectual woman, full of feeling and thought.

It chanced, during the evening, that Joan was near her young favorite, the Italian. As they sat together, half concealed by the heavy frame work of the canopy, a little distance before them, just within the light of the sconce, stood Agnes Sorrel, talking with a half persuasive demeanor to the king. There was a restlessness and impatience in his manner, connected with the singular loveliness of the being before him, that excited Joan’s curiosity, if not a deeper feeling. She turned to the Italian and inquired the name and station of the fair girl. The young countess looked quietly up, and went on to explain the position which the fruitless position was acknowledged to occupy with regard to the crown of France. Joan had thrown an arm carelessly over her companion’s shoulder, when she asked the question. As the lady proceeded to answer, she felt the skin which touched her neck grow cold as marble. She shuddered anxiously up, the face of her auditor was turned away, but the throat and lower portion of her cheeks had a cold whiteness upon them, strongly in contrast with the usual dark rich hue of her complexion. A moment after Joan glided from the room quietly, without saying a word.

The Italian was disappointed, for she had hoped to secure that opportunity to proffer a request, which she felt to be of vital importance to her own happiness. Her position in the French court had been a humiliating one, a painful one, with no acknowledged history, a struggle and a wife without open claims to the title and protection of her husband. She found herself subject to the decision of one sex, and to the advances of the other, even the countenance of the queen could not protect her from. The wife who could live in open and close intimacy with Agnes Sorrel, might scarcely be expected to give character to a young and beautiful stranger, brought to her court under circumstances of mystery and concealment. Dunois had informed her of the king’s promise to interest himself in their behalf with the Pope, and she had contented herself with this promise, day after day, for more than a year, without hearing any thing of its fulfilment. Naturally reserved and timid, she hesitated to press the subject on her husband, though her position was one most irksome to a sensitive mind. When Joan singled her out as an object of partial kindness, she resolved to solicit her influence with the Pope to sanction her marriage,—an influence which she knew

be more powerful, even than that of the king himself. But Joan's abrupt departure had deprived her of the opportunity she had so earnestly sought. Anxiety gave her courage, and she resolved to follow her powerful friend to her apartments, and there solicit her assistance.

A page conducted the countess through an ante-chamber, and opened the door of the room where Joan was sitting, alone. She was seated in a position of deep melancholy; her elbows rested on a small table; a hand was pressed hard against either cheek, and her eyes were fixed with a calm unswerving steadiness on the blaze of a lamp burning before her. There was something unnatural and stern in the scene which awed the young countess. She hesitated at the door, and would have withdrawn entirely, but the page observing she was unnoticed, announced her name in a cheerful clear voice, that broke the stillness of the apartment like the blast of a bugle. The Maid started to her feet; a haughty frown gathered on her forehead, and she turned with a fierce gesture to the door, as if about to rebuke the intruder; but when she saw the poor countess shrinking from the entrance, appalled by the pale sternness of her features, she strove to smile, and beckoned her forward, while she commanded the page to withdraw.

There was something of clinging gentleness in the character of the Italian, calculated to win on the nature of a being like Joan d'Arc. She listened kindly to her story, and when it was finished, arose without comment or reply; unlocking a cabinet, she took from thence a roll of vellum and a silver standish, and wrote a few brief lines. She secured the vellum with a band of floss silk, and sealed it with scrupulous nicety. Then taking up a small silver bird-call, which lay on the table, she blew a sharp summons, and gave orders that a courier should be sent to her. When he appeared, she gave him the vellum and a purse of gold, with orders to proceed to Rome without delay, and to place the missive in the hands of his Holiness. When they were alone again, Joan turned to the countess, took her in her arms, and pressed her cold lips to either cheek with affectionate and mournful tenderness.

"Farewell, sweet lady," she said, "when you are happy, forget not the poor hostler-maid—farewell!"

The words were few, but there was a deep trembling pathos in the voice that touched the gentle suppliant to tears. She covered the cold hand extended to her with grateful kisses, and went away to her room that she might weep in solitude, for she felt that some terrible misfortune had befallen that noble being.

Joan was scarcely alone again, when a light knock sounded from the door. She opened it, and a page in the royal livery bent his knee and placed a small roll of snowy parchment in her hand. It was secured by a band of azure silk braided at the ends in a true lover's knot. An expression of haughty contempt passed over her face as she took the roll and glanced upon its fanciful appendage. She was about to tear away the silk when the boy stepped saucily forward.

"Nay, sweet lady," he said, "rend not thus the knot which cost my royal master so much trouble to weave in its present quaint fashion—rather let me undo the

silk. The fair mistress Sorrel has often said that my fingers were even more nimble than her own in unweaving my master's—"

"Peace, boy!—peace, I say!" commanded the Maid, bending her flashing eyes sternly on the forward child, who shrunk back abashed and awed by the kindling passion of her glance. After a moment's ineffectual effort to untie the knot, she snatched a jewelled dagger from the table and cut it in twain, smiling with a stern, bitter meaning as she did so. She bent to the lamp, and an angry crimson burned over her face and neck as she read. When she had perused it she took the vellum and held it over the blaze, till the blackened fragments fell in a shower over the table; then turning to the boy, who stood grasping his velvet cap before him with both hands, while his eyes opened wide with astonishment at this strange manner of receiving a royal billet-doux, she said almost mildly—"Go, child, there is no answer."

When the page was gone Joan bolted the door, and withdrew to her sleeping chamber. If tears or regrets were wrung from her proud heart during that night of solitary agony, there was no eye to witness them—none to watch the painful changing of her countenance, or the passionate wringing of her hands, as she paced the chamber to and fro, now with the haughty tread of an empress, and again with the slow tremulous step which might take a widow to her husband's funeral pyre. In her sorrow as in her glory, Joan d'Arc was alone! When the dawn broke she was sitting by the casement with her arms folded and her face drooping to her bosom, weary with excitement, but not asleep. As the first sunbeam streamed through her casement, she looked up with a calm, heavy eye, and muttered, "There is nothing left to me—nothing but the bright soulless glory of the past. I have been envied and feared and worshipped, yet is there not one being on the broad earth to love me, to feel that there are affections and hopes and aspirations in this heart which pant for a resting place with a want as restless as that which sends the infant to its mother's bosom. I had hoped—but I will not think of that—I must not think of any thing but action, ay, action."

As she spoke, her eye kindled, her lips grew firmer,—the impress of a swerveless resolution settled on her haughty forehead. She rose from her seat and paced the room sternly and slowly, with her hand clenched and her eyes fixed steadily on the floor. When she spoke again, it was in accents of deep pathos, broken with fierce exclamations.

"I have never loved war," she said, "a sweet, dear hope led me on, and I waded through blood and carnage, and wrought deeds that made my woman's heart faint, that I might lay a kingdom at his feet, and now a creature like that—I will not think of it—but will away to the camp—strife, fierce terrible strife, is all that is left to me! I shall love conflict now; the bugle's note, the tramp of the war steeds, and the smoke of battle, will drown thought. This hand has placed a crown upon his head, and shall keep it there, spite of all! When no English foot dares to trample the soil of France; when that to which high heaven has called me is unaccomplished, then will be time for womanish thoughts: but now let me forget wrong and insult in action!"

While she finished this broken soliloquy, she tore off the velvet robe which she had worn at the festival, and encased her limbs in the panoply of war. Unbinding the string of gems from her long ringlets, she knotted them firmly under her helm, and then with a stern purpose settled like iron upon her heart, she went forth from the palace.

That morning, long before the royal inmates of the palace were astir, a troop of horse filed slowly without bugle note or trumpet through the city gate: none presumed to question the leader, but heads were bowed and blessings sprang spontaneously to many a humble lip, as Joan d'Arc passed out of Rheims.

While the court still remained at Rheims, a legate arrived from Rome, commissioned by his Holiness to perform the marriage ceremony required by the Count Dunois and the Italian. The court was summoned by order of the King, to witness the holy rites, for scandal had been busy with the character of the lady, and it was deemed best that the marriage should be celebrated with all the publicity and pomp which her rank and great wealth warranted. The receiving rooms were once more thronged to overflowing, and the solemn service had just been pronounced on the noble pair, when a courier arrived from the camp, and solicited instant audience of the king. Charles withdrew to his closet, and, after a little, Dunois was summoned from the side of his countess. Another and another of the King's counsellors were called from the presence chamber, and it was more than an hour before any of them returned. At length Charles entered. He was evidently much agitated; his step was hurried as he advanced toward the queen, and he paused before the chair of state, which he had occupied by her side, and addressed the assembly abruptly and with much feeling.

"My lords and ladies," he said, "it grieves us much to break in upon your festivities with the evil news which has but now reached us from the camp. Joan d'Arc, our brave benefactress, is a prisoner to the English!"

There was a moment of dead silence in that gay throng, for a feeling of superstitious fear crept through many a heart as the sad news fell upon it. Then the King led his consort from the room, and the assembly dispersed in silence and sorrow, for all felt that a Nation's trust lay in the person of the Maid of Orleans.

That night Agnes Sorrel was seated within her chamber in the royal palace. It was late, yet she had made but slight preparation for rest. The robe which she had worn at the wedding was loosed, and fell back with careless grace from one fair round shoulder, and a portion of her bright tresses swept in beautiful disorder down her arm to the elbow, as she sat with her head bent slightly on one side, busily engrossed in unwreathing the jewels which had beamed among them. The silken covering was removed from her small feet, and one had crept back to its ermine lined slipper, while the other gleamed out on the dark oaken floor like a fragment of exquisite sculpture. A dressing mirror of steel plates stood before her, and she was proceeding in her graceful task with a half languid, half sleepy idleness of motion, when a light knock sounded from the door. She start-

ed, flung back the ringlets from her ear, and with her head bent and her lips slightly parted, remained in her seat, listening earnestly. The knock was repeated—a richer blood rushed to her cheek, and a swarm of dimpling smiles flickered like a rosy sunshine around her red lips.

"It is he at last!" she exclaimed; and without waiting to arrange her dress, she started up and went eagerly to the door.

"Is it only you," she said, in a tone of angry disappointment, drawing her robe with a petulant motion over her neck—"your visit is ill-timed, but come in."

The door was more widely opened, and Jaques, the King's jester, entered the apartment. The same smile of low cunning which ever dwelt on his lips still lingered about them, but his manner had something of authority in it, and he seated himself composedly as one who had a right to waive ceremony.

"Well, what have you to say now?" inquired the disappointed girl, throwing herself carelessly into the easy chair, and sweeping the ringlets back from where they had fallen over her cheek, with an impatient movement of the hand. "Is there money wanted, or a new lover to propose, or have you come again to taunt me with my failure in winning back an old one? Either methinks could have waited till the morning—nay, speak, fair uncle, for to say truth I am becoming sleepy," and with a pretty affectation of a yawn, the spoiled beauty turned her shoulder towards the jester, and nestled down in her chair as if about to drop asleep in his presence.

The Jester was used to her childish caprices, and remained quietly in his seat till she had composed herself. He then said, "I remarked that you left the presence before the ceremony to-day."

"And why should I not?" she replied in a tone of angry excitement. "Was I to remain there that the whole court might see how slightly I am regarded?"

"I blame you not, sweet niece; but shortly after you retired, there came news from the camp—the Maid of Orleans is taken prisoner."

"Agnes Sorrel sprang to her feet, and clasped her hands with a vehement expression of delight—"Joan d'Arc a prisoner, say you! Joy! Give me joy, good uncle—the King of France is mine again!"

"You forget, Agnes," said the Jester, "imprisonment is not death; even now Charles is in council, and it is decided that fifty of the noblest among our English prisoners shall be offered in exchange for the Maid."

The hands which Agnes Sorrel had clasped with such eager delight fell by her side: she sunk with a look of keen disappointment to her chair, and remained many minutes lost in deep and plotting thought. At length she looked up and spoke.

"Uncle," she said, "Joan d'Arc *must not* be set free. Who is the King's messenger?"

"The young Count Rahon."

"What! he who took my colors of late?—it is well, go quickly and bring him hither."

"Here, at this hour, Agnes?"

"Yes, *here* and now—Charles regards me not; yet stay it is better. At what hour does he set forth?"

"At early dawn."

"Have two horses prepared—we will mingle in the cavalcade, as it passes from the city."

"To what purpose, Agnes? Mark me—take no step unless fully advised of its import—remember the poverty from which my care has rescued you; the splendor to which it has opened, and dread the reversion."

"I remember nothing!" exclaimed the excited girl, vehemently—"nothing, but that I am abandoned; sup-  
planted by this Heaven-guided sorceress. The time is come and I *will* have my revenge; ay, even though in seeking it, I sink to a state yet lower than that from which thy avarice and his love has lifted me—but you would know my object, and shall."

She unlocked a casket and took out a signet ring—that which she had once spoken of, as belonging to her royal lover,—then drawing close to the jester, she unfolded in a few, rapid and earnest words, the deep and wicked plot which had entered her heart.

"It is a dangerous scheme," said the Jester thoughtfully, when she finished speaking. "Yet since this infatuation has seized him, my influence is past—I am no longer the secret friend and counsellor of my master—the hidden spring which sets a machine in motion; and now when even beauty like yours fails to win him from her, our mutual interests requires that she be removed—I would that we had more time for reflection." The Jester placed his hands over his eyes and remained lost in thought, as if deliberating some serious point in his mind. After a time he raised his head and turned with a serious air towards his niece.

"Agnes," he said, "there is a method less dangerous, and quite as effectual, to separate these two persons; yet even this I fear to adopt—it requires a steady purpose, and cool courage, of which you are not capable."

"Fear me not—is not my last hope at stake: nay, is not yours? A Jester may be as easily removed from the King's person, as his mistress, when she ceases to please."

The young girl spoke bitterly, and tears started to her eyes.

"Listen," replied the Jester, drawing his chair to hers, and looking about as if to be certain that no listener was within earshot. "Joan d'Arc was summoned to her high career by no heavenly visitant. Have you forgotten the night spent at the little hostelry in the valley of Domremi?"

Agnes looked up with aroused interest—the Jester did not pause for an answer, but drawing his seat still closer to hers, bent his lips to her ear, and continued the conversation in a low earnest voice, which scarcely sounded above a whisper in the silent apartment. Agnes listened with a look of profound astonishment; and when he ceased, she fixed her eyes keenly upon his face and said:

"This scheme was of your devising, uncle. I understand it all; but one object would have led Charles to adopt it,—he had seen the Maid of Orleans and sought to win her—I remember all—all the hitherto meaningless words. That I should be made the tool! It matters not: one thing more, most careful uncle. Did Charles rest that night in the old ruin? Nay, did he not remain there weeks and weeks, when we supposed

him at the camp,—and was not this hostler-maid his companion? Speak, for I *will* know all! A wonderful miracle was it that she should know the King of France—most wonderful!" And the angry beauty burst into a low mocking laugh, which seemed a strange melody to break from lips so exquisitely lovely.

"Be patient, Agnes," said the Jester soothingly, for he was startled at this burst of jealous rage, in a creature who had hitherto been a willing and pliant instrument in his hands—the key which had unlocked his way from the depths of poverty and degradation, to the trusted of a monarch. "Remember the position of our country. Remember that your royal lover was scarcely rich enough to find bread for those beautiful lips—remember—"

"I remember nothing, uncle, nothing but that I have been made a dupe—the base instrument of my own downfall, and that I will be revenged!"

"Mark me," exclaimed the Jester, raising and fixing his eyes sternly upon her; for he felt that she might be awed, not persuaded to acquiescence. "One word more of angry repining or defiance and I abandon you for ever. I, but for whom you might still have been a humble peasant, compelled to dress the ringlets now glowing with queenly gems, in the pool which stood by your father's hut, and to earn—"

The excited girl interrupted him with a burst of passionate tears. "Oh, would to God I had remained such!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in the sudden revulsion of her feelings. "What has the change been to me, but sorrow and shame and sinfulness of heart? Uncle, uncle! for your own base ends you have led your sister's child to evil and sorrow; and now you mock her with the innocent home she has left, and ask for gratitude—but go on, I can listen to you now. What is it you would have me do?" and dashing the tears from her eyes she waited more calmly for what he had to say.

"Now that you are reasonable I will speak; but let us have no more anger or tears, for the night wears and we have little time. My plan was this; let us join the cavalcade as you proposed, gain admission to the dungeon of the Maid, and convince her of the truth of what I but now told you. Shake her faith in the divinity of her own mission—let her suppose that Charles himself was the instigator of the whole, and were he fifty times a king she would spurn him from her feet. Convince her thoroughly of her own delusion, and she will recant in the open court, or I strangely misread her nature. This accomplished, what on earth could bring the King of France and his haughty dupe together again? What can give her station or power in the army? Bereft of her ideal greatness, she ceases to be an object of fear or influence,—while our royal master is established in his station, and will soon learn to thank us for ridding him of a being who would even be a rival in the hearts of his people."

The Jester went on to say much more to reason, soothe and persuade; but the worst part of Agnes Sorrel's nature had been aroused, and with unappeasable jealousy she persisted in having her own more sanguinary plan adopted: an unnatural wish for revenge, or rather

the fear of a reckless and yet naturally timid nature, made her tremble for the security of her position while her rival lived, however abject her state might be. Much conversation passed between the two before they separated; and when their guilty plan was sufficiently matured, the Jester seated himself by a table, and addressed a letter in the King's name to the Duke of Bedford, nicely imitating a note which Agnes took from a casket for the purpose. When the signature of the French monarch was counterfeited, she compared the writing minutely with that of the billet-doux, and then fastened the letter after the King's peculiar fashion, and placed it in her bosom.

The Jester arose to go. "Try and get some sleep now," he said in a low guilty whisper, taking the feverish hand of his niece, and looking with apprehension into her face, which was pale as death, save where a spot of crimson burned in either cheek; "Rohan sets forth at break of day; prepare a disguise and then take some rest. I will set forth to provide horses."

Agnes returned her uncle's grasp, and another mocking laugh broke from her pale lips; "I shall rest bravely! doubt it not—it were strange if this bring not quiet sleep!" she replied, pressing her hand on her bosom where the forged letter had been placed, and lifting her face to his with the expression of a beautiful demon; "Nay, turn not so white, kind uncle, nor let thy eye quail thus with cowardly fear, seeing that thou hast practised fraud from infancy, and that I am but a beginner in falsehood: methinks, a braver front might become thee. Look in my face; is there any thing of thy base dastardly fear there?"

The fever spot burned deeper in her cheek as she spoke, and a mocking spirit gleamed in her beautiful eyes. She might well taunt the Jester with the cowardice that spread a palor over his face. Though his heart was one condensed mass of selfishness and intrigue, he lacked the courage necessary to an act of bold and dangerous fraud, such as he had been committing. He was too cold hearted and wary, not to feel the terrible danger he was incurring; but that young girl had suddenly outleaped him in wicked daring; his own plotting spirit had roused a kindred fiend in her bosom; and he saw that she had none of his subtle strength to subdue it into prudence; yet to that spirit he had become a slave. Agnes Sorrel was acquainted with previous frauds and treasons, that would have brought him to the gallows' tree, had they been revealed to the King. During their conversation that night, she had threatened him with exposure, should he refuse to aid in her designs against the Maid of Orleans. The instrument of his power had turned upon him, and he stood aghast at the peril in which he found himself; but persuasion and threats had been exhausted in vain, to win her from her dangerous and wicked project, and he left the room as one treading on the verge of a volcano, the slave of a passionate and jealous girl.

While the Jester and Agnes Sorrel were holding their dangerous council within the apartments of the latter, the countess of Dunois retired to a small oratory which overlooked the palace gardens, where she spent the night in earnest prayer for the deliverance of her benefactress.

The husband had returned to the camp immediately after the marriage ceremony, and she was too deeply grieved by the captivity of her friend to think of rest. The dawn was beginning to thread the east with its quivering gold and crimson, when she arose from her knees, opened the single casement which lighted the oratory, and looked out upon the gardens beneath. While her hand yet lingered on the sash, two persons passed cautiously through the shrubbery beneath. The one was a gaily dressed page, remarkably slight in person, and somewhat awkward and restless in his movements; the other was enveloped in a dark gown and cowl, such as were then only worn by monks and father confessors, when absent from their monasteries. The hood was drawn over his features with even more care than was usual with the pious class to which he seemed to belong; and he moved forward with a cautious and hesitating step, along a circuitous path, which led directly beneath the casement at which the countess was standing. The boy followed with a bolder and more resolute tread, looking, however, somewhat anxiously at the palace windows as he passed. When just beneath the countess, a bough drooping from one of the ornamental trees grouped in that part of the garden, caught the tassel hanging from his velvet cap, and it was lifted from his head, revealing a coil of golden hair closely braided underneath. As the page turned to secure his cap the face was revealed. It was that of Agnes Sorrel.

The countess was scarcely surprised, for such masking was far from uncommon with persons of a lighter class about the court. The seeming page resumed his cap, and, after a hasty glance about the garden, followed his muffled companion through a private gateway which led into a paved court-yard beyond. The countess was about to leave the casement, when a folded parchment lying beneath the tree which had taken such unceremonious liberty with the fair counterfeit's cap, attracted her attention. She went down, and to her astonishment found it to be a letter addressed to the Duke of Bedford, in the handwriting of the King. She summoned her page and gave orders that it should be conveyed to his majesty; but her messenger returned with word that Charles had ridden forth on the previous night in company with her husband, the Count Dunois. It was three days before that letter reached the King.

*To be continued.*

THERE is a virtuous fear, which is the effect of faith, and there is a vicious fear, which is the product of doubt. The former leads to hope, as relying on God, in whom we believe; the latter inclines to despair, and not relying on God, in whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find him.

REMEMBER, says Raleigh, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last or please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all, for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.

Original.

## THE OUTLAW'S END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

THE morning had been wild and stormy; and, until many hours after noon, the sun had not once looked forth from the dense veil of leaden clouds, which, from the earliest dawn, had shrouded the whole firmament. All day the wind had moved among the forests, shaking the sturdiest trees even to their roots, and strewing the whole surface of the earth with shattered boughs and heaps of foliage; the rain had poured down its incessant volumes, and ever and anon the lightning had glanced forth, casting a fearful and unnatural light among the falling drops, chorused by the deep roaring of the thunder.

Yet toward evening, the fury of the elements subsided; the echoes of the thunder, fainter and fainter after each successive peal, sunk into deeper mutterings scarce audible afar off in the eastern sky—the winds first wailed remotely, and then were heard no more; the rain ceased altogether, the clouds grew thinner, and, as a soft breeze from the west came creeping up, with its sweet low sigh, through the yet dripping woodlands, rolled themselves into separate masses, leaving full many a glimpse of lovely azure—and the great sun himself, though sinking rapidly toward the west, shone out with a soft tranquil light, till the whole earth, refreshed and reinvigorated by the storm, appeared to smile exultingly beneath his cheerful influence. The deer, which had crouched all day long in the most dense and tangled thickets, came bounding out in graceful herds from the dark forest glades; the cattle lowed over the fresh green pastures; even the sable rooks were on the wing, cawing and sporting, far, far above the highest tree-tops, as if they too were conscious of the change, and were rejoicing in the return of sunshine.

But over no spot of the earth did that bright sunshine linger with a more loving glance, reluctant, as it were, to quit so fair a scene, as over the broad tranquil park, studded with immemorial oaks, girded around by deep and devious woodlands, which lay around the venerable mansion, known at the present day as Temple Newsam, in the West Riding of Yorkshire,—though at the period, to which we allude, it went still by the Saxon name which did not cease to designate it, until it fell into the hands of that brave but dissolute and savage order named from the Holy Temple of Jerusalem.

The mansion, which indeed was in no wise unworthy of the rich demesnes among which it was seated, was of stone neatly squared by the hammer, low-roofed and long, and covered not with tiles or thatch, but with large slabs of heavy slate—the windows, large and lofty, were not of that tall lanceolated form, which belonged to the more gorgeous style of architecture already introduced by the victorious Normans, but square-topped and divided by massive transoms of red free-stone—a vault-shaped porch, with two stone benches under it, gave access into the huge hall, and was at this time over-bowered by a rich mass of creeping verdure, woodbine, clematis and egplantine, which spread their winding tendrils over one

half at least of the pile, and hung in many a long festoon down from the swallow-haunted eaves. The times of warfare had, it would seem, passed over in the lovely isle, so long the scene of pitiless strife between its rival races, for a stone arch scanning the tranquil surface of the moat, which still washed, with its broad deep waters, the very walls of the manor house, had replaced the narrow drawbridge, the supports of which might still be seen projecting from either side of the embowered portal; while the stockade of massy timbers which had once guarded the exterior bank had given way to a light rustic railing—a wide and level lawn extended for a mile at least before the windows of this mansion, clothed with a greensward in no respect inferior, whether in hue or softness, to the most costly velvet that ever issued from the looms of Genoa—large herds of cattle might be seen straying here and there over that gentle plain, mixed with the more graceful deer which fed and sported in great numbers beneath the shelter of those lordly woodlands.

Such was the hour, and such the scene, to gaze on which two persons of superior birth and state, as might be seen at the first glance, came forth about two hours before the sun should set, from the green-mantled porch we have described. They were of different sexes; but a nobler specimen of the Almighty Maker's handiwork might have been looked for long, nor found at last, than was exhibited in that bright pair. The lady was in the very prime of womanhood, when the slight airy figure of the girl has become rounded and matured into the swelling and voluptuous fullness of the whole form, which, never seen in girlhood, rarely alas! survives the passing of the thirtieth winter. Graceful, and dignified, and somewhat over the mid height of woman, she seemed like a queen, too calm and gentle to be proud, too confident in her high birth, and conscious bearing, to stoop to the littleness of affectation. She wore no covering on her head—for it was now the very flush of summer—except her own abundant tresses, which, simply braided across the smooth brow, and passing behind each small white ear, were gathered in a rich and coal-black knot behind. She was dressed richly, but in grave and simple colors; and she, indeed, was one on whom it was impossible to look with any reference to her dress and decorations—for her own beauty was so lustrous, that no eye might dwell undazzled on its glories. The comrade of this lovely lady was a tall, powerful, and noble-looking man; whose curling yellow locks, blue eyes, and sunburnt skin contrasted strangely with the raven ringlets, unsunned complexion, and bright dark eye of his sweet partner. His dress, too, though as rich, was very different in its form and fashion from that worn by the lady; for hers, partaking somewhat of the Saxon style in general shape and even in material, was yet essentially Norman; while the short tunic, furled at the cuffs and capes with minever, and gathered in at the waist by a broad leathern girdle—from which hung the short broad two-edged sword which had been borrowed by the earliest Saxons from the masters of the Roman world—no less than the wide flowing mantle, which he wore above it, was as different as possible from the short cloaks and loose shirts of the Norman chivalry. Several



domestics followed them to the door with affectionate yet reverential ministry; and to one of these, a grey-haired man wearing a silver chain about his neck and a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, the Franklin—for so did the proud victors term the wealthier classes of the subject population, whom they admitted not to their own peculiar style of gentlemen—spoke a few words, in a voice so remarkably sonorous, although deep and powerful, that had he been in no wise else remarkable, that had distinguished him alone from all beside.

"Good Hundibert," he said, "let Leofric and Walwyn and some one or two of the others, go forward and make ready for us at the Hermitage, our evening meal—let them make no display nor any pompous preparation—a flask or two of wine, some fruit, and what ye will beside, we rock not. The evening is so fair after this stormy day, that we will walk forth until sunset—is't not so, gentle Alice?"

With a slight inclination of her head and a sweet smile, the lady he addressed assented, and passing her fair arm through his, she turned to leave the porch.

"My cap, good Hundibert," continued he, "I had well nigh forgotten it—fetch me my cap and boar-spear—and ho! ye knaves within there, uncouple Thor and Balder!"

A bustle was heard instantly within, and ere he had received the articles he demanded, two mighty wolf hounds, powerful enough to have pulled down an ox, coal-black and wiry-haired, came bounding through the hall with a wild yell of joyous recognition. "Soh! soh! my men—down Balder—down, sir! one would think, Alice," he went on, "their instinct were but little if it be at all inferior to our boasted reason. See, how they gambol and career over the dewy lawn; and now, lo, you! I pray, the elder dog, as though ashamed of merriment so unbecoming his years and station, comes soberly and modestly back to his master's heel! But what a heavenly sunset! Remember you at any time a sweeter evening?"

"Lovely, indeed, too lovely almost for this earth, on which it beams so fondly," she replied. "Is not the smile of that splendid sunset, lighting up with a recent glory that which before was all dull and gloomy, and calling forth a thousand fresh and fairer excellences, which, never else would have revealed themselves, from what was indistinct, obscure, and meaningless—is not, I say, that sunny smile, like to the noble love of some high nature; which, falling on a lowlier object, not only is enamored of the being in whom its own redundant excellence imagines qualities which of a truth exist not—but actually by its beautifying influence calls forth and awakens beauties, which, before that great magician's call, had slept unnoticed and unknown, even if they had any natural existence of their own?"

"Nay, nay! sweet Alice," answered he, on whom she leaned so fondly; "I would say rather is't not the beauty of the scene, which, though it kindles at the radiant gleam, and responds to the genial smile,—is't not the beauty of the scene, which lends the true attraction?—Pour the same sunbeam down upon a bare and barren desert—roamed by the prowling wolf, and whitened by

the bones of hapless pilgrims—and where then will be the beauty, where then the bright attraction?—Far then from adding loveliness, or touching with enchantment the dark scenery, will not the full glare of the day-god but reveal fresh horrors, which else had lain concealed by the sweet veil of darkness? No! no! believe me, dearest—the sunbeam is, indeed, like to the love of a high nature; but to be lovely in itself, much more to waken loveliness in others, it must be shed upon a kindred and a glorious object. Then, then indeed, will it create fresh beauties—then will it, doubled as it were, and worthily reflected back, both give, and receive glory. But if—most contrary to the great will of Him, who sets the passions in our hearts to be our slaves, and not our tyrants—if that the love of the most generous and noble nature be prodigally poured upon an object which deserves it not, nor ever can appreciate it, believe me, Alice, not only, will not that love create or call forth excellences from a soil incapable to bear them, but it will in itself deteriorate, and lose its own innate and highborn majesty, and sink into a kindred degradation with that which it has stooped to shine on."

"True!—true! most true and beautiful," replied the lady; "and such—such, Hereward—such am I fond to think has been our love. Born of affliction, too, and tempest-nursed, it hath yet won its way to a serene and golden evening. And thou too, my beloved, thou too, like to this day now fading into night, didst run thine earlier course through violence and war and bloodshed!—and who now, in the stately peaceful Franklin, ruling his broad demeanes in dignified and honored leisure, could recognize the fierce and dreaded outlaw, the scourge of Norman prelates, the foe of Norman warriors, and—ah, Hereward, dost recollect the day?—the rescuer of Norman damsels?"

"How should I e'er forget?" he answered with a fond glance to his lovely bride; "how should I e'er forget, or ever cease from gratitude to Him, who, when I was but dreaming of fierce vengeance on a savage foe, gave me a motive of good—mingled with, and coloring the evil! Who, when I only thought of holding by a loose bond together for a little space a handful of my wronged and suffering countrymen, and forcing our oppressors to taste something of the bitterness which they had poured into our cup, called me to better thoughts, and gave me, not the desire alone, but the means to aid and comfort them! So that, as you have said, now in the evening of my life, blessed with your pure and holy love—pardoned by him who rules the land, and with whom, be his title what it may, even I confess it madness to contend—at peace with our Norman neighbors—I live here on the heritage you lavished on me, happy, and grateful, and not I trust entirely profitless to Him who gave us all. I can now look on wrongs committed, and seek not to revenge, but to redress and remedy. I wish to do some little good in this my province, and thus to make atonement for the much evil which I did of yore—not unprovoked, perhaps, nor in determined wickedness of will—and all thanks be to Him, and after Him to thee, I have the means to mate my will!"

"Dear Hereward!" she raised his broad hand to her

rosy lips and kissed it with the fondest reverence—"dear Hereward! and dost thou think, indeed, all is so peaceful as thou sayest? Dost apprehend no danger? Pardoned indeed thou art, and at peace, as thou sayest, with all thy warlike neighbors. But is there no small cloud portending wrath to come on the horizon? What thinkest thou of this Norman band, which as we heard yestrene is moving northerly from Leicester,—its leader the most savage of the Free Companions—and, if report speaks true, the brother of arms, the cousin and close friend of that ill man from whom your valor saved me? Deemest thou there is no danger of some violent unauthorized attack?"

"Not so, sweet Alice," he replied; "the kingdom is now peaceable, and under governance of laws, firmly and legally administered!—At peace and under the protection of the King, in bond of amity with the Lord High Lieutenant of the county, I cannot apprehend the slightest chance of overt peril—and, for the night marauders, I have yet left enough of the old Hereward, the Hunter, in my veins that I can defy and scorn them. But, jest apart, our train is known too strong for casual outrage; and for a regular attack upon a peaceful, and a well-respected man, the quiet state of England, the firm police, and the close neighborhood of friendly garrisons, under right friendly leaders, forbid us to fear any thing. It is but thy affection—not thy reason—that whispers aught of peril."

Conversing thus, the Saxon Hereward, with his fair dame, had strolled through the lovely tranquil scenery of their demesne—had passed the trim and level park, grazed by superb and comely cattle, and studded with occasional clumps of stately forest trees; and entering upon the wilder and more broken, and perhaps on that account more picturesque and pleasing scenery of the upland chase, which stretched away, a sylvan solitude of miles, toward the north, hastened to join their train at the spot which had been appointed for their evening meal. The Hermitage, for so this favorite haunt was termed, was not a decorated hut according to the taste of modern times, but in good truth a cavern-dwelling, scooped from the limestone rock, which suddenly swelling up from the tamer hills around it, presented at that point a bare and ragged precipice, above a hundred feet in height, round which a rapid stream wheeled turbulently, lashing itself, so many were the reefs and shattered blocks of stone which barred its course, into one sheet of snowy foam. The cave, which, although long untenanted, had once been the abode of a true Saxon anchorite, consisted of two chambers—the first a roomy, square apartment, with a groined roof, and a wide chimney, wrought, as it seemed, at the expense of almost endless toil, out of the solid rock by patient chiselling; the front toward the river having a low arched doorway, and a long transomed window, now for the most part over-run with ivy, which overlooked a wide reach of the foaming torrent, and the rich hanging woods which clothed the farther verge. The second, as is for the most part the case in excavations of that kind, was smaller, and but dimly lighted through one tall narrow loop-hole, containing merely a niche or two, formed to receive the crucifix and holy water, and a

recess wherein the lonely dweller had for years strewed his humble couch. In the exterior chamber, when they arrived there, they found all preparations made for their refreshment,—a snowy cloth spread on the rude stone table, a flask or two of the light Gascon wines, at that day deemed the choicest produce of the grape—pastry and fruit and other slight confections, arranged on silver plates, with flowers and green leaves in profusion—sweet garniture for such a meal. A single page was waiting when they entered, and he too was dismissed on their arrival. And they sat gazing upon the lovely landscape, and trifling with the delicacies set before them, rather as an excuse for loitering there, than that they cared to gratify their appetite; conversing, now gaily, now with that mixture of soft melancholy, which runs ever, in a deep and sweet vein, through minds of a poetical and highly wrought temperament—until the moon was riding broad and bright in the transparent heaven, and the long hooting of the answering owls was mingled with the brawling of the river. Suddenly there was heard a clang of steel without, and heavy footsteps clanking along the narrow pathway, which gave the only access to the cavern; and the next moment a loud shout from the page rang through the stillness of the night—"Treason! Ho—Hereward, to arms!"

"Peace, noisy fool," cried a harsh voice in Norman French, and with the words the dull sound of a heavy blow—a piercing shriek—and ere one could have counted ten, a plunge in the swift torrent—followed.

Upon the instant, Hereward sprang to his weapons—gained the doorway, and at a glance perceived that his hour was come! Eighteen or twenty powerful and savage-looking men at arms, completely sheathed in steel, with mace, and battle-axe, and long two handed swords, were hurrying up the craggy pass—escape was none but through their ranks—hope of assistance none—and to resist was only to prolong the vain death struggle. Yet Hereward was not the man to perish unavenged or tamely—he raised his bugle to his lips and wound it long and loud, till the woods echoed far and wide to its shrill cadences, but other answer there came none. The path was very rugged, and so narrow that but one man could scale it at a time; and had he been arrayed in helm and hauberk, with his good gisarme in his hand, Hereward would have deemed it but a light task to defend that passage, single handed against a score of armed assailants—but in his garb of peace, with nothing but one boar-spear, and a short stabbing sword that could be scarce expected to pierce the feeblest armor, what could he hope to do against the steel clad warriors. Once, ere he left the cavern, he strained his Alice to his heart, pressed one long kiss on her brow, then rushed into the fray!

Grasping his boar-spear by the middle, as though about to hurl it on the advancing enemy, and folding his large mantle in compact and massive folds upon his arm he sprang upon the foremost; but, swifter far than he, the wolf-dog, Balder, dashed at the throat of the file leader—embarrassed by this unexpected foe, the man-at-arms lowered his guard, and at the self-same instant the keen head of the boar-spear plunged irresistibly into his visor,

shattered the bars, drove in the scull, and hurled him back, a dead man, on his nearest follower. Staggering beneath the weight of his slain leader, the second man-at-arms missed his foot hold; and, ere he could recover his equilibrium, a back stroke from the hand of Hereward pitched him sheer down, a fall of eighty feet, into the torrent's bed! Another and another fell beneath the fierce stabs of the desperate Saxon!—they hesitated, they drew back—but it was only for an instant—again they charged upon him, and their long cutting weapons were stained with his blood; yet from his vantage ground he still dealt death among them, till overstrained by the hard service, the tough shaft of the boar-spear burst into a hundred splinters, at the blow which drove it through the corslet, deep, deep into the heart, of him, who, coming treacherously to avenge the death of his slain cousin, met the fate which he destined for another. But the same blow which slew his foeman, was not less fatal to the Saxon—for though he drew his short sword on the instant, it was too powerless a weapon at close quarters. They rushed upon him in a body—it was a dark, confused, and desperate grapple!—he lost his footing—fell—struggled up to his knee, once more, and brought another foeman down!—And with the yells of the fierce wolf-hounds, yells of rage blent with agony, and the deep curses of the murderers, and the continual clash of steel, a more appalling strife can hardly be conceived! And now to fill the measure up with horror, Alice came rushing down, believing that the strife was ended, and hoping only to share the doom of her adored, lost Hereward. Scarcely had she burst upon the scene, ere she was seized by a fierce soldier. Then, desperately, mortally, wounded as he was, Hereward rallied at the sight—sprang to his feet, and seizing her assailant by the arm, plunged his short sword over the gorget through his unguarded throat! Once more he clasped her to his heart—once more, and with a straining grasp that never was unloosed! For as his arms encircled her, a treacherous thrust took effect between his shoulders from behind, and hurled him, ere he could make an effort to unhand her, over the head-long brink. No shriek was heard, no struggle seen—for he was slain outright, and she, most happy so to perish, but strained her white arms the more closely round her hero's neck, and even as they fell, caught his last sigh on her sweet lips!—the foaming waves roared over them—in life they had been fond, and faithful, and perhaps too happy for this mortal sphere—and in death they were not divided!

H.

How falsely do those reason, who imagine that opinions, of whatever character, may be counteracted and stifled by popular violence! If the opinions be false, how degrading is the estimate of human virtue, that force should be deemed necessary to restrain mankind from grasping and receiving them! The whole history of the world proves, that error has received its strongest impulses from the mistaken efforts of those who would crush it by violence. If they be true, ridicule cannot abash them, contempt cannot wither them, oppression cannot annihilate them—the truth will soar, through doubt and through darkness, through water and through fire, to that proud and lofty pinnacle, where all truth must finally sit enthroned.

Original.

BUONAROTTI.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER," ETC.

It was an evening of festivity in the palazzo Barberini of Rome, 1525. All that luxury in that most luxurious age could devise, or wealth and power command, was there to delight the guests; the nobles of the papal city, ambassadors from Venice, Mantua, Florence and other states, together with many distinguished by their learning or their works—generals, jurists, poets, architects and painters. The vast saloon was adorned with noble frescoes, and hung with shields and banners, that gleamed in the rays of gothic lamps suspended by chains of gold; paintings of the earlier schools of Italian art decorated the walls; the cornices were wrought with emblematic devices; and the mirrors of Murano, that flashed back the light—the carpets from the looms of the East—the velvet-cushioned seats, covered with armorial blazonry—the marble tables, bearing silver vases, crowned with flowers, and medals, gems, intaglios, etc., long afterwards the wonder and admiration of Europe—the buffets of dark marble of Porto Venere, with their gilded capitals and crystal decorations, and the store of massive plate they displayed, all proved the taste as well as the magnificence of the lordly entertainer.

"On my life, Flaminio," said a young man, who, while the newly-arrived guests were successively announced, had been gazing on a young lady, the centre of a group near him, "on my life, I never saw any thing so lovely!"

And he might well say so; the face was exquisite, the contour of the head, just then elevated and inclined a little, was perfectly Grecian; yet it was not the lovely outline, or the transparence of her complexion, or the rose on her lips that charmed, so much as the ethereal atmosphere of modesty, grace and refinement that floated about her. She wore a close vest of silver stuff, and a robe of white, with long silken sleeves, brodered with gold. Her girdle was woven with pearls, and fell as low as the hem of her robe, where the ends were joined in a large rose formed of precious stones. A camicetta of the finest and thinnest cambric shaded a neck white as alabaster, and suffered part of her finely-rounded shoulders to be visible. A monile of rich pearls was the only ornament of her neck, save her bright ringlets, which were allowed to escape the partial confinement of a wreath of pearls.

"It is the lady Claudia de Barberini," replied Flaminio to his friend's remark. "She is beautiful beyond compare, and the star of fashion. And yonder is the happy man on whom destiny bestows her hand."

"The handsome cavalier who stands beside her?"

"You are just from Milan, or you would know better. That is Alberto di Cordona, the most gallant of our captains. He won distinction at the battle of Paria; his bravery promised to render his name as famous as that of his noble kinsman, Raymond. It were well if the future husband of the Lady Claudia had as strong an

arm and as bold a heart. She has been affianced from infancy to the Conte d' Orsini."

"What—that man of low stature, with black mustaches, his dress so sedulously bedecked with jewels?"

"The same. He has just arrived from Florence, report says, to wed the lady. Observe with what an air of aristocratic negligence he leans against that column, playing with the diamond clasp of his mantle. His splendid self fills his whole soul; you know he is nearly related to the Medici."

"Is he not jealous of the favor his betrothed shows to others?" asked Bandello. "Jealousy, you know, is but self love masked—"

*'E il geloso amor malato  
Che ogni detto, ogni atto spia,  
E amor proprio mascherato.'*

"Hush!" interrupted his companion, "dare you make verses in such a presence?" and he pointed to a distinguished-looking man who just then approached. "How do you, Caro Signor Ludovico? It is like the sunlight to behold your smiling face. Let me present to you my friend, Bandello; and you, comrade, I pledge mine honor, will gladly welcome to your acquaintance one who has so often delighted you—Signor Ariosto."

"Ariosto!" repeated Bandello, and with a depth of reverence that almost called a smile on the lively poet's face, he paid his salutation, and expressed the pleasure he felt in meeting with "the honor of Italy and of poesy."

The individual he addressed was about the middle age, and the traces of past excesses made him appear even older, notwithstanding the vivacity that pleased so universally in his countenance. His figure was tall and noble, and inclining to the fullness of a free liver. His keen dark eyes were fixed, ever and anon, with an intensity of admiration that betokened the devoted worshipper of beauty, on some fair face or form. He replied with graceful ease to the compliments of Bandello, and immediately gave a new direction to the conversation, by remarking upon several visitors as they entered.

"That military figure, who wears his plume so gracefully, is the Ambassador of Mantua. Ha! the Count Guido Rangoni! he is a rare guest in these troubled times. Who is you fair lady, to whom Vitello Vitelli is paying such chivalrous devotion? I warrant me she laughs within herself at his bearishness. Diana, full-orbed! could I not win more of those stately smiles? See, she gives her hand to Julian of Ferrara!"

"And there is the Venetian captain," said Flaminio. "He is high in favor with the Pope since May."

"It is said," carelessly observed the poet, "matters are brewing which will bring Clement to commit himself against the all-conquering Emperor."

"Had he done so a year since," said Bandello, "Italy might have been saved."

The discourse, which might have taken a political turn, was interrupted by an exclamation from Ariosto. "Lo! the queen of the feast! and a greater than she—"

MICHEL—più che mortale, ANGEL divino!"

Two pages at the same instant announced the celebrated Marchesa di Pescara—Victoria Colonna. It was

in honor of this lady, distinguished alike by her rank and genius, then on a visit to the heiress of Barberini, that the entertainment had been given. A radiant creature she was! Her bloom of girlhood had fled; but a brighter and loftier charm—intellectual grace and dignity, the dignity of feminine virtue and loveliness sat throned on her brow. Her dark, brilliant eyes and pure complexion, the noble contour of her features, and her symmetrical figure, vindicated her claims to a beauty that rivalled the vaunted charms of the stately Roman dames. A coronet of gems rested on her forehead; a rich veil was fastened in her braided hair, and relieving its darkness, floated in light folds over her shoulders. She wore a robe of rose-colored satin, trimmed with lace, and confined at the waist by a girdle fastened with a spiral serpent, whose eyes were two large rubies.

The noble poetess was attended by the Duke di — and Barberini. But she had a rival in the attention of the admiring guests; a man, apparently about forty years of age, though in reality, ten years older. There was nothing peculiar in his dress or bearing; but the acute observer could trace in his bold and somewhat stern features, and the rapid changes of expression in his countenance, the energetic and daring intellect, the genius that no forms could direct or control. But not at the first glance could the eye measure the mental character of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. In repose, his features had an aspect of austerity, if not of moroseness. But the quick kindling of the eye, the rapid play of expression, the bright smile, gave evidence to those with whom he deigned to converse, and they were but few, of the genial temper of his soul. He was welcomed with cordiality by the bland host; hundreds crowded to see and speak with him, for it was but seldom he appeared in society; and the place of honor was assigned him at the banquet. Between him and Ariosto, there subsisted the warmest friendship, notwithstanding the difference of their personal characters. The gaiety of the poet granted to his friend's asperity all it claimed; while the stern reserve of Michael Angelo was ever ready to relax in favor of one esteemed so highly, and who had so often rendered him the homage most dear to a man of genius—the praise of one who understands him.

It would be superfluous to describe minutely the banquet that succeeded, where all was set forth that could minister to the gratification of the most fastidious taste. Perhaps modern refinement might have censured the mixture of needless ornament with such profusion; the immense joints of goats' and boars' flesh in trenchers of silver, with vast varieties of game; the herons and peacocks roasted whole, and re-adorned with their plumage; but they were relished by the taste of the middle ages, as well as the fruits of all seasons, the flasks of delicate liquors then in use, and the rich wines, the product of the fertile Veronese, and the ancient wines so much praised by the Roman nobility. In one respect modern cultivation was surpassed; a courteous hilarity reigned, but the voice of boisterous mirth was unheard. At the close of the feast, which had been enlivened by military pantomimes and other entertainments in vogue, the gifts were brought to the fair Marchesa, and by her,

distributed, while the guests stood up to respond to the toasts. Four pages at last entered, carrying a piece of workmanship in ivory on a base of ebony, representing Mercury teaching Love to play on the lyre. Victoria smiled as it was placed before her, and ran her finger lightly over the mimic chords. The touch was like magic; from a secret receptacle a shower of gems and bijoux was shot upwards, and dispersed among the company. It was amusing to see the eagerness with which the toys were secured by the gay cavaliers and presented to the dames. A delicate cross of gold, marked with the name "Claudia," was offered to her on the knee, by the Count d'Orsini. The maiden received it with a haughty gesture, and turning to the young Cordona, regardless of the Count's dark looks, and a frown from her fair friend, the Marchesa, bade him fix it in her hair. The company left the banquet-room soon after, and dispersed; some to the dance, to which the gorgeous music invited; some to wander through the stately gardens, enriched with those antique marbles which were the fairest inheritance of that proud family, and destined to perpetuate its memory, when its honors were no more. Into one of its shaded walks a young pair passed; they lingered but an instant, yet that instant was the turning point in the destiny of both, and fraught with a bliss of which neither had ever dreamed before.

"One word, dearest, dearest," whispered the youthful Cordona, "one word to seal my hopes with certainty! May the destinies pardon me the rapture of this moment! One word! one look, beloved!"

And Claudia gave the look; the melting radiance of her eyes shone deep into her lover's heart. He caught her hand; she withdrew it, but it was only to detach the golden cross he had fastened in her hair. "Take this," she murmured, "and believe that Claudia returns your love!"

The young soldier knelt; he kissed the precious gift; he kissed again and again, while words of passion, long suppressed, faltered from his lips, the white hand that presented it. There was no time for doubt; neither had a misgiving, for with him, love newly uttered, swept away like a tide, all other feelings, and with her, nurtured in the lap of indulgence, unconscious of one ungratified wish, distrust would have been unnatural.

Suddenly a strain of vocal music was heard near them, and a company of convivial guests came down the avenue. One was the Count d'Orsini. The blood rushed to his haughty brow as he caught a glimpse of Claudia with Cordona beside her; promptly advancing, he took her arm, and led her with more haste than courtesy, to the spot where Victoria was playing on the harp and improvising a song. Alberto melancholly followed.

That night, as the young lover went homeward, a man wrapped in a mantle, threw himself upon him with a drawn dagger. With admirable coolness he avoided the blow, disarmed the assailant, and divested him of so much of his disguise as enabled him to recognize the confidential servant of D'Orsini. The baffled assassin begged for mercy; with a laugh of scorn, Cordona flung him off into the street. The laugh was echoed by a merry

group, who had just entered the dark and narrow street in time to witness the occurrence.

A morning or two after, many noble and distinguished visitors repaired to the Vatican. The courtesy of Michael Angelo had yielded to his admirer, Ariosto, permission for himself and some select friends, to visit his sketch of the Last Judgment, which he had not yet begun to paint in fresco. This stupendous work, the crowning one of that sublime style of paintings he had undertaken at the command of Julius II., already promised to be the most marvellous of all. The noble groups lingered, while waiting for the artist, in intense admiration before the paintings in the Listine chapel.

"Would Dante had lived," exclaimed Ariosto, in rapture, interrupting the silence with which the dames and cavaliers had long gazed, "would Dante had lived to behold this pictorial representation of his grand Idea of the origin and progress of Theocracy."

"He would recognize a genius that partook, also, of his faults," observed Flaminio. "Dante was sometimes a declaimer rather than a poet; Michael Angelo is often an anatomist rather than a painter. Indeed, it seems to me that his paintings are the conceptions of a sculptor." And he pointed to some naked figures, where grace had been sacrificed to a display of energetic action.

"Yet who would consent to give up this quality, so peculiarly his own?" said Bandello. "I have seen his cartoon of Pisa, that school of art and of the world. There, nothing can exceed the expressiveness of gesture. With a variety that almost transcends imagination, he has personified that motion which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures. The ideas of motion seem, in the words of Dante, to have been *showered* into his mind. Who would exchange his for the stately splendor of Leonardo de Vinci's picture, glorious in conception as it is?"

"I never saw them," said Flaminio, with a sigh of some mortification.

"You are aware it was painted in emulation of Leonardo de Vinci. Both paintings represent the taking of Pisa; but Leonardo painted a battle of cavalry—Buonarrotti, a body of foot, battling in the Arno, and at a sudden alarm, rushing from the waters to arms. The artist's unrivalled knowledge of anatomy, is thus displayed in perfection."

"Who," observed another, "can question the power of Michael Angelo in depicting grace and beauty, so long as yonder Eve remains? Her attitude, as she turns to thank her Creator, might have done honor to Raphael himself. And if Buonarrotti sometimes neglects elegance of coloring, and the novelties of the pencil, are not such sportive witcheries, incompatible with the terrific grandeur of his style?"

"Those who censure him in this respect," said Ariosto, "do not appreciate the character of his genius. He has been called the modern Zeuxis—Raphael, the Apelles; but even this distinction is inexpressive. Raphael is the prince of dramatic, Michael Angelo, of epic painting. The design of the former art is to impress upon us the relations of man to man; it is full of character, pathetic,

impassioned; it aways the sympathies of the soul. The design of epic painting, on the other hand, is to impress and illustrate some general quality of nature; some grand and abstract principle, of which visible agents are only the machinery to force it upon the mind."

"You are right," said Victoria Colonna. The idea of Homer is war; the one pervading, irresistible idea of Dante, is religion; his heroes, and ghosts, and demons, are merely actors; Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, but the scene of action. While the thunder peals from the storm-cloud, we behold spire and temple, mountain and forest illumined by the lurid flash; so in his wild page, we see his spectral and shadowy forms but by that heaven-born light. And thus it is in these immortal frescoes."

Even those who smiled at her poetical illustration, admired the enthusiasm of the fair speaker as she continued:—

"Not to speak of discriminating ornament, to look for minute shading of character here, is to misunderstand the artist's invention. Here is the Deity in his government of man; here is creation and adoration. The veil of eternity is rent; we see embodied the first great principles of revelation, and their mysterious development in Divine dispensations. Man is here only as a religious being."

"If the general spirit of these works," observed Ariosto, "were more thoroughly understood, the artist would have been spared much cavilling and censure. The individual figures, though subordinate to the grand whole, exhibit the same sublime epic design. Behold the dignity of those prophets and sybils; the solemn majesty of their eyes, the wild, yet subdued attitudes, as of those who stand in the presence of God, and utter what He inspires. Each embodies some great idea, some peculiar sentiment. Look at that Isaiah—the image of Inspiration; how superior to Raphael's! Daniel writes from a volume; Diligence is personified in him. In Ezekiel, the prophet of resurrection, we trace the linaments of fervid Fancy. And what can be more expressive than the silent wo of Jeremiah, as he surveys the ruins of the sacred city?"

Others were here added to the group; among them, the Bishop of Lodi, and another in ecclesiastical attire, who was saluted by all, with marks of the highest respect. He came up to pay his homage to the distinguished Colonna.

"And it pleases me right well to meet you here, Signor Bembo," cried Ariosto. "To-morrow I return to Ferrara; my visit I shall remember with unmingled pleasure, since it has gained me the sight of you!"

Bembo replied suitably to the courteous welcome, and the interrupted discussion was resumed.

"Yet may we not regret," asked Flaminio, after some further remarks had passed, "the typical nature of the subjects so generally chosen in our day? Does not this reference to a mystical and invisible standard deprive the painter of great advantages enjoyed by artists in a less spiritual age? Can we hope, now that his labors must conform to a mental type—now that he is expected

to embody the invisible, for that correctness and glory of the human form, which is the boast of Grecian art?"

"How can we regret it?" exclaimed Victoria with energy. "Art now represents the nobler, the immortal faith, christianity has introduced. Thanks be to God, there is a self-existent soul in man! and thanks be to Michael Angelo, he has painted the *soul*, free, sovereign, in its dwelling-place of clay. Doth not this exalt him to pre-eminence, even if his productions surpass not the cold material perfection of the antique?"

"It may be doubted," said Ariosto, "whether Flaminio's objection be not a formidable one, to ultimate improvement of art in modern times. The moral energy and depth of feeling generated by the union of the warlike, Gothic spirit, with ancient refinement, and the voluptuous genius of the East, together with the elevating influence of a pure and spiritual religion, vast as is their renovating effect in literature, may be inadequate to sustain art which is based upon form. The mysteries of christianity, the virtues and duties of its votaries, substitute a medium inferior in a physical—mark me, only in a physical sense—to the resources of Greek mythology. We have no longer in our forums, at our gates, the public exhibitions that facilitated the means of art."

"Have we not," interrupted the Marchesa, "in the sacred records, ample materials for the exhibition of character and passion?"

"True," replied the poet; "but monastic legends teem not with novel or elevated forms. Grandeur and beauty they may have; but they are mingled with baser materials; and they exclude the artist from the sources where alone he can find instruction. The pencil and the chisel form an ideal of beauty from beautiful models. Art must, therefore become typical. May she continue to record actions, and exhibit images which may inflame the zeal and purify the hearts of her worshippers! And now, my fair Colonna, I will cease proying, for here comes Michael Angelo himself, to conduct us to the holy of holies. Lead on, Buonarrotti."

In a few moments they were within the studio of the great painter. Its only tenant when they entered, was a lad of about seventeen, engaged upon the model of a bust; he ceased working, and was about to retire, but at an imperative "Remain, Paolo," from Michael Angelo, he stood with downcast looks, evidently embarrassed; and in the conversation that ensued, only ventured now and then to lift his dark eyes, at times absolutely flashing, to the face of the speaker.

Here, though imperfect as yet in execution, was the artist's masterpiece! here was daring, loftiness and grandeur, that filled and overwhelmed the soul. How terrible, how intense in expression the anguish and dread of the damned, dragged downward to their eternal prison-house! how full of divine dignity the aspect of Him who is to judge Heaven and Earth! Not a word was uttered, scarce a breath was drawn for many minutes, till Bاندello observed to the painter—

"Neither here, Signor Buonarrotti, do you avail yourself of the introduction of pathos. Do you purposely avoid the pathos pursued by Raphael?"

"Why should I not?" said Michael Angelo, with a smile. "Raphael is superior in every department, save in one; the delineation of the human figure. In anatomical knowledge, I surpass him; I may expect to triumph; and will not posterity adjudge the palm to him who excels in the most arduous enterprise?"\*

"If I might dare," said Bembo, "to suggest any alteration, methinks a little allowable imitation of Raphael might lead you to dispose better the crowd around that judgment-seat."

Buonarotti seemed a little piqued at the criticism.

"You are a churchman, Signor Bembo," said he, "and I must reverence your opinion. Had Raphael undertaken this subject, he would doubtless have treated it differently. My face-shortenings and attitudes he would have neglected; perhaps in them lies my highest merit."

"The cold and constrained Bembo," whispered Victoria, with irrepressible vexation to Ariosto, "himself the copyist of Petrarch, cannot discern the untrodden path of design."

"I will tell you," said Ariosto to the painter, "what would have been the Last Judgment from the pencil of Raphael. He would have depicted all possible characters, all possible emotions; he would have chosen imagery that appealed to our sympathies, and given a scenic effect to the picture. You, Michael Angelo, bold and terrible, disdain all dramatic aid; your typical style represents states of being rather than individual beings. He would have dwelt on personal and social relations; making whatever is domestic, political and religious, subservient to human feeling and passion, instead of inverting the principle as you have done."

"Yes," replied Michael Angelo; and thus have destroyed the sublimity of the greatest and most mysterious of events; for discrimination of character would here prove fatal to sublimity. Raphael's masterpieces enchant us less by their beauty than by their modesty, purity and grace of expression. He has no inspiration; but, let me do him justice, he is GRACE itself. If he could not rise to Heaven, he has brought Heaven down to earth."

"Yet he blessed his fate that he had been born in the same age with you," timidly observed Victoria; "and death alone prevented him from proving how much he profited by the contemplation of your works."

"I would he had lived to see the end of this," said Michael Angelo, musingly. "But I have always confessed I yielded to him in coloring; and Correggio has quietly borne away the palm from both of us."

"Though you scorn to imitate Raphael," said the cynical Bembo, "you have not the same apprehension with regard to your prototype, Dante. Your sybils in yonder chapel, are the echoes of your prophets; here again like him, you blend sacred with profane history, and place the Stygian ferryman among the angels of the revelation. Why not follow him out, by making your impatient Charon beat the loitering ghosts with his oars?"†

"Does your religion," asked Michael Angelo, not

without scorn, "refuse to include heathenism in the Last Judgment?"

"No, surely; but it refuses to associate Minos with Christ, on the judgment-seat."

"No more, Signor Bembo, as you value my friendship," interrupted the Marchesa, with a playful air of command. "There is no danger, in truth, that the genius of our artist will be rendered savage by your unjust criticism, and desert its calm path. Yet, for our own sakes, since the courtesy of Michael Angelo has yielded us this enjoyment, I bid you be silent!"

Very desultory were the remarks that followed, till the company took their departure, most of them to remember as an epoch in their lives, and talk of for years after, their first sight of the LAST JUDGMENT.

It was night, and the lovely Colonna still sat in her chamber, absorbed in the high thoughts which her visit to the Listine chapel had awakened. The stained windows leading to the balcony were thrown open, and the moonbeams streamed in, and the cool air stirred the crimson tapestry, embroidered with silver, with which the walls were hung. A lute was lying on a seat near her; on a table before her was a small silver lamp, and a bronze urn that served as an ink-stand; and books, then a rare luxury, were scattered about the apartment. Victoria's thoughts at length reverted to her absent lord. She took up the lute, played a soft symphony, then sang a few verses in her low and touching voice. Before she ceased, the curtains at the entrance of the room were drawn aside, and Claudia entered, pale and dejected, and with a glance at her friend, passed to a distant end of the apartment. Victoria rose and went to her, took her hand, kissed her forehead, and said in tones of tenderness—

"What ails my fair Claudia?"

The maiden had come to confide her grief; she answered bitterly, "I have offended my father. He has given command that in four days I shall become the bride of the Count d' Orsini."

"And is there not time," asked Victoria, playfully, "for a pageant as lordly as maiden's heart could wish?"

Claudia looked up in her friend's face with an expression of determination foreign to the gentleness of her character. "I have never loved the Count," said she, "and now I hate him. I will not obey my father."

"Nay," said the Marchesa, "this is childish forwardness. The word of Barberini is pledged; you have been affianced for years. And before the Count came last from Florence, you showed not such aversion to him."

"I love another!" said Claudia, dropping her head involuntarily, and blushing as she uttered the words.

The manner of Victoria suddenly changed. Her fair brow gathered into a frown; her cheek flushed; she withdrew her arm from the waist of the young girl. Claudia threw herself weeping at her feet.

"Oh, pardon, pardon, and aid me!" she cried. "I have no friend but you; save me from this hateful marriage!"

"Who has dared," said the Colonna sternly, "to claim your heart?"

\* Varaz.

† "Batte col remo qualunque ai adagia."—DANTE.

"Oh! blame him not! I loved him before he sought it; his noble virtues—his bravery—his grace—so opposite to D' Orsini—"

"Alberto de Cordona?"

The maiden only replied by hiding her face in the lap of her friend, articulating amid her sobs—

"Save me from the Count!"

"Poor child!" said Victoria, rising and embracing her, "you must learn to subdue this passion. I pity—from my heart I pity you!"

"And you will aid me?"

"I will—to do your duty. My Claudia, we must look to that alone!"

"I will never wed the Count. I will die in a convent first."

"Listen to me. I was, as you know, betrothed in childhood to Francesco d' Avalos."

"And you loved him not?"

"There was a season when I thought so. The idea of love colored the world before me with gorgeous, but evanescent splendor. I trod a visionary earth; I looked on Heaven only as the birthplace of love. Dreams are the dower of youth; and too often dazzled, we turn from the lasting gifts bestowed by ripper years."

"And you loved not D' Avalos?"

"I sought what none ever find; that perfection which a fervid imagination may picture, but cannot render permanent in the object beloved. My fancy, my vanity whispered, that some other, unknown, noble and glorious, such a being as never lived, save in a vision of poesy, might better deserve the flattered Victoria Colonna. The struggle was a bitter one; but I and reason conquered."

"Found you never one who could realize your bright vision?"

"What a question!"

"You have!" cried Claudia, seizing Victoria's hand; "you have, but too late!"

The Marchesa smiled at her young friend's earnestness; but ere she could reply, Claudia continued—

"You have! I have seen your cheek kindle, your eye flash, in presence of one who might have been, had your love moulded him, all that a poet could imagine; whose gifts, whose genius are transcendent even now. Victoria, you love Michael Angelo Buonarrotti!"

"Heaven forgive you the sin of your thought, as I forgive its folly!" replied Victoria, calmly, though a bright flush mantled on her brow.

"Nay," asked Claudia, "is he not worthy? His glorious creations fill your waking thoughts—your nightly dreams. You are a worshipper of his genius!"

"I am!" said Victoria, proudly; "and so is Italy—so is Europe, so will the world be, when centuries after centuries have passed, and we and our names have crumbled into dust, and not a trace is left in human minds of the living emotions that throb in these hearts! But, Cara, when you have lived a few more years, you will learn that even the wayward heart may be governed by reason."

Claudia sighed, but answered not.

\* The writer once heard it said by a distinguished Italian, that an impression prevailed that Victoria Colonna cherished a poetic passion for the great artist.

"A few rebellious struggles, and the reins of empire are for ever resigned into her hands. My Claudia, follow my example."

"Your fame—the world's applause, may console you for the sacrifice of sentiment," said the maiden, with some bitterness.

"It is not that!" replied the Marchesa. "Think you, I would not gladly sacrifice fame, rather than the true, eternal affection I bear my Francesco?"

They were interrupted by a tumult in the hall below. Servants were rushing to and fro with exclamations of affright, and the hasty step and agitated voice of Barberini were heard as he ascended the stairs. Claudia, in alarm, hastened to meet her father; Victoria followed.

"Retire!" said Barberini sternly, to his daughter.

"It may be you will rejoice at my tidings. The Count d' Orsini has been basely murdered near the Ponte Molle."

"Alberto has done this!" shrieked the maiden, and fell senseless into the arms of her friend.

An hour after, Cordona was returning to the palace, when Flaminio hastily joined him, and informed him of the assassination of the Count.

"Who is suspected of the deed?" asked Alberto.

"I will answer briefly and truly; yourself, Cordona! I come to warn, and counsel you to fight. His friends are powerful, and will be relentless in their vengeance."

"Flight? Never! I will chastise the coward who dares charge me with guilt so foul!"

"The time is not now. Your rivalry is known; his base assault upon you likewise. They are already seeking you; you may not expect a fair judgment. Away, then, on the instant; and trust to time to wipe the stain from your name!"

Before Cordona could reply, a servant placed a letter in his hand. The youth knew the hand of his beloved, and, even in his agitation, pressed the paper to his lips before he opened it. It was blotted with tears, and ran thus:—

"ALBERTO:—Your own hand has severed us! Misguided man! did you dream that Claudia would wed a murderer? Yet I would save you from destruction. My father has sworn vengeance against you, for he knows our fatal love. Fly, fly this instant, and forget the wretched  
CLAUDIA."

Cordona dropped the paper, dashed his hand against his brow, then laughed wildly and bitterly. "Even she condemns me unheard!" he cried; "then I will yield to fate!" And, breaking from Flaminio, he rushed into the house to his apartment, wrote hurriedly a few wild and upbraiding lines, proudly asserting his innocence, yet defying danger and disgrace, since she had renounced him—sealed the letter and gave it to the servant; nor could all the entreaties and remonstrances of his friend persuade him to quit his chamber. For an hour he continued in gloomy silence to pace the floor; and when guards came to arrest him, he surrendered himself without a word into their hands.

Some days passed, and again Victoria Colonna was seated alone in her chamber; but not as before, absorbed in lofty and poetical meditations. Her countenance



showed the traces of agitation and grief; her hand was pressed against her forehead, as if to still the throbbings of her brain. An open letter, written in her husband's cypher, lay on the table before her. It had been written from Novara, where Pescara was left in command of the Imperial troops; and it breathed a spirit of revenge and ambition. Pescara, disgusted at the partiality shown by Charles V., for Lannoy, whom he had appointed Viceroy of Naples, had suffered his dissatisfaction to become known to the Italian Confederates. The consequence was, that Morone, chancellor of the Milanese duchy, laid before him propositions from the princes, who had formed a league to resist the yoke of the Emperor. "The selfish master I have served," concluded the letter, "may now learn to fear me. I can disperse his troops in quarters where they will fall an easy prey. Clement offers me the investiture of Naples; I may wield a sceptre; my Victoria may occupy a throne. Italy, in chains and despair, cries to me for salvation; shall I not succor her? Will not the name of Francesco d' Avalos descend to after ages with better renown, as the chief who rescued his native land from degradation, and won for himself a crown, than as the humble soldier, cheated by his sovereign of the reward of his toil?"

A few moments only did Victoria remain in her attitude of deep despondency. Lifting up her head, she drew her husband's letter toward her, and read it through once more. Then taking the pen, she wrote her reply with steady hand, though the tears fell fast from her eyes.

"Can the promises of courtiers and princes beguile Pescara to treachery? Victoria dreamed not of this; not when she rejoiced over your fortune in arms—not when she wept over the wounds you had received. But the deed is not yet done; my Francesco is not yet a traitor in the eyes of the world. By the ties that bind us—by the love that cherishes your fame—by your unstained honor—your noblest wealth and mise—I beseech you, remain faithful to the Emperor who has trusted you! Scorn their dazzling bribes, and the sophistry by which they would tempt you from your duty. Remember your virtue, which raises you above the fortune and the glory of kings. It is not by grandeur of state and title, but by virtue alone, that fame is acquired, which it is glorious to leave to one's descendants. For me, I desire not to be consort of a king, but of the Great Captain who could vanquish, not only by his valor during war, but in peace by his magnanimity, the greatest kings."

She folded and sealed her letter, and strong in virtuous resolution, calmed down her emotions; so that, with a brow smooth and beautiful in feminine majesty as ever, she rose to meet her young friend, Claudia, who entered with a face beaming hope, yet full of mystery.

"I have found a way to vindicate his innocence!" cried she.

"I rejoice for your sake!" said Victoria, sighing, however, involuntarily. "The death of one beloved, is better than his dishonor. But what are your means?"

"He lies in a dungeon," said Claudia, weeping again, "and his judges are too bitter to be just. But"—and she whispered in her friend's ear, "there is one now in this city whose knowledge is beyond that of men. Let us go and consult Cornelius Agrippa!"

Victoria felt her heart beat at that name, never pronounced in those days without a shudder of reverential awe. The trusted friend of Pescara! his intervention

might save her husband; his judgment might point out the surest way to influence him. She smiled, and there was a strange, sweet expression in her smile. Claudia clung to her like a child, earnestly imploring her assistance; and after a few moments' reflection, she consented to accompany her to the temporary dwelling of the astrologer.

Accompanied by a single domestic, the two high-born dames, closely veiled, entered, at the still hour of the siesta, the house of the seer. In the outer apartment sat a low old man, with dark and forbidding countenance who answered their inquiries by rising and beckoning them to follow him. He ushered them without announcement, into the magician's presence. Cornelius Agrippa was seated in his cabinet; a few volumes in folio, a small steel box containing medicines, and some astronomical instruments, lying in confusion on the ground, composed its furniture. There was something of austere pride in the magician's aspect; his figure was tall and stately; a purple mantle, from which he derived the title of *Mago rosso*, hung on the back of his chair; he was writing by the light of a torch, for the gloom of the apartment was not enlivened by a beam of daylight. He rose somewhat haughtily, but his tone softened into courteous respect as he addressed his visitors, and inquired their command. For a space, even Victoria could not speak.

"Trouble not yourselves, fair dames," said Cornelius, mildly, as he perceived their embarrassment; "I know what has procured me the honor of your visit."

Both looked surprised; but the Marchesa soon recollected herself.

"We are known to you!" said she. "The young Cordona likewise?"

"I know him well. He is innocent of the assassination of Giovanni d' Orsini."

Claudia half uttered a cry of joy, but suppressed it, and her friend asked, "How, then, can we save the innocent from the doom of the guilty?"

"It is for this," said Agrippa with an air of mystery, "that we send our glances into the heavens, and trace the path of the stars, and rend the veil of nature's mysteries! Go forth in peace, fair trembler," addressing Claudia, who clung to her friend's arm; "all in your destiny is bright as these ruby drops," and he poured into a crucible some drops of a slimy liquid. "Here is a packet from Castel San Donato; its contents will vindicate Cordona. D' Orsini died a merited death; but his murderers are traitors as well as he. For you, lady," turning to the Colonna, "I have sterner tidings."

"I know them already, if they concern my consort," replied she.

"He is at Milan," said Agrippa. "I depart thither to-night, to warn him against the step he contemplates."

"Take to him this packet," said Victoria, much agitated, and drawing the letter from her bosom. "I will set forth to join him as quickly as I hear from him again."

"You bid him remain loyal—"

Victoria interrupted the seer with a hasty gesture, for she would not that her friend should know the purport of

\* Historical.

their words. There was no need of the caution; Claudia's glowing cheek and heaving bosom told that her impatient spirit was busy with other thoughts.

"Noble woman!" cried Cornelius Agrippa, "your husband shall bless you, when his better genius is ascendant. For the coward pontiff, and this proud city, the day of calamity draws near! Never did Rome—not even when, prostrate before the barbarians of the north, she drained the cup of retribution for her ancient tyranny—endure such wo, such hopeless, irremediable wo, as shall soon rack her to the heart, and stretch her a bleeding victim at the feet of her enemy!" And, laughing wildly, the magician extended his arm and moved it slowly round, as if marking out the devoted city on which he invoked ruin.

Without trusting herself with another word, Victoria drew her friend's arm within her own, and retired. They returned home; all that had passed was revealed to Barberini, who, anxious to repair his error, took instant measures to investigate the truth.

The setting sun poured his rays through a window in the studio of Buonarrotti, where he was wont to occupy himself with the chisel. A statue by his hand, nearly finished, touched by the warm crimson light, absolutely startled the eye with its resemblance to life. The bold and energetic genius of the master, had here embodied its conceptions. The brawny strength of the limbs, the force and tension of the muscles, the terrific frown on its brow, were sufficient to mark it, even unfinished, as the production of Michael Angelo.

There was but one occupant of this sanctuary of genius; Michael Angelo's young disciple, Paolo; he was at work at a piece of marble. After a few moments, he ceased his labor, and drawing a deep breath, stood contemplating the work of his great master.

"Can I ever equal that?" said he, half aloud. "No—alas! no! but even I may yet win praise and fame; for I am young. Michael Angelo must pass from earth in his turn, and none other can arise like him. Do I wish him dead? Ungrateful, envious Paolo! he is far above thee as the sun above the east! Had he been less perfect, I could have loved him!"

Here the door opened, and the master entered. Paolo resumed his work; and apparently intently occupied, did not look up. Not till his name was uttered in a grave tone by Michael Angelo, did he lift his eyes from the marble, and then, startled and abashed, he stood in silence.

"Paolo," said Buonarrotti, "you have been a year my disciple. From your zeal in art, I have conceived great things for you."

The boy dropped his eyes on the ground; for his heart told him his master did not mean to praise him.

"Have you not labored too assiduously for some time past? I have marked your altered looks; your haggard cheek, your wild eyes, your faltering speech, your anxiety to avoid even my observation."

Still the boy did not answer, but his agitation was evident, for he trembled violently.

"You have meddled with things too high for you!"

said the artist in a terrible voice. "What had you to do with the conspiracies of wretched malcontents? Tremble, you may well tremble! Officers are at the door to arrest you as one of the murderers of the Count d'Orsini."

In a wild agony of fear, shame, and remorse, Paolo threw himself at his master's feet.

"All is discovered," said Buonarrotti. "Justice is already on the search for your principals in the deed. Reveal all you know; confession alone can mitigate your punishment."

"Save me!" faltered the conscience-stricken boy; "I was poor; they offered me riches; riches to purchase the means of art; I dreamed that with gold I might buy fame; not such as yours—but fame for a poor youth like me!"

"Fell D'Orsini by your hand?" asked Michael Angelo, sternly.

"Heaven keep me from such a crime!" cried Paolo, clasping his hands. "I am guilty, but not of bloodshed!"

The official examination of the miserable Paolo, brought to light the particulars of a conspiracy on the part of a few unprincipled men, adherents to the Spanish interest. Our story does not require the record of these particulars. D'Orsini had been engaged in the conspiracy; he fell a victim to the distrust of his accomplices.

While the misguided boy who had yielded himself an instrument of crime, though pardoned on account of his confession, was dying, broken-hearted, beneath his weight of remorse and disgrace, preparations were proceeding for the nuptials of Cordona and Claudia de Barberini. It was in the midst of the festivities of their bridal, that Victoria Colonna, who was to set out the next day for Milan, received the intelligence of her husband's death. The news was accompanied by tidings that brought a cloud to the brow of many a statesman;—Pescara's betrayal of the designs of the confederates to Charles V.; his arrest of Morone, and his seizure of Milan.

Claudia put her arms affectionately round her friend. "You will stay with us?" she murmured.

"No!" replied Victoria: and while she spoke, though her cheek was blanched, her eyes flashed, and her form dilated with even more than its wonted majesty; "but Our Lady be praised, I have one consolation! I may bear my husband's memory with me into the convent where my days shall end!"

*Columbia, S. C.*

THE burning sun of Africa and India, by a natural process, blackens every complexion. Even the more temperate glare of southern Europe, necessarily embrowns the cheek; the features, too, are the formation of circumstances. The bending of the African brow, the deep sunk eye, the projecting lips, and the high cheek bones, are the palpable result of the natural effort to escape the glare of a fierce sunshine.

Original.

## THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

It was a calm delightful morning in the early part of autumn, when the musical sound of bells, breaking the solemn stillness of the hour, was heard, summoning the population of an English village to worship. Obedient to the call, the neatly dressed peasantry were wending their way towards the venerable building which reared its grey turret and tall spire above the surrounding foliage. The church stood at the extremity of a level plain of moderate extent, clothed with luxuriant grass, but intersected here and there by winding paths. The crumbling buttresses that supported the time-honored walls of the edifice, the quaintly pointed arches of the side windows, the painted glass of the rose light over the porch, and more than all, the verdant ivy that clung to the crevices of the stone work and climbed upwards to the turret, proclaimed its great antiquity. Some belfry pigeons, scared from their wonted retreat by the sound of the bell, fluttered upon the eaves, or soared, in many a circling flight, above the spire. The grove of oaks which shaded the rear of the church was vocal, with the song of birds, abroad to enjoy the grateful air and sunshine, and secure from molestation on this day of universal peace. Village maidens, neatly attired in virgin white, with prayer-books folded in their handkerchiefs, innocent children, whose mirth was chastened by a sense of the solemnity of their errand; lusty youths, the pride of their families, and aged couples, who bore their years with honor and dignity, approached the green from different quarters. Some of the young girls were joined by their rustic admirers, and loitered by the way side, and sometimes the children would escape from their reverend guardians in pursuit of a flower or an insect, but the wandering thoughts of all were recalled by the deep music of the sabbath bell. Arrived at the church door, the men, young and old, lingered and formed groups, exchanging the salutations of the day, while the females and children passed on to the interior. One knot of garrulous old farmers in particular, employed themselves in making observations on the parishioners as they passed by.

"There goes mistress Hertford," said one of them, as an old wrinkled dame, arrayed in a red bonnet and a scarlet cloak, entered the church: "I hear she's to be house-keeper at the manor. She's not a regular observer of the sabbath, but she comes once in a while, to display some bit of finery that her son, Luke, has given her. It's against scripture to speak ill of our neighbors, or else—"

"You're perfectly right," replied another; "it's ill throwing stones upon the sabbath, and that I've heard the vicar say myself. But I'm afraid that she and her son are both but lost sheep."

"Ay, ay," resumed the first speaker; "Luke Hertford was bad enough when he was left to himself—the idlest of our village lads—always running away from the plough tail to waste his time at the ale house. Very different was his cousin Harry. He, poor fellow, is going

to leave us to-night, you know,—going to Canada with old Woodford who, they say, is owner of a world of land. It almost breaks his heart to go, for he's in love with Katy Grey, the prettiest and best girl in these parts, in my opinion. But what else can he do? He's a broken man, as a body may say:—high rents, taxes, murrain among his cattle, and bad crops have well nigh ruined him. And Sir Mark Morrison's agent has been hard enough upon him. The baronet must have money for his London pleasures, and the tenants must groan for't at home. But I hope a new leaf will be turned over soon. I hear for certain, Sir Mark is coming back to live."

"Coming back!" quoth a third speaker, "he arrived last night—in a wondrous fine carriage wi' outlanders in liveries. And there's Luke Hertford, head man wi' him—a *valley* they call him, I think—wi' a bran-new livery, and a real goold band about his hat. He's rubbed off his Yorkshire rust, and they tell me he speaks French lingo most as well as them that's took the disorder the natural way."

"More the pity, say I," observed the first speaker; "when a Yorkshire man begins to learn French fashions, he's fit company for the —. Heaven save us! I'd a most forgot what day it was."

"Look! look!" cried the third speaker; "here's the baronight wi' his fine blood horses. Odd! I warrant me they cost a hundred pound a piece—regular fifteen milers, I'll be bound. Now hats off to Sir Mark, neighbors."

"Not mine," said the first speaker, testily, "My hat and my head are too good company to part without sufficient cause. First let me see how the baronet behaves his-self."

As they spoke, an open landau, drawn by four spirited horses, dashed up to the porch. The high-bred animals, plunging among the crowd, created no little confusion among the bystanders, and many a sunburnt brow lowered beneath its broad brim, and many an eye was bent angrily upon the pampered lackeys of the baronet. Feelings, which should have slumbered, upon this day at least, were aroused by the ostentatious and haughty bearing of the wealthy lord of the manor. But the countenance of that personage was calm and unmoved. He was a thin pale young man, with handsome but repulsive features, and dressed with extreme care and elegance. A cloud of raven ringlets, descending upon both sides of his face, gave an air of effeminacy to his appearance, which was perhaps, redeemed by the decisive expression of his dark luminous eyes. A footman in green and gold livery, a stout fellow with an insolent air, that could be exchanged for one of servility upon occasion, now opened the door, lowered the steps, and assisted his master to descend. It was Luke Hertford.

"Luke," said Sir Mark Morrison as he alighted; "you may tell John to drive the carriage home—let him be sure to return for me in season. And—harkee, Luke, give me the names of some of these people about. Ha! who was that remarkably pretty girl you just nodded to, and who returned your half-bred bow with so imperceptible a courtesy? I'm in love with her already."

"That, Sir Mark," replied Luke, "is Catharine Grey. She's called a beauty here. Pretty and poor, I assure you. I once thought, Sir, before you took me up and made a man of me, of making her an offer myself, but she had another suitor."

"And what does she do?"

"Turns her hand to any thing, for she has to support an aged and infirm mother."

"Ah! I must provide for this poor unprotected creature," said the baronet. "Really, I pity her. But see! the rector has gone in. One must not forfeit the estimation of these rustics. Leave me now, Luke, I would not for both our sakes, seem too familiar. More of this village belle anon."

The profligate baronet followed the latest loiterer into the church. Luke Hertford paused a moment, and gazed earnestly after his retiring form.

"There was a time," said he, "when I would gladly have gone in there,—when father was alive, and life was opening upon me, and I was first at school, and the rector praised me, and predicted I should be a shining light. Then I dearly loved a Sunday morning, with the birds singing, and the sun shining, and the cool breeze waving the brave old oaks. But that's all past and gone—father—friends—character. My mother's heart is hardened like mine. No—no—I couldn't pray if I would—the roof would fall upon my head!"

And with these gloomy exclamations, the unfortunate young man turned, and hurried away from the church.

On the evening of the same day, Catharine Gray, whose name we have more than once mentioned, was seated on the rustic bench before the door of the humble cottage, in which she and her mother dwelt. The cottage, though poor and old, had that air of extreme neatness, which characterizes the dwellings of the English. Its walls were neatly whitewashed, and supported little latticed frames, to which hung verdant honeysuckles and other aromatic plants. A pretty flower-garden of moderate extent lay in front, and a huge plane tree spread its guardian arms above the roof, to shade it from the noontide sun. Through its branches and embowering foliage, the light of a new risen moon now found its way, and flecked with silver spots the thick straw of the thatch. The evening was warm, the air delicious, and the song of the nightingale among the branches, lent an inexpressible charm to the holy stillness of the hour. Catharine felt the influence of the time and scene, and though her mind dwelt upon the image of her lover, on his immediate departure for a distant land, yet hope and faith whispered their soft consolations in her ear. The devotional exercises of the day had contributed to tranquilize her heart, and she now looked forward to their farewell meeting, with perfect resignation to the will of heaven. The distant clock of the old church tower proclaimed the hour of eight, and ere the last sound, mellowed by distance, had died away upon her ear, Henry had crossed the stile and seated himself by her side. She smiled faintly as she placed her hand in his; he pressed it warmly, but, apparently overcome by his emotions, paused for a brief space, before he ventured to address her.

"Catharine," he said at length, in a voice which trembled in spite of his attempt to give it firmness; I have been taking my last look of the old familiar places to which I must bid adieu for many a long weary day, perhaps for ever."

"For ever! Oh! no! Henry—let us hope for happier times."

"Ay, let us hope;" replied the lover, "what were life without that hope? But I must also learn to look upon the darker side of things, and school myself to bear the worst that can befall me, without one repining word. There is a Power above, and if parted on this earth, there is a hereafter for the Blessed. To that the humble sinner may bend his views without reproach."

"You are sad to-night, Henry."

"How can I be otherwise? I tell you that I have been gazing at the old loved spots that I have known from boyhood. I stood upon the hill that overlooks the village. The slant rays of the setting sun shone full upon the old church-tower and its hoary spire. I glanced upon the old bridge over the Elser, where I've sat many a time, dropping my line in the dimpling water and enjoying my own quiet thoughts. There was the school-house, Catharine, to which, when you were a little fairy of six years, I often led you by the hand. Even then, I think, something of a feeling warmer than friendship began to develop itself. I gazed on the grove of walnut trees where we used to ramble in search of nuts in pleasant weather, and the green bank on which we sat when the spring violets first began to show themselves. I thought how bitter it must be to be banished from my native land—my own merry England. I can hardly tell you what rebellious thoughts rose in my bosom—but they passed away. I stood beside my mother's grave. I felt that manhood and misfortune had not hardened my heart, for I shed tears upon the green turf that covers her remains. Catharine, when I am gone, visit that spot sometimes, for my sake. I shall often think of it—of the quiet sunshine that streams upon it at morning and evening, and of the free air that waves the trees of the old grave yard, when a foreign sky is overhead, and the waters of a new world are thundering in my ear. I have taken leave of my mother's grave with many a holy resolution in my heart, and I have now come to bid farewell to you."

"My own true, kind hearted Henry," cried the young girl, yielding to an uncontrollable emotion, "and must we indeed part?"

"We must indeed," replied the youth, "in sober sadness. I have been trying to persuade myself that this was all a wild appalling dream, and that I should waken at length to laugh at my midnight terrors, and bask in your smiles in a happy home of my own. But this cannot be; we must part, and since it must be so, the sooner the agony is over, the better for us both."

"And you can fix upon the time of your return?"

"That is in the hands of Heaven—and to win its favor I will strive with heart and hand. To-day we have prayed together where our fathers worshipped: the next sabbath, your devotions will be breathed in the same hallowed spot, but mine will ascend from the bosom of those mighty waters, that He holds in the hollow of His hand. Yet let

us once more unite in prayer, and let this hour, during our separation, be consecrated to the same duty. I will remember it as I wander beside the mighty waters of Ontario, and as we both raise our eyes to the same heaven and the same bright stars, we will remember that the same beneficent Being holds our destiny in His hands."

And there, in that sequestered spot, the abode of peace and purity, at that solemn and silent hour of the evening, did the lovers stand with clasped hands and composed countenances, offering up to their Maker the homage of two pure and trusting hearts. Their feelings were elevated, their hopes assured, and their courage strengthened by their mutual devotions; and when the parting moment came, in a calmer frame of mind than either had hoped for, they breathed their last adieus. Henry clasped the fragile form of his mistress to his bosom, pressed a passionate kiss upon her marble forehead, and then, not daring to trust his voice with another word, sprang over the stile and fled from the cottage. He slackened his pace as he entered a plantation of young oaks, and raised his hat from his forehead, that the cool air of the evening might dry the perspiration that stood upon his brow. As he walked moderately along, a figure appeared in the glade before him, upon which the moonlight streamed full and clear. There was a slight wavering in the gait of this person, and his hat was worn on the side of his head. As the figure approached, the words of a song he was singing became distinctly audible.

"Lord Ronald he stood in the good green wood,  
Sing hey! sing merrily, oh!  
And there in the shade of the forest glade,  
He met with a milk-white doe."

"Hey! whoop!" roared the night-walker. "Poaching, and on Sunday too? Up you go before Sir Mark. This is justice business, my minion of the moon."

"Silence," said Henry sternly: "Is this a time, sir, to be shouting your rude songs and uttering your senseless jests? Have you fallen so low? Where have you been?"

The fellow gave a long, shrill whistle. "Egad! you're either Harry Hertford, my plebeian cousin, or the ghost of a Methodist minister sent to plague me for my sins. Where have I been, d'ye ask? Why, in very good company, at the Three Tuns, where Sir Barnaby Guzzle's man and I have been keeping it up for an hour or two."

"Shame! shame!" cried Henry; "I wished to see you, it is true, to say a few words at parting—but to meet you in this state, is worse than parting from you in silence. I am sorry for you."

"Reserve your pity till it's wanted," said the valet bluntly. "Which of us needs it most? Is it the favored servant of Sir Mark Morrison, a prince in his pleasures and expenditures, or you, without a spare shilling in your pocket, too poor for your country to keep you, or your mistress to own you, and going across the sea to seek your fortune, like a lubberly charity-boy apprenticed to a merchant-captain?"

Schooled as he was in the mastery of his feelings, Henry could hardly put a curb upon his indignation. "Luke Hertford," he cried, "you owe your impunity to

your condition and insignificance. Neither can I forget that our mothers were nurtured at the same breast, and that there was a time when we were friends."

"Tut! boy. Never stick at that," retorted Luke; "if you're for having it out on this bit of moss, I'm not the lad to baulk you, Sunday though it be, my sanctified prig. Single-stick or manleys, its the same to Luke Hertford, and let each man's hand protect his head. Hey! whoop! you'll find me a hard customer."

As Henry gazed upon the reckless and degraded being before him, his better feelings mastered his resentment, and almost shedding tears of anguish and regret, he approached his unfortunate cousin. The latter, apprehending an attack, instantly threw himself into an attitude of defence, and called out—

"Fair play's a jewel! None of your tricks upon travellers. I'm a downey one, I fancy."

"Madman!" ejaculated Henry; "I mean you no harm. I came to offer you my hand at parting. Would to God, I could induce you to listen to the voice of reason and forsake your evil ways—Nay, give me your hand, Luke—let us not part in unkindness. Upon my soul, I pity you."

Luke had received the hand of his cousin, but on hearing the word *pity*, rejected it contemptuously.

"No more of that," he said; "I'm not a baby in leading-strings. I never take a leap till I know the mettle I can reckon on. I've chosen my path—it leads to gold and pleasure. You have taken yours—why should you spoil my game?"

"Believe me, you have mistaken your course," said Henry.

"What! over-run my scent? Well, I can 'try back' you know—so no more parley-vouzing, if you please."

"Luke," said Henry, kindly; "look out through the opening of this wood. What object in the village strikes you first?"

"The ale-house, and a roaring place it is."

"Is that all? Do you not mark the village church. Forsake the other place for that; it will be better for you for time and for eternity."

Luke shook his head. "No—no—it won't do. I thank you kindly for your good will, but it won't do. That earth's stopped. I shall never run thither till the death-halloo is ringing in my ears. We are both poor, and we must push our fortunes as we may. The baronet is a mine of gold, and I will work it while the vein lasts. He has given me a bit of an education, and says I'm a genius—that is good for all sorts of good-for-nothing things. Odd! he shall see how I've profited by his instructions. There are snares for men as well as woodcocks. But here's my hand, man. Good bye, and a good voyage t'ye."

"Luke shook hands with his cousin, passed the back part of his hand across his eyes, over which he drew his hat with the other, and plunging into the copsewood, disappeared. Henry gazed after him with a sigh, and then pursued his solitary path.

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An interval of some months must now be passed over in silence. No striking event, since the departure of

Henry Hertford, had occurred to disturb the customary tranquillity of a rural village far removed from the metropolis. Sir Mark Morrison had found it prudent or agreeable to remain the whole winter at his country-seat, where he contrived to make the time pass in amusements congenial to his tastes. His house was honored by a frequent assemblage of the high livers and choice spirits of the neighborhood. By these epithets were designated a knot of roystering country squires, and gentlemen of moderate fortune who lived beyond their means, and who, during the season which debarred them from their customary field-sports, gave dinners to each other, at which they discoursed learnedly of hounds and horses, and recapitulated their perilous escapes by flood and field during the preceding summer.

As for Catharine Grey, she had added to her other employments that of village schoolmistress, and swayed with gentlest hand, the rod of office, having under her authority nearly two score of children, of both sexes. Her days glided monotonously on, and though it was remarked that her step was heavier and her cheek paler than before the departure of her lover, no one ever heard a sigh or murmur of complaint from her meek lips. It was not until the fields had begun to assume the garniture of spring, that a letter from the Western world arrived. It was from her lover, and informed her that he had been preserved from all the perils of the deep, and was preparing with heart and hand to forward the views of his employer. He spoke with warmth and even enthusiasm of the New World—of the gigantic forest trees that reared their summits almost to the very clouds—of the immense inland oceans;—but he reverted to the scenery of his native land with fervor and delight. He sighed to behold again the white cottages, the trim hedge-rows, the graceful elms, the hoary church-tower of his native village. He hinted that the time could not be very far distant when he should return, in prosperous circumstances, to claim the hand of his affianced bride. Such are the dreams of youth! Happy is it that we possess the alchemy of hope—that we can lose ourselves in airy forgetfulness of the present hour; building fantastic visions in the clouds; gilding the air-bells on the stream of life with borrowed light. The letter of her lover had a visible effect upon poor Catharine. The color returned to her cheek, and she regained her former elasticity of step and gaiety of manner. "He will soon return," she whispered to herself; and these words, though often repeated, had the magical effect of calming every fear.

The spring had now insensibly melted into summer. Its early blossoms had given place to the fruit, slowly awaiting the ripening suns of autumn. The husbandmen were glad to seek the shade at noon, and the cattle lingered under the trees, browsing the luxuriant herbage, and drinking the clear streams of their pasturage. On one of those sultry and enervating noons that so frequently occur in summer, Sir Mark Morrison was overtaken by a thunder storm, while out shooting at a distance from the manor-house. The storm had arisen suddenly. A few minutes before, the landscape had basked in the rays of an almost vertical sun, and there were but a few clouds, whose edges were illuminated by the bright sun-

shine, lying lazily upon the verge of the horizon. In an instant, however, the aspect of the scene was changed. Rude gusts of wind rustled through the parched foliage—the birds became alarmed and flew to the deepest recesses of the woods. The sun became suddenly overcast, and pile on pile of angry leaden-clouds rolled up from the horizon, soon covering the entire field of heaven. The thunder growled and rattled among the distant hills which an occasional flash of lightning revealed, shrouded in a soaking shower. A few big drops pattered on the grass, and then down came the blinding rain. Sir Mark sought shelter in the nearest cottage, which happened to be that of Catharine's mother. She received him without confusion, and saluted him respectfully.

"Unlucky weather for you, Sir Mark."

"I esteem it a fortunate occurrence, madam, that the storm overtook me in the vicinity of your residence. I have been thinking of making you a call for several days."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old lady, who misconstrued his purpose, and gave a blunt expression to her fears; "I have been afraid of it. I know we have not paid our rent, for my poor girl has been unable to scrape or save it yet. But believe me, sir, we will not trespass on your patience."

"I was not thinking of the rent, my good woman," said the landlord: "tell your daughter, I say she need never trouble her pretty head about it. If you had pen and paper, I would give you a receipt now."

"Heaven bless you, Sir Mark! How can we ever repay your goodness?"

"Tut, tut, my good woman—'tis the merest trifle."

"To you, perhaps—for poor folks like us will find it hard enough to repay such kindness."

"Now, my good woman, you have it in your power to repay me immediately, I'm fatigued, and need refreshment. One cup of your milk and a piece of your cheese wouldn't come amiss I assure you."

"Oh! why didn't I think of that before!" exclaimed the old lady. "You've been five minutes in the house, and I haven't asked you what you'd have! But I'm really ashamed to offer you such homely fare."

"No apologies, I beg," said the urbane landlord, filling a cup of milk, and drinking it with a relish. "This is more refreshing than the best wine you could offer me; and hunger is a capital sauce, you know. I'll do justice to your entertainment, never fear. Really, I envy my tenants the appetite they bring to their meals. You don't know, perhaps, how often I sit down to a sumptuous dinner with the greatest disinclination to the repast."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," replied his blunt spoken hostess; "what with the drinking and the late hours of you London folks, I don't wonder that they look so pale and thin. Now you yourself, Sir Mark, for all your high living, look dreadful poorly, I assure you."

"You flatter me," replied the baronet, drily.

"Not a bit of it, Sir Mark. Why, Harry Hertford, (poor fellow, he's many a weary mile away from here) was twice as stout as you—and he had plagues enough to worry all the flesh off his bones. But his conscience was clear, and that you know, goes a great way, Sir Mark."

"The deuce take her!" thought the baronet. "If I

could trust her words, I should be a perfect scarecrow. I don't start at my shadow, though," he added, catching a glimpse of his very handsome face and figure in the cracked mantel-glass.

During the time which he consumed in his frugal repast, the storm rolled off as speedily as it had risen, and the sun, breaking from the thralldom of the clouds, poured his full refulgence on the glittering leaves and showered grass of the broad meadows.

"There, dame," said the baronet, pushing his chair from the table; "you see I've done justice to your welcome entertainment. And now, to recompense my hostess is the next affair. I'll give you the receipt. Stay—as I'm in something of a hurry, let your pretty daughter call up at the manor-house this evening, and I'll give her a scrap of paper that shall satisfy my agent. But perhaps," he added carelessly, "it may be too long a walk for her."

"No fear of that, Sir Mark! She's used to it, and she shall wait on you this evening. Perhaps I'll come with her myself."

"My dear madam," said the baronet, as he resumed his shooting equipments; "I would not have you for the world. I'm sure the walk would be too much for you. And now, with many thanks for your hospitality, I wish you a good morning."

He bowed—the dame returned the salutation with her lowest courtesy, and exclaimed, after he had left the cottage:—

"Lord bless him! They told me he was proud—but now I shan't believe a word of it. What would my old man say, if he was alive, and could hear that Sir Mark Morrison, the Lord of the Manor, had come to our poor cottage, and sat down in one of our old straw bottomed chairs, and eaten and drunk here, and said such a world of fine things. They say he's wicked and dissipated, but I don't believe a word of it, for if he were he wouldn't be so deadly kind to poor folks."

That afternoon, when Catharine returned from school, she found her mother full of the praises of their landlord, and learned with some surprise, that she was to go to the manor-house and see him in the evening.

"I shall not wait till then," said Catharine; "I will start immediately. It is two hours to sunset and I can get back before dark."

"Heaven bless your sweet face!" cried the old lady as she kissed her daughter on both cheeks, "and now speed you on your errand."

The manor-house was at some distance, and the way that led to it was devious. Catharine walked briskly on without pausing to listen to the robin's song on the oak, or to admire the effect of the western sunshine streaming on her favorite brooks and knolls. She arrived at the gateway that commanded the entrance to the embowered avenue that led up to the manor-house. Two grim-lions, carved in stone, frowned at each other on the gate-posts, and a porter's lodge flanked them on each side. Catharine rang a bell, and a burly porter showed his face at a window, and, lounging on the sill, removed his pipe from his mouth, leisurely omitted a wreath of smoke, and then asked "what the young 'ooman wanted."

"Is your master at home?"

"Yes, I believe he is."

"If he has company, I had better call some other time."

"Noa, noa, I don't recommend that, young 'ooman. He's as much alone as he ever is. He'll see you! He was never denied to a pretty girl!"

Catharine recoiled at the coarse tone of the menial. "If the manners of the man," she thought, "reflect those of the master, I shall dread to see him. But Luke's mother is housekeeper—I will ask her first. Perhaps I may transact this business without seeing the baronet."

Avoiding the front door of the manor-house, she approached a wing which she knew to be inhabited, by the wreaths of smoke that curled upwards from the twisted chimneys. Here she knocked, and paused for a long time without receiving any answer. She heard indeed a confused wrangling of voices, and at length, however, a rough voice was heard rebuking the servants with many an interlarded imprecation, and then the door opened, and Luke Hertford stood before her. His face was flushed, his dress disordered, and he had evidently been imitating the revels of his superiors.

"What! Katy Grey!" he cried. Walk in—Don't stay there, my sweet lily of the valley."

Catharine hesitated. "Is your mother at home, Luke?"

"Ay, sure enough. What of her?"

"I should like to see her, if you please."

"Well, well, time enough for that." He handed her in with some precipitation, shut the door with his foot, and ushered her into a room, where two or three men servants were seated round a table with pipes and wine. They all honored her with a familiar nod, and their conversation was suspended for a moment.

"Sit down," said Luke, "while I go and tell the old woman, you want to see her." But Catharine declined the invitation, and he left the room.

"Fine weather, Miss Catharine," said the coachman. She nodded. "Will you do me the honor to take wine with me for old acquaintance sake?" Catharine was silent. "Well," said the fellow, "then I'll drink your share that's all." He filled a glass to the brim. "Come, boys," cried he to his comrades, "here's the health of Katy Grey, the prettiest lass in the village. You needn't blush, gal; I've heard Sir Mark himself say as much, and he's a judge, I tell you."

To Catharine's inexpressible relief, the door now opened, and Luke, with some civility of manner, informed her that his mother was waiting for her in the hall.

The door closed upon the revellers, and Catharine joined Mrs. Hertford. She was primly attired in black, and from beneath the shade of her artificial curls, her dark eyes shone forth clear and piercing.

"I am glad to see you here," said Catharine.

"I am sorry to see you here," replied the dame with severity. "What do you do here? Are you careless of your reputation? Tell me, did you come here of your own will?"

"I came hither at my mother's command, to settle with Sir Mark for our rent. But I will go this moment if you say so."

"That can hardly be," replied the housekeeper shaking her head; "Sir Mark has been informed of your arrival,

and—and—in short, it would be impossible for you to leave this house without seeing him. He has ordered me to bring you into his presence. Go to Sir Mark. I will be near you."

She led the way into a small sitting room, then empty. It was richly draped and carpeted. A sofa, covered with crimson velvet, stood in a recess. The walls were hung with fine paintings, and a guitar lay upon the table. Catharine, left alone, was examining one of the pictures, when she heard the door open. She turned, and Sir Mark was at her side. He saluted her with respect.

"Miss Grey, you have been put to much trouble upon my account. Let me pray you to be seated."

"Thank you, Sir Mark; I must make haste home, or it will be night-fall ere I reach it."

"No matter—I can send my carriage with you."

"Not for the world, Sir Mark. My mother informed me of your generosity in our behalf. The rent you have forgiven us, is indeed, a small sum, but it will enable me to procure comforts for my mother, of which she must otherwise remain bereft. On that consideration I accept the favor. But I was not unprepared to make the payment—nay, I had intended to see you this very day for that purpose."

"I am much indebted for the pleasure you intended for me. Once more, pray be seated."

"Your pardon, Sir Mark. Will you be so kind as to give me the paper you promise?"

"There," said the baronet, seating himself at a desk, and writing as he spoke: "here is the discharge in full. And now, my dear girl," said he, approaching her, and suddenly seizing and kissing her hand, "love was the chief business for which I summoned you—upon my soul, I love you!"

"Sir Mark," she said, hastily withdrawing her hand, "this language! You surprise—you offend me. 'Twas for this that you decoyed me to your house! I will remain no longer."

Sir Mark swore a deep oath. "Ungrateful girl! Was it for this I saved you from distress—for this I forgave your debt?"

"I scorn your favor," replied Catharine, with undaunted spirit. "Think not that I shall burden my conscience with your bounty. "There," she said, taking out a purse, "there is your money to a farthing. And now, Sir Mark, farewell; weak, defenceless as I seem, I yet have a protector."

She fled from the apartment. As Sir Mark, flushed with wine and fury, was preparing to follow her, he was confronted by the housekeeper.

"Stand back," she said. "Catharine has gone. Ay, well may you tremble at the sight of me. Remember the heartless promises—the false vows that deceived—betrayed the beautiful, the lost—one as fair as Catharine—until you crossed her path, as good." Sir Mark frowned darkly on the intruder, but she continued. "Put on your blackest looks, swagger and scowl, for I am—a woman. You are used to intimidating women."

The baronet bit his lip, and turned upon his heel.

"You're a privileged scold," he said. "It was foolish to be angry with you."

At this moment a fiery face was thrust in at the open door. It was the luminous countenance of Sir Barnaby Guzzle.

"Found! found!" he whooped in the tones of a fox-hunter. "Egad! I thought I knew your earths. Come, come, Sir Mark, my dear boy, we just ordered up half a dozen more—1793 you know—smooth—clear—rich. Come down; by Jove, you shall!"

"Have with you, then!" exclaimed Sir Mark. "Hecate! farewell!"

Catharine fled from the manor-house and reached home by the nearest path, where she breathlessly recounted to her mother all that had befallen her. The good old dame lifted up her hands in horror as she listened, and the blessings she had heaped upon the head of Sir Mark Morrison in the morning, were speedily revoked. She now bewailed their unhappy fate in having such a profligate man for a landlord, and predicted his insult to be the forerunner of a long series of injuries which, would, perhaps terminate in their ruin. For several weeks, Catharine was persecuted with letters from Sir Mark, all of which she returned unopened, till at length, stung with her contempt, he swore to punish her temerity and want of taste. And he kept his word. A thousand petty annoyances displayed his meanness and his vice. But it was chiefly at pecuniary embarrassment that his machinations aimed. The rent was always demanded at the moment it was due. Tradesmen were bribed to send in their accounts at most unwelcome times, and the unhappy mother and daughter were compelled to drink the cup of poverty and affliction to the very dregs. Thus months wore on, while poor Catharine bore the weight of her misfortunes unrepiningly. The consolation of her lover's letters was finally denied, for these became infrequent, and at length, the correspondence, on his part, ceased without a reason. Many were the wearing anxieties created by this circumstance. Could Henry have fallen a victim to an unhealthy climate and severe toil? Could he have perished by the hand of violence in that far land to which he had removed, in the forlorn hope of bettering his fortunes? Was he prosperous and happy, and, at length had grown callous to their separation, and forgetful of his country, his affection, and his vows? The latter suggestion repeatedly occurred, in spite of the poor girl's efforts to dismiss it. The baronet marked her increased paleness and heavy step, with the joy of a condemned spirit. Meanwhile, his very familiars suffered from his injustice and caprice, and at length, even Luke fell under his displeasure. The fiery spirit of the corrupted villager refused to bow before his master—insoient language was freely retorted on the baronet, and finally the old housekeeper and her son were driven from the manor-house. They lingered a few days in the village, but vainly sought assistance and countenance. The good shrunk from them with aversion, and meaner spirits clutched at the opportunity of retaliating upon Luke the insults and contempt which he had freely heaped upon them, in the plenitude of his power and favor with Sir Mark. So they went forth upon their wanderings, no one knew whither, and none cared. Sir Mark, indeed, missed for



a short time, the services of his unprincipled and low-born servant, but he soon consoled himself by taking into favor a sharp pettifogging attorney, who readily became his tool in hopes of a reward. The period at length arrived for which the baronet had long waited in vain. Catharine's mother fell into a decline, and the charges of her long-continued illness threw her and her daughter irretrievably into debt. They had friends, it is true, but they, too, were poor and unable to afford assistance. Quarter-day at length arrived, and the rigorous landlord pressed for the payment of his dues. The money could not be obtained, and a legal process was resorted to. Mr. Dudley, the sheriff, was empowered to seize upon the effects of the widow, a day was appointed for their public sale, and the unhappy pair were informed it would be the limit of their stay under the roof that had sheltered them for so many years. Heavily did they look forward to that day, as the crisis of their fate. No arm was put forward to sustain them, and it seemed, for once, as if the prayers of the righteous were of no avail. Catharine nerved herself to meet the trial with unflinching fortitude. In the day of misfortune as in the hour of prosperity, she nightly offered up her thanks for past blessings, her prayer for relief, and her submission to the will of Heaven. The day at length arrived. The old lady could not be prevailed upon to quit the house, while a single thing remained in it that had once been her own. Supported by pillows in her easy-chair, she surveyed with melancholy eyes the household articles, endeared to her by association and familiarity. "And every thing must go!" she said. "Every thing must go!" Meanwhile Catharine composedly busied herself in the preparations which devolved upon her. She kindly answered the salutations of the neighbors who crowded into the cottage, and turned a deaf ear to the impertinent and unfeeling remarks which the evil-disposed uttered. The attorney arrived; he chose to officiate as auctioneer; the sheriff came, a benevolent man, whose charities to the unfortunate had so exhausted his slender resources, that he could offer to the sufferers nothing more than his expressions of sympathy and pity. Yet even these fell like balsam upon their wounded hearts. Catharine smiled her thanks, and her mother, raising herself painfully in her chair, put out her feeble hand, and seized that of the sheriff with a trembling grasp.

"If it was not for my daughter," she said, "I should not care what became of me. I have lived long enough to see all my hopes withered like the blossoms of last year, and I only wish to die in peace."

Dudley turned away his face to conceal his emotion. When the hour appointed for the sale arrived, to the astonishment of all, and the indignation of many, Sir Mark Morrison himself appeared. His countenance, pale and haggard, was that of a man just risen from a feverish debauch. His eyes were sunk beneath their dark brows, his teeth were firmly clenched, and his lips compressed. It seemed as if he shrank before the reproachful glance of Catharine, and he appeared, for a moment, conscience-stricken, when the invalid fixed her melancholy eyes upon him. Striding up to a table,

on which stood some refreshments, he filled himself a brimming cup, carried it to his lips with a trembling hand, and swallowed it at a draught. He then folded his arms, leaned back against the table, and made a sign to Brown, the lawyer, to commence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the myrmidon of the law, "the first thing I have to offer you, is this old easy-chair—a very comfortable article for an invalid. Miss Catharine, your mother must get up. What the deuce made the old lady plump herself into the first article upon my list?"

"Sir Mark Morrison," cried Catharine, "you are at least a man—I appeal to you."

The features of the baronet remained immovable.

"Mother, dear mother," cried Catharine, bursting into tears, "I will assist you." But to the astonishment of all, with a mighty effort, the poor invalid stood erect without assistance.

"I call you all to witness," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, which vanished as she went on, "that my last moments have been embittered by that bad and cruel man. Standing on the brink of the grave, I denounce him! He sought the ruin of my daughter—his ill-success has made him a worse fiend than he was before. I and mine have lived on his land for sixty years. When did we ever fail to pay him every farthing due, before? Quarter after quarter, he has received his rent in good hard coin, earned by the sweat of the brow. The money he has wrung from toiling tenants has been squandered away. And what good has it done him, neighbors? Look at him; is he happy? Would you change places with him? No, no! you would not. Death has set his seal upon him as upon me, and mark what I predict—a bloody death—yes, that's to be his doom!"

All eyes were turned upon Sir Mark. He trembled so violently that the massive old piece of furniture on which he leaned, shook beneath his weight. Muttering a deep oath, he had recourse again to the wine-cup. It re-assured him, and again he turned round to face the indignant gaze of the assembled villagers, for the powerful language of the sick woman and his own brutality, had set the popular tide against him.

"And now," continued the old dame, "I've said my say. I felt a call to speak my mind, and I know that I have spoken God's own truth. 'The way of the transgressor is hard, and whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.' I feel faint and worn out. Kate, let me lean on your arm, my girl, we will go forth, God knows whither."

Several voices were now heard offering a shelter to the distressed pair. The old lady paused, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Thank you, neighbors," said she; "I'm almost ashamed of my weakness. You've made me do what a cruel landlord couldn't." She raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

At this moment there was heard without a tremendous shout, which was repeated, and rent the air, as it approached the cottage. Sir Mark turned paler than before.

"What can this be?" he asked of the lawyer.

"I don't know. I don't like it all. An unlawful

assembling of riotous persons, I'm afraid. Mr. Dudley, have you got a copy of the act with you?"

The sheriff deigned no answer. A tumultuous noise was now heard without, and nearer at hand, and a stranger, followed by some of the villagers, rushed into the cottage. He was tall and swarthy, booted and spurred, and his dress all splashed with mud—there was but one of those assembled who recognized his features. Catharine Grey rushed into the arms of Henry Hertford.

"Oh, ho!" said the baronet to Brown, "the old lover come back! Egad! this revives—this pleases me. Here's a spectacle for the returned mendicant to behold. Let the sale proceed."

A hurried word or two was all that passed between the lover and his mistress. He disengaged himself from the arms of the weeping girl, and stepped into the middle of the apartment.

"Mr. Dudley," he said, "I hope you have not forgotten Harry Hertford. Your proceedings are unnecessary, for I stand prepared to discharge to the uttermost farthing all the debts with which this family may be burthened. Sir Mark Morrison, a word with you."

The baronet nerved himself to meet the indignant gaze of the yeoman.

"Well, sir," he said, "baronet as you are, you are a villain."

"Actionable," said the lawyer.

"Ay, a villain! Every base artifice and contemptible machination of yours, have I been informed of. I did intend to brand you with my whip, but I should scorn afterwards to lay the lash upon my horse. Well may you quail beneath my eye, for I am an honest man."

The baronet foamed with rage.

"Keep cool," said the lawyer. "Here's a fine chance for a suit—*excess mag*—threats of violence!"

"Ay, keep cool, Sir Mark," said Hertford, "and shelter yourself under the sooty wing of the law. Show the world that your cowardice is equal to your villany."

"Now, by Heaven!" roared the baronet, "your low condition shall not protect you."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, Sir Mark."

"You shall hear from me soon, sir," cried the baronet, retreating towards the door.

"Whenever you please, Sir Mark," replied Hertford, ceremoniously bowing the swelling baronet to the door. "I wish you a very good morning."

A loud shout burst from the assembled villagers. It was repeated again and again, until the roof rang with the clamor.

"My very good friends," said Hertford, "you do me too much honor, and unless you wish to deafen me as well as turn my head, I beg you will desist."

"And when did you get home?" "And how have you prospered?" "What have you been doing?"

These and similar inquiries were showered upon Hertford, until he cried out, "One at a time! one at a time! and I'll satisfy you all. I got home yesterday, and I have ridden post from London. My labors in the new world have been crowned with success. I have neither been tomahawked, scalped, or eaten alive, although I have slept on an Indian blanket, and fought

with an Indian warrior. I own a noble farm of three hundred acres, and a log house built by my own hands. So far, all was well, but I wanted a wife. There were plenty of pretty squaws in Canada, but really, I thought I might look farther and fare no worse."

He took the hand of Catharine, whose head drooped upon her bosom, while her cheeks were suffused with blushes. The old dame had been re-instated in her easy-chair, where she sat smiling on the happy couple before her. She clasped her hands together, and her thin lips moved as if she was giving utterance to a fervent prayer. An aged female neighbor remarked a strange expression in her countenance, and called the attention of her daughter. Catharine, pale and terrified, flew to her mother's side. "Mother, dear mother, are you more unwell?"

"I feel easier every moment," replied the invalid. "But the alarm—the excitement—the joy of this hour have been too much for me. Henry, my son, Catharine, my darling child, come nearer. Ay, now I see your faces. Kneel down, my children, and join your hands in the presence of our neighbors. My blessings be upon you!" She was speechless—her pulse had ceased to flutter—she was dead.

The death of Mrs. Grey was solemn and affecting. She had not, indeed, been cut off in the flower of youth, but she had taken her farewell of this world just as its prospects were becoming bright, dying, like the prophet, in sight of the promised land. Her children mourned for her with sincere grief, and Henry, acting the part of a son, committed her body to its final place of rest. It was absolutely necessary for Hertford to return without delay to the land of his adoption; so it was resolved that the marriage should at once be solemnized.

The sun was slowly declining to the western horizon, crimsoning a mighty mass of vapor, and fringing the borders of the wood with gold, when a stranger entered the deep oak woods that skirted the village on its western side. He carefully avoided the beaten road and most frequented route, as if determined to escape from observation, and struck into the deepest and most shadowy part of the forest. His appearance was wretched and repulsive. An old straw hat, fringed at the edges, with a battered crown, encircled by a wisp of black crape, could hardly be said to shelter his head. His face was pale and sharp, his beard and hair unshorn, his cheeks gaunt and hollow, and his whole appearance that of a person suffering from want. His spare but muscular form was arrayed in a threadbare shooting-frock, and his lower limbs were encased in long leathern gaiters, such as are worn by sportsmen on the moorlands. In his right hand he carried a stout oaken cudgel. When he had gained the deepest recesses of the woods, he paused, looked around, and said to himself—

"All safe here—and should I be pursued, I know of a hollow in these old rocks, where, barring starvation, I might lie in safety for years. They might track me with sleath-hounds, but the dogs would lose the scent." He sat down on a bank. "Well, well," he muttered, "the fox is run to earth again. Not that but I've seen harder

times, and been as sorely beset, but it's one thing to meet danger with staunch comrades in the same predicament, and with meat and drink to raise your courage, and another to face it, alone and friendless, hungry and thirsty. Hunger and thirst! They can't be endured much longer. They've an excellent larder at the manor-house. Could I only see Sir Mark, I'd wring protection from him by the memory of our mutual misdeeds. Ha! I hear a horse's hoofs. The sun has sunk, the moon is struggling through the mists—he may have gold."

As the sound of hoofs approached leisurely, the thief or vagabond, whichever he might be, grasped his cudgel, and stole forward to a precipitous bank, which commanded the bridle-path, along which the traveller was advancing. At a distance he perceived a man, mounted on a snow-white horse.

"I should know the rider," muttered the ruffian. "I'm sure of the mare. Ay, ay, it's Jezebel, sure enough. I should know her gait among a thousand. The rider is no other than Sir Mark Morrison. His evil genius has sent him to this spot."

The horse steadily approached. As he came near the spot where the bank began to rise, the ruffian detached the huge withered oak, and flung it in the bridle-path. The started beast reared up, and flung her rider, then dashed onward, snorting in an agony of terror. The baronet, unhurt, muttered a deep curse as he rose to his feet, when he was confronted by the author of the accident. The light of the rising moon, struggling through the foliage, half revealed his repulsive features and his torn habiliments.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" inquired the fearful baronet.

The stranger gave vent to a harsh, discordant laugh. "Dress does, indeed, make a difference," he said. "One would hardly have thought a few rags could have made such an alteration. And then not to know my face—though, to be sure, you couldn't see it very plainly, and if you did, hunger and care have sharpened the features. Oh! I'm an old acquaintance, I tell you. So much for your first query. Then as to the second—what do I want? Every thing. Shelter, clothes, food—a bed, and brandy!"

"A strange suspicion crosses me," muttered the baronet. "Can you be—"

"Luke Hertford, at your service, baronet. How are you? And how have you been since we parted company? You know it wasn't my fault that I left you. Ha! ha!"

Sir Mark was dreadfully alarmed. The ferocious character of Luke—the mutual relation in which they stood—the place, the hour, combined to inspire him with terror. There was but one course for him to adopt—that of conciliation.

"Luke, my good friend, I am glad to see you."

"No doubt of it," replied Luke, with another brutal laugh. "I am as welcome to you as death to a bridegroom, or the murrain to a grazier. Come," he continued, laying his hand familiarly upon the baronet's shoulder, "sit down upon this bank, and we'll have a chat about old times."

"This is an idle fancy, Luke," replied the baronet,

shuddering, but yet obeying the whim of his suspicious companion.

"No, no, you'll see the advantage of it presently. Sir Mark, I was happy once, and indifferent honest, as the player says. And so was mother, too. Poor old soul! She's dead and gone. Perhaps you didn't know that, Sir Mark. Yes, mother's dead! But to go farther back. You know I was not an only child; you know I had a sister. Why do you start? You know she was a beautiful girl, and innocent as an angel, until you came across her path, Sir Mark. What became of her, you and I know. She died of a broken heart, and all because of you!" He spoke this with violence, fixing a fierce eye upon the baronet, who drew his breath in gasps. "But what of that?" Luke added, in a calmer tone, "you made reparation—ha! ha! You took us—mother and I, into your service. You made us your bond-slaves. Corrupted by you, I was always at your beck and call. Was there a young heir to be bubbled, Luke must play the sharper—a young maid to be entrapped, Luke must incur the odium. All that was well. You paid us for our broken hearts and our seared consciences, and we never upbraided you. But at length, sated with pleasure, you grew capricious and tyrannical. You turned us out to starve—yes, starve! Mother died of want—a beggar in the streets. Yes," he cried, grinding his teeth, "she died of starvation, while you were sitting down to twenty dishes. I went for a soldier. I stole from my captain. It was a paltry theft, but it was enough to ruin me. I was lashed in the presence of the regiment. I, born for nobler things, suffered this disgrace in consequence of your brutality. I deserted and fled, and I have begged, worked, and pilfered my way back to my native village. Last night I visited my sister's grave; and what do you think happened there? You'll never guess. My old mother appeared to me. I saw her just as plain as I see you, Sir Mark. She was pale as death, and had her grave-clothes on. She spoke to me and made me take an oath."

"What oath?"

"To deal vengeance on her murderer!"

Sir Mark fairly screamed with terror. His shrieks were unavailing. Luke caught him by the throat, and pinned him to the earth. The dying wretch struggled convulsively, and sought to throw off the knee which the murderer had planted on his breast. At this moment a confused noise was heard approaching. Men on foot with lanterns, and mounted servants hastened to the spot. They had been alarmed by the return to the manor-house of the riderless horse, and had set forth in haste to seek the baronet. The sounds struck upon the fluttering senses of the dying man; he made a final effort for liberation, but the gripe of Luke was unrelaxing. The crowd rushed upon the ruffian, but he drew a pistol from his vest, and they recoiled. He then placed his hand upon the bosom and the pulse of his enemy. Satisfied that both had ceased to throb, he rose deliberately from the ground, discharged his pistol in the air, and surrendered himself at once. "I have killed him," said he, drawing a long breath, "but he deserved his fate."

Thus perished the profligate Lord of the Manor by the hand of violence. From his dreadful fate let us turn our eyes to the happier destiny of Henry and Catharine. They are at length happy. They have taken leave of scenes endeared by early recollections, but deprived of their attraction by recent occurrences, and beneath the bluer skies of our own happy America, surrounded by a charming family, they never cast a "longing, lingering look" to "merrie England."

Original.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE sails are set—the breeze is fair—  
Before us smiles the sea;  
Lo, how yon halcyon skims the air!  
As rapid and as free,  
Our vessel bends her easy flight;  
While o'er the waves we wait good night—  
Our native land, to thee!

Ah! mingles there no fond regret,  
With this low-breathed farewell—  
Were not our eyes with tear-drops wet,  
When last they sadly fell  
Upon thy features, mother earth—  
On scenes familiar from our birth,  
On mountain, wood and dell?

Beat there no hearts in this dear clime,  
Whose feelings are our own,  
That we shall meet, unchanged by time,  
When days and years have flown,  
And homeward o'er the flashing deep,  
Our gallant ship again shall sweep  
Like yon swift bird, alone!

Oh, stay thy wing, thou speeding bird,  
And to our native shore  
Bear on thy flight the simple word,  
'Farewell!' when day is o'er—  
When day is o'er, and near thy nest,  
Upon some crag's wind-sheltered breast,  
Thy circling pinions soar.

Yet there is music in the waves,  
Though sad our parting be;  
And joy, deep joy, to him who braves  
The dangers of the sea.  
Oh, who would live in peace at home,  
When on the waters he might roam,  
As gloriously as we?

Then let us dash away the tear  
That trembles in our eye;  
There should be nought but happy cheer,  
Between the sea and sky.  
The sails are set—the breeze is fair—  
And like yon bird along the air,  
Still shall our vessel fly!

Original.

BIRTH OF THE CALLA.\*

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

ONX sunny day when things were young,  
And the earth was bright and new,  
The Angel of Flowers sought a shade,  
Where her choicest favorites grew.  
She smiled as they swung in the pleasant air,  
And cherish'd them all with an equal care.

For all were fair, from the blushing rose  
To the dahlia's regal pride—  
From the graceful bell with its azure hue,  
To the lily by its side.  
The violets peered from their grassy nook,  
To catch the smile of the Angel's look.

The woodbine twined its festoons round,  
The tall palm bowed its head,  
The daisy lifted its dewy eyes,  
And each its fragrance shed.  
No jealous pride, no envious glow,  
The grass of the field, and the flowrets know.

The Angel looked on the toilless throng  
Where a thousand hues combine,  
And a thousand forms of radiant grace,  
In their ranks of beauty shine—  
And bright grew the Angel's smile and look,  
And her rainbow wings with delight she shook!

There's a ray of light—and at once she knew  
That her sister, Truth, was nigh;  
And she of the spotless robe approach'd  
With a calm and heavenward eye.  
She bore in her hand that deathless scroll,  
Which she ever presents to the human soul.

And long they stayed in converse sweet,  
While Truth, in playful mood,  
Oft rolled the scroll in various shapes,  
In the bower where they stood.  
The Angel saw, and thought the while,  
And her features grew to a radiant smile.

She touched the earth, and upward sprung,  
A form of matchless grace;  
In alabaster glow'd the scroll,  
Unstain'd by a single trace.  
And leaves like the arrows of truth were seen  
To start from the earth, of the deepest green.

As its graces slowly unfurled to view,  
The Sisters smiled to see,  
And call'd it the fairest thing that deck'd  
The vale or the sunny lea.  
And thus, the latest and brightest birth,  
The Calla sprang to the joyous earth.

\* Calla Ethiopica.

virtue. To draw him by "cords of love" and unwearied patience, from the world which entices him, and the nature that betrays him—to lead him to the Scriptures which can alone instruct him; and to prove to him, by your own example, their sovereign efficacy, is the great—the "blessed task set before you." Accept from one about to leave you, her best advice, her most ardent wishes for your success;—to the sincere, the attached, the humble and the resolute, in this truly excellent crusade against a world of vanity, selfishness, and voluptuousness, she says "God speed ye,"—"we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

*London, England, 1839.*

Original.

TO A FRIEND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

OH, no! never deem her less worthy of love,  
That once she has trusted and trusted in vain!  
Could you turn from the timid and innocent dove,  
If it flew to your breast from a savage's chain?

She too is a dove, in her guileless affection,  
A child in confiding and worshipping truth;  
Half broken in heart, she has flown for protection,  
To you,—will you chill the sweet promise of youth?

To a being so fragile, affection is life!  
A rosebud, unblessed by a smile from above,  
When with bloom and with fragrance, its bosom is rife—  
A bee without sweets—she must perish or love!

You have heard of those magical circles of flowers,  
Which in places laid waste by the lightning, are found;  
Where they say that the fairies have charmed the night  
hours  
With their luminous footsteps, enriching the ground.

Believe me—the passion she cherished of yore,  
That brought like the storm-flash, at once, on its wing,  
Destruction and splendor, like that hurried o'er,  
And left in its track but the wild fairy-ring,

All rife with fair blossoms of fancy and feeling,  
And hope, that spring forth from the desolate gloom,  
And whose breath in rich incense is softly up-stealing,  
To brighten *your* pathway with beauty and bloom!

BEAUTY has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it and something to the embellishment which sets it off; and yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last, that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.—*Sterne's Sermons.*

Original.

THE FIRST AND SECOND WIFE;

OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF A DISCONTENTED MAN.

—  
BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

—  
PART I.

"Few—none find what they love or could have loved,  
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
Necessity of loving, have removed  
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong."—CHILDE HAROLD.

I BELONG to that unfortunate race of mortals, who, not satisfied with the evils which must naturally fall to their lot in the ordinary course of events, seek out new sources of discomfort, and, as it were, manufacture disappointments for themselves. In other words, I am the victim of discontent. There are some temperaments which seem fitted only for unhappiness, and from the fairest flowers of earth, derive a poison with which to feed their morbid fancy; such was mine. Heir to a princely fortune, gifted by nature with a mind capable of availing itself of all the advantages which education could afford, and distinguished by extreme personal beauty—I may say this without vanity *now*—it would seem as if all the materials of happiness were within my reach; but there was wormwood enough in my own spirit, to embitter all these springs of enjoyment. My unhappy temper showed itself very early. Even from my boyhood, I can recollect how invariably I loathed the fulfilment of my own desires. The costly and long-wished for toy, the rare book, the favorite pony, all were alike objects of disgust when once in my possession. Such a disposition can rarely be amended, and yet I think mine might have been controlled, had my kind parents been able to discover the defect in my character; but, blinded by their affection, they fostered by indulgence, the temper which should have been subdued by discipline.

As I grew to man's estate, this unhappy trait in my character became still more painfully predominant. The pleasures from which I turned in disgust, seemed to me invaluable when I witnessed their enjoyment by another, and, as I was compelled to observe some consistency in my dealings with men, I suffered more than could be imagined by one who has never known the miseries of discontent. Conscious of my personal attractions, and, priding myself upon the polished elegance of my manners, I eagerly sought the society of women. But here my familiar demon haunted me. Women who, at first sight, appeared to me objects of idolatry, lost all their attractions as soon as my vanity led me to believe that I was not an object indifferent to them, and thus, while abhorring the assassin-like spirit of the male-coquette, I was in truth acting the same part. But my day of punishment arrived.

My early years were wasted in pursuits which wearied me, because generally successful; and, though my heart longed for an object on which to bestow its affections, I was rapidly approaching my twentieth year without having met with a woman whom I could love, when I became acquainted with Ellen Trevor and her cousin, Maria Leslie. Entirely unlike in person, they were still

more so in mind. Ellen was extremely beautiful. A form of almost fairy mould, so small and so perfectly symmetrical, a complexion of dazzling whiteness, eyes blue as the summer heaven, and a profusion of golden ringlets, which all her care failed to confine in the stiff *coiffure* of fashion, combined to form a picture of exquisite loveliness. No one ever dreamed of calling Maria Leslie a beauty, and yet there was a queenly grace in her stately figure, a flashing light in her splendid dark eyes, and an eloquent glow on her smooth cheek, which often threw into the shade the less expressive countenance of her fair cousin. These ladies soon became the objects of my exclusive attentions, and I found them decidedly superior to any women I had yet met with. Maria possessed that imaginative temperament which ever belongs to genius, and which enables it to transmute the dross of this world into the fine gold that alone can satisfy its desires; while Ellen, with a moderate share of talent, combined such exquisite tact and nice discernment of character, that it was impossible to determine, with accuracy, what proportion of intellect had really fallen to her share.

For some time, my admiration was very equally divided, but my choice was at length decided in a most characteristic manner. I was one day sitting alone with Ellen, and giving utterance to those tender nothings, which derive such fatal meaning from the look and tone that accompany them, when she interrupted me with a very grave air, by asking me if I was aware that she was an affianced bride. On my expressing surprise, she told me that from her fifteenth year, she had been betrothed to one who had been the playmate of her infancy, and that her marriage was only delayed until his return from France, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. "I tell you this," said she, "because I would not appear to play the coquette. I like your society, and wish to number you among my friends, but it is necessary, for the sake of both, that you should clearly understand how impossible it is that we should ever be more than friends." There was a fearless frankness in this disclosure so unlike the usual conduct of women, that my admiration was increased tenfold, and when I looked upon the beautiful girl who so carelessly rejected my affection, even before she knew whether it would be professed, I felt a pang such as I had never before known.

Her caution produced precisely the opposite effect to that which she had intended. I never looked upon her sweet face without recollecting the tie that bound her to another, and the more I reflected upon the subject, the more firm was my conviction that Ellen Trevor, the only unattainable object which had ever excited my wishes, was the only being who could make me happy. But vain were all my attempts to shake the constancy of woman's affection. She received all my attentions as evidences of friendship, and, satisfied with having revealed to me the truth, she never suspected that she had only urged me forward in the pursuit of my selfish will. How bitterly did she weep over her error, when, at length, with all the fervor of passion, I poured out my heart before her, and prayed her to forsake the lover of her youth, to become the worshipped idol of my spirit.

There was flashing scorn in her eye, when I urged her to commit such an act of treachery to the absent; but the feelings of the woman overcame her, and she pardoned the tempter for the sake of the love which counselled the guilt. But her constancy was proof against my attacks. "We must part," said she; "in a very few weeks I expect to greet the return of him whom I already consider my husband, and when you see me again, it will be as the wife of another. You will soon forget that you ever looked on me with other eyes than those of friendship." She kept her word; the next day she left the city, and though Maria still remained, yet the name of Ellen was rarely mentioned between us.

Tormented as I was by my unquiet spirit, I found my only solace in the society of Maria Leslie. Her versatile genius gave to her conversation the charm of endless variety, and I sometimes wondered at myself for preferring the tamer beauties of her cousin. Yet I certainly did prefer them, and even while I was enjoying the pleasure which Maria's society afforded me, I pined with secret, but burning discontent over the reflection, that Ellen was lost to me for ever. A few weeks afterwards, Maria was summoned to officiate as bridesmaid to her cousin. She showed me Ellen's letter; it was full of cheerful, yet tender feeling, and concluded with expressing their intention of visiting France immediately after the marriage. "You must accompany us, Maria," she added, "and we will try to find some foreign prince who will lay his riches and honors at the feet of my queenly cousin."

"Do you intend to obey your cousin's last requisition, Miss Leslie?" I asked.

"I think I shall," was her quiet reply, and she bade me farewell for an indefinite period, without evincing the slightest emotion.

The more I reflected upon her calm, self-possessed manner, the greater was my displeasure; yet what right had I to expect that she should be moved at parting with one who had never appeared to seek her affection. She had been gone but a few days, when the loss of her society became to me insupportable. A week after the tidings of Ellen's marriage reached me, I wrote to Maria, and with all the eloquence of passion, besought her to return, assuring her that my hand and fortune awaited her acceptance. During the time that elapsed before I received an answer to my letter, I was in a state of feverish excitement. The uncertainty of her decision, the hopes and fears that agitated me, contributed to keep alive my desires, and it was with trembling eagerness that I broke the seal of the anxiously-expected letter. It simply informed me that in a few days the writer would be in town, and, as her answer to my flattering proposal would require some explanation, she would defer it until we met. This protracted delay added fresh ardor to my wishes, and when, two days after, I had a private interview with Maria, my feelings were as enthusiastic as the most imaginative woman could desire. But Maria's answer was far from being satisfactory. She told me that highly as she estimated what she called my noble qualities, there was yet one weakness in my character which awakened her distrust. "You are unstable," said

she; "like a child with a toy, you weary of every thing you possess, and much as your happiness seems to depend upon me now, you would probably repent your rash offer were I to accept it." In vain I argued and entreated; she continued firm in her refusal, until, overcome by my protestations, and, as I afterwards learned, her own secret attachment, she consented to become my wife. But she made one condition. "I will relinquish my intended journey to France," said she; "we will meet in society as we were wont to do, but you shall still consider yourself unengaged until the expiration of a year; if you then continue to regard me as you now do, I will be your wife. But remember, we are not to meet as lovers, for that would destroy the effect of the ordeal to which I wish to subject you."

Finding her inexorable, I was obliged to submit to the required probation, but had she read my character aright, she never would have subjected me to such a test. Had she plighted her faith to me, and then deferred the period of our union, the certainty of possessing her affections would probably have checked the ardor of my pursuit; but as we were now situated, I was kept in a perfect state of anxiety lest some more fortunate rival should win her from me. Yet, with all my eagerness, I was dissatisfied with my own feelings. My ideas of genuine love were of a very exalted nature, and I was conscious that Maria had not awakened in my heart, the intense and passionate devotion which I deemed an essential quality of true affection. I did not consider how foolishly I had trifled away my early feelings, and how impossible it was for me now to love with the ardor of boyhood. If a man could hoard up all the tenderness of his nature—if he could shut up within his own heart all those restless affections which are so ready to bestow themselves on the nearest object, until experience in the world had given strength to his character, then his love would indeed be a treasure beyond all price. But, alas! "our young affections run to waste or, water but the desert," and yet, with the scanty stream that remains from that once abundant fountain, we foolishly expect to diffuse freshness and beauty over the barren sands of the desert which stretches before us in after life.

My year of probation at length was at an end, and then Maria confessed to me her long-hidden attachment, assuring me that she had done violence to her own feelings in subjecting me to such a trial, but that she considered it necessary, in order to learn whether my happiness was involved as deeply as her own in our union. We were married, and the congratulations of my friends, together with the tenderness of my bride, excited feelings more nearly approaching to happiness than any I had ever before experienced.

Maria was one of the noblest creatures that ever blest with their presence the dreary earth. Her temper was not of that mild, passive, submissive character, which men are apt to laud as peculiarly fitted to woman. In all my experience, I have never found such perfect gentleness, unaccompanied by indolence and inertness of mind, and I believe strong passions to be the natural concomitants of a fine intellect. The finest tempers are those, which, naturally impetuous, have been subjected

to the perfect control of reason and judgment. Such was Maria's. I never witnessed an instance of petulance or impatience during our married life; yet, I have seen her angry, and nothing was to me so terrible as the indignant flash of her dark eye, for I well knew it was never undeserved. Her lofty nature could not but despise the littleness that disturbed me, and though her love for me struggled with the feeling, there were times when it would not be concealed. She never came from her dressing-room attired for a ball or party, that I did not examine her *parure* with the scrupulous exactness of a man-milliner; and many a time have I sent her back to her toilet, to remodel the fashion of her dress, because its character of noble simplicity did not suit my ideas of wealth and importance. Her manners, which, before marriage, had seemed to me the very perfection of womanly dignity, became the subject of my captious criticism. At one time, I censured her for too much assumption of stateliness; at another, for an affectation of girlishness, and her unwearied efforts to mould herself to my wishes, must only have convinced her, that even the fabled versatility of Proteus would have been unequal to the task of pleasing so unreasonable a cavalier. Yet she loved me most tenderly in spite of my weakness, and, while she endeavored to arouse a nobler spirit within me, she never, even in jest, reverted to any foolish discontent, though it was gradually undermining her fabric of happiness.

About a year after our marriage, a daughter was born to us, in whose delicate little features we traced a most marked similitude to Ellen Trevor. The singular likeness seemed to increase almost daily, until, by a sort of tacit consent, our little one received the name of Ellen. Will it be believed that the face of my babe awakened those dormant feelings which had so long been put to rest? I looked upon the fair brow and blue eye of my little girl, until I found myself involuntarily recurring to earlier days, and again comparing the stately beauty of my noble wife with the fairy loveliness of her gentle cousin. But I will do myself the justice to add, that the feeling was diligently suppressed, and I fancied it had quite escaped the notice of Maria;—as if any such thing could evade the quick eye of devoted affection.

Maria's health continued delicate for some time after the birth of her child, and, in the fullness of my newly-awakened paternal cares, I insisted that a nurse should be provided for the babe. She opposed my suggestion, kindly, but firmly. This, of course, aroused my captious temper, and I vehemently urged that she should not attempt the charge of her infant. "You will ruin the health of your child, Maria," said I, "and all through your own perverseness."

"Surely, Charles," was her calm reply, "a mother is the nurse appointed by Nature's self. I cannot err in obeying her dictates."

"Well," exclaimed I, angrily, "if you choose to kill yourself, it is your own concern, but you will be so good as to remember, that with regard to our child, I have some right to dictate."

Never shall I forget her countenance at that moment. A burning flush mounted to her snowy temples, and as

suddenly retreated, leaving cheek and brow and lip of a corpse-like whiteness, while the vivid lightning of her dark eye quenched itself in a burst of uncontrollable tears. Her whole frame shook with convulsed emotion as she raised her clasped hands to Heaven, and exclaimed, in a voice of almost remorseful agony, "Oh, God! have I made this mine idol, and am I to be punished thus!" Thunderstruck at the effect which my words had produced, I stood for a moment appalled; but with that self-control which so seldom abandoned her, she mastered her agitation, and turning upon me a look of sorrow, left the room. I did not see her again until we met at the tea-table; she was then calm and self-possessed, but every tone of her voice was a reproach to me. He who has ever listened to the low, melancholy, flute-like tones of a woman's voice when her heart is oppressed with sighs she dares not breathe, will understand how great a pang may be inflicted by a sound "so faint, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence."

She did not allude to our conversation, and the touching pathos of her voice stilled even my unquiet spirit for a time, so that several days elapsed before I ventured to press the subject again. But my peevish temper at length got the better of me, and I once more urged, though in somewhat gentler terms, that a nurse should be procured. Her reply was perfectly gentle, but it was a decided refusal. "Believe me, Charles," she said, "I would not risk my child's health for my own gratification; I know the nature of my own disease, and it will not affect her; my little one may imbibe her mother's milk without inheriting her mother's breaking heart."

I was shocked—wounded—mortified; and we never again alluded to the subject. I have since thought that Maria did me injustice at that time. That my capricious temper embittered her life, I well know, but I am confident that it was her renewed belief of my attachment to her cousin, which then contributed most essentially to her unhappiness. But she was wrong; whatever were my feelings at a later period, I had not then allowed myself to dwell on such a dangerous theme. I was conscious that I did not love Maria as she deserved; I still believed my nature capable of a stronger affection, although experience might have taught me that it were easier to bind up the fallen rose-leaves, and form them again into the unopened bud, than to gather up the scattered fragments of those wasted affections which had been flung at the feet of every new object of admiration. It was the very consciousness of the poor requital which I could make for all her tenderness, that gave to my manner much of its querulousness. Since I could not love her worthily, I desired to see her admired by the world, and little did she think that the petulance, which she deemed an evidence of aversion, was a proof of my deepest interest. With all her strong intellect and clear-sightedness, on this one subject, Maria was as easily deceived as the most of her sex. She loved me with all the ardor of her pure and noble nature, and when did such love ever meet with fitting recompense? Rarely can the heart of man, blasted by its fierce passions, consumed by its vain fires, afford one green spot on which such affection can find repose.

Maria felt that I did not return her tenderness, and one exquisitely painful fancy took possession of her mind. From the day when, in the violence of passion, I had uttered those bitter words which expressed so much indifference to her, combined with so much affection for my daughter, she conceived the idea that I had never loved her, and that pique against her cousin had alone induced me to offer her my hand. The more she brooded over this belief, the more she was convinced of its truth, and at length she wrought herself to such a pitch, that she actually fancied the caresses I lavished upon my child were given principally on account of its resemblance to Ellen. With natural, but alas! ill-judged reserve, she closely concealed from me her suspicions, and while the increasing paleness of her cheek bore witness to some secret sorrow, there was not the slightest change in her manner to warrant any inquiry into her feelings.

We had been three years married, and this state of things had lasted several months, when Ellen returned from Europe, a desolate widow. Her husband had been seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, at an obscure village in France, and, but for the assistance of a young gentleman whom they had known in Paris, and who was accidentally passing through the place, Ellen would have been alone in a land of strangers, with the dying and the dead. The friend who had assisted her in performing the last duties to her husband, aided her to reach her native land, and she who had left us in the flush of hope and happiness, now returned, lonely and wretched.

From the moment of her cousin's return, Maria's health began rapidly to fail. She appeared to have lost all of her energy, and an entire listlessness took possession of her. This total sinking of the spirit produced a corresponding debility in her physical frame. There is no fact in medicine better established, than the intimate connexion between the diagnostics of disease in the mental and physical structure. When the mind is entirely overthrown, as in mania, the body may continue in vigorous health, for there the animal prevails over the intellectual being; but when the mental faculties are impaired by sorrow, and rendered morbidly sensitive by indulgence in melancholy feeling, the physical frame shares the weakness of the mind, and a diseased action of the nerves must be the result.

Maria soon became too ill to leave her room, and Ellen was her constant attendant. Loving her cousin with earnest affection, she yet shrank from the daily intercourse between us, and while her eye ever rested on Ellen with undoubting confidence, it glanced fearfully at my every look and gesture, as if I alone was the object of distrust. Alas! I did not merit such scrutiny. The probability of losing her had awakened all my early attachment, and, true to my unhappy temper, I never loved her half so well as when I was assured that Death had marked her for his own. Day by day she slowly faded from our sight. No severe pain, no prolonged agony characterized her last illness. As the body gradually decayed, the mind seemed to awaken to new life, and methinks I had never before dreamed of the amazing compass of her intellect. The half timid, half distrustful feeling, which had heretofore restrained the



free expression of her thoughts, vanished at the near approach of her day of freedom, and the lofty enthusiasm, the high aspirations of her noble mind, and her pure Christian faith, were expressed in language that was indeed "unwritten poetry." Alas! I was like the prodigal, who, after his heritage has passed into the possession of another, discovers the rich mine of fine gold that lies beneath its surface.

One morning, I was seated by her bedside, gazing anxiously on that pale countenance, which now seemed to hold my all of earthly light, when she suddenly raised her eyes to my face, and said, "Charles, when I am gone, you will think of our marriage only as a troubled dream."

"No, Maria," exclaimed I, "a dream of happiness, darkened only by my own folly; oh, that you might be spared to learn how deeply, how fondly you are beloved."

A faint flush crossed her sunken cheek, while her eye was lighted up with an expression of tenderness and joy which had long been strangers to her. She smiled sadly as she replied, "Beware, Charles, lest you win back my thoughts to a world I must resign; oh! if there be a temptation which could draw down my soul from the half-attained heights of yonder Heaven, it is your affection. I have thirsted for it, even as the traveller in the desert pines for a draught of pure water. I have lived but in the hope of possessing it—I die because it was unattainable. Nay, Charles," added she as I was about to interrupt her, "I know what you would say; I know you love me now, but not with an affection that satisfies yourself. Would that I were assured my death would purchase your future happiness. But, alas! I fear for you, my beloved husband; there is a fountain of bitterness in your own heart, which mingles itself with all life's sweetest draughts. Oh, that the hand of your dying wife might be permitted to reach forth the branch of healing, even as the prophet healed the bitter waters of Marah."

The entrance of Ellen put a stop to our conversation, and Maria desired me to leave them together. When I returned, there were traces of long-continued weeping on the cheeks of both.

Three days afterwards she begged to be borne to the window, that she might look once more on the fair face of nature. Her couch was placed so as to afford her a full view of the garden, and she lay for several hours in deep thought, gazing out upon the autumnal landscape. Our little Ellen at length entered the room, and crept to her mother's side. Maria started from her reverie, and laying her hand on the little creature's head, uttered a fervent blessing, then, turning to her cousin, she said, "Remember, Ellen, I have given her to you. Be a mother to her!" With these words, she fell back on her pillow in a fainting-fit. She recovered from this, but soon after sunk into a deep stupor, from which she awoke in Eternity.

BRED to think, as well as to speak by note, we furnish our minds as we furnish our houses—with the fancies of others, and according to the mode and age of our country: we pick up our ideas and notions in common conversation, as in schools.—*Bolingbroke.*

Original.  
TIME'S CHANGES.

—  
BY ISAAC C. PRAY.  
—

"THERE is a tear of sweet relief—  
A tear of rapture and of grief:  
The feeling heart alone can know  
What soft emotions bid it flow.  
Then memory wakes, and loves to mourn  
The days that never can return."—*MRS. HEMANS.*

Oh, Time, how many painful things  
By thee I've learned in latter years!  
Plumeless are now my spirit's wings—  
My glad eyes changed to founts of tears.  
I know the joys the world esteems,  
Purchased at Childhood's princely cost,  
They are the gifts of futile dreams—  
A moment grasped, then wholly lost.

My home! Oh, how that little word  
Revives emotions felt of yore!  
I see old scenes that there occurred—  
The same familiar face it wore.  
But now, oh, God! there are unrolled  
Changes I never shall forget,  
Which some would curse—but I behold  
A father and a sister yet.

Oh, Sister, does thy heart not ache  
To see the wrecks of things once dear—  
Does not Remembrance often take  
A glance at each departed year—  
Recall the time ere mother died,  
Our noble mother, kind and good,  
Our brother, too, and ah, beside,  
Our sister!—happy householdhood!

I know 'tis so; as flow my tears  
While thinking of the joys now past,  
Thou seem'st with me to view the years  
That were too pleasant far, to last—  
When friends in name seemed friends indeed,  
Not hypocrites to childhood's sight,  
But equal all, in wealth or need,  
To him who toiled for their delight.

We must not mourn that now are dead  
Our brother and our sister dear;  
Had they perceived how Time hath sped—  
The changes in his dread career,  
Had they beheld what we have seen,  
The ruin here around us thrown,  
Their gentle spirits wrecked had been  
Beneath the storm that we have known.

Take courage, then, a little while,  
A few short years can only pass,  
Ere death on us will surely smile—  
The sands of life run through the glass.  
Against the ills of life, bear up!  
With firmness yet, oh, struggle on;  
What though the draught that fills our cup  
Be bitter—drink! 'Twill soon be gone.

Original.

## HINTS UPON BURIAL-PLACES.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

THERE is generally something peculiarly touching in the funeral observances of the country, especially in the Old World—for we Americans think of such matters too little. As compared with city customs in like cases, their superiority is especially observable, and I know no better mode of appreciating this, than by considering, in the way of contrast—for such it must be—the character of the burial-places, and mortuary customs which belong to more crowded communities. And, especially, I must premise again, is *this* remark, too, applicable to the Old World; and to Old England as much as to any other region. It is so for the simple reason that, while our country is comparatively *all* country, those I refer to, might better be described as collections of cities with green spaces between. As far as we are concerned with the subject under discussion, this circumstance will be found to be in our favor. If we are generally a people too negligent of decent forms in the care of the dead, and have, in this respect, great room for improvement, we may still congratulate ourselves that the abuse (to speak strongly,) is by no means carried in particular cases, to so revolting an extent as it elsewhere is. In the communities I speak of, there is, to say the least, little or no poetry in these matters. The burial-places are void of interest to him who constantly sees them; while the eye of the stranger turns from them in disgust. It must be so. In a place like London, for example, and, for the most part, in the circumstances of any old and populous city, the whole subject must be made matter of mere police regulations on the part of the authorities, and of mere business on the part of the people. It must be mercenary and mechanical; hollow as the rattling of clods on the coffin they tumble, with a few fast-mumbled prayers, into the carefully-measured rectilinear pit which they call a grave. All round me, in large towns, signs and advertisements, or hand-bills, glare at me, in spectral capitals, about funerals to be *furnished* for any part of the kingdom, at the shortest notice. This is the indispensable part of the process. It must be had and paid for. As to the *feeling* of a funeral—as far as the public and the traveller, are concerned, I mean, of course—I have already hinted there is none. It is not a part of the play. The show of something of the sort may be required, or may be thought to be, like show in many other things; but that is settled by opinion, fashion or convenience, one sees at a glance. If settled to be necessary, why then the weepers as well as the undertakers, must be had, and must be paid—“the sable tribes,” says Blair—

“That painful watch  
The sick man’s door, and live upon the dead!”

And most assuredly, as faithfully as their fellows, (and upon the same principle) the former will attend—and perform! That is to say, money will make the mourners “go,” and the mourning will be gleesome, or grievous, inversely in the ratio of the fund distributed. And it is not only matter of necessity, this adjustment of sentiment, and other services, in the way of trade. It may

be well adapted, on the whole, to the ways of a city and its population. Be that as it may, however, so it is. No one expects to find it otherwise, or wishes it were so. Only when, as a foreigner, an American, bred in the old-fashioned clownishness of a rural district—in the midst of a population of which no portion has yet been so disciplined to regulate public affairs with precision, or private jobs with economy—I stand in London streets, and stare

“To see the well-plumed hearse, come nodding on,  
Stately and slow”—

must I confess it?—a feeling of other days bursts out freshly in my soul. A thought of love, sorrow, awe, sympathy, comes over my spirit like a sudden shade. I pause, and watch in musing silence, the well-judged dignity of decent trappings—all waving and colored as they should be—and eke the reverential march of stately steeds. Oh! it moves me. It takes me by surprise. Straightway I imagine the history of him they bring. I feel for his poor relatives who follow him; their grief is racking to my heart. I labor to conceive some mitigation to be considered, some consolation, that, had I the sacred opportunity, might possibly be given. But, alas! it is all in vain. The procession has approached, reached, and passed me. All in vain, my dear, excited reader;—not that stern fortune denies me the sweet, though sad relief of learning what I am ignorant of, and of doing what I would; but merely that they make it a practice in London, to bury the bodies of departed citizens in the way of trade. Believe me, this scrutiny soothes my anguish. My angel of sentiment falls, “like Lucifer.” I hurry forward, through “gluts of people,”—belonging, like me, to “other parishes”—as eager to get home again as a real “mourner”—when his fee is received! So much for funerals in a great city!

And as much for its burial-places might be added. I will not call them church-yards; they are not yards at all, but store-houses in the ground;—measured off, enclosed, furnished, and paid for, as the sexton’s documents—to which reference is hereby made—will more particularly show. I will not describe their general appearance or condition. Still less shall I enter into any minutiae concerning them. Suffice it to remark, in justice to the English cities, that the commercial principle in this department of business, is probably carried somewhat farther in the particular community just mentioned, than in most others we hear of. The bones of the surplus population under ground are of far more value in the market, than those of some of them above. Accumulations, which obviously must often occur, are disposed of by wholesale—carried off by the contractors—and, of course, used up as it pleases them, by the parties who take the speculation from their hands! This is custom, too. And let not the reader waste his sympathies, as I once did mine. He may as well make the best of it as *they* do. Circumstances alter cases. Sentiment must yield to the fitness of things. Habit does much. Many a citizen is soothed by the thought, not only that he is sure to be rated as high as any body else after death, though he may have been justly respected before; but that he will infallibly be treated, at last, precisely in proportion to his merits;

that is, his weight. He will of course be treated as well as other people. Rank or riches will matter not; nay, while, at all events, he was absolutely nothing in this infinite throng of the teeming city, it cannot be doubted he is now destined to be—a consideration, at the least.

But the theme is as loathsome as a metropolitan church-yard itself. It "offends me to the soul." Air!—air!—let me breathe in green fields again. Let me dwell upon flowers, dews, and brown towers and yew-trees gnarled. The poorest grave-yard, even, in New England, with all its rudeness, were a luxury compared with scenes like these.

And yet, this glance at them is not, I trust, without its use. It may help us to appreciate the advantages and attractions of the new class of burial-places which are becoming fashionable among us, and especially of the establishment at Mount Auburn, which was the earliest conspicuous example, as it is the most beautiful among them.

In one circumstance alone is there a charm wanting—if indeed, one happens to think of what he need not—in that most lovely spot, the union as it is of all that both country and city, as such, can do for a place of burial. Nor is this from any fault of its founders. I refer to a fact necessarily connected with its recency of origin, and with the youthfulness of the community and country it belongs to;—the very circumstances, indeed, which contribute in other respects, to furnish its extraordinary and peculiar attractions. It is so young that it has, it can have, no history. As regards its population—so to speak—it has as yet little character.

This trait, which, after all, must often be purchased at far too dear a cost, is the only moral point of superiority which, as of course, the grave-yards of an old country, can assert over those of a new region like ours. It is the same which *there* the city itself, with all the horrors we have ascribed to it, justly claims over the country. To some extent there is more classical interest in the former. In London itself, for example, what myriads of men and women, in whom the whole Saxon race at least, is deeply concerned, have been buried, as well as born, from age to age. How or where the remains of rich personages were merely deposited in the ground, one may forget. Habit reconciles us to any thing. The observer sees at length, only what is agreeable, or desirable to be seen; he does not uselessly dwell upon what is revolting, or on the want of what he might well desire to enjoy. In the crowded cemeteries of the metropolis, he gets to lose sight and thought at length, perhaps, of all which has so much disgusted me. And there is something left; there is "good in every thing;" and *there*, more probably, than any where else on earth, is concentrated the high moral interest which all mankind, and especially the sons of the Saxon dynasty, cannot but take in the name and fame of the great and good, the distinguished of every description, the historical and classical characters, in a word, of a long, long line of intellect, achievements, renown, and virtue—all that rouses, delights, inspires us to behold or know. In the very heart of Cheapside—witness the "Mercers' Chapel"—these monuments rise up around me. There would be no end to a list of the localities in

London where the resting-places and records of the giants of other days may be seen and studied in multitudes not to be counted.

"Bunnell-Fields' Yard" is among those I have chosen to visit a second time. It is less artificial, crowded and hollow-looking than most of them; being a vast, open level space, never yet occupied by habitations of the living, or by successive generations of the dead, pre-tenanting the same sites—so to speak—from immemorial periods; name heaped on name, and race on race, for evermore. It has long been the favorite burial-place of the Dissenters; and I fancy something of their republicanism, their original independence, and their "voluntary principle," may be seen found on the spot. Their great names abound in it. The tomb of Watts is among them, with many of his eminent contemporaries. It is enough, however, to mention John Bunyan, for here lies all that is left of the poor tinker himself; he was a preacher for some years, in town.

And so it is wherever, in my rambles, I come upon a grave-yard in Great Britain. England, especially, is rich, infinitely beyond comparison with any country, which ever existed, in the multitude and interest of spots of her soil, made sacred, to herself at least, and to us, by the birth, burial, deeds, by more or less, in a word, of the history of characters, that belong to the admiration and affection of their whole race, and the sound or sight of some of whose mere names is sufficient to send one's blood leaping through the veins with a spirit kindred almost to their own.

Nor is it to be understood that the cities monopolize these treasures. It is not as in France, and other countries;—a kingdom all city, or cities;—all Paris, for example—with vast *vacancies* of people, only to fill up the spaces between. That is no description of our ancestral land, nor ever was. Its entire system is pervaded by one blood; and the minutest or remotest branch of its least vein has not less, if it have not more, than its due proportion of the whole. Small it is, at the same time;—ancient to a degree that commands our admiring awe when we think of it; and during all these long, eventful, excited ages, filled with a population of such a stock, and spirit—thank Heaven!—that only freedom in the main, and free institutions, with all their teeming, glorious results, would do for *them*, let other nations do or be what they might. Hence enterprise, intellect, cultivation;—hence heroic struggles, and victories;—hence enthusiastic effort and achievement in every department where man's ambition and restless energy, thus roused and trained, could find a scope. Behold, then, the character impressed as it were upon the soil itself, and upon the whole of it. The traveller cannot enter the humblest hamlet, that might not justly boast of its renown. Think of the old church-yards, then. What stores of familiar yet reverend and imposing names rise up before me as I wind my way, breathless, along the leaning files of the stained marbles of gone-by centuries, all unpretending, crumbling, grass-grown, as they are. The reader may think now of the resting place of Shakspeare, on Avon's bank; but let him not forget the whole of that magnificent host of matchless worthies, whose dust lies somewhere, every

where, in the midst of England's own. Let him dream himself into Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's Church, or any of the hundred great national temples of the same description. Let him follow me, far more, in my sometimes aimless wanderings by village way-sides, gathering what I may. In a green lonely church-yard in Kent, skirted with ancient trees, let him stumble over the bones that once belonged to Locke, and ponder the inscription written for the rude old grave-stone by himself. Let him see where Gray reposes at Stoke, on a velvet-covered hillock, which, over a wide level country, commands a sweet view of the Winsor, in all its pride, and the Eton in all its beauty, which he so splendidly commemorated. The flowers and dewy beauteous, adorn that little heap, and the evening of every season visits it with many a soft air of rural melody, and floral balm and bloom, and hues, rich hues borrowed of the sun-set in heaven!

Need I continue the catalogue? The traveller will find it easy to continue it for himself. Every village he enters will add to its numbers. Far and wide, the graveyards of England thrill with the fame of the souls of old, whose mortal dust and monuments alone remain to point out "where their lives went by," but whose spirits have gone out over land and sea, seeds of immortal virtue and glory—making "a memory among the mountains,"—teaching the world "how to live!"

I do not disparage, then, the great interest accruing to the sacred spots I write of, from this latter source—so peculiarly English—so entirely strange to us, as it is. The want of it in America, on the contrary, enhances the interest of it there a hundred-fold: and vastly more, I need not say, for us, than for other people. Still, this is not the chief charm to me of their grave-yards. It is not one of the principal. These I have partially referred to before; and they almost imply the absence of this classical attraction. One does not go into grave-yards after all, to find fame. My speculations, my sympathies, are disturbed when it starts up before me. There is too often some ostentation about it; at all events there is a *sensation* excited, of some kind—of a kind inimical, almost inevitably, to the tenor of thought which one would wish the scenes of a grave-yard to produce. On the whole, reviewing my recollections of the various classes of burial-places which have fallen under my observation, whether in the Old World or the New, I find it no very difficult matter to make up—as old Captain Smith expresses it—"my conclusions." The extremes, which may be said to be characteristic of *them* and *us*, are both to be avoided; too much ostentation on one hand, too rude a neglect, or no appearance of it, on the other. This applies to the burial-places of the people at large. As to the cemeteries, which are mostly in and about cities, but are now getting to be, even among ourselves, a favorite establishment, nearly the same observation may be made. Complete neatness, and propriety, and convenience, with the utmost simplicity, are what we want in them;—no more. This is the happy medium between grandeur and barbarism in the case of the dead. And as to the name and fame of those who shall be buried in these places from time to time, no objections can be felt to any thing of this sort which may occur, so to speak, in the

course of nature. If great and good men live among us, and die among us, let their bones lie with their fellows as they fall; and if their admirers, or the public, choose to erect a modest monument to their talents and virtues, it can do no harm; it will probably do a great deal of good. Thus speak the marbles of Spurzheim, and Bowditch, and Adams, and many more from Auburn's soil; thus Carroll's and Godman's at Laurel Hill; and he who wanders about among the stones of the old Episcopal yard in Philadelphia, will find himself roused by the monuments, which tell where all that is left on earth of the venerable White, and the wise Franklin, lie in the dust of the land they served so faithfully, and loved so well. All this is and will be as it should be. A classical and historical character and interest will grow up in these spots, and gather about them, as it were, like the mosses and vines that belong to the soil. There will be no ostentation in it; nothing to offend the *genius loci*; no Père la Chaise fantastic exhibitions or jostlings, and vulgar crowd. External nature, always soothing to meditative minds, will be made as attractive as possible, and poor human nature itself, if we cannot make it more than human with all our trappings, may find at least a resting-place and a refuge from life's weariness and man's pursuit. "*Implora Pace*," was the touching inscription Lord Byron found on the tomb of a Princess at Bologna. It moved him, as well it might, and he uttered the wish to his companion that such, and no more, should be written upon his own monument. We can fancy the thoughts that ran through his melancholy mind at the sight, and especially when he compared, with this simple appeal, the proud mausoleums, and pompous inscriptions, which probably surrounded him, at the moment, on every side:

Give room, give room unto the dead!  
No other place have they,  
Wherein to lean the aching head,  
Or the cold bones to lay;—  
Ah! leave me but a pilgrim's room,  
In the broad temple of the tomb.

The wild deer hath his resting-place,  
The blind mole hath his home,  
And all the weary wings, the sea  
And the wide skies that roam,  
A dwelling in the sunbeams have,  
Above the ground; beneath, a grave.

Give room, give room! for I have been  
Life's wilderness all o'er,  
Praying for that sweet eve to fall,  
When brain and heart no more  
Might pant, as flying fawns, for rest,  
Within the green earth's sheltering breast.

For rest! for rest! I would not see  
The sun, nor breathe the air;  
Vision nor voice should come to me,  
Of joy or sorrow there;—  
No, nothing—nothing but the deep  
And dreamless spell of solemn sleep.

For rest! for rest! I have grown old,  
Amid the brief years' flow;  
My limbs are like the wintry branch—  
My locks, the wintry snow.  
Leave, leave me but a place to lay  
The tired and tremulous frame away.

For rest! for rest! I have been young  
And dreamed of hope and love,  
Till earth was like an Eden here,  
Fairer than heaven above;  
And wealth, and fame, and friends—oh, God!  
They lie below the vernal sod!

Nay, nay, I will not weep for these,  
Who *have* their holy peace—  
Beneath the flowers and dews, in dim  
And verdant quietness—  
From toil, and want, and scorn, and sin,  
And madness, and the myriad din.

No! take me to your side, ye loved,  
Ye lost, yet once again—  
To bear no more what I have borne,  
Nor be as I have been.  
For rest! for rest! oh give me room,  
And give me rest, within the tomb.

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Original.

TO ZOE.

ERE I was free to string for thee,  
And sweep my solitary lyre,—  
I had no living theme, to fire  
My soul to minstrelsy.  
But all the hope, that bade me cope  
With tyrant fate through other years,  
Would come like sunshine on my tears,  
And lift the telescope,  
Through which a form, pure, bright and warm,  
Shone, while the winds around me beat,—  
A form, a countenance almost sweet,  
Which calmed awhile the storm.

It seemed to me of a degree  
Above the clay-made shapes that stalked  
Through earth's pathways where I walked—  
Some bright divinity—  
Or some freed soul from the control  
Of these incumbrances of ours,  
Which hang upon our spirit's powers,  
And stay us from our goal :—  
And to those themes my love's young dreams  
Were wedded in my earliest song,  
And hope attended to prolong  
Their fervor, by her beams.

My songs were given "to One in Heaven,"  
As though some love of human birth  
Had been translated from the earth,  
And left my heart-strings riven :—  
And upward bent, my song was spent

In offerings to unreal faith—  
While to the stars, I gave my breath  
And my devotion vent.  
But on my sight, when broke the light  
Of thy sweet star—to *one in Acacem*,  
No longer where my wild songs given,  
For they were thine by right.

Now, in the hour of beauty's power,  
The image of ideal love,  
Which drew my holiest thoughts above,  
My Fancy's earliest dower—  
Seems like a dream—a faded gleam—  
Like a lone vision of the night,  
That is forgotten, when the light  
Throws in its morning beam;  
But on thy brow I see it now,—  
A living copy of that form,  
And to the real—bright and warm—  
My soul has learned to bow.

Buffalo.

H. G.

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Original.

POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

GOD of the chainless winds, that wildly wreck  
The moaning forest, and the ancient oak  
Rend like a sapling spray, or sweep the sand  
O'er the lost caravan—that trod, with pride  
Of tinkling bells, and camel's arching necks,  
The burning desert—a dense host at morn;  
At eve, a bubble on the trackless waste.  
God of the winds! can'st thou not rule the heart,  
And gather back its passions, when thou wilt,  
Bidding them, "*peace, be still.*"

God of the waves,  
That toss and mock the mightiest argosy,  
As the gay zephyr frets the thistle-down,  
Until the sternest leader's heart doth melt  
Because of trouble, thou who call'st them back  
From their rough challenge to the muffled sky,  
And bidd'st them harmless kiss an infant's feet,  
That seeketh silver shells, can'st thou not curb  
The tumult of the nations—the hot wrath  
Of warring kings—who like the babe must die,  
Vaunting this day in armor, and the next,  
Unshrouded, slumbering on the battle field?  
God of the unfathom'd, unresisted deep,  
We trust in Thee, and know in whom we trust.—  
God of the solemn stars, that tread so true  
The path by Thee appointed, every one  
From the slight asteroid, to the far orb  
That lists the watch-word, or the music-march  
Of neighboring planets round their monarch suns  
Circling in glorious order, lead our souls,  
From system unto system, up to Thee;  
That when unbodied, from this lower world  
Trembling they launch, they may not lose the clue  
That guides from sun to sun, thro' boundless space,  
The stranger-atom, to a home with Thee.

Original.

## SIR EDWARD AND LADY BULWER.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

By the discussion of no subject of current interest have we been more surprised for a considerable length of time, than by the tone of the press in relation to the late work by Lady Bulwer, and the domestic disturbances which were productive of its composition and publication. We have been pained also, for it has seemed to us, that, in the universal and total condemnation of this lady, in harsh, and often abusive terms, and in the unreserved exculpation of her husband, often on grounds palpably condemnatory of his virtue as a man, and his honor as a gentleman, we could note the working of that cringing servility—that man-worship, which is lamentably in vogue among us—and which is but one phase of action of widely-extended views, at war with the dignity of man, and the purity of republicanism. We may be permitted to be somewhat discursive upon this point.

There is many an honest and patriotic mind in this fair land of freedom, which sincerely suspects man's capacity for self-government; his fitness to receive and enjoy the blessings and liberties of unshackled Freedom. And this suspicion has been created and nurtured by no unjustifiable preferences and prejudices—by no self-distrust of virtue and ability, transferred to the mass around—but by calm and mournful observation of the indifference of the favored of the world, to their inestimable possessions—by their forgetfulness of the solemn responsibility imposed on them—by their criminal application of the uses of Liberty to the abuses of licentiousness—by the outbursting, in every quarter, and in every variety of shape, of that pride on the one hand and servility on the other, which first started thrones, and titles, and aristocracy into existence, and has thus far maintained them therein. The unbounded veneration entertained by our countrymen for honors of whatever description, valuable or meretricious—their eager aping of the frivolous distinctions of the old monarchical world—and the inconsistency they exhibit, in thus adopting, to a certain extent, the very customs which are most adverse to republicanism in the abstract, to the spirit of our national constitution, and to all of which Americans boast, and arrogate to themselves, as possessions enjoyed by them alone of all the world—render them the just target for ridicule and condemnation; and certainly afford justifiable grounds for the suspicion, that if the tawdry and glittering trappings of crowns and monarchies—the empty shadow—is thus agreeable, the substance would not be an onerous burden. When investigating the foibles of private life, we find the rich—rich in fact or in seeming—driven abroad by liveried servants, and supremely jealous of the powers and privileges of that most empty of all aristocracies—the aristocracy of wealth. Passing to public ground, while the administrators of government, to the highest official in the Union, are, by legislative enactment, addressed by no titles of honor, the people, failing to appreciate the severe republican simplicity of this decree, by common consent, supply the

deficiency it creates; and it has become indecorous to employ the names of public servants of certain grades of elevation, without the affixion of an "Honorable;" while many of our State Governments have passed the Rubicon of Anti Republicanism, or suffered in the outset the leaven of old monarchical prejudices to modify new-born liberty, by enacting that their chief magistrates, through all time, should be "Excellent."

This same spirit—which we have enlarged upon, that we might warn against, and deprecate it—has produced, we fear, a partial decision upon the merits of the disagreement between Sir Edward Bulwer and his wife. The lofty genius of the husband has elevated him to a proud niche in Fame's envied temple—the gloomy pitfalls of his errors have been illuminated by its dazzling splendor, as the radiance of the sun obliterates to the sight the spots on his face, until the mental eye, gazing in wondering and delighted admiration on its enchanting brilliancy, forgets to pierce the delusive veil, and note the yawning danger spread beneath. Mental superiority elevates man to something loftier than humanity. Divested of frailty, and enrobed in the vesture of his own brightness, he sits, to the view of his adorers, enthroned between earth and heaven, more kindred to angelic natures than to perishing mortality; and when any thing is revealed to derogate from his loftiness, and drag him from his throne, the mind recoils at the abhorrent evidence, that earthliness, in foul conjunction, defiles his soaring etheriality. Thus, the fame of Bulwer has been his shield against merited condemnation for shortcomings in virtue, and has prompted his admirers to do injustice to an injured woman. We do not intend to exculpate Lady Bulwer from rebuke, and thus convict ourselves of the same error we are attributing to others—that of partiality and injustice; for it rarely happens that, in matrimonial tempests, both parties do not contribute to their united suffering; but we hope, that in attacking the champions of Sir Edward, who grant no quarter, on their own ground, and with their own weapons, we may, at least, dispute the field.

The marriage which has so evidently occasioned the extreme of misery, and set a curious world agape, in wonder that he, who, by the beaming creations of fancy, has held them in thrall, has awaked the supine to enjoyment, and wiled many a heart, corroded by care, or bowed by anguish, from dejection and despair, should be himself, in the midst of Fame's surrounding glory, a very wretch, from the lack of sweet content—that he, who can depict so faithfully the madness and frenzy of passion, should prove to be passion's very slave—that he, who, by his bright picturings of the graces and charms of womanhood, has taught mankind to love and honor woman more, should, in his practical lessons, degrade and vilify her,—seems to have been one of those injudicious transactions, very common with those who revel in the delights of a richly-stored imagination, with which passion has all, and judgment, little to do. Bulwer was young, and ignorant of himself; he knew not of the splendor of the Future—he felt not then, the anticipated triumphs of a mind soon to tower above the level of attainment—he listened not then to the voice of an Ambition, to become,

when it had once been stirred within him, the polestar of action; and in the impetuosity of youth, he cast a fatal die. But wherefore is he excused from enduring, in manly forbearance and resolution, the consequences of his own free act? Shall we dismiss him from the bar uncondemned, untried even, upon the weak evidence in his favor, seriously presented, that he has "become the greatest of men, and she the fattest of women?" Let us be indignant rather—would, for the honor of human nature, such a feeling had been more generally excited—that so degrading an apology should be offered. He married beneath his rank—was not the error wholly with him, that he should have stooped to degrade himself in the eyes of England's aristocracy? Who shall blame her that she aspired? Who would have been thoughtful of the disastrous consequences—exposed to a similar temptation? And when he became Fame's favorite, he had still less excuse to frown upon the lowliness of his partner; for surely the mantle of his renown was broad enough to envelope and elevate both. The latter clause of the evidence we are sifting, bears too visibly upon itself the evidence of its worthlessness, to merit attention.

The next special apology for him, was disseminated, we believe, by an editor in Washington; and professes to communicate the first decisive outbreak between the baronet and his wife. Bulwer was to make his debut in the House of Commons; but when he rose, agitation prevented him from proceeding, and the attempt resulted in a lamentable failure. When he returned to his dwelling, he was greeted by his mortified wife with a sarcastic address to the following effect. "So—this is Mr. Bulwer, the author of Pelham, and the Disowned—the man who was to redeem England! Poor fool! Scared by the glare of a lamp!" In an excess of rage, *he struck her in the face!* The promulgator of the anecdote assumes that the manner of his reception, justified the enormity of the deed. Who that possesses a spark of the ideal, will coincide with him? The law pronounces, that no possible severity of language is justification for violence between man and man; what shall excuse so gross an outrage, when its object is a woman—a wife! And what—still farther to enhance the degradation of Bulwer's conduct—do we deduce from his wife's address to him? Plainly and directly, that he had communicated to her by his proud and braggart vaunting, the fire of his own eager ambition—that his overpowering confidence had led her to look, with undoubting anticipation, upon the glory of his triumphing—that he had idly boasted of the lofty stand he was about to assume as a leader of his political party—ay, that England was to be regenerated by the resistless power of his eloquence! She believed him—she trusted him—she left her home for the glitter of a ball-room, when he departed for the scene of his prowess, exulting even then;—and there, when a thousand eyes were upon her—there, in the presence of a multitude, when her mind in its joyful fancies, seemed to hear the shouts of approving listeners, at some unequalled climax—or noted the pervading and death-like stillness—when not even a pulse seemed to dare to beat, lest the charm should be

dispelled—at some fervent and enthusiastic appeal—came the news like an ice-bolt to her heart, that he had miserably failed!—that he was an object of commiseration and pity to his friends, of ridicule and laughter to his foes. She then fled like a guilty criminal to her home, and when she met the conquered braggart, she conveyed a reproof in her words, that should have stung him, indeed, to the heart—but with shame, not anger—yet he chivalrously struck her in the face!

We can allow to Lady Bulwer, indeed, but little credit for intensity of affection for her husband, in that she could suffer mortification so to rage within her, as to supersede those impulses of sympathy and condolence in misfortune, which true and deep affection ever gives birth to; but it appears to be equally true, that he was answerable, to a degree, for this frame of her mind, for having inspired her with the aspirations, whose overthrow induced it; and that the guilt of his treatment admits of no palliation.

A third, truly laughable assertion, is made in his favor, that he has been subject to very ill treatment from his wife—that she was accustomed to visit all his delinquencies upon his person, by force and arms, to his great bodily harm. Fancy the author of Pelham and the Disowned, vaulting over sofas, ottomans, and chairs, with a—woman! at his heels, vigorously plying a broom-stick, or, perchance, the instruments of warfare nature has bestowed, upon his retreating form; he, in the meantime, pale with terror, beseeching for mercy in his rapid flight. Poor, injured innocent! How deep is our sympathy for suffering and oppression so intense!

In seriously commenting upon a portion of these anecdotes in relation to their quarrel, let it not be considered that we repose unwavering credence in them. It is scarcely to be trusted that, at the first disagreement, a man should inflict personal violence upon his wife. There must have been an incompatibility of character tending to sever the bonds of affection at an early period of their connection, and rendering the marriage-tie a curse to both.

Finally, Bulwer has affixed the seal to his own culpability, by associating publicly with a mistress, and permitting her to assume his name, while his marriage oath remains yet unrescinded. He has testified to his own moral destitution—he has proved his disregard for the advancement of virtue, by contemning her decrees; his unfitness to be a legislator, by his audacious infringement of the laws, and the vital requirements of society; and he has offered to his wife the keenest insult a wife can suffer! Let it not be alleged that she has overstepped the bounds of woman's modesty and reserve, by the publication of her work. She has been made desperate by injury—her tale itself portrays a scathed and blighted heart, in which desperation rules triumphant.

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THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honors; then to retire.—*Spectator.*

Original.

"DEAR ONES FAR AWAY!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

OF TIMES when o'er these lofty walls, the Twilight's veil  
is thrown,  
Within my solitary room, I sit and muse alone;  
And, as the curtains of the West close round the dying  
day,  
The Past, the lovely Past returns with dear ones far  
away!

Oh, then how sadly in my heart, its olden memories  
throng!—

The many, unalloyed delights, to childhood that belong,  
Before the blossom and the rose of life has felt decay—  
When I was folded in the arms of dear ones far away.

I hear my father's greeting mild, my mother's gentle  
call,

My brothers and my sisters twain—they're present with  
me, all!

And some are buried deep beneath the ocean's dashing  
spray,

Yet unto me their spirits come, with dear ones far  
away.

I see the old, familiar scenes; the cheerful hours we  
knew,

Within the mirror of the mind successive rise to view;  
And though, like unsubstantial dreams, I cannot bid  
them stay—

Such passing pictures hold the shapes of dear ones far  
away.

While thus I muse on distant friends, and look through  
vanished years,

My eyes, as in my childish days, are filled with pleasant  
tears;

For Earth was bright before me then, and life was in its  
May,

When they were mine in very truth—those dear ones far  
away!

Thanks be to Heaven for that high power that Time  
cannot destroy—

A power that fills the saddened heart with images of  
joy,

Since into clear and brilliant light, Imagination's ray  
Can throw the well-remembered forms of dear ones far  
away!

July, 1839.

IF one train of thinking be more desirable than  
another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature  
with a constant reference to a Supreme, intelligent  
Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual  
sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of  
every thing that is religious. The world, from thence-  
forth, becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act  
of adoration.

Original.

TO A BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. D. HARRINGTON.

AT, wreaths the rose, the pale, pure rose  
Above her maiden brow;  
Fit emblem of the virgin Love,  
That warms her bosom now;  
And thus, as bright amid the shade  
Of the rich tresses' raven braid,  
Those spotless petals rise,—  
In lovely contrast with the light  
Of her dark, lustrous eyes—  
So bright, dear girl, should Sorrow shed  
Shadows along thy path,  
And dim awhile the cloudless dream,  
Thy youthful spirit hath—  
May Love, like that fair, stainless flower,  
Unsullied in the darkening hour,  
Still shine with its celestial ray,  
A beacon-light above thy way.

Original.

SONG OF THE FREE COMPANIONS.

TROWL, trowl the brown bowl,  
Merrily trowl it, ho!  
For the nut-brown ale shall never fail,  
However the seasons go.

Drink, drink! he who'll slink,  
When circling breakers flow,  
That knave, I swear, will never dare,  
Like a man, to meet the foe.

Then steep, steep your souls deep  
In the wasail cup to-night,  
For the next day-spring, shall surely bring,  
The dry and sober fight.

Cho.—Trowl, trowl the brown bowl,  
Merrily trowl it, ho!  
For the nut-brown ale shall never fail,  
However the seasons go.

Wine, wine! comrades, mine,  
In wine the pledge must be,  
When drink the brave to a soldier's grave,  
Or a soldier's victory!

Hence! hence with all offence,  
Though foes of old were we,  
Our future life shall know no strife,  
Save who the first shall be.

Then up! up with each cup,  
From whatever land ye be;  
Whether knights of the lance, from merry France,  
Or old England's archers free.

Cho.—Wine, wine! comrades, mine,  
In wine the pledge must be,  
When drink the brave, to a soldier's grave,  
Or a soldier's victory.



Original.

## DOTS AND LINES.—NO. IV;

OR, SKETCHES OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC.

RANDOLPH is sixty miles above Memphis, and like that place, is situated on one of the Chickasaw bluffs. There are four of these bluffs approaching the river, in an extent of about one hundred miles. Memphis is on the fourth number from the north, and Randolph on the second, I believe. These bluffs are about one hundred feet high, and, like those at Natchez, are without rock or stone—the earth of which they are composed, though often diversified with beautifully-colored strata, being of the same consistency and appearance with the sediment which the Mississippi deposits. This deposit I have measured in the bottom of a tumbler, and found it equal to one twelfth of the bulk of water. When the sediment is exposed to a hot sun, and thoroughly dried, it is precisely like the earth I have taken from the Natchez bluff, two hundred and twenty feet above the river. A piece of this earth, dissolved in a glass of clear rain water, will give it the appearance of, and in fact, make it Mississippi River water. Randolph is a small, straggling place, with some business. It seems to be growing, for I counted the roofs of some newly-built or newly-shingled buildings. It is situated on broken ground, and its dwellings are scattered here and there on the verge of ravines, and the sides of cliffs, as if thrown there by a flood. Several wooden stores on the front street, make a respectable appearance, and constitute the only compact part of the village. Here, a quondam steamboat, converted into a store, was the wharf, levee, pier, and landing-place. The town, built thus irregularly upon the unsightly face of the red, earthy hills, wears an aspect of desolation. I passed it on the Sabbath, and as it was not church-time, if church-time be much regarded there, the citizens, in their holiday suits, thronged on board, to see the new steamer, and boys and negroes to buy oranges and pine-apples, which the bar-keeper and steward had bought in New Orleans, on their own private venture. Several dashing young bucks, in gold chains, ruffled shirts, and breast-pins, their hats set knowingly on one side, have just entered the gentlemen's cabin; but not satisfied with inspecting this, one or two of them must, forsooth, very politely take a peep into the ladies' cabin, where the sight of two or three young ladies has set one or two of them very violently to sneezing, as I am told Vermont boys are affected when they happen to see a negro; not being accustomed to them. They then marched on to the after guard, and by their bold stare, winks, whispering, and remarks, fairly drove the ladies into the cabin. The absence of churches, without which, in New England, there can be no village, is a striking deficiency in the river towns. From Vicksburg to this place, I have seen nothing that looks like a place of worship. There may be meetings held, indeed, in private houses; but no where is the spire visible, which indicates the village church; not even at Vicksburg, one of the most important places on the river.

There are not ten church-towers or spires, in the whole State of Mississippi, and most of them in Louisiana rise from cathedrals or convents. It is said that the nucleus of a New England village, is a blacksmith's shop, a church, and a school-house: in this region it is a tavern, a warehouse, and a grocery. There is a paper published at Randolph. I have not seen a number of it, but am informed that it is well edited.

The citizens have now gone ashore, their mouths filled with praises of our gorgeous suite of cabins; the little boys, loafers, and negroes, have departed with their handkerchiefs filled with oranges, the bell has tolled its last stroke, the steam has ceased its hissing, and the wheels, moving backward and forward, preparatory to starting, create no little commotion in the water about us. The escape-pipe now begins to roar, the boat trembles like an aspen, and we are once more on our way. We are now above the cotton-region, and corn-fields supply the place of cotton. The shores are flat and wooded, and without other variety than a wood-yard, a clearing, or a log house. As there is nothing without to interest, therefore, until we arrive at New Madrid, seventy-five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, I must draw material from the steamer and its inmates. The internal arrangement of a Mississippi steamer, is but little known to those who have not travelled in one. The Mississippi steamer is composed of three great divisions, the hold, the main deck, and the upper deck. The hold is shallow, compared with that of sea vessels. In the foreward part, is a fore-castle for the hands. The main deck is very solid, and runs from stem to stern. The after part, for about half the length of the boat, is called "the deck," or deck cabin. It is a long room like a ship's steerage, with ranges of rough berths, with windows and doors opening out upon "the guard," which is a projection of the main deck for several feet, forming a platform running all round the boat. The roof of the boat, which is called the "hurricane deck," projects on all sides over "the guard," supported by a row of light columns, and forms a convenient shelter from the sun and rain. This platform, which is the medium of communication between opposite ends of the boat, is a pleasant place to walk upon for a promenade, for which it is much used, and is usually railed in. Its legitimate use, however, is what its name signifies; to guard the main body or hull of the boat from the violent contacts to which boats are liable in coming to a landing. The guards are, therefore, made very strong, of projecting pieces of timber, neatly planked over, and, with their painted railing, are both ornamental and useful. The deck passengers, of which we have two hundred, composed of returning boatmen and emigrants, of both sexes, and of all ages, are crowded into this room. They sleep herein, finding their own bedding, and eat heroically, finding and cooking their own provisions. J. H. I.

If falsehood had, like truth, but one face only, we should be upon better terms; for we should then take the contrary to what the liar says for certain truth; but the reverse of truth hath a hundred figures, and a field in definite, without bound or limit.—*Montaigne*.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

SIDNEY CLIFTON: *Harpers*.—While the fledgling author, just spreading his wings in the effort to soar, may well demand of the critic a degree of mildness, not accorded to him, who, with well tried pinions, is cleaving the air in proud elevation, it is but rendering due justice to exercise discrimination; and while merit in such a one, receives full commendation, to bestow attention upon deficiencies. Let just criticism be bestowed, more especially, upon the neophyte, that he may purge himself from defects before they have become so firmly engrafted as to be identified with the vitality of his after labors. Thus premising, that the motives which actuate us may be understood, we proceed to express our impressions of Sidney Clifton. The style is elevated and pure—distinguished by a simplicity and perspicuity, exemplifying its author to be no tyro in the practice of composition. In addition, there are scattered among its pages many gems of thought. Its prominent faults are an absence of *repose*—we can express our meaning by no better word—and a lack of individuality of character, and of originality and probability of plot. In reference to the first-mentioned defect, we remark, in explanation, that one exemplary feature of the novels of Scott, and which constitutes one striking charm, seems, to us, to be that judicious disposal and progression of important incidents, which, while they ensure the increasing interest of the reader, do not so crowd and rush, as it were, upon his attention, as, in the multiplicity of images, to confuse and dissatisfy. At the same time, that celebrated writer does not plunge at once into the mêlée of an incident, but conducts the mind to it by gradual preparation and progress, by which the nucleus of interest, like the rhetorical climax, is arrived at without any sudden and unpleasant shock. The author of Sidney Clifton has devoted too little space to his most stirring incidents, and introduced them, often, so close upon each other, as to produce the confusion we have adverted to. The mind finds no loopholes in its progress, to pause and breathe. There is lacking, also, as we have said, with one or two exceptions, individuality of character. The personages have no distinguishing features. They are described and conducted to the close, by vague generalities, that are insufficient to confer individuality. The plot of the novel we do not admire. We find that the hero, a supposed orphan, in a strange part of the country, saves the life of the heroine, having never before seen her, which effects an introduction to his own father. Again, compelled to desert his country for England, the plot is brought to a finale there, by a series of similar coincidences. Such multiplied dependencies upon chance for effect, seem to be ill-judged, since the regular results of cause and effect, which may be of fully as striking a character, are more satisfactory, we believe, to most minds.

It will be observed that the faults we have enumerated, are of a remediable description; and the author, with due attention, may look with confidence to future success.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER: *Les & Blanchard*.—Mr. Ingraham has embodied a number of sketches of every description, in the volume bearing this title. There is certainly much that is interesting and amusing. He indulges, however, in some peculiarities which detract from the pleasure of many readers. There is, at times, an affectation, a *dandyism* of style—not possessing any very repulsive features, and yet unworthy of him, and a derogation from his merit in the eyes of the discerning. We will explain ourselves by one example. We find, almost uniformly, the French words "*paré*" and "*trottoir*" employed for the good sound English, "*parcament*" and "*sidewalk*." There are many forms of expression in the French and other languages, by which—perhaps in a single word—an entire idea—sentiment, or what not, may be conveyed; and the adoption of such, to avoid circumlocution, is often felicitous and praiseworthy. But the mere substitution of a foreign word for one of our own language which is just as expressive, is a display of questionable taste. We pray our author to eschew these little peccadilloes, into which he has, perhaps, unconsciously fallen. Setting aside this slight defect, the volume before us is valuable, beyond the majority of works of the kind.

CHARLES VINCENT: *Harpers*.—The strongest critical allegation against this novel, is, that it is conducted with an evenness and sameness of relation, combined with a degree of inflexibility of style, which imparts to it a heaviness not actually inherent in the framework. The plot is by no means weak or ill-concocted, although marred, here and there, by defects. The characters, also, possess a good degree of individuality. Two or three, however, of the personages of the tale, are signal failures. We refer to the schoolmaster, Mr. Gregor, and the punster—the latter being the more unacceptable, from the threadbare nature of the conception. There should be no experiments in the portrayal of oddities, unless success be more than possible.

MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.—Mr. Freeman Hunt, who originated the no less happy than novel idea of a magazine, devoted to commercial literature and information, has, with praiseworthy enterprise, conducted it to realization. The first number of the work is before the public; and as the mercantile community have, from the beginning, appreciated Mr. Hunt's scheme and exertions, the patrons of the magazine are so numerous as to ensure its permanence. The merit of the number before us is of a high character; it is dignified, argumentative and widely instructive. The typography is very superior; and the general appearance extremely neat.

LETTERS OF ELIZA WILKINSON: *S. Colman*.—Mrs. Wilkinson conveys in this little work, edited by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, graphic sketches of scenes in South Carolina, in the days "that tried men's souls."

BOY'S READING BOOK: *By Mrs. Sigourney: J. O. Taylor*.—We know how sparse are valuable school books—those that combine instruction in language and elocution, with sound mental aliment, suited to the comprehension of young minds. Desultory selections often fail of this end; but Mrs. Sigourney has here presented the public with a reading book, written expressly for its object—"containing lessons of republican simplicity, the value of time, the rewards of virtue, the duties of life"—all beautiful, as we might expect from such a writer.

PRECAUTION: *Les & Blanchard*.—This novel, Cooper's first, is interesting; shadowed by the unavoidable deficiencies of a first attempt; but since it is merely a reprint, having long been before the public, elaborate criticism might appear supererogatory.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

"SKETCHES," by Box, and "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," from the same author, published in numbers, in Philadelphia, by Les & Blanchard, are regularly received. The illustrations continue to be spirited and humorous; the typography very satisfactory.

POCKET LACON: *Les & Blanchard*.—The public is presented, under this title, with two volumes of choice extracts from a great variety of celebrated authors. The rules by which the compiler has governed himself in the arrangement, have been judicious in the highest degree.—*Oarville*.

SKETCHES OF LONDON: *Carey & Hart*.—This is a production from the pen of Mr. Grant, a parliamentary reporter, author of "Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons," and "The Great Metropolis." The happy sketches of the leading members of parliament, and of the peculiarities of debate in the several houses, contained in the former mentioned works of Mr. Grant, ensured a rapid sale, and furnished a capital of reputation, upon which to deceive the public with a succession of twitting nothings, of which the "Sketches of London," is, in agricultural phrase, the cap-sheaf. The "Sketches of London" signally triumph over grammatical and logical formulas, and do most frantically run wild in the freedom thus obtained; while there is little of merit even in the choice of subjects for description. There is no little of the ignorant cockney, too, in the statements of our author. "Oxford Street," he says, "is undoubtedly the longest nearly straight street in the world, being a mile and a half long." "Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" Broadway is perfectly straight for two miles and a half, and a fraction more, and that wholly in densely-populated portions of the city. Enough of Mr. Grant.

## HOPE IS STILL AN EVERGREEN.

## BALLAD.

THE WORDS BY CHARLES JEFFREYS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY CHARLES HODGSON.

ALLEGROTTTO.

Con Espress.

FINE.

Lento. Tempo.

There are hopes which ne-ver blossom, There are joys too soon o'er-cast; Smiles that light the

*p* colla voce. Tempo.

pen-sive bosom, Smiles that beam too bright to last: Transient as the sum-mer flower,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a range of approximately one octave. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Rall. Tempo.

Fleet-ing as the twi-light's ray; Joy shines out its lit-tle hour, Then for-e-ver

The second system includes a tempo change from 'Rall.' to 'Tempo.'. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *fz* (forzando) and *MF* (mezzo-forte).

A Placere.

fades a-way: Joy shines out its lit-tle hour, Then for-e-ver fades a-way.

*f* *colla voca.* *f*

The third system begins with a 'Placere' (ritardando) and includes a piano dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment has a 'colla voca.' (colla voce) marking.

## SECOND VERSE.

Care may shroud the soul in sadness,  
 Yet despite of present pain,  
 Do we not in future gladness,  
 Oft deceived, still hope again?

Memory in the darkest hour,  
 Loves to trace each by-gone scene;  
 Thus if Joy's a fleeting flower,  
 Hope is still an Evergreen.

## THEATRICALS.

THE melting influence of father Sol, in this, the season when he feeds his fires with the heat of fuel to scorch poor mortality, wages direful war with the theatres; the glare of whose lamps does but increase the fell tepidity of the atmosphere, and nullifies the attraction of aught but the brightest genius, or the gaudiest show. It is admissible evidence of the presence of one or the other of these, that the theatres whose doors continue open—the Park and Bowery—do by no means lift their curtains to empty walls. The latter, more especially, by scenic display, and by the introduction of roaring lions, not seeking whom they may devour, but bowing their majesty to bit and harness, secures within its ample walls, dense masses of spectators, night after night. But these vagaries of theatrical show are interspersed by exhibitions of the true histrionic art. Mrs. Shaw, an actress of superior powers, often presents gratifying delineations of sterling characters, and Mr. Hamblin occasionally joins his powers to her own, in tragedy or comedy, to effect a compromise with the diversities of taste, and gratify all. We observe with pleasure, that Mr. Barry, late lessee of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, than whom none better understands the aroma of judicious management, has been engaged as acting manager of this theatre. His talents as an actor, combined with his judgment as director, will render him a valuable adjunct.

The Taglionis were followed at the Park by Madame Leconte and Mona Martin, who have not lacked that surest evidence that they gratify the public—attendance upon their performances. During their engagement, Madame Caradori Allan appeared at her farewell benefit, and, in defiance of a driving storm, was greeted by a full house. She sung with her usual grace and brilliancy, and at the close of the opera, was presented with a wreath of flowers.

There are rumors that the coming theatrical season is to be one of unprecedented splendor. It is certain that all available talent has been secured by one or the other of the rival managers; and since competition, though it may be destruction to the parties, is gain to the public, we may at least predict, that those who love the Drama, have a bounteous feast in preparation.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR readers will doubtless join us in the pleasure we entertain, in announcing an engagement with Mrs. Frances S. Osgood to become a regular and permanent contributor to the "Companion." This lady has but lately returned from London, where her exalted poetic merit was instantly acknowledged, and where a volume of poems from her pen, received the countenance of the pioneers of literature in the great metropolis, and met with a rapid and extensive sale. An American edition, revised and amended by the author, may be anticipated.

In announcing Mrs. Osgood, we take occasion to direct attention to our unflinching endeavors to secure for the "Companion" the articles of *every prominent magazine-writer* of the day, of either sex. Since the literary merit of a work of the kind is, of course, the chief desideratum, it is our aim to fill the majority of our columns with the productions of those, whose reputation and the pride to maintain it, are security against indifferent compositions; while the rule we adopt to *remunerate for every article we publish*, enables us to exercise that general critical discrimination with the efforts of authors yet comparatively unknown to fame, which is guarantee against offering to the reader unacceptable matter. To effect this superior excellence of the "Companion," which is thus a security to our subscribers, involves the most serious outlay we are called upon to encounter. It is with pride that we acknowledge that appreciation of our exertions, which is, day by day, swelling our list of patrons to a degree, which will enable us to maintain the same vigilance in the future, and to confer upon the "Companion" every excellence, which it is in the power of expenditure to acquire.

L. E. L.—Several poetical tributes to the memory of Mrs. Mc. Lean, (Miss Landon,) that talented and lamented poetess, have been sent to us from various sources, which we decline to accept, from the painful conviction that the tenor of these Laments is opposed to the facts of the case. There is little doubt to be entertained that her destruction was the consequence of determination. She found, on arriving in Africa, the dingy offspring of a negro mother, who rejoiced in the paternity of her husband. With a soul all swelling with the ideal, and, moreover, a stranger apart from sympathy, the shock of this discovery was too powerful for her moral fortitude, and she rushed into the arms of a voluntary death.

COPY-RIGHT.—It is sincerely to be desired for the benefit of American Literature, that the efforts which have been made to establish an international copy-right law with England, may not be deterred and discouraged, by opposition on the part of those interested in the continuance of the present position of the matter, however vigorous and determined it may be. While political economists and legislators have weighed and protected all other products, those of the mind have been disregarded, as something extraneous or unworthy. It is no less justice to the English writer than protection to our own, that the system of reprints, without remuneration to their authors, should be prevented.

NEWBURGH REGATTA.—We have seldom known a more extended excitement among the lovers of aquatic sports in our city, than existed in relation to the Regatta at Newburgh, sixty miles up the Hudson, which, in sporting phrase, "came off," on Wednesday, tenth ultimo. Led as well by a desire to escape for a space from the heat, quivering from the pavement and the brick walls, and the sights and sounds of the spot where men of all descriptions of humanity most do congregate, in this the scorching season, as to enjoy the anticipated pleasure of the race, we took passage in the capacious ALBANY therefor, which, on that self same morning, accomplished the fleetest passage to Albany, yet on record. We arrived in less than due time, coursing proudly up the magnificent river, than which none more beautiful pours its waters into the ocean. The Regatta was delightful; and we have to express our thanks to Captain Henry Robinson, President of the Amateur club, for that attention to our comfort and convenience, which reserved for us one of the most desirable stands to witness the amusement. With the result, the public is already acquainted.

PAINTINGS AND STATUARY.—There is now exhibiting, at the Academy of Fine Arts in Barclay Street, a collection of Paintings and Statuary, the productions of by-gone artists, to the amount of several thousand. These have been gathered with a great degree of labor and expense by Mr. John Clarke, their exhibitor, an enthusiastic virtuoso; and while it is impossible, among so many specimens, that there should not be various degrees of merit, we feel confidence in the assurance, that there are among them many gems from the brushes of the masters of their art. There are undoubted originals by Rubens, Domenichino, Paolo Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Guido, Correggio, Poussin, Annibal Caracci, and others, as exalted. We are not critical in respect to various schools; nor can we designate with a glance, those peculiar touches which distinguish one master from another, and each from all else; but we have examined this collection with great delight, and know, by the testimony of our own eyes, that there can be no deception in its pretensions.

We have seen some of the sheets of a gift-book for the coming season, now in press by Mr. Colman, to be entitled "The Poets of America." It is to be illustrated in a very novel manner, which is peculiarly pleasing to the eye. The literary merit, embellishments, and binding, will all be of a superior character.

NIBLO'S.—We must say a word of Niblo's. Nothing can be prettier than his little theatre—nothing more delightful than a promenade in his illuminated walks, amid orange and palm-trees—an ice cream in the saloon—while the sound of music floats on the air.



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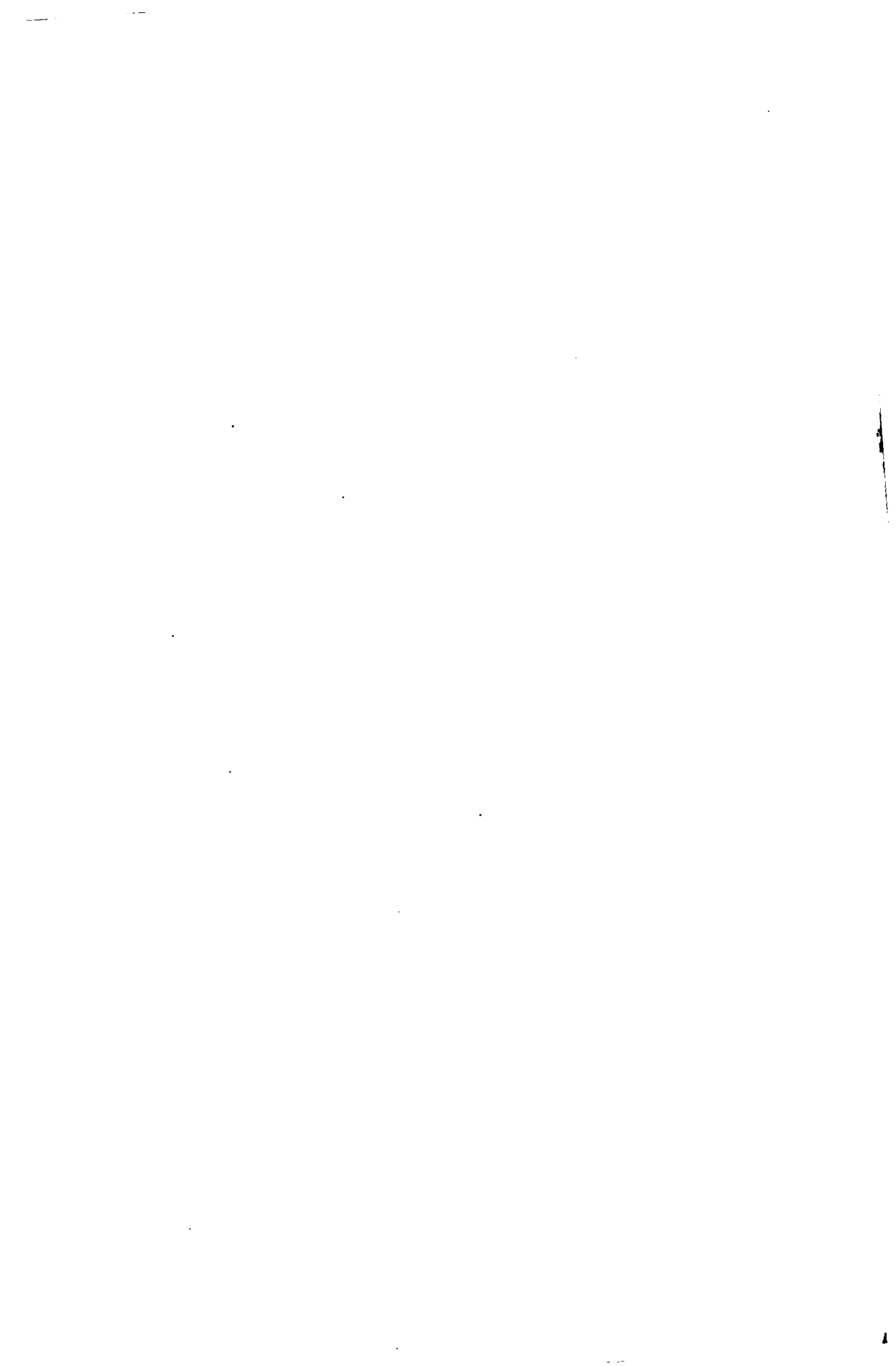




*Specimen for the State, Michigan*



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# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1839.

## THE REEFER.

NATURE, though passive beneath the changes man effects upon her surface, and receiving the impress of his proud footstep, yet moulds him to her will. She exerts upon him unseen and mysterious influences, and through them, he is her slave. She enfolds him in a burning atmosphere, beneath the rays of a tropic sun; gorgeous hues greet every where his eyes, sweet odors are borne upon the wings of every breeze to his nostrils, music, from choirs of feathered warblers, nature's own untutored songsters, charms his ear, and fruits, spontaneous in growth, and of flavor the most various and delicious that sense can conceive of, tempt his palate with luxuriant profusion. Nature is herein an arch magician. She weaves the spell of rapture—to destroy. Beauty lures with intoxicating enticements; but oh! to revel in her delusive sweets, is death. Energy of mind and body decay; the moral man is warped and distorted; passion bursts the chain of reason and laughs, in frenzy, at control; and the image of the Almighty scarce towers above the brute.

Nature breathes upon her tenant, in other climes, alternate heat and cold. She smiles upon him in the pleasant summer, and, for a season, her robe is gorgeous, her voice harmonious, her gifts of choicest growth. Anon, she scatters the hoar frost, and her breath is chill. She enfolds herself in a mantle of snow, and all her loveliness is gone. But mistrust, condemn her not! No longer is there treachery in her aspect. Dreadful as is her frown, it is fruitful in glorious issues. It, too, is a spell; but one of love and kindness. Man, in his god-like properties, thrives upon it. It is as meat to the starving; water to the thirsty one. The soul is enkindled with mighty power—is awake to its loftiest destinies, and strides onward in gigantic prowess. That frown is its protectingegis; it is its nourishment—its very life!

In other respects, nature is busy with the soul of man. It is not a thing of indifference, even in those better climes, how he may be subjected to her influences; whether he abide on plain or rugged steep—in the low valley, or far up on the towering mountain—where breezes blow calmly, or where the tempest rages—where rivulets gush, or within the sight and the roar of the waterfall. Where catcheth man his intensest thoughts—his boldest aspirations? Where doth his spirit scorn the chain of the tyrant most, and in fiercest exultation, revel in unfettered liberty? There, where nature is boldest—fiercest! There, where she piles up mountain upon mountain—where the old trees of her mighty forests roar as the wind sweeps through their spreading branches—where giant rivers sweep their dark waters to the ocean—where peals for ever the thunder of the cataract! Witness, ye Alps, with your glistening glaciers and tum-

bling avalanches, among which is nurtured the indomitable Swiss! Witness, ye valleys, forests, rivers, hills of America, that echo the peans of the free!

But the influence of the varieties of scenery upon the land, cannot partake of the full measure of potency with those of the rolling and majestic waters. When the storm beateth upon the fixed and immovable earth, its terrors are fettered by the evidence of its partial impotence; for, though it may sweep over the surface, spreading wide destruction, it cannot shake the eternal foundations. But when it combatteth with the deep, it heaveth it up from its caves and abysses—it scattereth it heavenward in spray—it toseth it to and fro, until it is lashed into

"Mighty waves,  
That ape earth's fixed and storm-defying hills,"

and they that "go down upon the sea in ships," rocking in their floating homes upon the raging billows, are surrounded by all that is most grand and sublime in nature; to which the fiercest conflicts of the elements on earth, can offer no competition. It hath been the prayer of many an ardent imagination, that it might revel in the awful glory of a furious storm at sea—as being the limit of possible enjoyment.

On the land, unless it be from the summit of some lofty mountain, the influences of scenery are diminished by the limit to vision; while the sense of comparative security is a second source of detraction. But upon the boundless sea, all is freedom, all majesty, all power. The ocean, even in its calm placidity, stretches out beyond the measure of vision, the emblem of infinity; and in its commotion, its kindred influences are sometimes terrible to the soul. The rover of the deep, the free-hearted, enthusiastic Sailor Boy—he who

"Would ever be  
On the wide—wide sea,"

is noted throughout the world as possessing peculiar and distinguishing characteristics. Whence obtains he his ardent, honest, gushing feelings, save from converse with his watery home? He hears the fiercest storm-wind blow; he rides on crested waves, he looks the rushing tempest in the face—and how can he help but be moulded and transformed? Behold our "REEFER" Boy! He hath climbed the tall mast, and looketh out upon the struggle of the elements! Mark his speaking features! Oh, has not the artist gloriously embodied there the inspiration that enkindles the soul of the sailor! The wind is playing with his locks, and scattering them on his brow! He clingeth to the rocking spar, where the landman would blanch and shrink, but no terror is awake in his young heart! Now his eye beameth, as he gazeth on the mad raging of nature! and his soul awaketh to a fervor, that shall never sleep!

R. F. H.

Original.

## THE CRUSADER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

'Tis an old story—done i' the olden time  
 Falsehood and faith—man's honor, woman's crime!  
 'Tis an old story—often told before—  
 Such as hath been, and shall be, evermore.

IN the department of Auvergne, the sunniest, and fairest, and most fertile district of fair France, some miles from Monistrol, a narrow, savage, and indented glen, in striking contrast to the broad valley of the superb Loire which it intersects, affords an outlet to the waters of the Lignon; which hurries down, fretting and chafing, over many a rocky dam, to join the larger river, between stupendous masses of basaltic rock, black, rugged, and austere, yet beautiful and grand in all their varied aspects. Below these mighty walls, reared ages ere the memory of man began, by subterranean fires, the whole slope of the valley, formed by the debris of the slaty rock, is clothed with massive and impervious foliage, through which a difficult but most romantic path ascends, taking the torrent for its guide, toward the little village of Issengeaux. Above this road, which it commands, perched like the eyry of some bird of prey upon the verge of a projecting crag, three hundred feet, at least, above the waters which perpetually foam and murmur round its base, there may be seen, to this day, the remains, rifted and gray, and overrun with immemorial ivy, which has, most probably, preserved them from entire ruin—of a tall Norman keep or watch tower. It evidently never has been large; but in the early years of the thirteenth century, although even then an ancient building, it was entire, and a place of formidable strength. A flanking wall of huge rough stones surrounded its small court-yard, with bartizans projecting at the angles, quite over the face of the precipice, and two small turrets with many a loop and crenelle, guarding the narrow gate, to which the only access was by a steep and zigzag path, hewn by the pickaxe through the solid rock, and purposely exposed at every traverse, to shot of bow and arbalast, both from the castle and its outworks. This perilous approach was liable, moreover, to be swept from end to end by avalanches, as it were, of rocky fragment, which were piled ready at each point of vantage, and that, too, so slightly, that the frailest arm would have sufficed to launch them down the precipitous descent. But, at the time with which we have to do, the fortress, although garrisoned, as might be judged, from the steel-clad warder pacing his round upon the ballium, and the swallow-tailed pennoncelle floating above the keep, was, evidently, on good terms with the neighborhood; for its draw-bridge was lowered across the deep dry moat, hewn like the road, out of the solid rock, and the steel-clenched and grated leaves of the gate stood wide open. In the small court-yard, a groom was leading to and fro a splendid charger of the high breed of Andalusia, which, even at that early age, had been improved by mixture of the Arab blood, introduced by the Moorish victors, coal-black, without a single speck of white, except a small star on his brow, with a keen, vicious eye, and a mane that almost swept the ground,

when it escaped from the confinement of the iron barbing, which, running all along the neck, connected the bright chamfron with the steel-plated saddle and scaled pottrel. Another menial held the long lance, and small, three-cornered shield, waiting, as it should seem, until the rider might come forth; while several others, pages, and men-at-arms, and one or two girls, seemingly belonging to the household, were loitering round the entrance, admiring the fine horse, and laughing merrily among themselves at fifty trifles, such as youths and maidens have laughed at, and will laugh at still, despite philosophy and common sense to boot, from the creation downward.

In the third story of that ruined keep, accessible even now to an adventurous climber, there is a little chamber, occupying one third of the area of the tower, irregular in shape, for two of its walls are segments, and the two others radii of a circle, its longest side being the outer wall of the castle, and its two ends, partitions diverging from a central circle, which is occupied through the whole height of the building, by a steep, winding staircase. Though small, it is a pleasant spot even now, with three tall lanceolated windows; through which the green leaves of the ivy flutter at every breath of air, commanding a wide prospect of the deep chasm-like valley of the Lignon, from its far mountain cradle down to its confluence with the majestic Loire, which, from that giddy height, may be seen winding its silver way through many a golden cornfield, many a teeming vineyard. In this apartment, decorated with the best skill of that early day, were two young persons, deeply engaged in conversation seemingly of a description the most interesting to their feelings. They were of different sexes, both in the prime of youthful life, both eminently handsome, and, though there might be something of resemblance in their high features and rather dark complexions, it was yet the resemblance rather of very distant kindred, or, perhaps, of dwellers under the same ripe climate, than of more close connexions. The girl, had not seen, certainly, her eighteenth summer; yet she was tall, and fully formed; her glowing bust, and all the wavy outlines of that most lovely of all lovely things, her woman figure, developed to the full extent of that voluptuous roundness, which, in a colder climate, would have betokened a maturer age. Her face was not less perfect than her form, perfectly oval, with large dark Italian eyes, half languor and half fire; a nose, in which the slightest tendency toward the aquiline, redeemed the insipid character of the more classic outline; lips, exquisitely arched and pouting, with a perpetual dimple playing at either corner; and hair, the most superb that ever added to woman's beauty, dark as the wings of night, and so redundant, that if it had escaped from the confinement of the fillet, which restrained it, it would have flowed down to her very feet, veiling her person by its ample waves. Nor was her beauty anywise impaired by the pensive, melancholy attitude which she maintained; as, half reclined on a settee within the embrasure of one of the tall windows, with her chin propped upon an arm of the most perfect symmetry, she suffered her right hand to lie all unresisting in the fervent grasp of her

companion; while of her eyes, which were bent earthward, nothing could be discovered but the long silky lashes so exquisitely pencilled in relief on her transparent cheek. He, too, was young—too young, as it would have seemed, from the first glance, for the gilded spurs which showed he had attained already to the rank of knighthood—his hair, like hers, was coal black, but different in this, that it was wreathed above a broad, high forehead with a thousand natural curls; his eyes were also dark, and sparkled with a quickness that showed him prone, at least, to gusts of passion; while the compression of his thin lips told as clearly of a character resolved and positive, as did the deep lines on his brow, and from each nostril downward to the angles of the mouth, speak the dominion of unconquerable passions—still was the whole contour decidedly impressive, and even handsome, though it might well be doubted, whether at an age more advanced, the less attractive features might not predominate. He was attired, from the throat downward, in a complete suit of chain mail, exquisitely wrought, and yielding to the play of every swelling muscle, polished, too, with such rare skill, that every ring flashed to the early sunbeams, as if it had been wrought of fabled adamant. This dress, however, was only visible at the neck, where it was firmly riveted to a broad gorget of bright steel, and on the arms and legs which it completely covered—these to the wrist, leaving the bony but white hand, defenceless—those to the ancles, where it was joined by splendent shoes of the same hard and glistening material. All else was covered by a surcoat, resembling in form, a herald's tabard, or the poncho of the South American, of pure white cloth, bisected in the front by a broad cross of scarlet. This over-dress was fastened round the waist by an embroidered belt, through which was thrust a long, stout, two-edged dagger, the only weapon of offence he bore about his person. On a small oaken table, in the centre of the room, were placed his helmet, a cumbrous flat-topped casque, with neither crest nor plume, and his gauntlets delicately wrought in scale; while his two-handed sword—a massive blade, four feet, at least, in length, with a cross-handled hilt proportionately large and heavy—rested against it, with a rich baldric trailing down upon the oaken floor.

"A thousand! thousand thanks, sweet Adelaide," he said, pressing the fair hand, which he grasped, to his hot lips. "That word hath made me all invincible!—that word hath given me the strength, the resolution, to dare all—to endure all—and—by the aid of blessed Mary and her son—to conquer all! Three years, when passed, are but so many *days* of retrospection. Three years!—sweet Adelaide—three little years—and by your father's promise—by your own dear avowal—you will be mine—mine own for ever! Is it not so—is it not, love—best?"

"Have I not said it, Brian?" she replied, raising her liquid eyes to his, but dropping them again upon the instant, before the glance of fiery passion which encountered hers—"have I not said it, Brian? How often must I promise—how often vow, to satisfy your craving earnestness? Is it, that you misdoubt my word? Is it, that I have all misread your soul—and that you are, in

truth, as they rumor you, jealous unto suspicion, distrustful of all faith?"

"No! no! believe it not," he answered in tones absolutely choked with passionate emotion—"doubt thee!—as soon doubt Heaven!—as soon Heaven's King in all his glory! Doubt thee!—By all the gods, thy name, before three years be flown, shall be acknowledged through every realm of Europe—shall be as widely bruited for the paragon of constancy and beauty, as the four winds can blow the tidings. From the remotest point of Spain, to the blue waters of Byzantium, all shall admit thine eminence! Say only, Adelaide, say only, once again, that thou dost love me!"

"I have said so. I have said so, again, and again, Brian! Yet, since it seems nought else will satisfy you—I do! I do! with all my heart and soul, most singly and most wholly, love you!" she exclaimed, a deep crimson flush pervading as she spoke, not her cheeks, only, but her brow, her neck, her bosom, and those exquisitely falling shoulders, as far as they were visible above the collar of her low velvet bodice—while her full eye met his with so deep an expression of voluptuous passion, and dwelt on his face so languidly, that Brian was emboldened to throw his right hand round her sylph-like waist, and clasp her to his bosom. Nor did the maid resist, but twining her soft arms about his neck, she met his kiss half way; and, for ten seconds' space, their hearts beat sensibly against each other's bosom, in tumultuous union, their eyes grew dim with passion, their lips were glued together. But after that one burst of irresistible, uncontrolled phrensy—for love, in its excess, is phrensy—the maiden, extricating herself from his embrace, parted the close curls on his forehead, and imprinted there one long kiss—then arising, with a blush yet deeper than before—"There, Brian, there," she said, playfully smiling, "that must both satisfy thee, and convince! More, I cannot say—more, I cannot give thee—and keep thy confidence or love. And now, God speed thee. Let not the lip of woman bear away that kiss which I have left upon thy brow;—as I shall keep for thee the burning one which thou hast printed on my lip—nay! rather, on my soul! not e'en my father shall press his mouth to mine, ere your kiss shall release me. And now, God speed thee, Brian. I need not bid thee be foremost ever—for that I know thou wilt! But oh! be not too rash! Few damoiselles, I trow, need so advise their chevaliers—but I know thee too well—too well have marked thy daring, thine enthusiastic, all-pervading valor, to fancy that thy spirit lacks the stimulus of words, more than thy gallant Andalusian needs the spur to urge him to the charge. God speed thee, Brian, and, farewell." And even as she spoke, a distant swell of martial music, the prolonged cadences of the shrill trumpet blent with the deep clang of the Norman nakir, came floating on the gentle breeze, from the far valley of the Loire. "There! hear you not," she added, "hear you not, even now, the music of your comrades?—and see! see! there they file, band after band, and banner after banner, across the bridge that spans our valley! Blessed Maria, what a gorgeous train—Ja! how their spear-heads twinkle in the sunbeams—how their plate

armor flashes!—pennon, and pennoncelle, and banderol waving and fluttering to the free winds, above a sea of plumage!—there, the square banner of the Great Counts of Auvergne—and there, the Lion flag of Ferrand of Clermont—and Guy de Ponthieu's Ravens—and Tankerville's chained dragon!—and there!—haste, Brian, haste! Do on your helmet quick, and belt your espaldron, and spur Black Tristram to his speed—there floats the oriflamme itself—the gorgeous oriflamme of France, above King Philip and his peers. Linger not—loiter not, my beloved—God speed thee! and, farewell! And be thou fortunate, as I will still be faithful, and we shall be a pair hereafter for chroniclers to tell of in set prose, and trouveres to descant upon in lay, and virelay, and sonnet!"

His helmet *was* braced on—his espaldron *was* belted—snatching his gauntlets from the table, with the rich scarf, which she had given, bound on his left arm, he cast one long, long glance upon the lady of his heart; and, daring not to trust himself to speak, rushed down the winding staircase, taking three steps at one, his steel shoes clanging, and the point of his huge broadsword clashing and jarring on the stones. He gained the court, and scattering his largesse to the menials, who, cap in hand, saluted him with loud lip-love, vaulted at once into the saddle; dashed like an arrow through the gateway, over the clattering drawbridge; and, at a pace positively fearful, plunged down the steep descent, his horse's hoofs striking at every bound the fire from the flinty road, that rang beneath the fury of his gallop. Once he looked back, just where the traverse from the castle joined the road down the Lignon! A fair round arm was waving from the lattice, where they but now had stood together, a white kerchief; and the proverbially quick eye of the lover fancied it could have recognized that arm of snow, among ten thousand. Bowing his helmeted head quite to the saddle-bow, he brandished his long lance high in air, making the pennoncelle, which graced it, rustle and waver in the sunlit atmosphere, like the flash of a shooting star; and, spurring his hot Andalusian to yet fiercer speed, devoured both hill and valley in his course; and joined his comrades on their way toward the fatal sands of Syria, long ere their rear had passed the high and narrow bridge which spans, even to the present day, the confluence of the Loire and Lignon.

Three years had passed away—passed as the young man had expressed himself to her he loved so dearly, but as so many *days* of retrospection. That gallant army, which had leaped so dauntlessly ashore from their proud red-cross galleys, had whitened with their bones the pestilential fields of Palestine. Disease, and want, and treason of false friends, and, more than all, dissensions in the host, had marred the progress of that superb array, which—led by the unrivalled Lion-heart, the wise and wary Philip, and scores of other chiefs whose names were second to these only—had threatened the extermination of the Saracen dominion. Philip Augustus had returned to his paternal kingdom; and was occupied more wisely, if less gloriously, in fixing himself more

firmly on his throne than any king, who had sat there since the Great Charles. Richard—who had, reluctant to depart, lingered with his bold islanders as long as any hope remained—was now a captive in the dungeons of the mean-spirited and vengeful Austrian. None of that lordly expedition yet remained in the land, which the most superstitious now scarcely hoped to win, except the Templars and the Hospitallers, whose vow permitted to them neither peace nor truce, so long as Infidels possessed the city of the Tomb. Three years had passed, and more!—and from the first glad tidings, which reached France of their triumphant debarkation, of their first mighty victory, no ship arrived, but brought reports proving that Brian de Latouche had well made good his boast to Adelaide de Montemar. At Ascalon, it was his lance that bore Iconium's Soldan from the saddle—before the leaguered walls of Acre, it was his sword that won Zamor, 'the good horse that never failed his rider,' the choicest of that breed of Yemen, emphatically styled the winged, in single fight from the proud Prince of Trebizond, who lost his charger and his life together! And when the axe of England's Lion-heart had dashed the gates of that same city into atoms, forcing its way through heart of oak and bars of steel, as though they had been reeds and pasteboard, it was the foot of Brian de Latouche that pressed the threshold, second to Richard's only. Nay, more! When France had treacherously fallen from the league, though still a few of her best warriors tarried to win them laurels under the flag of their hereditary foe—when, after having relieved Jaffa, that most unequalled hero sustained with 'seventeen knights, and three hundred archers, the charge of sixty thousand Turks, and grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front, from the right to the left wing, without meeting an adversary who dared encounter his career,' it was again the hand of Brian de Latouche that couched his spear by Richard's bridle-arm. Nor, when his fame was at the highest, did he forget his plighted word—whenver he couched lance, his cry was "Adelaide de Montemar!"—till, at that *cri de guerre* alone, a hundred of the boldest musclemen would draw their reins in terror—till, as the youth had boasted, each knight of the Christian host had heard the fame, and, judging of the beauty by the exploits it produced, had willingly admitted the pre-eminence of her, whose charms and constancy were backed by so strong an arm, and a heart so dauntless, as those of Brian de Latouche.

Three years had passed, and more, when, in a gloomy evening in November—on which the winds sullenly wailing through the overcast and cloudy sky, were whirling the sere leaves from every tree—a stately knight, followed by four attendants—two of them *negro* slaves, with castan, scymetar, and turban! two, Christian men-at-arms, in plate and mail!—rode wearily along the rocky path, which, following the valley of the Lignon, leads to the Mountain keep of Eguerrand de Montemar, the chastelain of Isengeaux.

The knight was a tall, powerful figure, sheathed *cap-a-pie* in armor of linked mail, partially covered by the

white surcoat of a crusader. He sat with practised grace, on a superb blood-bay Arabian, sixteen hands high, at least, and powerful enough—unusual as such stature is, among the generally slight coursers of the East—to bear a knight in complete panoply, throughout the longest day that ever yet was spent in battle. The noble steed was not caparisoned for battle, but decorated with the lightest furniture then used; as though the practised eye of his owner was aware that every thing which tended to conceal the exquisite proportions of the animal, must be a blemish rather than an ornament. Yet, light as was the saddle, and all the corresponding housings, a heavy battle-axe of steel, magnificently wrought with carvings of Damascus, was slung on one side of the pommel, while from the other, was suspended, as if to balance it, a yet more ponderous mace of similar material, workmanship, and decoration—these, save the dagger at his belt, were the only offensive weapons which the rider bore; for, one of the esquires, in addition to his own arms, carried the long lance and heater-shaped shield of the knight; while the other led a coal-black Andalusian, fully barbed for battle, to whose steel saddle was attached, besides the usual mace and battle-axe, his long two-handed broadsword. The face of the warrior, as, also, his strong hands, were bare, for his casque and gauntlets hung with his battle-axe at the saddle-bow, while his head was protected only by a low cap of scarlet cloth, with a long drooping plume, leaving his strongly-marked and noble features, exposed to the eye, which there might read strange tales of pride, and energy, and passion. Short coal-black hair, curled round a forehead unusually high and massive, worn away, somewhat, at the temples, by the pressure of the helmet, and closely cut behind, that it might not impede the fastenings of the mail hood, displayed a set of high, thin, features; the predominant expression of which, was overruling and all-mastering pride, although the thick and corded veins upon the forehead, and the deep lines furrowed by the hot ploughshare of an excitable and ever restless soul, betokened other and more fiery impulses, that well might aspire for pre-eminence against the master passion. The mouth was shadowed by a thick black moustache, which quivered, as it were, instinct with life, at every transient emotion, while, to complete the picture, a deep scar crossing the forehead, and narrowly missing the right eye, gave an expression of additional sternness to a countenance, which, in spite of its fierce and audacious character, could not be looked upon without both admiration and respect. The age of this formidable-looking person was, probably, not more than six or seven and twenty, although exposure to the fierce suns of the East, while it had burnt his naturally dark complexion to almost negro blackness, had given him the appearance of being several years farther advanced toward the mid vale of life.

"That is the fortress, Amelot," he said, in deep, sonorous tones, "that is the fortress—we shall be there anon—the ascent turns abruptly beyond that mighty chestnut, which has not yet lost all its leaves."

"And in good time here comes a wood-cutter, Sir Brian!" answered the man-at-arms, a favorite esquire, whom he had addressed. "Were I not best inquire?"

"Inquire what?" retorted the knight. "Inquire what, fool, what?" he once again repeated, as the esquire, little encouraged by his manner, hesitated to speak out.

"Whether the Chastelain be at the fort," at length he faltered out.

"Why! where else should he be, thou dolt?" returned his master. "He hath no other castle—he dwells even here!"

For strange though it may seem, it yet was most characteristic of the determined, resolute, and yet enthusiastic character of Brian de Latouche, that since he had returned to France, he had made no inquiry—had asked no question concerning her whom he loved so devotedly. He would have deemed it ominous of evil to inquire of her health, and, as to asking of her constancy, he would have spurned the very thought, as something nearly allied to sacrilege—and equally dishonorable to her and to himself, as auguring the existence, on his own part, of a most base and narrowminded jealousy, and authorizing a suspicion against her of the most shameful fickleness! And, therefore, though his heart might throb at mention of the name of Montemar, he had repressed his doubts, his terrors, his emotions, within that most inscrutable of mysteries, the heart of a strong-minded, crafty man. Nor, indeed, had he asked, would he have found any one to answer; for, so small was the consequence of Euguerand de Montemar, and so small the renown of his daughter, except in so far as it had been promulgated by the deeds of Latouche himself, that scarcely any one in France, except the dwellers in their close vicinity, could have afforded him the smallest tidings of the object of his anxiety.

He passed the angle of the road; and great was his astonishment when he perceived that there waved no pennoncelle above the battlements, glanced no light through the casements of the tower. Goaded almost to madness at the sight, he spurred his good horse to its speed, and in a moment, stood within the shadow of the draw-bridge. Raising his bugle to his lips, he blew a blast that made wood, rock and river echo, for minutes, to its prolonged and piercing summons. And long ere any answer could have been returned, again he sent it forth!—again!—and yet again!—waking the peasantry for miles around, yet bringing no response from the apparently deserted fortalice. At length, when Brian's patience was well nigh exhausted, a feeble light gleamed from a shot-hole near the summit of the tower—was lost—shone out again, a story lower, and at last reached the court! A moment after, it flashed from a crenelle in the watch-tower by the gate, displaying the white hair and well-known features of the old seneschal, who tremulously craved to know who claimed admittance.

"I!—death to your soul!" fiercely exclaimed the soldier. "I, Brian de Latouche! Up! up with your portcullis, and down draw-bridge!—why keep you me here shivering in the night wind?"

After a short delay, the bridge was lowered, and the gate opened. Recovering his good humor, the knight rode in, holding some gold coins in his right hand, about to throw them to the old faithful servant, whom he had



known from his earliest boyhood—when, to his wonder, the old man stepped before him, and catching hold of his rein—

"Stop! stop!" he cried, "Sir Brian! there be none here save I!"

"None here save thee?" exclaimed the surprised and now thoroughly alarmed crusader. "Why, where then is the fiend's name, be they? Speak! speak! old man—see you not I am choking? Where is Eguerrand—where Adelaide de Montemar?"

"My master—my master Eguerrand, that is," faltered the old man, "has been dead—these two years, come Martinmas! He lies up yonder in the chapel of St. Thomas, at Issengeaux! And as for my lady—as for my Lady Adelaide"—

"Well! well! Speak! speak! thou torturer! or I will wring it forth, if it be with thy life blood. What of thy lady!"

"She hath been married—married these eighteen months, and better."

"Liar! Dog! Slave!" thundered the knight, leaping at one bound from the saddle, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him so furiously, that he had well nigh slain him. "Confess! confess, that thou hast lied, and I will pardon thee! Speak! speak, man"—still without relaxing his stern gripe on his throat—"speak! Say thou hast lied, and bless me!" and with the words he loosed him, yet it was many minutes ere the terrified vassal could find breath to answer him.

"True! it is very true—true as the sun in heaven!"

"True!—the sun! The sun is *not* true—Heaven is *not* true! there is NO TRUTH! If this be so—all is lie! all, all! The sun in heaven, the heaven itself, the God that made them all! But speak, speak out. I am patient now, and can hear—very—calmly!" and he choked down his fury into his heart of hearts, and stood pale, firm, and motionless, without once interrupting him, till his tale was concluded.

Within one year after his sailing for the East, while the first tidings of his valor and his glory were fresh and rife about her, she had inclined a willing ear to the addresses of a poor, nameless, Norman squire, whom chance had brought to that vicinity, and thrown upon her father's hospitality! The splendid evidences of her lover's faith, and worth, and glory, availed not anything to restrain her; and eighteen months before, her father having died but ten or twelve weeks, she had espoused him, and set forth at once to his demesnes, near to Avranches, on the Western coast.

"Ha! well—it is WELL! And for this I have won wealth, such as kings might envy! Fame, such as never king attained, nor dreamed of—save the Lion-heart! For this, I refused the daughter of Lusignan. For this, —God of my fathers—was it for this?" and he stamped furiously with his mailed heel upon the pavements, and bit his lip till the blood sprang. "But hear me, thou," he went on, turning his hands and eyes upward—"hear me, thou, for whose tomb I have fought—*how*, thou best knowest! hear me swear—that henceforth I live but for vengeance! Earth shall not drink her blood—nor the cold waters choke her breath—nor the tomb cover her!

but she shall wither—wither—wither!—accursed—desolate—broken-hearted! The boldest soul shall tremble—the manliest ear shrink from the story of my terrible revenge! Grant me this—only this, and to thy service, and the warfare for thy temple and thy tomb, I do devote myself for ever!"

He turned abruptly, mounted his good horse, Zemor—rode many a mile toward Paris that same night. Within the week, he knelt to the grand master of the order—registered himself a Templar—swore to perpetual celibacy—and thenceforth never more on earth was the name heard of Brian de Latouche; but far and wide, both for good and for evil, was the more famous appellation spread abroad of "Brian de Bois Gilbert!"

\* It will be easily perceived that the idea of this sketch was adopted, with a view to carry out, humbly and imperfectly, a slight hint of the great magician, dropped carelessly, like many another pearl, from his incomparable pen, in the sublime scene of the turret chamber, between the Templar and Rebecca. *Ivanhoe*. Chapter XXIV.

#### Original.

### THE TRIUMPH OF SONG.

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, ESQ.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

FAR from his own beloved land,  
Within a western wood,  
Seized by a rude, barbarian band,  
The minstrel-rover stood.

Sad dreams of home were in his mind—  
Hark! echoing to the thought—  
"Home! home! sweet home!"—the forest-wind  
Softly that burden brought!

Then flashed the poet's lifted eye,  
And proudly rose his tone;  
Warm glowed his cheek—his heart beat high—  
"That song! it is mine own!"

"Thine! thine!"—they dash, with eager hand,  
The fetters from his frame,  
And mutely reverent round him stand,  
In sorrow and in shame.

And safe and free, they bid him part,  
The bard whose gift it is,  
To trace in every other heart,  
The song he sends from his!

#### Original.

### HEAVEN'S BOND.

WHEN two fond hearts are joined, love pledged to love,  
The Gods are witnesses. Whatever deed  
Were sin in wife to husband, or reverse,  
Is sin, by lover or by mistress done.  
When once a maid her virgin troth hath plighted,  
Though yet the nuptial torch be lighted not,  
And binding vows be still unregistered,  
The heart is wedded in the sight of Heaven!

Original.

## THE FIRST AND SECOND WIFE;

OR, CONFESSIONS OF A DISCONTENTED MAN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

## PART II.

"We wither from our youth. We gasp away—  
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,  
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
Some phantom hures, such as we sought at first—  
But all too late—so are we doubly curst."—CHILDE HAROLD.

My grief, for the loss of my wife, was as profound as it was sincere. Now that she was lost to me for ever, her virtues and graces rose up, as it were, in judgment against me, and the tenderness, which, if displayed earlier, might have saved her life, was now lavished upon her memory. My natural disposition, to view every thing on its darkest side, rendered me doubly susceptible of real grief, and for many months after Maria's death, I was quite inconsolable. But time wrought its usual changes.

On her death-bed, my wife had confided to her cousin the charge of our child, and from the time of her mother's burial, my daughter had resided with Ellen. There existed, therefore, a bond of union between us, which could not easily be severed, and as I visited my child daily, I began to find an agreeable solace for my loneliness, in the society of her adopted mother. Ellen possessed that elasticity of temper which offers strong resistance to the pressure of sorrow, and which soon rebounds even if bowed down, for a time, by an overpowering weight. She had tenderly loved her husband, and had deeply lamented his death, but she was not one to cherish sorrow as a duty, and brood over melancholy resolutions with romantic enthusiasm. When time had subdued her grief, she could be cheerful and even joyous. I have heard the ringing laugh burst from her rosy lips, while the dusk habiliments of deep mourning still enveloped her form; and the merry sparkle of her bright eye sometimes gleamed out strangely from beneath the widow's veil. Yet, I never doubted the *sincerity* of her feelings, and, perhaps, was not sorry, in this instance, to distrust their *durability*.

The bud of spring, the blossom of summer, the falling leaf of autumn, and the shroud-like snows of winter, had thrice visited Maria's tomb, ere I ventured to think of filling the vacant place in my heart and home. Was it strange that my thoughts should recur to the days gone by, and recall the passionate devotion of my disappointed youth? In the pride of youth and loveliness, Ellen had rejected my suit, but she had, since then, tasted the bitter cup of sorrow, of disappointment, almost of poverty, and I now hoped a better result. The romance of early youth had for ever faded from the hearts of both, and it was with little of the trepidation of former times, that I now proffered my hand to the object of my early love. Her reply was characterized by her usual frankness. She assured me of the warmest esteem and friendship, but at the same time avowed her belief that her feelings were not sufficiently warm to satisfy my wishes.

"The love of my youth has departed," said she! "I have

not the same capacity for affection which I once possessed; early recollection, and kindly associations, attach me more closely to you than to any one now living, but those very recollections, and the memory of your sweet wife, would have prevented me from ever accepting your hand, had I not made a solemn promise to the dying. I pledged myself to Maria, that if ever you made me such a proposal, and it was not repugnant to my feelings, I would become the mother of her orphan child. If you can deem your affection sufficiently repaid by my deep love for your child, and my warm friendship for yourself, I am willing to become your wife; but I beseech you to examine your own heart, and assure yourself whether you will be content with so cold a return."

Few, even of the most reasonable men, would have been quite satisfied with this calm answer, and it may easily be imagined how little it suited my ardent temper. Her very coldness, however, was a new incitement to the pursuit, and, contrary to her advice, with a determination *not* to be content with her friendship, I resolved to make her my wife.

Let no man hope to bring back, in after life, the bright visions of his youth. In my early anticipation, it seemed to me that to stand at the altar with Ellen as my bride, would be to attain the very summit of felicity; and yet, when the hour came—when I knelt beside her and listened to the holy words which made her mine for ever—the image of the gentle creature, who had pledged to me the virgin faith of her pure heart, rose up before my troubled fancy, and my heart grew sick as I thought of the love which had passed away from earth and left no trace.

The first few months after my second marriage, were spent in travelling, and, amid its excitements and annoyances, I found opportunity enough for the exercise of my carping spirit, so that my wife escaped its influence. But when we were once settled in our own home, I quickly returned to old habits, and Ellen found, to her great surprise, that the devoted lover was transformed into the peevish husband. At first, she looked upon my outbreaks of temper as accidental, but when she discovered that they were habitual, they appeared to her such evidences of weakness and folly, that they were met by the most unsparing ridicule. With all my affection for Ellen, I had never been ignorant of her vast inferiority to her cousin in point of intellect. I had been accustomed to be treated by Maria, with the most undeviating respect; no display of infirmity of temper, on my part, could make her forget the honor as well as love which she vowed towards her husband, and it was now exceedingly annoying to find myself a butt for the gay jests of my less gifted wife. But all my ill-humor was of no avail. The more angry I became, the more amusing my conduct seemed to Ellen. High-spirited, but perfectly good-tempered—imperturbably cheerful and careless of slight troubles, she could not but consider my petulance as extremely ludicrous. Entirely unaccustomed to study the depths of character, she could only judge of the straws upon the surface, and, overlooking the deep affection of my nature, which would have been a powerful agent in her hands, for the subjection of my violent temper, she undertook

to meet it with the keen weapons of ridicule, which she certainly used most cruelly.

In my intercourse with my fellow men, I had managed to render myself very unpopular. Inconsistent and capacious, it is not to be supposed that I could secure many friends; but I had hitherto prided myself upon my unbending integrity, and I was now to learn that forgetfulness of the minor morals of life, may lead us into the labyrinth of vice as certainly as want of principle.

My estate was situated in a beautiful part of the country, and all that art could do to embellish nature, had been successfully tried. The grounds were extensive and beautiful, trees of every variety adorned the parks, and the garden and conservatories were filled with plants from every climate under Heaven. It was not in my disposition to be quite contented with any thing, but there was certainly nothing in my possessions which so nearly approached my ideas of perfection, as Hazelton Hall. My fault-finding spirit found little food there, except in trifling affairs which came under the supervision of the gardeners, but, like the princess in the fairy tale, I was destined to have my complacency destroyed by the knowledge that one thing was yet wanting. A friend who was one day walking with me, happened to observe that my estate only required a natural stream of water to possess every variety of scenery. Woodland and meadow, hill and valley, artificial water-courses, and fountains, were all there—the winding course of a mountain torrent alone was absent. From that unlucky moment, the demon of discontent took entire possession of me, and I determined to supply, by some means, the deficiency in my patrimonial grounds. My next neighbor was a widow, whose small plot of two acres just sufficed to provide subsistence for herself and idiot son. Her land ran back to the foot of a craggy mountain, through whose deep ravines ran a rapid brook. Just within the limits of her little farm, the stream dashed over a cluster of rocks, forming a tiny waterfall, and then widening its course, wandered off in inimitable beauty, until it lost itself in a large river some ten miles distant. I now cast a covetous eye upon the little spot which contained the only gift that had not been lavished upon me. To possess that rivulet, I would have given almost any price, but like Naboth, she refused to part with the land which had been tilled by her fathers. No temptation could induce her to sell it. Her idiot-boy had made companionship with every stone and tree, and the place was endeared to her no less by his attachment to it, than by early recollections. I then endeavored to purchase the rocky and untillable portion which formed the channel of the brook, but this was her son's favorite resort. His chief amusement was fishing in the stream, and no money was sufficient to buy it. This opposition to my wishes, of course, augmented them. I was resolved to include the mountain torrent within the limits of my estate, and I set to work to discover some means of accomplishing it.

Among the rubbish which, in the course of several generations, had collected in the garret of Hazelton Hall, was a chest of old deeds and papers. These I carefully examined, in the hope of discovering some-

thing which might terrify the old woman into a sale of her land, for I knew that it had, in earlier times, formed a portion of our family patrimony. With the help of an attorney, whose poverty rendered his loose principles an easy purchase, I succeeded in discovering an old deed which clearly established a former title to the widow's farm. I sought by this to intimidate her into a sale, but the sturdy spirit of the English peasantry was aroused, and her sense of justice made her more unmanageable than ever. I was perfectly well convinced that the property had been legally sold by one of my ancestors, but I knew that no proof of such sale existed, except a memorandum in my possession, for a fire which had consumed the farm-house, some years previous, had destroyed with it the title deed to the little farm. I therefore claimed the place as having been only *leased* to the widow's ancestors, and a very slight change in the wording of the memorandum which I held, was sufficient to establish my claim. This necessary alteration in the paper was skilfully made by my attorney, and I immediately commenced a lawsuit for the possession of the property.

Dame Holden, the widow, was a singular being. To one half the village, she was an object of pity, to the other, of terror. Her countenance, though worn with care, and browned by exposure, still bore traces of the bold and masculine beauty for which it had once been distinguished. Her figure was tall and gaunt, and her peculiar style of dress, which consisted of a fisherman's coat, belted over her feminine attire, and a man's hat, added greatly to the wildness of her appearance. Her extreme beauty had been her bane in early life, and the child, the idiot-boy of whom she was so fond, was born before the church's blessing had been pronounced upon his parents. Their marriage, afterwards, silenced the outcry of their indignant neighbors, but could not efface the stain. Grace Holden had been scornful and overbearing in her day of pride, and her companions now delighted to repay her the contempt they had once received. Her violent passions were exasperated almost to frenzy; her temper became moody and sullen, and she finally drove her husband to sea, where he perished in a storm. Remorse was now added to the host of evil passions which raged within her breast, and, though usually cold and stern in her demeanor, when aroused to anger, she was indeed a fearful woman. Her son, now nearly twenty years of age, was a harmless idiot. To bask in the sunshine, to chase butterflies in the meadow, to lie beside the mountain stream, watching the course of the tiny waves, and singing some monotonous melody, were the only occupations of "daft Willie." All the affection of his mother's nature seemed centered upon her boy, and any injury inflicted upon him, was sure to be severely resented.

My wife was in town at the time my suit against the poor woman was commenced, nor did she know any thing of it until her return to Hazelton Hall. She remonstrated with me earnestly on the subject, but she assumed a tone of indignant reproof, to which my proud spirit never could submit. I knew that she thought me actuated by the most paltry feelings, and guilty of the grossest injustice, but I had not generosity

enough to acknowledge my error, and retrace my steps. This gave rise to the first serious difficulty between Ellen and myself. It is needless to dwell on the circumstances of my law-suit. The widow could produce no authenticated documents to prove her title to the land, and the paper which I brought forward, secured sufficient evidence that it had been only leased to her family. Her farm was accordingly adjudged to me, but my conscience bore upon it the weight of something very like forgery. The day following the decision of the court, I visited Dame Holden, in order to offer her quiet possession of the house during her life. I found her seated on a large stone, which was so placed as to form a convenient resting-place, just without the porch, and daft Willie lay at her feet, trying to form wreaths of the wild orchis which he had just gathered.

"So you are come to take possession," said she, as she raised her eyes from the ground.

"No, dame," I replied, "I came to bid you still consider the house as your own, during your life; the mill-stream is all I wish to retain, and that, I shall order to be enclosed within my grounds as soon as possible."

"The mill-stream!" exclaimed she, "call you that torrent a mill-stream? Have you robbed the widow and the fatherless, only that you might imprison the free mountain brook, and win sordid pelf from its gladsome waters? Go, Charles Hazelton! Grace Holden will find a home beneath the sods of the churchyard, ere she will set foot again on the land you call your own. You have robbed the widow of her shelter, but sorrow can yet find you beneath your stately roof-tree; you have driven the helpless orphan into beggary, but your own little one will never smooth your grey hairs in the coffin. The curse of the poor and the oppressed is upon you."

I shuddered, involuntarily, as she spoke, but, mastering my feelings, repeated my wish that she should still abide in the house. She arose, and drawing up her tall figure, exclaimed, "Charles Hazelton, you have wrought out the fiend's own bidding! You have despoiled the widow, and murdered the unresisting."

"Murdered!" I repeated.

"Ay, murdered!" cried she; "my poor boy lives but in the pure air of the sunny hills, and amid the wild-flowers of his native valley; think you the simple lad will not pine amid the tainted atmosphere of yon crowded city, whither I must now repair to seek the bread which supports life? He will die—yes, he will die, and his blood will I require at your hands;—till then, we meet no more:—the curse may be slow in its work, but it will be sure!"

Shocked and unnerved, I turned away, and as I reached the summit of the nearest hill, I perceived Dame Holden and her son, wending their way towards the distant town.

The first consequence of this unjust alienation of my neighbor's land, was an increased alienation between Ellen and myself. She could not forgive my want of integrity, and her manners were characterized by coldness and restraint. Contrary to her expressed opinion, I determined to build a fanciful little mill upon the stream, not that I ever expected to make use of it, but

simply because I wanted to cover a projecting cliff with some picturesque structure. When it was completed, I desired Ellen to accompany me in a walk to the spot, but she positively refused, and avowed her determination never to bend her steps towards the despoiled heritage of the widow. This obstinate adherence to her own will, in opposition to mine, exasperated my angry feelings, and a scene of mutual recrimination ensued between us. I afterwards learned that she had ordered the nursery-maid never to take my little daughter towards the mill. This was simply a precaution for the child's safety, but my distempered fancy construed it into a contumacious disposition to oppose my wishes, and I therefore made it a point to encounter the girl in her walks, and, taking the child under my own charge, to conduct her to the mill. The little creature soon became very fond of the beautiful spot, and I forbade the servant to inform my wife of our frequent visits, lest she should attempt to prevent them. The girl gladly promised to obey me, for she had formed an intimacy with a young man who acted as under gardener, whose cottage stood but a few rods from the brook, and she therefore was by no means unwilling to second my wishes with regard to her frequent visits.

One day I had gone to visit a distant neighbor, on business, and the servant took my little Ellen out upon her usual walk. They reached the gardener's cottage, where the girl took her seat in the porch, leaving the child to play among the flowers. Beguiled by the persuasions of her lover, she finally entered the house to partake of some rustic dainties, and the child was, for a time, forgotten. According to the servant's account, scarcely half an hour escaped, when she thought of her charge, and hurried off in search of her, but she was no where to be found. Filled with terror and remorse, the girl hastened home to her mistress with the tidings, and immediately the whole household set out in search of the child. The mill-stream was the first thing that entered the thoughts of every one, but the woman declared so positively that the child could not cross the bridge alone, and, of course, could not reach the mill, which overhung the deepest part of the stream, that they were willing to believe she had strayed among the trees. It was sunset when I reached home, and learned the tale. Conscience was a surer guide than any other, and I felt certain that if I found my child, it would be on the widow's heritage. With my usual impetuosity, I tore up the floor of the little mill, and in doing so, descried that a plank had been recently lifted, as it lay quite loose upon the beam. Excited almost to madness, I tied a rope around my body and plunged amid the deep, black waters immediately beneath the mill wheels. It was too dark under the shadow of the cliff to discern objects, but I groped about with my hands and feet, until I grasped something that felt like drapery. I felt myself suddenly drawn up by the rope which still bound my waist, but I remember nothing more, until I found myself lying on the grassy sward, with the lifeless body of my child beside me.

This was not the effect of accident; my child had fallen a victim to some murderous hand, and my thoughts instantly recurred to Dame Holden. Her curse, her

threats of vengeance, all seemed calculated to subject her to suspicion, and half frantic with grief and rage, I immediately applied to the nearest magistrate for a warrant to apprehend her. A few hours afterwards, I learned that she had been seized in the neighboring town, where she had been found seated by the dead body of her son. I remembered the words of the wretched woman when we last met; "My boy will die, and his blood will I require at your hand"—and I was convinced that she had been the murderer of my darling child. She was accordingly lodged in prison to await her trial, and I followed my sweet little one to the grave, with a heart torn by anguish and remorse. A few weeks afterwards, Dame Holden was brought up to answer to the charge of murder, and every evil passion of my nature was concentrated in the one fearful desire of revenge. But I was destined to be disappointed. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the old woman and her son had occupied a part of a ruinous building which had formerly been a factory, in the outskirts of the town—that she was in the habit of providing food by her daily labor, and for that purpose, generally left her son alone;—that, for three days previous to that on which the child was found drowned, she had not left the house, in consequence, as the neighbors had ascertained, of the illness of her son. No one knew at what time he had died, but she had not been seen to leave the house, and it was believed that she had never left her son's side from the time he was taken ill, until the moment when she was seized by the officers of justice. It was also proved that a waggoner, who happened to be passing along the road which commanded a view of the mill and bridge, had seen a little child standing about the centre of the bridge, quite alone, and of course, the assertion of the servant, that the child could not cross the bridge alone, was of no import. To every unprejudiced person, it seemed far more probable that the child had wandered across the bridge, and fallen, accidentally, into the water, than that Dame Holden should have left the deathbed of her son, and travelled ten miles, in order to perpetrate a murder; especially, when it was considered that she could scarcely have anticipated meeting the child in that spot. Her threats of vengeance, and the strange coincidence between the death of her child and mine, were the most suspicious circumstances, but there was no testimony sufficient to convict her, and, after a patient investigation of the affair, she was acquitted. Though I knew that the judge and jury had acted uprightly and conscientiously in the matter, yet I was as well convinced then, as I am now, that she was the murderer of my child, and my reproaches against those who had refused to convict her, were so unjust, as to destroy all public sympathy in my behalf. Once, and once only, I beheld the miserable old woman again. It was on the high road, a short distance from my own house, that I encountered her, and with a shudder which I could not repress, I endeavored to pass on, but planting herself directly before my horse, she exclaimed with a smile of fiendish malice, "How like ye the first draught from the cup of curses? You have tasted its bitterness, but you have not yet drained it to the dregs as I have done. Your fair halls are now

as desolate as my lowly hovel—the rich man and the despoiled widow, are now equal in their sorrow; we are both childless! Your babe lies beneath the stately marble, and my boy slumbers amid common earth, but they shall meet in Heaven—the senseless idiot and the innocent child will meet in that pure world where you and I shall never come!"

"Vile hag," exclaimed I, as I strove to seize her, "you murdered my babe!"

"Ask of the winds the tale," muttered she, as she glided from my grasp. "You coveted the mountain stream, and your little one has drunk deep of its waters!" and with these words upon her lips, she turned from me, and plunged into the thick woods which skirted the road. I never saw her again, nor could I learn any tidings of her after fate. She had accomplished her purpose—she had wrought out her revenge, and she disappeared like an evil vision of the night.

Sorrow generally softens the obduracy of the human heart, but my grief was so mingled with bitter feelings, that it only hardened my stern nature. I became irritable in proportion to my mental anguish, and my exacting spirit at length rendered me an object of fear to all my household. My wife had, by this time, learned to understand my temper, but to bear with it, required more affection than she possessed. She felt that she had wedded me in compliance with my passionate entreaties, and she seemed to demand some acknowledgement of the boon she had bestowed. Her cheerful temper had no sympathy with my sullen mood, her evanescent emotions could have no part in my fits of brooding melancholy. Kind-hearted and affectionate to those who reciprocated her regard, she yet possessed the faculty of banishing from her mind all unpleasant reminiscences. When I remembered the profound tenderness and deep feeling of my former wife, I thought Ellen too volatile to receive any serious impression. But I did her injustice; she was, in reality, an amiable woman, capable of giving and receiving happiness, and eminently calculated by her hopefulness of temper, to lighten the burdens of life to all who came within the influence of her sunny cheerfulness. This very characteristic now became, in my eyes, a sin. I almost hated her for the merry laugh which sometimes broke upon my ear, after my child's frightful death had jarred every harmonious chord in my bosom. I might have known that she who could so far forget the husband of her youth as to allow another to occupy his place, could scarce be expected to cherish fond memories of another's child.

While my feelings were thus gradually chilling towards the object of my earliest, and, as I once thought, fondest attachment, a circumstance occurred which wounded me to the very soul. Monsieur D' Albret, the gentleman whom I have already mentioned as being Ellen's sole companion at the death-bed of her husband, in France, visited us, and was received by my wife with the warmest expressions of gratitude and esteem. This exhibition of kindness towards him, though I felt it to be perfectly natural, and quite excusable, annoyed me exceedingly. I was vexed that such reminiscences should be awakened just now, when I was requiring entire and

unrestricted affection; but, too proud to let Ellen know my feelings, I met her friend with every attention, and even invited him to spend a few weeks at Hazelton Hall. Much to my regret, he accepted my invitation, and I was obliged to see him a daily guest at my table, and a devoted attendant upon my wife.

At first, I was only disturbed by his presence, lest it should renew old regrets in the mind of Ellen; but I soon learned to hate him for his own sake. His laughter-loving spirit was so in unison with her cheerful temper, that his domestication with us seemed to restore her to new happiness, and it was not long before the demon of jealousy took full possession of me. Ellen's perfect purity of feeling, her almost child-like ignorance of vice, rendered her totally unsuspecting of my doubts. She never dreamed that her truth could be doubted, and her extreme frankness, on all occasions, seemed a warrant of her unchanging integrity. Trifles, light as air, were magnified by my distempered fancy into evidences of a secret understanding between them, and when I at length detected them conversing with each other across the saloon, by signs, my fury exceeded all the bounds of moderation. With a vain attempt at self-command, I demanded an explanation of what I had just witnessed. Ellen laughed out merrily, and began to initiate me into the mysteries of the language of the figures, used by the deaf mutes, which she had learned while in Paris. But I was in no humor for trifling, and insisted upon knowing the subject of their secret conversation. With the courtesy of a gentleman, D' Albret proceeded to tell me that it referred only to a proposed excursion for the next day, and had been commenced by my wife, as he presumed, because he had asked her, at the dinner-table, whether she had forgotten the '*silent language*.' Enraged at this attempt to deceive, (for so I then considered it,) I forgot the duties of hospitality, and gave D' Albret the lie. I received, in return, a violent blow in the face, from the high-spirited Frenchman. For such insults on both sides, there was but one mode of satisfaction, according to the code of modern honor, and I hastened to write a challenge, which was handed to D' Albret by the time he reached the hotel to which he had hurried. Before receiving his reply, I repaired to Ellen's apartment. She was pacing the room with a hurried step as I entered. Her face was pale as marble, but no traces of tears were on her cheeks. Cold, stately, proud, she awaited my questions. She submitted to my inquiry in a manner that amazed me. The most minute details I had remembered, and I now demanded an explanation of them. Every thing was answered in a clear, concise, straight-forward manner, which absolutely compelled my belief. I accused her of infidelity—she denied the charge, and defied me to believe it. I reviled her for want of feeling, and indifference toward me—she bade me remember the conditions of our marriage, and ask myself whether my conduct, since, had been such as to win her affection. Roused to the highest pitch of fury by her coolness, I, at length, poured forth the full tide of my bitterness. I accused her of receiving D' Albret as a lover; nay, I dared to tell her it was but a renewal of the intercourse which had been begun at her husband's

dying bed! What ineffable scorn was in her eyes as she turned towards me, exclaiming, "Can you, indeed, be such a wretch as to believe this? Oh, God! have I turned from my heart's deep homage to the dead, for such a reptile!" Tears choked her utterance, and she hastened from the room.

About an hour afterward, as I sat in my library, with D' Albret's reply to my challenge lying before me, a note was handed to me, together with a small casket, which had always stood on a table in Ellen's dressing-room, and had often excited my curiosity. The note was as follows:—

"After your investigation of this morning, I am unwilling to leave you in ignorance of any thing that concerns me. You once expressed a wish to know the contents of the casket, and I now send it to you, trusting to your honor for its safe return. It contains letters and other memorials of my dead husband. When I became your wife, I resolved never again to unclothe the lid, as I would not wrong you by a single regret, if self-command could preserve me from such reminiscences, and I have kept my determination. I wish you to understand every thing which, in your mind, may seem to require explanation, and then—we must part for ever.

I have borne and suffered much from your exacting temper, but there are things which may not be forgiven, and such has been your last offence. You have accused me of a crime at which my whole nature revolts. If you do not believe your own accusation, I must for ever despise you for your impotent malice and falsehood; but if you really entertained, for a moment, the idea that such guilt was possible to me, there can be no more confidence between us. The child, for whose sake I consented to become your wife, no longer exists to form a tie between us, and I now demand a separation as the only amends you can make for the recent outrage upon my feelings."

The perfect indifference evinced by this cold letter, almost maddened me, but I had too much important business to transact within the next few hours, to yield myself up to passion. At daybreak I was to meet D' Albret, and all my worldly affairs were to be arranged previous to that time. I believe I was endowed with supernatural calmness that night. I made my will, bequeathing all my fortune to Ellen, and left a letter in the hands of my old servant, who witnessed the former paper, to be delivered to her in case I fell. This letter, while it exonerated her from the serious charge which my blind jealousy had brought against her, yet breathed the bitter reproaches of one who felt himself wronged in his affections.

After I had completed my arrangements, I threw open my window, and sat down beside it to cool my fevered brow. A faint streak of light was visible in the horizon, and I watched it gradually flushing into dawn, until I knew that my hour was come. At that moment my second tapped at my door, and in perfect silence, in order not to arouse the household, we stole down stairs. We reached the appointed place some time before my antagonist, and when the morning sun issued from his gorgeous chamber of golden clouds, I was lying on the greensward with a bullet in my body. I was convinced that I had wronged D' Albret, and I had, therefore, resolved to fire my pistol in the air; but he had the first fire, and his ball entering my side, glanced down upon the hip joint; thus missing a vital part, but rendering me a cripple for life.

I was carried home insensible, and for many weeks I remained a suffering invalid, during which time, Ellen attended me with unwearied diligence. Her light foot was ever gliding about the apartment, while she stilled

every sound, and ministered to my every want; her soft hand bathed my feverish temples, and moistened my parched lips. Kindness and gentleness characterized every action, but, alas! there was no tenderness. She did for me just what she would have done for any suffering friend, but she felt not that she was watching over the beloved husband. My attempts to win back the confidence of former days, were repelled gently but firmly; and my heart fainted beneath the painful thought that henceforth we were to be as strangers to each other.

As soon as I had quite recovered my health, and was able to leave my room by the aid of the staff which I was henceforth to require for the rest of my life, Ellen pleaded ill health as a reason for seeking change of air. Confinement to my sick chamber, had certainly paled her cheek, and I could not oppose her departure. Before she left me, however, we held a long and painful conversation. She assured me that it was utterly impossible for her ever again to consider herself my wife; she forgave me from her heart, but I had outraged her feelings so severely, that she could no longer regard me with the friendship and confidence which should always characterize the intercourse of married life. She implored me, as the only reparation I could now make, to let her choose her own abode and to leave her unmolested. "We both require change of air," said she; "let us, therefore, separate to seek for health on different shores; we will thus avoid the fracas of a public separation; the world may surmise, but can never know the truth, if we keep our own counsel, and I shall thus be spared much humiliation."

Bitter were my struggles before I could accede to her wishes, but in the solitude of my sick chamber, I had been taught to look into the depths of my own heart, and I had learned a lesson of forbearance. When I gazed on her care-worn brow, I felt that I did, indeed, owe her some amends, and yielding to the impulse of my better nature, I consented to her proposal.

Ten years have elapsed since then; my wound has rendered me very lame, and a residence in the South of France is considered necessary to my health. My wife still remains in England, and I am thus lingering out the remnant of my days in utter loneliness. My hair is silvered with the frosts of age, and time has somewhat tamed the violence of my feelings. I am still peevish and irritable, still the torment of my servants, and the terror of a card-table; but I can now look back to past scenes with bitter self-reproach. I can now do full justice to the noble virtues and matchless affection of my sainted Maria, and I can also appreciate the less gifted character and sunny temper of my wronged Ellen. Both are lost to me for ever, and it was with my domestic happiness in manhood, as with my toys in boyhood, only valued when too late. I am conscious that the happiness of two estimable women have been sacrificed to my discontent and petulant temper, and while I weep over the early grave of one, I pine to look once more upon the face of the other.

Let no man indulge his faults of temper, and console himself with the belief that he injures no one but himself. Let him remember that he is one of a circle of friends, or

children, or dependants, all of whom must suffer more or less from his errors. Let him bethink himself how,

"In a moment, we may plunge our years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,  
And color things to come, with hues of night;

and as he ponders over the weakness of humanity, let him seek the aid of that Power which alone can say to the tide of passion, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid."

Original.

### "OLD TRINITY."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Thou fane of many years, farewell!  
Thy walls must in the dust be laid,  
And we can now no longer pray  
Where our forefathers prayed.  
The altar at whose holy base  
The kneeling crowds received the wine,  
Must be no more a guarded spot,  
A consecrated shrine!

Never, again, from thy tall spire,  
Up-pointing to the Christian's home,  
Shall peal the bell, whose Sabbath voice  
Rolled o'er thy vaulted dome;  
Nor shall the daily passer hear  
Its solemn and familiar chime  
Fall, like the ringing, signal strokes,  
Of that gray watchman, Time!

The monuments of good men gone,  
Down from their niches rudely torn,  
Inscribed in memory of good deeds,  
Away from sight are borne;  
And other tablatures will take  
The places which they had of old;  
But oh, what graven shapes or lines,  
Can tell the tale they told?

Thou venerable pile, adieu!  
Another temple soon may tower  
On thy foundations, grand and high—  
The wonder of the hour!  
Let Art, her gorgeous skill display,  
And put thy humble walls to shame—  
There still are hearts, old church, to keep  
Thy worship and thy name!

### DISCRETION.

THERE are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit, impertinence; virtue, itself, looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.—Addison.

Original.

## MEMATTANON; OR, JACK OF THE FEATHER.

AN INDIAN TALE OF VIRGINIA.

## CHAPTER I.—THE COUNCIL.

NATURE, all beauteous nature! who in thy own wild dress, sittest on the mountain tops, wreathed in an endless variety of charms:—or, in the valley, braidest the babbling brook with flowers, and clotheest the vast forests with their spring-blossoms and their autumn tints—their summer fruits, and winter livery: thou wert never so lovely as in the olden time, ere the print of the white man's foot was found upon thy yellow sands, or on the verdure of thy luxuriant plains—ere thou hadst felt the axe of the woodman thinning thy ample forests, or found the children of thy soil disturbed in their sylvan retreats—thy hunters dislodged from their grounds, or thy dark-eyed maidens scattered from their summer shades.

It is not within our purpose to treat of the first European who, bold in daring, leaped upon the Virginian shores, and, planting his standard on the nearest eminence, claimed sovereignty of the vast continent for the crown he served; it does not fall within our views to record those acts of daring adventure by which Virginia became colonized, but rather to record the Indian's struggles for his native land, his hunting-grounds, and his forest home, against invaders, merciless, sanguinary, and faithless.

The English colony, about the year 1620, had considerably extended itself on both banks of the Potomac, founding towns and erecting forts, protective of a vast area of ceded land, which they had gained by forced treaties from the red hunter, who found, too late, his ruin consummating in his misplaced confidence. In open violation of those treaties, the invaders, as they gained numerical strength, warred with the tribes with whom they professed to be in friendship and alliance, and became so constant in aggression, so unrelenting in outrage—seizing upon the land of the red man without pretence, and slaughtering him as the beast of the forest, wholly unaltered to human nature—that nothing was left for the Indian but union among the tribes, and the sound of the war-whoop from the Alleghanies to the settlement of the invaders at Jamestown.

The Mannahoacks, the Monicans and the Powhatans, sensible of their danger, made common cause against the white stranger, and prepared to drive him from their shores; but, equally sensible of their own inferiority in battle, and that they could not, in the field, resist the terrible guns and long knives, as they called the swords of the colonists—they felt that dissimulation was their best defence, and treachery their only hope. The white man, guarded by his terrible engine of death, each in himself a host, could only be taken by surprise, or be approached in ambush at nightfall, when darkness reigned in the forest, and the watch-dogs slept.

In the thickest part of the great and almost interminable forest which extended itself in the rear of the Indian village of Pamunky, to the foot of the Alleghanies, and from the banks of the Potomac to the distant Rappahan-

noc, the chiefs of the united tribes held their war-council in the month of January, 1621, to consider on the means of freeing their country of the white stranger, at the same time invoking the Great Spirit to govern their councils.

No human foot save that of the red Indian had ever penetrated that part of the forest. Here the proud oak, the growth of centuries, spread its ample branches over the turf, dividing tenancy with the humbler maple, the wild peach, and smooth-barked cherry. No sounds had ever passed along its wide range, save the voice of the hunter—the sylvan song of the woodland chorister, or the wild cry of the fox—the howling of the wolf, and other beasts of prey and of the chase, who here had found an almost undisputed home. It was here, far removed from the piercing eye of the white stranger, that the great Sachem Opechancanough assembled his warrior chiefs.

The council hall, roofed with the branches of trees curiously interwoven, and outwardly lined with huge masses of green bark, was flanked by their trunks on either side, and extended upwards of two hundred feet in length. Between each tree, a frame-work was interwoven of branches, similar to the roof, so as to complete the sides, and render them impervious to the weather; and these again were lined along the interior, including the whole roof, with the skins of the buffalo, the deer, the fox, the bear, and other beasts of the chase. Without the hall, the watch-fires were kindled at convenient distances.

The floor of the council hall was strewn with mats made of the reeds growing on the margin of the river. Some of these were covered, by way of distinction, with the skins of the panther and the white fox.

One seat was still more distinguished by its coverings and its position. It was placed in the centre; was elevated above the rest, and over it was thrown a huge mantle, composed of a variety of the most splendid furs curiously assorted and sewn together. This was the seat of the great Sachem Opechancanough himself.

The morning dawned, resplendent with the white frost which dotted the trees with crystals, when the Indian warriors, who had been summoned to the war-fires, tracked their cautious way through the forest, to attend the Powhatan sachem in his council, and seal that bond of union on which their very existence was to depend. They came in small parties, armed with the bow or spear, and never-erring tomahawk. Opechancanough, with about fifty of his most celebrated warriors, was the first who entered the hall. He was speedily followed by the sachems and the chief of the Chickahominies, the Monicans, and the Nansamons, with their several priests, prophets, and conjurors; and the hall was filled. After the usual rites and ceremonies, Opechancanough opened the business of the confederacy. He stood erect upon his mat, his fine form enveloped in a mantle made of the beaver skin, and girted with his wampum belt—his hatchet suspended at his girdle—his quiver at his back, and leaning on his bow. His dark eye beamed with intelligence, and was radiant with martial fire, gleaming savage anger, and glowing with the darker passion of revenge. All was silence when he spoke; every head



inclined towards him, and every eye, beaming with the same expression of inextinguishable revenge, was bent on him.

"Children of the Great Spirit," began the orator, his wild eye glancing on all around him, while he in himself seemed all inspired by the great cause for which they had been assembled, "children of the Great Spirit, to whom your mighty Father gave these lands—these woods—the mountains and the waters for your inheritance

who clothed the forest tree with fruits for your subsistence, who taught you to track the deer to his covert, and armed you for the chase; who gave you the beasts of the mountain and the glen for your food, and their skins for your raiment, and to line your mossy couch—who filled the lakes and the rivers with fish for you, and gave the varying seasons for all things—for ripening the fruits—for hunting—for planting the patch, and for fishing—He blessed the red man with these his gifts, and in his stern command, demanded that you should preserve them for your children, as he had given them unto you; defending them with your lives. Now what have we done? We have angered the Great Spirit, and trouble is come upon us. We have suffered the pale-faces, whom the sea has cast up among us, to plant themselves upon our coast, and, forgetful of our duty, have received them with favor and protection. We knew them not, and we trusted in them—we trusted in the enemy of the Great Spirit, and we have been betrayed. We have divided with them the inheritance which is the inheritance of our children. We have given to them the gifts of the Great Spirit, and he is angered and turns away from us!

"The white man came among us, and we received him as a brother, bleached by the snows of other climes. He hath deceived—betrayed us. We showed him our land, and gave him of its fruits, and we gave him of the land itself, on which he might build him a dwelling. Now what does the white man, he who defies the power of the Great Spirit? He lets loose the lightnings from his long guns, and slays our people, while his thunders roll through our forests! He fires our homes, seizes upon our towns and our corn-patches, destroys our children, and drives us back into our forests to perish with hunger. These are the red man's wrongs—wrongs which demand revenge—revenge only to be satisfied by the white man's blood, and the extinction of his race! Up, then, up, and to arms, sachems and warriors—up, and to arms! Swear by the Great Spirit to drive these pale-faces into the great waters from which they have sprung, and be our shores sprinkled with their blood! Hold no faith with them! They have proved their treachery, and you have learned by experience, that your only hope is in the scalping-knife! Avenge you them on the white man, and propitiate the favor of the Great Spirit by their destruction!"

Opechancanough ceased to speak, while every eye gleamed a warrior's ardor, and every hand clutched the avenging tomahawk. The war-cry resounded through the woods—the distant echoes wafted back the shout, which died away in murmurs, sullen, low, and moaning, in the hollows and adjacent glens.

The war-dance, accompanied by the most discordant yells, succeeded this address, and the sachems and warriors smoked the calumet of Peace among the tribes, and bound themselves to pursue to the death, the white men on their shores. The prophets invoked the Great Spirit, muttering prayers, with mystic incantations, and performing the sacred offices of heathen faith; while the conjurors, in the exercise of their art, prepared a charm, resembling the amulet of the eastern Pagan, which should defend the warrior from the white man's guns. The warriors, one and all, received with devout faith this charm, rendering them invulnerable in the battle's heat to the white man's fearful lightnings. The rites being ended, and the cooked meats which had been prepared for the occasion, served, a rushing noise from without gave token of the approach of some one in whom a more than ordinary interest was excited.

"Memattanon, Memattanon," cried more than a hundred voices; "Memattanon, Memattanon," was shouted within the hall.

Opechancanough resumed his state, while the expected Memattanon hurried across the hall almost breathless, and in the highest state of excitement. In his right hand he brandished the fatal tomahawk, and in his left, a white man's scalp, but newly torn from the wretched victim of his revengeful passions. In stature, a giant—his strong and muscular form, fully proportioned and flexible, gave evidence of a power which, in union with a strongly-marked and speaking countenance, indicating a mind more than ordinarily gifted, rendered him a hero among his warriors, and an object of terror to his foes.

Memattanon could throw the spear with unerring hand, at a point beyond the reach of any other warrior—and from his bow, drawing the arrow to the head, could discharge it like a shot from the cannon's mouth, and with a truth from which there was no escape.

Memattanon seemed born to command. Inflexible in his hatred of the white man—he pursued him like a tiger with a never-yielding courage, and a constitution and a strength which no fatigue was ever known to subdue. He was a hero in the field of battle—while in the covert he was stealthy—in treachery, a masterpiece—the cold, calculating, lynx-eyed assassin; bold, where boldness was of necessity—but subtle, patient and enduring in his watchfulness of the moment to spring on the object he had marked out for his victim. Years might pass away, but not so the resentment of Memattanon. Obdurate of purpose, time but sharpened his appetite for human blood. Strongly imbued with all the worst notions of his race—he was a savage even among his own people. Possessed of more than the ordinary properties of mind as found among uncivilized men, those properties were directed to one end—the gratification of his passions—passions, fierce and uncontrollable as the lava bursting from the bosom of a burning mountain, and, like the lava, consuming all things in their course.

Such was the powerful warrior who entered the war-council of the confederated sachems, with the newly-gained trophy of his courage or his treachery, still quivering, and dripping the fresh-shed blood. Throwing down the scalp before the seat of Opechancanough, with

an air of triumph, and saluted by the discordant yells of the assembled warriors,—"Behold!" he exclaimed, chief of the Powhatans—sachem of the Pamunkies, behold the blood of the white man! I met him in the woods—he pointed his long gun—he levelled his thunder at my head, and his lightning played around me; but the Great Spirit drove back the thunderbolt ere it fell to crush me, and the pale-face lies dead in the forest!"

Again the heart-appalling yells of the infuriated chiefs rung through the woods and dells, and was echoed back by every chasm where echo dwells. But when this sudden burst of exultation had subsided, and the mind resolved itself into reflection on the event which had called forth the savage demonstration of applause—the tongue quivered, and the cheek paled at the question which each asked of each other—of the cause which led the pale strangers to the thicket of the wood.

"Treason—treason," cried Opechancanough; "we are betrayed! The long knives are at hand—they have possessed them of our conference, and are acquainted with our plot. Warriors, scour the forest far and near—let not one of the pale-faces escape! In the thick covert of the wood, our strength is trebled while they are weakened. Let each sachem lead on his warriors by different routes. Come, my Pamunkies! Where the fight is thickest, there will you be found."

The recumbent warriors started to their feet, receiving the exhortation of the sachem as a signal of attack.

The council broke up—the tribes departed by companies, and the forest was scoured in vain for the enemy, in all those routes which they were supposed to have taken. Foiled in this effort, it was resolved that the following midnight should consummate their design, by a simultaneous attack on all the English settlements and forts on the Potomac.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE HUT.

Standing in solitary beauty, like a thing of fancy in the deep bosom of a paradisaal glen, shut out from observation—as it were without the world, and yet, a little world entire in itself—arose the hut of a sweet Indian maid. There are spots on which Nature seems to have delighted to scatter with a profuse hand all her beauties, and this was one of them. The hill, the vale, the waterfall, the air breathing the perfume of a thousand flowers—the streamlet dropping from a chrysal fountain, and bounded by a natural fence in the sloping, rising undulations of the ravine which shut it out from all communion with the world—made it the sylvan fairy's home. The boundary summits of this delightful spot were crowned with trees, so closely knit together as to defy the sight to penetrate them, while they defended the narrow space they bordered, from the intense heat of the summer's sun. The branches waved gently to the melody of the wild-bird upon the spray, undulating to the soft airs that played about the glen, and fanned the opening wild-flower peeping through the underwood. The hut, which had been erected upon a slight rising of the ground, was constructed of young saplings which had been planted in rows, forming a long square, their branches intertwined with each other, and trained, so as to form a roof to the little dwelling; these trees were again intertwined

from their roots by the wild grape, the honeysuckle and other creeping plants, which had trailed their course from the ground, and wound their tendrils round the trunks on which they climbed. The entrance to the hut opened on a lawn divided into patches, interspersed with flowers. This little verdant lawn gradually declined to the clear and pellucid stream, which, with many sinuous windings, nearly surrounded the little fairy land. The hut was roofed and lined along the whole interior, with a dried grass, resembling a finer sort of matting, and stained of various hues by vegetable dyes. True taste was visible everywhere around; for it must not be presumed that savage life is without its varieties, and does not possess an equal share of the links which form the chain of cultivated society; and that taste will not equally find its way into the wigwam as in the drawing-room. The law of taste is an emanation of the mind, moulded to the manners and customs with which it has become familiar; and it matters not whether in the wilds of Kamchatka—the soft clime of Virginia, or in the polished courts of Europe; taste will have its empire and its votaries.

The whole of the interior of this singular structure was divided off into apartments, opening from one to another, and partitioned by curtains made of the richest furs, fastened to the roof—the furniture, characteristic of the times, and of the people, was constructed more for use than ornament, but still was not deficient in that taste which had exhibited itself in the ornamental decorations of the dwelling. There were tables—matted seats and couches, covered with the skins of wild beasts; drinking-cups, handsomely carved from the horn of the elk and the moose, were to be seen ranged upon shelves constructed for their reception, and a species of plates and dishes, carved out of the wood of the maple and the hickory, were also to be seen, and were as carefully disposed of. Such was the Indian hut or forest home of Noönomia, the desolate of heart—wife and widow—the maiden of all time—the wife of an hour, and the widow of three years!

The morning had scarcely dawned upon the glen, resting its grey and sombre tints upon the branches of the forest trees, when Noönomia, whom the night had not refreshed with slumbers—who had watched out the hours while hanging over her sick father's pillow, mingling, with many a sigh, prayers for the recovery of him who was past hope—prayers to the Great Spirit, which might, peradventure, pass to his account in the hereafter state, but could not weigh the substance of a hair in this—had just witnessed the calmness of sleep coming over him, and in the serenity of his countenance, gleaned the consolation, that pain had left him.

A distant foot, pressing the crisp grass, caught her ear at this moment, and she listened in eagerness; it approached. "It is he, it is he," she exclaimed, "my deliverer—my saviour; he comes to share my toils and sooth my anguish."

A tall figure passed along slowly, without a word—with merely a nod of recognition—it opened the folds of the heavy curtain which gave entrance to the chambers, and closing them again, with mute and rapt attention,

advanced a few paces with silent, solemn step, as if fearful to catch the echo of his own footfall.

"He sleeps," whispered Noönomia, scarcely breathing her words—"he sleeps."

"May the blessed spirit guard him," was the reply, "for thy sake, and for his own."

"So be it, so be it," ejaculated Noönomia. "Last of his race, may his days endure to re-erect the house which else must fall like the scathed oak of the forest, blighted and unmourned."

"Blighted, but not unmourned or unavenged, while Memattanon lives," was the reply.

"Hush, hush, he moves," returned Noönomia, hastily, and bent down over the couch of her aged sire, who breathed heavily, and as one convulsed. At length he spoke in a low, shivering tone—"I have no sons—no warriors. The long knives have robbed me of all these; who, then, shall be thy comforter when I am gone; my child, my child! I have no people! I have no warriors; they have fallen, they have fallen, and thou wilt have none beside thee!"

"When hath Pawpawtomée needed the warrior while Memattanon hath lived and breathed?" replied the young and giant Indian to his words. "Was it when the long guns on the Potomac's banks hurled their thunders among your tribe, and, exhausted with their carnage, rested on their fearful engines of death—was it not then I overtook the remnant of your flying people, and led them back to victory? The scalps of that day's battle tell of the battle won. Again, on that fearful day, when the village of your people was encompassed by the white marauder, and the fires of his many guns strewed the patches with their slaughter, 'twas then I rescued Noönomia from shame and ruin! I bore her here—here to this spot, and returning quickly, found you alone, and almost expiring, amid the flames of your own hut. I bore you away on my shoulder, defying the white man's guns, and flying their pursuit. Will Noönomia then be desolate, and without a defender?"

"Memattanon, I was not mindful of thee," exclaimed Pawpawtomée. "Sayst thou my child will never want defender while Memattanon lives?"

"My father," returned Noönomia, passionately folding him to her bosom, "Memattanon is the favored of the Great Spirit, and the white man's foe."

Pawpawtomée felt that the world was swimming away from him, and his anxiety—his only thought, was on his child. He held out his cold and clammy hand to Memattanon, which was cordially accepted and embraced, while the death-dews were upon it, and it feebly returned the pressure.

"Memattanon, wilt thou be my son?" inquired the aged chief, with an eagerness struggling with the grasp of death, and for a moment imparting vigor to his speech.

"When have I ceased to be your son?" returned Memattanon, "since that fatal period when I was left by the long knife, desolate and alone, with not even a mother's smile to bless me?"

His voice faltered as the last words fell from him, and Memattanon, the cold of heart—the blighted and the

obdurate, showed that the feelings of his early nature still retained their edge and tenderness.

"Noönomia—Noönomia! She will be fatherless," exclaimed the chief. "Like the creeping ivy, which, by nature, clings to the proud oak of the forest for succor and support, she will fall—fall and die."

"She shall be my sister!" returned Memattanon, greatly moved.

"Thy bride!" hastily replied Pawpawtomée.

"My bride!" responded Memattanon, his whole soul beaming in the animation of his countenance; "my sister and my bride! My guardian spirit in the battle's heat—my solace in the hours of woe—my joy in triumph—soul of my soul!"

Noönomia felt herself enfolded in his arms, and was as quickly on her bended knee, with him who had betrothed her, waiting the benediction of her father. Pawpawtomée, re-animated in the assurance of his child's protection, his dark eye sparkling with a father's joy in the realization of his fondest hope, raised himself from his couch, and invoked the smile of the Great Spirit upon them.

In the midst of his words, his voice dropped, his lip quivered, his hand shook, and was withdrawn, his head sunk back, and Memattanon and Noönomia, starting to their feet, sustained him, but his eye was fixed—the pulsation of his heart was stopped, his breath was gone. Pawpawtomée was no more.

There is no pang more deeply felt than that which shows not in tears, nor vents itself in sighs, but mute as the death-pall which overhangs the bier—is eloquent in its silence. It was such a pang that choked the heart of Noönomia. Her bosom heaved not, her lip moved not, her voice uttered no sound, her eye beamed no expression! Memattanon bore her, unresisting, to a couch, and claiming help, two maidens, from an inner room, rushed to their mistress, and resorted, successfully, to the usual means of restoring animation; while he, the warrior and the hero, who could look on blood unmoved—he who could press through the thickest of the fight, and cheer the failing heart to deeds of daring—he who sternly resolute, was never staid by mercy, stood like a coward—disarmed in fear, and all dissolved in tenderness.

Her eyes began to move, her breast to heave, and she spoke. "Woe is come upon the red man," she said, "and his pillow is the grave; lay me down—lay me down upon the couch where my father lies; for I feel a weariness of life, and fain would yield it up with his."

"Noönomia," gently whispered Memattanon, "the dead can never be recalled—no grief can waken them; and the Great Spirit hath demanded of his children—the duty of submission. But the day is spending which must take me from thee."

"Stay—stay!" hastily exclaimed Noönomia. "Go not to desperate daring; 'tis doomed, 'tis doomed of fate, that the pale-face shall prevail. Go not, Memattanon, for thou canst ill be spared."

"Farewell," returned the warrior, heedless of her entreaties, "you shall see me, Noönomia, with the dawn."

It was a sad and melancholy parting, but the pledged

word of the Indian—the greatness of the cause, and thirst of vengeance on the colonist—were, in themselves, assurance of a greater sacrifice than that now rendered. On that night, the confederated sachems had resolved on a stealthy and simultaneous attack upon the several settlements of the colonists. The plans had been laid with as much precision and prudence as usually characterized the proceedings of an Indian war-council, and hope beat high in every breast. Memattanon, recalled to his duties of the day, became, himself, inexorable to entreaty—whom tears could not subdue. Giving some hasty instructions to the attendants, as to the disposal of Pawpawtoomee during his absence, and imprinting a kiss upon the forehead of his betrothed bride, he quitted the Indian hut.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE ATTACK.

Launched safely into the thickest of the forest, Memattanon, like the wolf prowling in scent of blood, lynx-eyed and cautious in his track, proceeded to Pamunky, to join his tribe, under the direction of the Sachem Opechancanough. Listening, with ear to the ground, to catch the distant sound of stranger feet, with bow and quiver ready for the attack—he was no longer the Memattanon of the hut, in the glen, but the Indian warrior, greedy for human blood; the cold, the calculating, and the obdurate. No sound smote his ear, and he arrived at the village of the sachem without the expenditure of an arrow upon the white stranger, who had been too frequently found in the woods, in pursuit of game. Experience had taught a lesson of prudence to the colonist, and these instances of reckless daring were becoming rare.

Despair, in its madness, furnishes the food on which it feeds, and in its recklessness, its own consuming fires, and its fatal end. Opechancanough, the successor of Powhatan, the Sachem of the Powhatans and Pamunkies, had but little considered the nature of the enterprise he had set upon, and of which he was the great mover; and had little calculated the probability of a failure. Success—complete success was the only calculation he had made. He had entered into treaties with several of the tribes who had long waged wars with the Powhatans, and whose feuds were hereditary. He had engaged with them in common cause, and sought to reconcile them to himself by every means. He had succeeded as far as was practicable with prejudices of long standing; but the cause was not warmly felt by these auxiliaries, and hence its being warmly sustained could hardly be hoped for.

The fated night was drawing on; the evening had set in with a moon scarce four and twenty hours old. It was calm and serene—no wind sweeps through the forest, no cloud obscured the twinkling light of the stars which led the straggling parties on their different tracks, to points which had been determined on for the simultaneous onslaught. The points of assembling had been judiciously arranged, so as to give equal distance to every object of attack. Memattanon, and the Pamunkies, led on by Opechancanough himself, were destined

for Jamestown, but the operations against that settlement were not to be made until a signal from an opposite quarter should be given of an attack in another direction, which should lead off a part of the troops quartered in that town; thus leaving it less defensive to assault.

The hour was fast approaching, and the dim lights, burning in the several forts and settlements, gave assurance of that deep state of repose into which the inhabitants had sunk, inspiring confidence in the success of their operations. The Indians had carried with them torches for the purpose of firing the forts and buildings, and at length the time arrived when some few of the warriors of each party, having crawled upon their hands and knees as near to the forts as possible, avoiding the sentries—lighting their torches, hurled them in the air upon the wooden buildings, and the attack began. This was the signal for general assault. The loud war-whoop rung far and near. It was borne upon the still air, and sprung from a thousand mingled voices in terrible discordance and appalling effect, even to the stoutest heart. Mingled with these accompaniments of savage warfare, was the wild cry, the heart-rending scream of women and children in the settlements, and the howl of the watch-dogs, while the air, impregnated with the smoke of burning timbers, glaring with the red flame, and still bearing the lighted torches of the Indian to their terrible destination, gleamed also with the continued flashes from the musketry of the colonists, and bore, too, upon its bosom, the terrible shriek of death.

The assault upon Jamestown was conducted with an impetuosity which seemed to defy resistance. The torches, as in the other instances, were hurled upon the ramparts of the defended town, but the inhabitants were prepared—the ramparts were lined with musketeers, and buckets had been amply supplied to reduce the flames in the event of fire, in every quarter. The yell of the Indians was heard within the town, and was as instantly answered by the loud roll of the drum, mustering to arms. It was a night of horror. The burning brands, as they fell upon the ramparts and in the town, were thrown back upon the assailants, and falling at their feet, marked them out as victims to the murderous discharge of fire-arms from within. Many a stout heart was cloven by the Indian arrow, but for each of the slain among the colonists, a torrent of Indian blood flowed, and heaps of the dead attested the unequal contest.

Memattanon performed prodigies of valor apportioned to his unequalled strength and constancy of purpose, leading on his warriors under the ramparts, and where they were the least assailable to the musketry, he cheered them by his example to the perilous effort of forcing the walls; but they refused to yield to the miserable battering implements of which the Indians were possessed, and as a last effort to obtain an entrance to the town, they resolved on burning the gates, and thus resolutely exposing themselves to the destructive fire of the defenders. Memattanon led on the enterprise. It was a forlorn hope, and beneath a heavy discharge of musketry, the brands were piled on the gates, and smoke and flame ascending, cheered the assailants, and damped the energy of the defendants. The volumes of smoke rolling upward

from the expiring brands, and the crackling timbers of the gates, themselves, jutting out flame, fast spreading, and rapidly consuming, soon deserted the soldier of his defence. The ramparts were deserted; and it was determined, as the only means of preserving the town, to make a desperate sortie from another quarter, and assault the Indians in the rear.

To think was to act; to command was to be obeyed. Time allowed of no respite between the order and the execution. Already, notwithstanding every precaution which had been adopted, the town was on fire in several places, and the burning gates were yielding fast to the ravages of the destructive element, while the Pamunkies, relieved from the galling fire of the colonists, yelled a triumph over the flames, and were gaining ardor in success, which not even the contemplation of their piles of slain could subdue or even abate. At length the musketeers, who had effected their sortie by another gate, came up and opened a most destructive fire upon the besiegers, while, at the same moment, the burning gates fell with a crash, and Memattanon, with Opechananough, followed by the survivors of their warriors, leaped through the flames, and entered the town, amid the most deafening and hideous yells, that ever struck panic to the white man's heart.

The carnage now became awful; between two fires in front and rear. There was no escape—no shelter or defence, but that which was to be found in desperate courage, and the sternness of unyielding resolution. Memattanon, as ever, led the way, and the Pamunkies, emulating the example of their leader, fought their way forward, axe in hand, dealing death around. In the *melee*, the colonist, restrained from the use of his gun and bayonet, found them an incumbrance rather than protection against the short axe or tomahawk of the Indian.

Foot to foot, and hand to hand, it was the contest of muscular powers, and the advantage was on the side of the red man. The soldiers gave way—the flames were spreading, the paths were filled with shrieking women and children, flying from death, still meeting it in every form. To turn back would be to rush into the flames, to go forward, to press upon the uplifted axe of the savages. The Indians, having gained the centre of the town, in the madness of their exultation, saw not how severely their numbers had been thinned; flushed with victory, in which they felt themselves secured, and greedy of destruction, they struck down all that came within their path, without regard to sex or age. Here, in ample space, illumined by the flames of burning houses, the marksman took his aim with unerring certainty. Memattanon was the first to perceive the falling off of his warriors, and the great mistake which had been made of rushing to the open spot, where the Indian sacrifice became certain, and the pale-face's life secure. He saw his danger, and in an instant, beheld Opechananough fall. With a terrific yell, the few warriors of the fatal fray surrounded the bleeding body of the sachem, and Memattanon, raising him from the earth on which he lay extended, bore him through the flames. All was lost! The Indian cause was lost for ever. It

was the last struggle for their homes. That one fearful night had made sad havoc with the brave and young. The Indians had been beaten back in every one of their assaults, and but few escaped the dreadful slaughter. The result of the disastrous effort was a treaty of peace and amity—a vast concession of Indian territory to the colonists—further humiliation and restrictions on the power of the Sachem himself—and the final extinguishment of every hope of freeing the country of the pale-faces.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE CEDED LAND.

The dew of spring rested on the bosom of the valley, the last icicle had dissolved, and the soft and refreshing air, attendant on a vernal moon, had called forth the young bud upon the shrub, and opened the bosom of the bulbous-flower—the lawns were richly liveried, and the gaily-plumed birds twittered their matin lays within the glen that gave sweet shelter to Noönomia. The lovely little stream that wound around the lawn, no longer bound up in the icy grasp of winter, flowed smoothly on with a gentle ripple, its banks margined with the pale primrose, and the lily, modestly peeping through the soil.

Two moons had passed since that fearful, fatal night, when the Indian cause was lost, and the sun of its days went down in blood. Two moons had passed since Noönomia had become the affianced bride of Memattanon, and her father's eyes had closed upon the world and all its cares, and she had lived in loneliness. Memattanon, since that fatal night, had seldom strayed to the bosom of the glen—his voice but rarely dropped upon her ear—'twas but by fits and starts he sought the wigwam, and then his manly bosom heaved a torrent of sighs—despondence was on his brow, curves on his lip. His was no mood to soothe the troubled soul, beguile it of its cares, or silence apprehension of a still severer fate.

"Noönomia," said he, suddenly, at one of these interviews, in agony, and pressing her to his bosom, "thou art now standing upon the pale-face's land; these fields which thou hast tended—the stream which flows around them—all, all have become the property of the pale-face!"

"All! all!" interrupted Noönomia.

"All—far as the river winds above the forest—the hunting-grounds and all, even to Pamunky."

Noönomia sunk upon the turf, burying her face in her hands—her eyes swimming with tears.

"You weep, Noönomia," cried Memattanon, tenderly.

"Give them way awhile," she replied. "But must we leave this pleasant spot—must we—must we go far away?"

"In three days—such is the cruel order which drives us beyond the mountains."

"In three days!" "Cruel, cruel!" exclaimed Noönomia. "Will they not let me look upon my father's grave?"

"The white man wars equally with the wigwam and the grave," returned Memattanon bitterly.

"Oh, how shall I leave the spot where my dear father's spirit lingers, and his bones decay," cried the sad maiden. "I cannot—no—no, I cannot!—and yet, it is the voice of destiny, that threatening, commands. I go, Memattanon—I go; lead me where you will—I am prepared."

"Good Noónomia," replied the chief, "I have promised to join the remnant of our people, at Pamunky, on the second sun."

"Farewell," she gasped, while Memattanon bounded from her sight, and was lost in the thicket.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE DEATH.

Since the night of the attack upon the colonial settlements, so fatal to the Indian cause, Memattanon had kept up a most destructive warfare on the colonists, attacking them in ambush—waylaying stragglers with a craft and art which had defied detection. Ambushed in the neighborhood of frequented places, he would lay in wait for the traveller, with his quiver well lined, and his bow strung, with a vigilance untiring, until some object appeared in sight, whom he could mark out as his victim. Mercy was in as little accordance with the spirit of Memattanon, as it was with the colonists, who, unhappily, held it to be a meritorious act to kill an Indian. Any treaty, therefore, entered into with this unfortunate people, was but a mere measure of policy, not intended to be observed longer than might suit convenience, and by the Indian no longer than he could collect new forces. It was a war of extermination; with this difference in the object of the parties, that it was waged on the one side for purposes of robbery and plunder, and on the other, for the preservation of home.

Memattanon, on leaving the beautiful little Indian but in the glen, and Noónomia, hastened to meet some of his tribe, and enlist them to assist him in his departure on the morrow. Night was advancing, and the moon was sinking below the mountain tops, silvering the summits in her decline, when, faint and weary with a night of toil in which the mind had labored to exhaustion with the body, he threw himself on the narrow shelving of a rock which overhung a wide extent of forest on the plains, and bordered the cleared lands of the colonists, and pressed his burning temples to the cold moss which clung to the stone, his pillow. He lay until the dawn had overspread the hills, and the sun, slowly rising from the ocean, cast his upborn rays upon the heavens. The morn had broke with all the splendor of the spring, attended by those gentle airs which shed a genial glow upon nature. They played in the dark locks of Memattanon—wafted the moisture which hung upon his brow to sunny skies, and called back the freshness on his lips and cheek; but still he moved not, so deep was the death-like sleep by which he was overpowered. At length a shot, whizzing through the air—the loud report roaring through the forest, echoed by every cliff, awoke him from his stupor—started him as from the grave. Crouching like the panther ere he springs upon his prey, he looked around with searching eye, and beheld two colonists in the plain, their guns still reeking with the steam of their own fires, while they laughed at the dying agonies of a poor Indian whom they had shot, and who was expiring at their feet. Rising upon his feet—his hand was on his bow—his soul was in his arm—and plucking the bearded arrow from his quiver, he drew it to the head. It flew, whistling through the air, and with that truth and strength which seldom failed, pierced through the body

of one of them, who dropped, mingling his blood and his agonies with those of his victim. Swift as the passing thought, another arrow from the same bow, stretched the second colonist by his companion.

"The Indians! the Indians are upon us!" cried numerous voices in the plain, flying in every direction, and the hardy woodsmen fled from their labors in the forest, terrified with the report, while the bell of one of the settlements tolled out the alarm. All was horror and consternation. Memattanon fled, but not before he had been discovered by some of the colonists; and a vigorous pursuit commenced. Breaking through the entanglements of the brush which covered the upland ground, and fearing to track his course to the glen—the retreat of Noónomia, the lovely spot wholly unknown to the white man—he shaped his way in a direction by which he could, in ambush, guard that sacred spot, dearer to him than his own life. Turning the angle of a sharp and rocky precipice, he applied his ear to the ground, and found his pursuers were gaining on him, and bending their course in the direction in which he now stood. He had little time for deliberation; and creeping into a hollow in the cliff, the entrance to which was concealed by the furze and high grass which shot up rankly from the fissures, he determined to await the coming of his enemy, and in concealment, watch their motions. Presently, three men appeared, creeping through the brush, and coming in the very direction he had taken. Two were in the garb of colonial militia, armed with muskets, the third had a cutlass, and was the guide. As they approached, cautious in every step they took, and relying upon the trees, in front of them, for protection against any sudden assault, they appeared to hesitate in the course they should pursue, and held a conference, close to, and in the hearing of Memattanon.

"I tell you we are in his track," cried the guide.

"We have him fast, and a rich booty, too, for yesterday I tracked him to his lair, not far from the spot on which we now are standing. I followed him. When he stopped, I stopped, so that he might not lay ear to the ground, and turn upon me, for he is the very devil incarnate when aroused, and somewhere hereabouts there is a glen with a hut, in which he resides, with a rich booty to boot."

"Somewhere hereabouts—is that your only clue?" answered the soldiers surlily.

"Why, what do you take me for?" cried the guide, disdainfully. "No; when I saw my Master Savage safely housed, I put my mark upon the trees in the shape of a cross, notched in the wood; ceasing to continue my marks any further than this spot, but whether the road lay on this side or the other, for the life of me, I cannot tell; so you must even search—do you two pass on to the other side, and leave this to me."

"But suppose the savage should come out upon us unawares."

"No fear of that," replied the guide laughing. "He is safely housed by this time, and you may shoot him down on his own ground. He has nothing but women about him."

They parted, each on his search; and Memattanon watched from his covert until the two soldiers had disappeared, and then silently dropping down the cliff, stopped suddenly before the guide.

"Help! help! Murder! help!" shouted the wretch. "Help!"

Memattanon dashed him to the ground, disdaining to use his hatchet. He was stunned by the fall, and the blood gushed from his mouth. Memattanon lifted him from the earth, while he was partially recovering from his stupor, and flung him from the shelving precipice which overhung a deep pool, in which he sunk to rise no more.

His screams brought back the soldiers. Memattanon, with desperate resolution, awaited them. His thoughts were on Noónomia and her safety. He had no alternative. To fly, was to expose her to certain peril, since the clue to her wigwam was known to his pursuers. He drew his arrow to the head. The soldiers fired; but Memattanon's shaft had drawn the life blood from the heart of one; the other precipitately fled.

Swiftly descending from the rock on which he stood, in the eagerness of pursuit, insensible to danger, reckless of every hazard, he found his steps tottering and his head dizzy. He was wounded, and the gushing blood, flowing in a crimson stream down his side, witnessed how fatally.

"The cursed fire-irons have done their work," he exclaimed, "and yet, Noónomia! she must be saved. Why do I linger with the life blood flowing! Quick—quick!" And fear and alarm for her, quickening his speed, he rushed with the energy of despair towards the glen, which he gained, his blood tracking the path he took.

Noónomia was preparing her departure, assisted by two Indians who had obeyed the summons of Memattanon.

"Noónomia, Noónomia," cried a faltering—weak, but well known voice! It was that of Memattanon, who, tottering into her presence, with convulsive energy, the last effort of exhausted nature, stood by her side, pale and bleeding. "They are at hand—fly, fly," he added. "The pale-faces are near! The Great Spirit guard you, for Memattanon's arm is withered! Fly, ere it be too late!"

Pale with fear and horror, the maiden sunk on her knees beside him—for he had fallen to the ground, and, unable to articulate, clasped his bleeding form. Memattanon seemed convulsed with agony for her. Lifting himself upon his arm, he motioned to the attendant Indians, and gasped out, "Bear her away! Save her!"

They seized Noónomia on either side, and hurried her from the hut, but were met by the shout of a party of colonists, who had entirely surrounded it. With a fierce yell, now that escape was impossible, they retired within, and depositing the insensible maiden beside the corpse of the departed chief, directed arrow after arrow at their enemies. But their despairing efforts were vain. In fiendish exultation, torches were hurled at the devoted hut—the fire caught its inflammable material—and the home she had loved, was the funeral pyre of Noónomia!

Original.

## LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.\*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

IN the spring of the year, 1827, in a house in one of the *faubourgs* of Vienna, some amateurs of music were occupied in decyphering the last *quatuor* of Beethoven, just published. Surprise mingled with their vexation, as they followed the capricious turns of this whimsical production of a genius then exhausted. They found not in it the mild and gracious harmony, the style so original, so elevated, the conception so grand and beautiful, which had marked former pieces, and had rendered the author the first of composers. The taste once so perfect, was now only the pedantry of an ordinary counterpointist; the fire which burned of old in his rapid *allegri*, swelling to the close, and overflowing like lava billows in magnificent harmonies, was but unintelligible dissonance; his pretty minuets, once so full of gaiety and originality, were changed into irregular gambols, and impracticable cadences.

"Is this the work of Beethoven?" asked the musicians, disappointed, and laying down their instruments. "Is this the work of our renowned composer, whose name, till now, we pronounced only with pride and veneration? Is it not rather a parody upon the master-pieces of the immortal rival of Haydn and Mozart?"

Some attributed this falling off, to the deafness with which Beethoven had been afflicted for some years; others, to a derangement of his mental faculties; but, resuming their instruments, out of respect to the ancient fame of the symphonist, they imposed upon themselves the task of going through the work.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a man entered, wearing a black great-coat, without cravat, and his hair in disorder. His eyes sparkled, but no longer with the fire of genius; his forehead, alone, by its remarkable development, revealed the seat of intellect. He entered softly, his hands behind him; all gave place respectfully. He approached the musicians, bending his head on one side and the other, to hear better; but in vain, not a sound reached him. Tears started from his eyes; he buried his face in his hands, retired to a distance from the performers, and seated himself at the lower end of the apartment. All at once the first violincello sounded a note, which was caught up by all the other instruments. The poor man leaped to his feet, crying, "I hear! I hear!" then abandoned himself to tumultuous joy, applauding with all his strength.

"Louis," said a young girl who that moment entered, "Louis, you must come back—you must retire; we are too many here."

He cast a look upon her—understood, and followed her in silence, with the docility of a child accustomed to obedience.

In the fourth story of an old brick house, situated at one end of the city—a small chamber, which had, for its furniture, only a bed, with ragged coverlet, an old piano, sadly out of tune, and a few bundles of music, was the abode, the universe of the immortal Beethoven.

\* Translated from the French.

He had not spoken during their walk; but when he entered, he placed himself on the bed, took the young girl by the hand, and said—"My good Louise! you are the only one who understands me. You think these gentlemen, who perform my music, comprehend me not at all. I observed a smile on their lips as they executed my *quatuor*; they fancy my genius is on the decline, whereas it is only now that I have become a truly great musician. On the way, just now, I composed a symphony, which shall set the seal to my glory, or rather, immortalize my name. I will write it down, and burn all my others. I have changed the laws of harmony; I have found effects of which nobody, till now, has thought. My symphony shall have for bass, a chromatic melody of twenty kettledrums; I will introduce the concert of an hundred bells; for," added he, bending his head towards the ear of Louise, "I will tell thee a secret. The other day, when you took me to the top of St. Stephen's steeple, I made a discovery; I perceived that the bell is the most melodious of instruments, and can be employed with greatest success in the *adagio*. There shall be, in my finale, drums and fusil-shots;—and I shall hear that symphony, Louise! Yes!" cried he, with enthusiasm, "I shall hear it! Do you remember," he resumed, after a pause, "my Battle of Waterloo? and the day when I directed the performance, in presence of all the crowned heads of Europe? So many musicians, following my signal—eleven masters of the chapel superintending—a firing of guns—pealing of cannon! It was glorious—was it not? Well! what I shall compose, will surpass even that sublime work. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you an idea of it!"

At these words, Beethoven rose from the bed, seated himself at the piano, in which a number of keys were wanting, and touched the instrument with a grave and imposing air. After playing awhile, he struck his hand suddenly on the keys, and ceased.

"Do you hear?" said he, to Louise, "there is an accord nobody else has attempted. Yes, I will write all the tones of the gamut in a single sound; and will prove this the true and perfect accord. But I hear it not, Louise, I hear it not! Think of the anguish of him who cannot hear his own music! And yet it seems to me, when I shall have blended all these sounds in a single sound, they will ring in mine ears. But, enough! I have, perhaps, wearied you! I, also, am weary of everything! As a reward for my sublime invention, I think I ought to have a glass of wine. What think you, Louise?"

The tears ran down the cheeks of the poor girl. She, alone, of all Beethoven's pupils, had not forsaken him, but supported him by the labor of her hands, under pretence of taking lessons. The produce of her work was added to the slender income yielded by the compositions of the master. There was no wine in the house! there scarcely remained a few pence to buy bread! She turned away to hide her emotion, then poured out a glass of water and offered it to Beethoven.

"Excellent Rhenish wine!" said he, as he tasted the pure beverage; "'tis wine good enough for an emperor. 'Twas drawn from my father's cellar; I know it; it grows better every day!"

He then began to sing, with hoarse voice, but with true tone, the words of Mèphistopheles, in the *Faust* of Goethe; "Es war einmal ein König der hatt, einen grossen Floh,"

but returned, from time to time, to the mystic melody he had composed, formerly, for the charming song of *Mignon*.

"Listen, Louise," said he, returning her the glass. "The wine has strengthened me; I feel better. I would fain compose, but my head grows heavy again; my ideas are confused; a thick mist seems before my eyes. I have been compared to Michael Angelo, and properly; in his moments of ecstasy, he struck great blows with the chisel on the cold marble, and caused the hidden thought to leap to life under the covering of stone; I do the same, for I can do nothing with deliberation. When my genius inspires me, the whole universe is transformed for me, into one harmony; all sentiment; all thought becomes music; my blood revels in my veins; a tremor pervades my members; my hair stands on end;—but hark! what do I hear?"

Beethoven sprang up and rushed to the window, threw it open, and sounds of music, from the house near, were plainly audible.

"I hear!" he cried, with deep emotion, falling on his knees and stretching his hands towards the open window; "I hear! 'Tis my overture of  *Egmont*! Yes! I know it; hark! the savage battle-cries; the tempest of passion. It swells—it towers—it threatens! Now all is calm, again. But lo! the trumpets sound afresh; the clamor fills the world—it cannot be stifled."

Two days after this night of delirium, a crowd of persons were passing in and out of the *salon* of W——, the Counsellor of State, and Prime Minister of Austria, who gave a grand dinner.

"What a pity!" said one of the guests, "Beethoven, director at the Theatre Imperial, is just dead, and they say he has not left enough for the expense of his funeral."

His words passed unnoticed. The rest of the company were absorbed in listening to the discourse of two diplomatists, who were talking of a controversy which had taken place between certain persons at the palace of a certain German Prince.

Original.

SONNET;

TO A BOUQUET OF WITHERED FLOWERS.

Blossoms of beauty, and of love's return!  
Born in the smile of Summer's rosy face,  
Bathed in the dew of morning's silver urn,  
Kiss'd by the zephyrs in their balmy race,  
Gems of earth's bosom! virgins of the air!  
Meteors of loveliness in glory's glow!  
Handmaids of fragrance—with thy colors rare,  
Ye prank'd with beauty, once, the world below.  
Then ye were glowing in your Summer sphere,  
Emblems of innocence, unstain'd by sin;  
Now on you fallen, hath death's destroying tear,  
Your sweets are faded, canker dwells within.  
'Tis thus with Beauty, bursting into birth,  
The spoiler comes—the victim falls to earth! R. H.



Original.

## IS 'T MY NEPHEW, OR NOT?

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

## CHAPTER I.

"PETER, Peter! Where the devil are ye? Be stirring! Be stirring! There's a po' shay comin' down the 'ill at this blessed moment! Be ready for the 'orses! I shouldn't wonder if 'twas the Lieutenant himself! Good Lord, how 'twill tickle the old gem'man!"

Thus addressing Peter, who served in the united capacities of hostler, boots, waiter, and sometimes, when Sally was ill, of chambermaid, Andrew Tidworth, mine host of the "Gordon Arms," drew in his head from the open window, waddled across the floor of the little tap-room, whipped off his soiled apron, and re-placed it with one white as the driven snow, from a chest of drawers standing against the wall, smoothed his neckcloth, stroked down his hair with his fingers, and placed himself, with arms akimbo, between the posts of the street door, with which his sides maintained, from his unwieldy size, an intimate proximity; and, shutting one eye, ever and anon peered, with the other, anxiously along the road. Sure enough, a postchaise appeared, dragged at the heels of a pair of jaded horses, which scattered clouds of dust with every fall of their wearied feet. A few moments brought the vehicle to the "Arms," before the door of which, and before the landlord in the door, it paused.

The occupants of the vehicle were two in number, who were soon assisted to terra firma. They seemed, from dress and demeanor, to bear the relation of master and servant. The former was habited in a naval undress-coat of the curious cut of the period of which we write—somewhere about the commencement of the present century—and his general appointments were of the most precise character in regard to neatness and display, although, it must be confessed, some striking incongruities of apparel were manifest; the coat being the only warlike portion of his costume. He was above the usual height, of youthful appearance, with a smirk upon his marked features, but with a small, twinkling eye, whose quick and piercing glances were indicative of an active spirit. His companion was short and burly in stature; possessed a hard and vulgar face, and his apparel was that of a low Londoner. He was of middle age.

When the tall traveller, with the naval coat, had stamped his feet several times upon the clean-brushed and solid ground before the inn, to regain that elasticity, of which the condensation of his nether members in a far more contracted space, than their usual degree of elongation demanded for their comfortable repose, had deprived him, he drew an eye-glass from his waistcoat pocket, and commenced with much display of manner, an examination of the surrounding scenery; illustrating the impression it produced upon him, by a profusion of ejaculations and queries commingled, and uttered with almost inconceivable rapidity.

"'Pon my word, quite picturesque, romantic, retired, and beautiful! Far from the perplexing turmoil of congested humanity, and most exquisitely rural and placid!

Landlord, what, pray, is the title you bestow upon your sweet little house of entertainment—ah—I observe—"The Gordon Arms"—quite pretty, truly! I am in raptures with the bubbling rivulet that so brilliantly sparkles, and leaps along in the valley before us. By the bye, I espy, for the first time, upon the 'ill, yonder, almost obscured from the enthusiastic vision by trees, a noble mansion! Whose, landlord, eh? Sir Richard Gordon—Gordon—don't know him—has a sweet place—a most delightful place!—must cultivate his acquaintance. I am too enchanted to desert this paradise. I shall remain and ruralize. How far from London? Ninety miles, eh?—a very convenient distance. Mitchell, assist what's his name, the waiter there, to take in the luggage. Must enjoy the *dolce farniente*, for a season. Might have roamed the world over for a corner so enchanting, and failed at last to discover so charming a retreat, upon which I have thus actually and unpremeditatedly stumbled! Heigho!—I am fatigued. Landlord—"

And here the tall man directed his glass at Tidworth, and surveyed him critically from head to foot—

"You pink of Bonifaces, dinner would be vastly agreeable. I know I may depend upon your expedition."

Peter had, in the meantime, shouldered a trunk, and Mitchell lifted a valise, with which they entered the inn, the tall man following close at the heels of the latter. As he passed the landlord, who had stepped back within the door, and planted his back against the wall to allow of ingress, he bestowed a most patronising smile upon him, to which Tidworth responded only by an expression of ineffable contempt. Nothing daunted thereby, the tall man strutted on, and entered the parlor opposite the tap-room, where Mitchell speedily rejoined him. This worthy had no sooner made his appearance and shut the door, than the whole manner of the apparent exquisite underwent a radical change. Sundry winks and other freemason signals passed between the two, and, finally, the tall man drew his chair beside that of the short and burly one, and putting his mouth near to his ear, ejaculated—

"Jemmy, my pal, we've nicked 'em!"

"Rayther," was the reply, in an undertone, by no means of harp-like melody.

"They're off the scent. It's a gallows jolly go! They're streakin' it for Yorkshire, and here we are, snug as mice in cheese, in an out-o'-the-way place in Devon. But what's to be done? Are you up for a crack, or what? The shiners are growing light—damme, I've but a dozen quids in all; so, what's to be done?"

"No more cracks, blast my eyes, along 'er yer, Nick, unless yer does things trigger than that last 'un. It 'ud like to a' been a settler. . Vot's to be done? Vy, let's 'ave in the landlord, the cove, and pump 'im. That ere's vot I recommins."

"Good!" replied the tall gentleman, laconically, slapping the burly one's knee simultaneously, and with sufficient force to extort a succession of frightful oaths from the recipient of the favor. Nick opened the door, and beckoned Tidworth, who was in the tap-room opposite, to join him.

The reader is, by this time, fully initiated into the character of the two travellers, whom we have introduced to his acquaintance; and has, perhaps, been able to gather from their short and peculiar colloquy, that they had been engaged in a house-breaking adventure, at a distant scene of action, which had not eventuated successfully; and had somewhat perilled the liberty of the heroes thereof. This knowledge being fully sufficient for our purpose, we will not delay to expatiate upon the events of their past lives. Suffice it to say, that of all cunning, impudent, brazen-faced scoundrels, the tall man, who has been introduced as Nick, was the prince, while Jemmy Mitchell was of the surly, bull-dog breed—game to the last gasp.

As Tidworth obeyed the summons, the precious twain doffed the familiarity which had just been practiced between them, and resumed the manners that had previously distinguished them. Our host entered the room with little of that obsequiousness which anxious hosts are wont to exhibit, but rather as though he were conferring a favor by his presence, or, as was more truly the case, as though he felt himself to be introduced into bad company. It was not that the "Gordon Arms" enjoyed so rich a patronage from the public, that it had overset the brains, while it filled the pockets of its host; but Andrew Tidworth, who was, at bottom, as jolly a soul as ever breathed, and whose ruddy and boldly developed features, smiles were far more wont to wreath than frowns, was by no means dependant on the receipts of the "Arms" for his daily bread, but was a freeholder, the possessor of acres, and more than all, was an especial favorite—indeed, crony of Sir Richard Gordon, in honor of whom the little inn bore its cognomen. This latter circumstance, more than all, tended to add to Tidworth's perception of personal consequence, and rendered him apt to measure his civilities to his guests—who, by the bye, from the out-of-the-way position of the "Arms," were generally few and far between—by the prejudices in favor or against them, incidental to his first interview with them. It need not be remarked that in the present instance, no very favorable impression had been created, and he was more than ordinarily reserved and distant. He crossed the floor with independent leisure and silence, and depositing his substance in a chair, awaited their pleasure without deigning to open his mouth.

"Landlord," said Nick—"Mr.—a—a—"

"Tidworth—Andrew Tidworth," answered the host, with ludicrous gravity, as he rested the back of either hand on the top of either thigh, and calmly gazed upon his guest.

"Ah—Mr. Tidworth, as I said, I shall take up my abode here for several days. Excuse me from giving my name, since I have particular reasons for remaining inoog. You wouldn't know by my dress now, whether I was citizen or soldier—should you, eh?"

"It's a fact," answered Tidworth, surveying Nick composedly, from head to foot, and smiling as he spoke—from which smile it might have been gathered that he considered Nick's claim to any state or station in particular, rather dubitable. That smile was indicative of returning good humor.

"That's just the effect I intended, Mr. Tidworth, for what objects, it would be useless to explain. How's dinner, eh?"

"Ready," answered Tidworth, rising, as Peter pushed his red head in at the door, the necessity of his announcement of dinner being superseded by his master's reply. "Will you walk out, sir?"

"Indeed, I will. My appetite needs no sharpening. It's of razor quality. My dear Tidworth, do me the favor to sit down with me—pray do; and let's crack a bottle of the best wine in the house together. You must, indeed!"

Our host was materially softened by the compliment, as what host is not, and interposed no objections. When seated at table—Mitchell, in his capacity of servant, being condemned to satisfy a no less craving appetite in a more humble manner, in the kitchen—Nick proceeded to demolish a goodly portion of the viands, in which healthy exercise, Tidworth, though he had not been in particular training for the race by a fatiguing journey, accompanied him, neck and neck, but few words being uttered by either, until that state, ineffably placid to individuals in their situation, was attained, when the eye roves in carelessness over the lightened table, and the appetite, blunted by enjoyment, is contented with deliberate exertions for its further gratification. The claret which had alleviated their thirst during the repast, was of no mean quality, and the Madeira that succeeded it, elicited a smack of delight from Nick, and an encomium upon Tidworth's capacity as caterer, which annihilated the last lingering fires of that worthy functionary's disdain.

"Ecod!" he replied to the compliment, "it's of my own choosing; and 'as been praised afore now, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Call me Stackwell, my good Tidworth. Well, Tidworth—"

"Mr. Stackwell. Aha! sir, Sir John Gordon 'as sipped many a bottle of that very wine, and smacked his lips, and declared, that it couldn't be rivalled in 'is own cellar. Think of that, Mr. Stackwell."

"Oho, that's the possessor of the seat on the 'ill. A fine house that, Tidworth."

"Fine! Well it may be, for it covers as fine a gentleman as the kingdom can show. Fetch another like him, and I'm done—yes, I'm done."

"No doubt of it, since you say so," answered Nick—"amiable and kind, and polite, and open-hearted, eh?"

"All of that, Mr. Stackwell—all of that."

"Large family, has he?"

"Wife and daughter, sir—and such a daughter! Eighteen years of age in three blessed days, and the sprightliest, laughing, black-eyed girl, to be sure, in the whole kingdom. But—" here Mr. Tidworth shook his head in ominous silence.

"What's the difficulty, eh? Communicate, Tidworth, communicate! I'm tight as a bung-hole—all's safe with me."

"Queer case, Mr. Stackwell! You see there was three brothers, of which our Sir Richard was the middle one. The eldest was a strange man. You won't find a stranger in the whole kingdom, Mr. Stackwell—and 'ad

the title, and was so prudent and saving, that when he came to die, he had a fine sum in the stocks, besides the family-seat. That was just about twelve years ago, come Michelmas—and when the will was opened, what do you think, Mr. Stackwell?—he left the 'ouse to his next brother, and five thousand per annum, to the day of his death—only think of it—provided the son of his youngest brother should marry Sir Richard's daughter, on her eighteenth birth-day. Queer! I warrant you won't find a queerer thing in the whole kingdom. The young couple, if they came together, were to have ten thousand pounds down on the marriage-day, two thousand a year during Sir Richard's life, and the family-seat and the five thousand per annum when he was gone."

"It's within three days of the time, eh? Who's the bridegroom, that is to be?"

"He's a Lieutenant in the Indies—has written word that he shall marry his cousin, by all means, though he 'asn't been in the country from a boy, and has never seen her—and is momentarily expected. Lord bless us, I 'ope he'll come, for if he doesn't, and the marriage does't come off, 'ouse and five thousand per annum go to a rascally, pettifogging cousin, and the open-hearted old cock, Sir Richard, is left a beggar."

Mitchell had unceremoniously entered at the commencement of the landlord's exposition of Sir Richard's history, and stationed himself by the window, evidently in no very amiable humor at that arrangement to advance the fortunes of himself and friend, which allotted to him the inferior advantages of a servant's station, while Nick expatiated upon parlor comforts. Well conversant with the strength of his temper, and fearful of some irascible outbreak which should betray them, at what the scheming Nick considered a most critical juncture, Tidworth had no sooner ended, than he said—

"Mitchell, here—here's a glass of wine for you. Remarkable servant that of mine, landlord, though I say it to his face—remarkable. I often indulge him in these little liberties, but he never takes the slightest advantage of them."

Mitchell tossed off the wine at a swallow, and was extending his glass very incontinently for more, as though he was about to give practical contradiction to his quasi master's commendation, but the wary Nick anticipated the movement, and exclaimed—

"Take another, Mitchell, my boy. You need it after your ride."

Mitchell took it, but the necessity he stood in for it, was questionable, since he had swallowed in the kitchen, two pints of ale, and sundry potations of gin; a transparent and very gentle liquid, to which he was enthusiastically attached. This second glass of wine, which was appropriated in the same expeditious manner with the former, satisfied Mitchell, who retired again to the window. Nick, having allayed the coming storm, took up the conversation where it had been broken off.

"The Lieutenant has not been in the country, and never has seen his cousin, say you, Tidworth?"

"Just so," answered the landlord. "It's strange he isn't here. The vessel he sailed in 'as been heard from on her way, and 'as been a long time out."

"Do the family possess a picture of him?" carelessly asked Nick.

"No," answered Tidworth. "All they know of 'im is contained in 'is own description of 'imself. He's tall, that's certain—slim, I b'lieve, with chestnut 'air and 'azel eyes—so he says 'imself. I saw the description. Sir Richard showed it to me. Lord save us, what if he shouldn't come!"

It was now becoming dark, and Tidworth, ordering lights, at Nick's request, excused himself, and left the room. Mitchell, who had become thoroughly fatigued with standing, and was swelling with choler, placed himself in the deserted chair.

"Blood and thunder!" cried he, "isn't this 'ere too good! Blast my eyes, if I come this gammon, Nick! I'd rayther go the figur' as a sneaking foglehunter, than stand about in this way. Come, let's go back to Lon'on, an' run the risk o' bein' grabbed by the beaks. I shan't continer on this 'ere milk an' water lark. I won't stan' it, damn my eyes!"

He brought down a glass which he had been flourishing during this elegant address, with such violence, as to snap the brittle material in sundry directions.

"Hush!" cried Nick. "Dont be a fool. If this putty on'y sticks, Jemmy, we're made! I'm up to it, no mistake!"

"Now vots in the vind? Vot 'as you got 'old on, now?"

"You heard that story, Jem?"

"Vell, vot ov it?"

"Three days—ten thousand down—never seen by the family—tall—chestnut 'air—'azel eyes—go it, you busters—I'm your man!"

So saying, Nick complacently eyed himself in the glass opposite. Jemmy stared at him, and scratched his head as though undergoing a mental process to grasp all his meaning, and then staring more intently, and opening his mouth in amazement, as the magnificent audacity of the undertaking impressed itself upon his obtuse perceptions, he ejaculated in admiration—

"Blast my eyes, what a feller!"—it was all that he could summon language to express, but it signified no little in the way of compliment.

## CHAPTER II.

Evening had now set fully in, and the two worthies were engaged in discussing the pro's and con's of their hazardous scheme, when a postchaise drove to the door. They had escaped from London to their present retreat, after the failure of their last experiment in the way of their trade, by a very circuitous route, and although they had, probably, baffled pursuit, the habit of suspecting the proximity of danger, made them both start, and listen. Nick's fertile genius soon appreciated the state of the case, however.

"I know," said he, rising suddenly, "it is the Lieutenant; let's watch him; tip me my castor, Jem!"

"Blast my eyes, what's sent 'im 'ere to spile our fun?" growled Jemmy, rising, also, and passing Nick his hat. The two leisurely sauntered to the street door, as though attracted by the noise.

The young man, who alighted, was tall; in that he resembled Nick; he had chestnut hair, and in that he resembled Nick—and hazel eyes, and in that he resembled Nick; but view his features how you might, individually or collectively, in a front view, side view, or review, they did not at all resemble Nick's; for the young man was decidedly handsome, which could not be alleged against our swindling friend. Nick examined him as minutely as was possible by the light of Peter's lantern, as it now and then flashed its rays over him, and carefully noted all proceedings. Tidworth was in an incipient exstasy. Convinced that it was the Lieutenant, and as fully participating in Sir Richard's well being, as that gentleman possibly could in his own, he saw, in the coming of the young man, a removal of the dark cloud of doubt and anxiety in which the fortunes of the Baronet of his adoration were involved. He gave orders in a loud tone, personally assisted the young man, as far as his unwieldy bulk admitted of expeditious locomotion, and, finally, all ceremonies of reception being passed through, and the postchaise and horses submitted to Peter's dominion, he ushered him into the parlor which Nick and Mitchell had left, and to which they had now returned.

No sooner had the stranger seated himself, than the landlord, unable to restrain himself longer, exclaimed—"I'm right—I know I am! Shall I send word up to the 'all'?"

"No, not to-night," responded the Lieutenant, in a rich, manly voice; "I should rather not see my uncle to-night, which would certainly be unavoidable if he were informed of my arrival. I am fatigued somewhat, and shall be better able to do justice to myself in the morning. Let me have supper, my good friend, as speedily as possible."

"Tidworth's my name, Lieutenant," answered the landlord. "I know Sir Richard must 'ave mentioned me in his letters. Fine gentleman, sir! He often takes a glass of wine with me at the 'Arms'—no pride—you'd think he was my brother. Excuse me, I'll 'ave supper directly."

The delighted Tidworth left the room, followed by Mitchell. Nick was no sooner left alone with the Lieutenant, than he ventured to accost him.

"Your most obedient, sir. I've heard some of the circumstances attending your coming, and sympathize in the joy which it will diffuse."

"Thank you, sir," replied the Lieutenant.

"Beautiful girl your cousin, sir—seraphic!"

"You've seen her then, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir—hearsay—but there's no doubt of it. Long voyage from India—fatiguing, must be, very. But lately arrived, I presume."

"Yes," answered the Lieutenant; whereupon Nick ventured further remarks; and rendered himself so interesting to his companion by his vivacious loquacity, that when supper was served, he was invited to partake with him. The Lieutenant, being open-hearted and unsuspecting, was liberal in his information of himself and his affairs. The meal being ended, before he would permit him to retire, Nick insisted that he should crack a bottle

of wine with him. The influence of this mediator enabled Nick to make yet further encroachments upon his companion's secrets, to which end, the conversation was cunningly and diligently directed. Finally, the Lieutenant professed himself to be overpowered by drowsiness, and rose to retire. Numerous compliments passed between the two, the Lieutenant being earnest in his invitation to Nick to visit him at the Hall, when he should become established there, to which Nick replied with assurances that he should certainly comply with the kind invitation. Thereupon shaking hands very cordially, the twain separated, and were conducted to their several apartments for the night; Nick desiring Peter, who escorted him, to order Mitchell to wait upon him directly. Mitchell, shortly after, in compliance, joined his virtuous and amiable coadjutor.

"Vell, we're blowed up by this 'ere chap's comin'," said Mitchell, after closing the door behind him, "and that 'ere ten thousand might as vell be at the bottom o' the sea, for all us."

"Softly," answered Nick. "I'm game yet! The chance is fairer than ever, my boy! The job's a rummy one, I know, but Nick Burkit's not the lad to be distanced this heat. The cove will sleep to-night like twenty horse power, or there's no strength in the powder I put in his wine. See here, Jemmy, my pal!"

As he spoke, Nick drew from his coat pocket a package, bound about with tape, and sealed carefully, which he proceeded to remark to Mr. Jemmy Mitchell, contained letters to Sir Richard Gordon, his family and others in the vicinity, from the Lieutenant's father and friends in the Indies; and that, upon information of the existence of said package from the Lieutenant, in their very confidential conversation, he had successfully purloined it from his pocket, for purposes upon which he would soon be enlightened. While the edified Mr. Mitchell was "Rotting his bones," and "Blasting his eyes" at the edifying information, and swearing, with sundry bouncing oaths, that Nick was the tallest cove he had ever met with in his career, a knock at the door caused both the worthies to start. The package being concealed, and the door opened, the interrupter proved to be Peter, who had come to say to Mr. Jemmy Mitchell, that, provided he was ready to retire, he would escort him to his room.

"I've not done with him yet, young man," said Nick. "Say where the room is, and he will find it himself. You needn't be detained up," whereupon, Peter, by words and gestures, signified the direction to the apartment to be occupied by Mr. Mitchell, and retired.

Drawing the package from its concealment under the corner of the bed, Nick placed the lamp upon a table, and setting up a chair, proceeded carefully to unfold it; Jemmy, in the meantime, now thoroughly interested, seating himself on the opposite side of the table, and intently watching the operations of his companion. The package contained, as had been expected, several letters, which Nick took from the envelope, and whose place he supplied with about the same number of letters to his own address, skilfully re-folding and sealing the envelope. This being accomplished, his wicked eye twinkled with

exultation at the progress of his knavery, and a low chuckle issued from his mouth. He then drew his feet from his slippers, and stealing softly to the door, silently lifted the latch, and put forth his head. Not a sound was to be heard—not a ray of a lamp twinkled through a key-hole. The family and its guests were evidently wrapt in sleep. Closing the door with the same caution as he had opened it, Nick returned and seated himself again by the table.

"Now, Jem," said he, in a whisper, "the cove's in the very next room. He sleeps as though he had taken a lease of the bed till the last day, for I can hear his heavy breathing in the entry. Follow me, and take what I give you. But first, I'll put out this glim, and strike a darky."

So saying, Nick opened his trunk, and took therefrom a dark lantern, which, having lighted, he blew out the lamp. Matters being thus arranged, the two divested themselves of their coats for greater ease of action, and, grasping the lantern, Nick prepared to commence operations.

"Stop a bit," whispered he; "let me go first, and prig his togs. There's time enough."

Jemmy sat down, and Nick, without a sound, again opened the door, and stole into the entry. It was of oblong shape, having two doors on either side, and one at the one end; while, at the other, was the winding stairway to descend to the ground floor, and also to mount to the story above. The room from which Nick had issued, was in the back corner of the house, adjoining the stairs; while the Lieutenant's was, as Nick had discovered, next to it. Before attempting to enter it, he opened the door of his lantern, and peered at the several doors, to ascertain that they were all shut; which being satisfactorily accomplished, he closed his lantern again, and stood in complete darkness. Groping his way to the desired door, cautiously extending his hand, that it might not come suddenly in contact with it, he felt for the latch, and listening an instant, lifted it, and stepped within. Again he paused before approaching the bed, whereon the Lieutenant was soundly sleeping—when, reassured by the deathly stillness—for he could hear nothing but the hollow wind without, as now and then a gust rustled among the trees, and the murmur of the little stream in the dell before the house—he re-opened his lantern, directing it so that the light should not strike the sleeper's face, and glanced about, soon discovering where the Lieutenant's garments, of which he had divested himself on retiring to bed, were hanging across a chair. These being the object of his present search, he set his lantern on the floor, and, lifting the clothes carefully, one by one, grasped them all beneath his arm, resumed his lantern, and was soon in his own room again. Jemmy had been, for some time, watching at the door, and so soon as Nick re-entered, he closed it upon him.

"Now," said Nick, in the same low whisper, depositing the garments upon the bed, and the lantern on the table, "all's right; and I shall proceed to make a Lieutenant in his Majesty's navy of myself, without purchase-money or commission. I know a shorter way than that."

"I vonder vether the cove'll hax for yer to breakfast vith 'im, in the mornin', an' veep ven he finds yer 'as bolted," jocosely remarked Mr. Mitchell.

"No doubt of it, Jem. Won't there be a jolly row here? I should like a blink at the cove when he looks for his togs!"

Upon this he proceeded, composedly, yet with diligent activity, to doff his own habiliments, and encase himself in those of the Lieutenant. The new garments fitted him passing well, and when his toilet was completed, he prepared for a more dangerous experiment than he had yet attempted. Being more agile and light-footed than Jemmy, he assumed the post of greater danger, and proceeded, while Jemmy held the lantern at the door, to re-enter the Lieutenant's room. The package, deprived of its legitimate contents as has been described, was restored to the pocket from which it had been pillaged, for Nick retained his own coat, and then he lifted the small trunk, the only article of luggage which the Lieutenant had brought with him to the inn, and stole with it from the room. Depositing it in the entry, the twain paused a moment. All was silent; the Lieutenant slept soundly, unconscious of the deliberate rascality practising upon him, and every other quarter of the inn was still. Nick and Jemmy now supported the trunk on either side, and crossing the entry, while the lantern cast a dim light before them, they descended to the lower floor. Fortune smiled, thus far, on their designs; for no accidental sound had been given forth to betray them. But a critical period awaited them. Tidworth, the landlord, had, for some years, found it inconvenient if not impracticable, to elevate his obesity above stairs, and had, therefore, slept in the apartment behind the bar. The door opened just at the foot of the stairs; and through it, now open, he could be heard luxuriating in slumber, and twanging the horn of a gentle and regular snore. Jem, who bore the lantern, closed it so that it emitted no ray of light, and the two ventured on; when, as Jemmy, who was behind, was lifting his foot from the very last stair to plant it upon the floor, he chanced to knock a corner of the trunk against the post of the railing. The contact gave forth a peculiarly echoing sound, and ever self-possessed, from their long apprenticeship to the honorable trade they were now engaged in, both stood without moving a muscle—scarcely breathing. Tidworth was thoroughly waked. "Who's there?" he cried. No sound rose in answer; and, muttering, "There's more rats in this house than in any other house in the whole kingdom," he turned over, and resigned himself again to sleep. The flash gentlemen in the entry, remained stationary and motionless, until his snore was again heard in unbroken regularity, and then ventured to cross the entry. The door of the parlor which they had occupied through the evening, and which was diagonal to the room wherein Tidworth was snoring, was half open, and Nick guided the way into it, preferring to make exit through a window, as being less dangerous than to try the street door. Closing the door of the parlor, when safely within it, they lifted the sash, unfastened the blind in successful silence, and were soon in the street.

*To be concluded next month.*

Original.

## ADDRESS TO A FRIEND IN IOWA.

BY SEBA SMITH.

I HAVE read your welcome letter,  
And in truth I can but say,  
I have not seen a better,  
For this long many a day.

To my heart, it gave a rapture,  
To my blood, a quicker flow,  
For it brought back days of pleasure,  
Pass'd a long time ago.

To the hills, wild and rocky,  
On the rough coast of Maine,  
Where so oft we've walk'd together,  
Fancy carried me again.

And, again, upon the mountain,  
And, again, along the shore,  
How we greeted lov'd companions,  
As we did in days of yore.

Oh, those promenades of Portland,  
Round Mount Joy and old Bramhall,  
And those sweet and sunny islands,  
Again I see them all.

But the vision now has vanished,  
And the *real* I must see—  
And, behold, a mighty empire,  
Spreading out 'twixt you and me.

Since the western breeze has fann'd you,  
Southern suns have scorch'd my brow;  
But I'm resting from my roving,  
In this mart of commerce now.

On the fir-off banks of Iowa  
Woods and groves to you belong,  
Where the Indian goes a hunting,  
And the wild-bird pours his song.

And across the boundless prairies,  
Oft you roam 'mid seas of flowers;  
But I fear that in your cabin,  
You have long and lonely hours.

You did err, my friend, most sadly,  
From New England to depart,  
Without choosing, from our fair ones,  
Some gentle, loving heart,

That might hold communion with you,  
In your far and lonely way,  
Making all your years of toiling,  
Seem a bright summer day.

For 'tis not alone in wild-woods  
Dreary solitude is found—  
In this hot and crowded city,  
Where I pace my weary round,

Whether the rich man's dwelling,  
Or the poor man's, greets my sight,  
Or I hear the fruit-girl screaming,  
Or the watchman's staff at night,

Or whether thousands throng me  
By pave or market-stall,  
Or rattling carmen stun me,  
'Tis solitary all.

Then do not, though in Iowa,  
Your solitude bemoan,  
For, but for wife and children,  
I, too, were all alone.

*New-York, August, 1839.*

Original.

## SONG OF THE EXILE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

DEAR home of my childhood! the mem'ries ye bring  
To my heart, at this lone hour of night,  
Come soft as if borne on some bird's downy wing,  
Just returned from its heaven-ward flight.

Bright and holy's the spell, o'er my spirit that's thrown,  
As I list the low voice of the wind,  
For, in its faint whispers, I dream there's a tone,  
Like the voices of friends left behind.

But the spell that so deep o'er my spirit was cast,  
Like the mist of the morning, is gone,  
And the fairy-like scene that has pictured the past,  
From my still longing sight is withdrawn.

Lo! I turn to the star I so used to love, when  
I watched with dear friends its pure ray—  
Oh, could I gaze nightly, like that, on the glen,  
Where I loved, in my childhood, to stray,

See the cottage, mid vines and mid trees, peeping out,  
Like a bird in its reed-woven nest,  
And hear the rich laugh, and the clear, merry shout  
Of the golden-haired girl I loved best,

Could I see by her side, those my other dear friends,  
Whose hearts are all mingled in one,  
As the drop from the skies with its sister drop blends,  
Till all in the same channel run,

For the home of my childhood, no more would I pine,  
When the curtain of night o'er me closes—  
Which 'neath the old elm and the shadowy vine,  
In the heart of the green glen reposes.

Yet, still, like a flower-woven zone, would I bind  
Its memories close round my heart,  
And the cold hand of death alone should unwind  
The links, which of life make a part.

Original.  
THE DELUDED.\*

—  
BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

—  
CHAPTER VI.

"Is she forgotten?  
Can the high sound of such a name be hushed  
P' th' land to which for ages it hath been  
A battle-word, as 'twere some jarring note  
Of shepherd's music? Ah, no! her woman's fame  
Is written with a pen of living fire,  
To die but with the record of her race."

It was a day of fearful excitement at Rouen, when the Maid of Orleans was conveyed through its streets, a captive, laden with chains and surrounded by a guard of fierce soldiers. A solemnity, like that which attends a funeral, dwelt in the city, as she was conducted to her prison-house. The cathedrals and the churches were all open, and the smoke of burning incense and the music of solemn rejoicing for her captivity swept over her as she passed their lofty portals. The superstitious soldiery and populace which thronged her way, shrunk from her calm glance with unconquerable dread, for she rode through them in her chains proudly and with firm dignity, as when she had formed a principal personage in the kingly pageant at Rheims. Never, in her proudest victories, was the power which her form had fixed on the minds of men more thoroughly displayed, than in the hushed multitude of enemies, whose prisoner she had become. The clash of bells thundering from each lofty steeple—the solemn *sedes* swelling amid smoke and incense, and kneeling cardinals from gallery and altar-stone—the sound of triumph, which came with a fearful but half stifled shout from the distant multitude, and the deep, breathless hush of awe which had fallen upon those within her immediate presence—all was a homage to her prowess, which made her very imprisonment a glory, and which filled her heart with a lofty consciousness of that undying fame which was to make her the wonder of after ages. But when the heavy door of her dungeon was closed upon her, and the sound of unchecked rejoicing which broke up throughout the city came to her ear like the waves of an ocean, surging and beating against the foundations of her prison-house, she sat down and thought of him whose coldness and perfidy had driven her into the toils of her enemy; and there, in the solitude of her dungeon, she grew faint with a sense of utter loneliness, and wept over the desolation of her own heart. It was her fate—every where and in every thing,—in sorrow or joy—in exaltation or defeat—Joan d' Arc was doomed to be without sympathy—alone.

Three days was that glorious woman left to the solitude of her dungeon, and then she was dragged forth in her single strength, without counsellor or friend, to answer to charges of sorcery, infidelity and witchcraft, urged by the bishop in whose diocese she had been taken prisoner, and sanctioned by the university of Paris, which resolved itself into an ecclesiastical court for her trial. It was a painful, albeit a noble sight, that brave young girl standing in the midst of her persecutors, clad in the magnificent armor of her victories, draped and dented with the

massy chains with which they had loaded her, her lofty forehead full of tranquil courage, and her dark eyes meeting the scrutiny of her judges with a calm steady expression of trust in her own cause, which even the mockery which they heaped upon her could not disturb. Calmly and fearlessly she submitted to their scornful glances, and answered their more scornful words with a firm denial of their right to question her, and with a solemn appeal to the court of heaven, as the only tribunal which had authority to judge its chosen servants. Neither her exceeding beauty, nor the sublime faith which she placed in her own heavenly strength, had power to move those stern bigots from their unmanly persecution. All day they kept her before them, in hopes that by word or act, she could be brought to criminate herself. But never for a moment, did she lose the patience and lofty courage which had marked her first appearance in the court. Taunts, threats and persuasions were alike lost upon her, and at last she was sent back to her dark prison, and the court broke up, to be renewed on the succeeding day.

On the evening which succeeded the first day of Joan's trial, the Duke of Bedford held a council in his palace, to which were summoned many of the prelates who had taken a part in the trial. They were in earnest debate on the course which policy behooved them to take with regard to the Maid, when a deputation from the French monarch was announced. Bedford gave orders that they should be admitted to him, where he sat surrounded by his counsellors. The king's messenger and those who composed his suite entered the council, and in set words, solemnly protested against the trial of Joan d'Arc, and claimed the right of ransom or exchange. A large sum in gold, or twelve of the imprisoned English nobles were offered for her enlargement. Bedford received the delegates courteously, and answered them with a promise of further audience. He resolved at all events to keep possession of the Maid's person, but after this appeal from the French monarch, whose power was now to be dreaded, he dared not put her to death, as his council had a moment before advised. He dismissed the ambassadors and his council together, retaining only the Bishop of Beauvois, one of Joan's most rigorous judges. When they supposed all had withdrawn, the two still kept their seats by the council table, where they discoursed in low earnest voices for some time. The room was imperfectly lighted, and two persons, who had followed the French ambassador, still lingered unobserved about the room. The one was Agnes Sorrel in her disguise, the other was her uncle, the king's jester. A heavy cloak was belted over his gaudy attire, and the hood shaded his face after the fashion of a travelling pilgrim. For several minutes they stood gazing on the stern resolute features of the "King-maker." There was something in the expression of his large grey eyes, and in the iron compression of his thin lips, that awed the two plotters almost from their purpose. They felt that he was not a man to be trifled with lightly, nor to credit a rudely concocted story.

"We had better retire," whispered the jester anxiously, "our lives are not worth a crown's ransom should our aim fail to jump with that stern duke's wishes. I pray you be advised, sweet niece."

\* Continued from page 160.

The page shook off the grasp he had fixed on her arm, and with a glance of scornful impatience doffed her cap, and began to search in its lining for the letter which she had concealed there. Her search was fruitless, and while her face grew white with apprehension, she crushed the cap in her little hand, and fastened a fierce and suspicious glance on the face of her companion.

"Holy Virgin! the letter is gone," she whispered through her shut teeth; "man, hast thou robbed me, the better to stay my purpose?"

"By all the saints, no!—it has fallen from thy cap, perchance; but, for mercy's sake, be more cautious."

His advice came too late. Her angry whisper had already aroused the two statesmen by the council table. The duke gave a keen glance toward that part of the room where they stood, and then snatching a lamp from the table, lifted it on high the better to aid his vision.

"Ha! eavesdroppers in our council room!—without, there! a guard, ho!"

The tramp of mailed feet in an adjoining corridor smote on the plotters' ears. The jester saw his danger.

"Now go boldly forward, you have the signet still—we have no choice—summon me when I am wanted," he said in a hurried whisper.

The disguised girl took the king's signet from her finger, and advanced boldly to the council table.

"We are no eavesdroppers, may it please your grace, but humble men trusted with a secret message from the king, our master, which we lingered behind to deliver with fitting privacy. The Duke of Bedford will require the king's signet," she continued, bending her knee and holding up the ring.

At the moment the door was flung open, and a guard of armed men darkened the passage, Bedford waved his hand.

"Withdraw, but remain within call," he said calmly. Then taking the signet from the trembling hand of the page, he examined it closely, and then passed it over to the French bishop for inspection.

"You should be acquainted with the French monarch's device,—what is your opinion of this crest and its strippling page?"

"That the one is genuine, whatever the other may prove," replied the bishop, returning the ring and fixing a suspicious glance on the kneeling page.

The cheek of the disguised girl grew pale beneath his scrutiny, but she brooked his severe eye with unflinching fortitude, and answered the questions which he propounded, with a clearness and decision which proved her to be familiar with every thing appertaining to the French monarch and his court.

"Are you satisfied that the boy is no counterfeit?" inquired the duke, when Beauvois paused in his examination.

"His answers have been correct, but we can judge better by the message."

"That is for the Duke of Bedford's private ear," said the page, haughtily rising from his knee, and drawing back as if chafed by the cool scrutiny of the ecclesiastic.

"The boy is malapert," said Bedford, smiling as much at the ruse of the bishop to obtain his secret, as at the petulance of the page.

Beauvois obeyed the slight motion of the haughty Englishman's hand and withdrew beyond earshot, while the counterfeit page unfolded the message that had been agreed upon, and entered into explanations which were of deep interest to his noble listener. After all had been said, the bishop was again summoned.

"Our counsellors were over fastidious," said the duke with a meaning smile as he advanced, "It seems that Charles himself is anxious to be rid of the Warrior Maid. He sends us by this stripling, his free permission that she be put to death, only bargaining that the odium of her blood should rest with us. Have I construed his message aright, fair page?"

The boy bent his head, but made no other reply.

"But touching this other matter," continued Bedford, "How can a charge of sorcery be urged if this boy makes good his promises? What think you they are, my Lord Bishop?"

"They must be mighty indeed," replied the divine with a doubtful smile, "if they free the sorceress from the foul charge of heresy and witchcraft."

"Nay, he promises more than this,—nothing less than to bring her to open recantation in our court," replied the duke.

The bishop smiled contemptuously. "A vain boy's boast, my Lord," he said, "that which a body of grave divines have failed to accomplish, it were folly to expect from a popinjay page like that; nay, ruffle not up so angrily, boy, thy silken doublet and windy promises keep but sorry companionship;—a little less crimson in that cheek and saucy fire in those eyes might better become thy years and this presence, methinks—"

"And a great deal more loyalty to king and country might well befit thee, sir Bishop,—as well as some slight show of courtesy to one who—who—I crave pardon of your grace," added the page, breaking off abruptly and turning to the duke, "it chafes me to receive scorn from a recreant Frenchman, a traitor to his king and country. Permit me to withdraw, and I will introduce one who may not fail to bring conviction of my good faith."

The page bent his knee, and casting a glance of fiery scorn on the prelate, passed down the rooia.

The jester still lingered in a shaded corner of the apartment, where he had stood watching the group at the council table, with the keen and wary glance of a hunted fox; as the page approached, he drew farther back and folded his cloak about him, as if to escape the scrutiny of those who were watching her movements. After a few brief but energetic sentences had passed between them, the jester divested himself of his disguise and walked firmly up to the council table in his usual grotesque apparel, but with nothing of buffoonry or forwardness in his manner.

The seeming page loitered by the door, dwelling with intense anxiety on the three faces, whose slightest workings were revealed by the lamp which stood on the council table. She saw the recreant bishop start and turn pale as he recognized the court jester. She observed the amazed and wandering look of the warrior duke at his sudden and most remarkable appearance, and her lip curled in the darkness, as she marked the grave hypocritical look of humility put on by her uncle, who stood before



the lordly pair with his eyes bent to the floor and his arms folded on his breast, as if waiting to be questioned. Agnes was not within hearing of his words, but she noted their effect in the changing faces before her, and she thought truly that he was entering into a full explanation of the means by which the Maid of Orleans could be brought to a recantation. As he proceeded, her restless heart kept pace with his words, and she felt that he was speaking of herself. A smile more than once passed over the features of the duke, and when the jester ceased speaking and drew reverently from the table, Bedford beckoned her to advance, and something of comic humor softened the stern expression of his eyes as he glanced over her fanciful masculine attire.

"And so thou art proven as no other than the pretty Agnes Sorrel, whose masking pranks have already half lost us a kingdom;—a strange messenger, in good sooth, to be sent on matters of great import. I can but wonder that thy royal lover could trust so much beauty within eyeshot of our English gallants. Had he no fear that we should break truce and keep thee, also, prisoner?"

A smile dimpled the mouth and indented the rosy cheek of the counterfeit page. She raised her arch blue eyes to the duke's, and answered that—her royal master trusted too firmly in her true faith and in her disguise, to have any apprehensions, even had there been any thing to fear from a people so true to national honor as the English had ever proved themselves.

The duke smiled as if he fully understood this diplomatic compliment.

"We must be excused, fair lady," he said, "if at first we seemed to place but little faith in thy promises, and if even yet a slight doubt lingers. To say truth, our warlike prisoner seems so firmly rooted in a belief of her divine power that she half converted us but yesterday, and confounded this learned bishop here, in the open court. We have to thank thee for a return to the true faith again."

Agnes answered, "that she should feel highly recompensed for any trouble she might have taken, if her efforts should end in exposing the delusions of an impostor."

"And in removing a brave and beautiful rival from the presence of thy royal lover," rejoined the duke, with a smile of good natured malice. "Nay, blush not so angrily at our surmises; thy motive interests us not while it goes with our own purpose, so the Maid is urged to a recantation. We care little how it is brought about or how soon she is at liberty. She will be but a toothless lion at best."

The blood again forsook Agnes Sorrel's cheek, and she turned anxiously to the jester, who again advanced and addressed the duke. He persisted that it was his master's desire that Joan d'Arc should be executed with as little delay as possible, and added, "that unless he received the solemn promise of the duke to that effect, himself and his niece would return forthwith to their master without acting farther in the matter."

"That were a useless waste of life, the sacrifice of a brave woman to a narrow policy," replied the duke, gravely and with some appearance of indignation. "I cannot but marvel at so sanguine a wish in the young

king; he seems more inveterate in hate of his friends than of his enemies, methinks. No, no, the stain of a woman's blood shall never soil the escutcheon of a Bedford. We will confer with Charles more fully on the subject. There must be some mistake in this; weak and vacillating, we may have deemed him, but never cruel, nay, even blood thirsty, as this desire would prove him."

With an effort at composure, which shook her whole frame, Agnes attempted a reply.

"The signet-ring of the French monarch is in your hand, my Lord Duke," she said, "proof of our embassy, such as might have satisfied a bench of robed judges, was demanded of us and has been given. We have promised to bring that about for which the wisest and most subtle members of the English court have striven and toiled in vain—yet our only behest, the life of a low born peasant girl, is denied to us."

The duke looked the bold and excited girl steadily in the face as she spoke. His keen, grey eyes were searching her very soul.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," he muttered, moving thoughtfully from the group, "but wherefore should I strive to search into the gallantries and mean policy of a man like him, who sent these people on his dastard errand; why should I attempt to thwart his cruel humor? It is but a life—a woman's life. Stay; will it be safe to set her free, even though she do recant; will not her name ever be a rallying point to the soldiers of France? They would never believe her confession voluntary; she would only have to appear before them once more, to pronounce her recantation forced, and to become an idol to them and a terror to us again. It galls me that an Englishman should have part in the foul murder; that Bedford's name should go down to posterity as a crucifier of women; and yet—Well, I see no other way—be it so."

The English nobleman stepped apart as these thoughts passed through his mind. Agnes and the jester held a few words of low, anxious consultation, after which they remained by the table silently waiting his farther notice. Their faces were colorless with guilty fear, and the eyes of both dwelt with a gaze of keen inquiry on his immovable features, as he paced slowly to and fro just within the rays of the lamp, pondering on the message they had brought. At length the jester ventured to approach, and bending his person reverently before the still irresolute nobleman, he addressed him in the quick, silky voice which he could well assume at pleasure. "I grieve, my lord," he said, "that we have overrated the service which we hoped to perform. Supposing the recantation of Joan d'Arc a matter of high importance to the English, we come to do them a service, and rid our royal master of an encumbrance at the same time. Now, that we see our mistake we will obtrude no longer, but take our course to the French court again."

The jester again bowed low and was about to retire, yet not without a secret hope of being recalled.

"Stay!" cried Bedford, motioning with his hand that the jester should remain, while he seemed to form a resolution with considerable more of wavering than was usual to his prompt and imperious character: "Are you

certain of the power to perform what you but now promised?"

"As certain as one may be who judges of probabilities from the nature of a lofty woman—one who has been deceived herself as much as she misled others. Let me convince the prisoner that what I know to be truth is such, and our purpose is obtained. I have no fear."

"The attempt can do no harm," said the duke; "we will give orders that yourself and the pretty page yonder, be admitted to the prisoner."

"But touching a sentence of death," said the jester, bowing more respectfully as he saw the duke inclined to his purpose, "may it please your grace, we move not in this matter till we have full assurance that our master's wish be complied with?"

"It is a foul compact, cowardly and cruel," exclaimed the duke with an impatient movement of the hand; "yet be it as your master wishes. If he has no mercy on a woman, a subject and his benefactress, it scarce stands with us, her natural enemy, to be over dainty in clearing the earth of one who has well nigh driven our troops into the sea. Procure us a recantation in the court to-morrow, and though it goes against our honor, she dies, if, after this, the grateful king will have it so."

A glance of serpent-like intelligence passed between the jester and his niece, while the duke turned haughtily to Beauvois, who had stood an eager spectator of the scene.

"Remember, Beauvois," he said, "and see that the judges in to-morrow's court be all Frenchmen. The honor of Old England shall never be stained by the blood of a beautiful, brave woman. If she is condemned to die, it shall be by her own countrymen, those whom she has fought for and saved, and who now thirst for her blood, like a set of hounds as they are. Sir Bishop, see to this; no Englishman shall take part in the cowardly deed."

"I doubt," replied Beauvois, "if a sufficient number of Frenchmen can be found to form a court—that is, men of rank and character."

"Ay, ay, enough can be found about our person, craven at heart and fit to give judgment of death on a helpless creature, such as the prisoner has become."

"Then we have a promise of her condemnation;—should it not be a written pledge, given under—?"

The jester was interrupted by a burst of anger from the English Noble.

"A written pledge, by dukedom! sirrah! fool! if you but breathe the wish again, we will send thee to thy master with the ears cropt from that varlet skull of thine, by way of answer. No, not even the word of Bedford shall pass. A court of French prelates and judges you shall have. If they can condemn her after what we have witnessed to-day, be it so; but no promise, written or spoken, more than you have already,—and, hark ye, sir fool, this eagerness for pledges argues but poorly for the truth of your mission here. Kings, even such as Charles, are not want to bargain so closely."

The jester drew back, crest-fallen and evidently much startled. The duke, without heeding him, turned to the bishop.

"See that our orders about the court are attended to," he said, recovering his usual stern dignity of manner; "we shall depend on you for the fulfilment."

The bishop bent his head, and with a frown lowering on his haughty forehead at the slight put upon his countrymen, was about to withdraw, but Bedford called him back and gave directions that he should accompany the jester and Agnes Sorrel to the prison of Joan d'Arc.

About two hours after the scene in the council room took place, count Sholan, the true ambassador from the king of France, received a message from the duke of Bedford, saying that he might return at his earliest leisure to his sovereign with assurance that the Maid of Orleans should be dealt with according to his request. With this ambiguous, but to him, satisfactory message, the count and his retainers set forth that night on their return to the French court.

It was near midnight, and Joan d'Arc was alone in her dungeon. She had sought no rest, for, though weary with standing all day before her persecuting judges, her marvellous faith had not forsaken her, even for a moment, and her mind was too full of sublime thought and stern energy for repose. She sat shrouded as with a pall, in the thick darkness of her prison-house, her fettered hands resting in her lap, and her small ankles girt to pain by the irons which confined her to the floor. Yet was there no appearance of regret or sorrow in her demeanor; her bearing had a calm dignity in it, which might have befitted the throne she had won to an ungrateful people, better than the dungeon to which their supine weakness had consigned her. Her battered helm, with its soiled and broken feather, lay on the floor by her side. The scales of her armor were broken and indented about her person, and the mysterious sword which she had received from the convent at Tubois lay at her feet shivered to the hilt, a weapon so powerless that it had escaped the observation of her captors when they disarmed her. The starlight streamed through the grating of her dungeon upon the golden knobs that embossed the hilt, kindling a soft brightness about it, which seemed to the excited fancy of the Maid, like a ray of fire sent down from heaven, to encourage her there in the darkness of her prison.

"The invisible finger of Jehovah is tracing comfort and strength about me for ever," she murmured, as a stronger light lay flickering on the floor. "His chosen and anointed one cannot perish. The sign is here written in characters of fire. His power will be made manifest in the redemption of his servant."

These words of enthusiastic faith were yet on the prisoner's lips, when the dungeon door was flung open and the bishop of Beauvois, who had acted as presiding ecclesiastic in the court that day, stood on the threshold. After surveying the prisoner for a moment by aid of a small lamp which he bore in his hand, he entered the cell, placed his lamp on the floor, and seating himself on a block of hewn wood, gathered his robes about him as if to shut out the contagion of her presence.

Joan fixed her large earnest eyes on him without changing her position or speaking a word, but his eyes wavered and drooped beneath her intense gaze; he could not endure the calm dignity of her look, but moved the light and arranged the folds of his robe nervously, before he found courage to address her.

"Maiden" he began, in a cold measured tone that fell like the grating sound of corroded iron on the ear of the

prisoner; "maiden, the band of holy men who have labored with you this day have deputed me to visit you once more and—"

The clank of irons as the Maid rose to her feet drowned his speech. She turned upon him sternly, like a lioness annoyed, but sure of her own strength. Drawing her majestic figure to its height, she fixed her eyes on his face and stretched forth her manacled hand, exclaiming in a voice that rung through the dungeon like the silvery breath of a trumpet:

"Man, wherefore came you here,—am I to be troubled with your presence for ever? Depart, I beseech you, leave me alone with my thoughts!"

As she spoke, the door swung silently upon its hinges, and there, in the darkness beyond, the same star which had awakened her spirit in Domremi, hung quivering and flashing like a gem of fire at the heart. A beautiful joy flashed over the enthusiast's face.

"Behold!" she exclaimed in a tone of lofty triumph, and with one hand extended toward the star, she stood erect in the centre of her dungeon like a priestess watching the fire kindle on a consecrated altar-stone—"Behold! hath not the Lord spoken?"

Again the flood of rosy light expanded to transparent billowy clouds, and the graceful outlines of a seraph form swelled into beauty amid the misty glory of that strange light. The Maid sank slowly on her knees—her face grew radiant as an angel's, and with her clasped hands extended, she remained motionless as a statue, her whole being absorbed in a passion of wonder and wild unearthly devotion.

A loud burst of music swelled through the dungeon and the neighboring corridor—a moment, and there was a crash of discordant sounds—the cloud burst and shed a broad lurid glare over the dungeon walls and the pale, sinister face of the bishop.

Joan d'Arc arose slowly from her knees, the light paled on her face and left it ashy and colorless. Her large eyes dilated fearfully in their sockets, and her limbs shook till the clank of irons became audible through the dungeon.

The seraph had descended to the floor and now stood face to face with "The Deluded." The shining tresses—the sweet, beautiful face that had appeared so calm and holy in the misty light of the cloud, stood out definite and clear, lovely it is true, but with the impress of earthly passions breaking from every lineament. The face was that of Agnes Sorrel. The star which blazed on her forehead was that which the French monarch had worn at the Maid's first public interview at Chinon. Joan stood motionless as if the sight had frozen her to stone—her arm was still extended and her pale lips parted, till the light gleamed on the scarcely less white teeth beneath; the black hair seemed endowed with distinct vitality; it lay a mass of living blackness on her ashy temples.

With a smile of cold mockery, the seeming vision loosened her wings of silver tissue, unclasped her robe of azure gauze and laid them with the sword and the banner at the feet of her victim.

Joan stooped and lifted the glittering pile, fragment

after fragment, shudderingly, and as if she were searching among a nest of serpents; as she took up the banner, her fingers tightened upon the staff, her features contracted, and she fell forward on the dungeon floor as one stricken down by a thunderbolt.

For several minutes Joan lay upon the damp stone, strengthless, but yet keenly alive to surrounding objects. The laugh of the bishop rang in cruel mockery to her ear, and her form shuddered and shrank from the touch of Agnes Sorrel, when the frightened girl attempted to raise her from the floor. At last she made a strong effort and stood up, but she was very feeble, and her body swayed to and fro beneath the weight of her chains; they seemed weighing her to the earth again. Agnes Sorrel would have stolen from her prisoner, but Joan put forth her hand and laying it heavily on the shrinking girl's shoulder, bent her white lips close to her ear, and put one question, in a low husky whisper, which crept through the cell like the respiration of a dying person.

"The king—knew he of this fiendish deception?"

As she asked the question Joan pored over her enemy's guilty face as if she would have wrested an answer from her heart if needful. Agnes trembled beneath her look, as one who has raised a demon without strength to endure his presence; her eyes quailed and her lips grew white as the answer was forced from them.

"He did," was her reluctant and almost inaudible reply.

Joan recovered her voice, but it was still husky and sounded as from a far off vault; she touched the banner with her foot.

"Whence came this?"

There was a strange power in the question which none might resist. Agnes Sorrel dared not refuse a reply.

"It was wrought by a nun in the convent of Vaucouleurs."

"And the whispered voices—whence came they?"

"They were uttered by my uncle, the court jester."

"And the king knew all?"

"Yes, all!"

"Enough, I would be alone!"

The bishop and the half repentant Agnes stood awestricken by her terrible calmness; there was a majesty in it which even their hearts could feel. They obeyed her as if she had still been in the plenitude of her power. The door closed behind them—the heavy bolts grated in their sockets; their steps smote slowly along the corridor and the Maid was once more alone—but, oh! how changed! Faith, the sheet-anchor of her character, had suddenly been wrenched from its rest, and with it the haughty self-confidence, which had so bravely sustained her, departed from her soul for ever. At first her proud spirit recoiled from a conviction that it had been practiced upon; that its inspiration was indeed a mockery. Her heart loathed itself that it had been made the instrument of another's craft—of a being so contemptible in character and degraded in position, that she would have spurned him from her presence in the most humble moment of her life had he dared to approach her with obtrusive council. What was she—with all her genius and glorious ambition—but the dupe of a low, crafty man,

and an abandoned woman! Most intensely did she loath herself and every thing connected with her degradation, as this truth was forced home to her. Her victories—the freedom she had given a country—the homage which had been lavished upon her—all were but so many memories forcing her spirit to more bitter self-contempt. The sublime trust which she had placed in her supernatural commission had been called to life by the jugglery of a court jester, her glorious achievements were but the result of a base trickery on her imagination; oh, how her lofty spirit writhed under the conviction! In the bitterness of her thoughts, she laughed aloud, and the sound rang through her dungeon—it was like a spirit in torment mocking at its own misery.

The bishop, in his confusion, had forgotten the lamp, and for many hours the unhappy prisoner sat, with its broken light fitting over her pale, working features, a picture of sublime suffering. The azure drapery which Agnes Sorrel had thrown off, lay floating about her feet like a cloud; the battered helm, the sword and the rent banner threw back the light with a cold and fitful gleam, which served but to render the surrounding gloom more sombre and chilling. The Maid sat amid the shattered vestiges of her greatness, with her changing eyes fixed intently upon them, yet unmindful of what she gazed upon. The events of her career passed through her mind with a rapid and painful distinctness. She thought of her life in Domremi—of the time when her spirit had first awakened to stirring impulses. She dwelt upon her love, on the strange faith which had, to her daring soul, made this love a consecrated bond, sanctioned and made pure by a voice from heaven. She reflected that the foundation of this faith was a base delusion. That the affection which had dwelt in her heart, pure, lofty and fervent, a sentiment which she had believed independent of earthly authority and social laws, because in itself partaking of divinity and commanded by the high voice of Heaven itself—all this wealth of love which she had cherished as something holy as it was fervent, was suddenly unveiled to her in all its enormity—a sin, to shudder at and be ashamed of. With all her bravery, her beauty and her lofty deeds, what had that love rendered her? Her heart grew faint with a sense of shame when the question presented itself, and with that abasement, arose a feeling of deadly resentment toward the man whom she had trusted, yet who had ministered so basely to her degradation. Her heart recoiled alike from herself and from him, who had been far dearer to her than self.

By degrees gentler feelings mingled with the hatred which had arisen in her heart with a first knowledge of the king's participation in the detestable plot which had been laid to deceive her. She was too generous, too much of the true woman to forget, even in the moment of her deepest resentment, those things which might be urged in extenuation of the king's treachery. She remembered the solicitude with which he had striven to dissuade her from entering the army—his anxiety to obtain an interview at Chinon before she had publicly committed herself. With these thoughts arose a swarm of painful regrets and gentle memories, which tempered

the stern anger of her soul to something more forgiving and woman-like; the current of her thoughts flowed less tumultuously, her eyes became moist—she bowed her head and wept, with a deep and continued fit of sorrow. Tears are sometimes sweet comforters; they saved that noble heart from breaking, in the agony and struggle of its strong passions.

The dawn broke and found the prisoner still seated on the floor of her dungeon. She was very pale, but her features were composed, and she looked up, as the light struggled faintly through the grating of her prison, with a sad, broken-hearted expression of countenance, as one who has no hope left. She arose and with her cold hands, unclasped the fastenings of her armor, and, moving forward the length of her chains, she cast it, with the other remnants of her greatness, into a corner of the room. She gathered up the glittering wings with the drapery which Agnes Sorrel had left behind, and flung them also on the pile, and covered them with her bed clothes, for the sight had become odious to her. Then she arrayed herself in a suit of female garments which had previously been sent to her, but which she had hitherto refused to wear. There was something in the touch of feminine raiment that fell gently on her wrong heart; tears sprang to her eyes, but she checked them, and sat down, calmly to await her summons to the court.

When Joan d'Arc was conducted from her prison to the scene of trial, all Rouen was struck with amazement at the change which marked her demeanor. Her eyes were dull; her cheek pale and hollow, and she tottered feebly beneath the weight of her chains. Those who had shrunk from the flash of her august eye the previous day, gazed upon her meek bearing as she passed, in silent wonder; the very rabble might have buffeted her in the high-way, and she would not have stepped aside to avoid the indignity, for the high spirit had been crushed out of her heart for ever.

They arraigned her before the court of stern prelates, as they had done for three successive days. She stood up in the midst of the court with a calmness which was dignified by its very humility, and recanted all her former pretensions to divine inspiration. She acknowledged herself to have been deluded into a belief of her own superhuman power, by human agency, but she steadily refused to explain the means which had been used to urge her on to her extraordinary career. It was in vain that her judges urged a full confession; she answered them with humility, but with a firmness which nothing could shake. Her noble heart shrunk from exposing the duplicity of the king before his exulting enemies. They heaped scorn, and reproach, and insult upon her, but she stood meekly before them in her chains, resolute and firm to the last. She would not implicate him in her disgrace.

They sentenced her to death—a death of torture—and then she was harshly remanded to prison; an apathy hung about her heart, till she was left alone to prepare for her terrible fate. Hitherto, her soul had been wrapped in religious enthusiasm, and she looked upon death, in any form, but as passing amid a cloud of glory from her lofty station here, to a more glorious life opened

to her in heaven. She had braved death in the battlefield, when the fire of strife was kindling in her veins, and when the aw-trump and the bugle gave a braver impulse to the very dying. But there was neither martial music nor hope of victory to excite her courage in that gloomy dungeon—no visions of future blessedness to cheer her with hope, after the bitter cup of death should be quaffed. In the uprooting of the divine faith which had been to her a religion, her belief in the court of heaven was shaken to its foundation. She was afloat upon a strange, dark sea; death was before her, yet she had no hope beyond the grave—no trust in the future,—she doubted, and she feared to die. It was not a physical fear—the flames and their torture were to be met with fortitude, and that remained to her. But the dark, solemn gates of eternity were parting before her, and she had no faith to guide her through; all beyond was darkness, doubt and gloom. If she feared to die, so did she also fear to live. Her career of glory was accomplished, and her heart lay sprinkled with the ashes of her own victories; her affections had lavished their wealth on dust, and their reward had been treachery and ingratitude. She was alone, in a damp, miserable dungeon, manacled to the rocky floor, with no trust in heaven or hope on earth—and on the morrow she was to die.

The midnight bell tolled. But twelve hours of life remained to the wretched prisoner. For the first time, she thoroughly realised the shortness of the time allotted to her. As the terrible truth struck to her heart, she started, and looked wildly around the dungeon. The love of life beat strongly in her young veins. It was a blessing to breathe—oh, how sweet a blessing; she had never felt it so thrillingly and with so keen a wish for existence, yet they were forcing her on to eternity, unprepared, while her heart was warm with health and youth. While these feelings arose with a mighty force in her bosom, it was joined by another thought which made life still more precious. Might not the king be guiltless of the treachery practised by his menials! She had but their words as proof against him. To doubt was to be convinced. She started up; her pale face kindled with a new life. She would go to him. He could clear himself of all connexion with the base creatures who had practised on her imagination. Oh, it is most terrible to suspect baseness and treachery in one we have loved! Joan forgot that her love was a sin—forgot her prison bonds—her condemnation—every thing, in the wild hope that had taken possession of her soul.

"I will see him once again," she murmured, in the deep, thrilling tones of aroused affection; "he will free his honor of this foul stain, and, oh! how sweet it will be to love."

She started forward as she spoke, her whole being absorbed by one restless hope. The sudden check of her fetters struck to her heart like a knife; she sunk to the floor with a quick, gasping breath, for the clutch of death seemed already fastened on her heart. It was long before she moved again; her forehead lay pressed upon the damp floor—her hands fell down helplessly, and her long, black hair swept like the wing of a raven over her ashy cheek, and fell down upon the locked hands,

that were clenched beneath her face like fragments of marble sculpture.

She was lying thus, when the faint grey of morning crept through the grating of her prison. A hum, like the swarming of a distant hive of bees, came up from the city. She moved slowly, as the sound struck on her almost paralyzed heart, and drawing back upon her elbow, lay like a recumbent statue, with her blanched face lifted to the grating, her white lips slightly parted, and her breath swelling in heavy throbs through the teeth, divided and gleaming underneath; the dawn which was to light the prisoner through the terrible gates of eternity, was already breaking over, like the rays of a funeral lamp, shed on the chiseled statuary of a tomb. It seemed as if the death chill had already struck to her vitals, for after one intense gaze at the iron bars, her limbs relaxed—her head fell back upon her arm, and she remained as before, strengthless, and betraying life or feeling only by the labored breath which struggled from her bosom, like the throes of a wounded doe, when the arrow is in its side.

The noon-day sun gilded the prison bars, and fell with a mocking brightness over the yet prostrate form of the prisoner. The mind takes little note of time when intensely occupied in joy or in sorrow. Though every beating pulse had gathered up misery from the passing moment, in the agony of her heart it seemed that scarcely an hour had elapsed since the dawn; yet even then, her death summons was upon the air. The slow, solemn vibrations of a bell tolled gloomily over the city. The iron voice smote upon her heart. She started to her feet with the spring of a lioness, and looked wildly about her dungeon, like a hunted animal seeking for a covert.

"So soon, oh, God! so soon!" she exclaimed, clasping her pale hands in mortal terror: "Oh, no, no, he will not let me die! Holy Virgin, no! I will be patient—they do but mock me—they dare not drag me forth to be tortured like a wild beast in the market-place! He will yet save me—he and my brave soldiers—they loved me; I was kind to them—careful of their lives; they cannot see me murdered! He whom I loved so! no, no, no—That bell again! Mother of God! they are come!"

Her voice was wild as the cry of a wounded eagle; she grasped the prison bars with both hands, and bent her gleaming face toward the door. The bell was yet tolling its hoarse voice on the winds, and the roar and rush of a gathering multitude surged up from the market-place; but a dull, heavy sound rose with a stifling power above all. It was the tramp of her executioners in the neighboring corridor. Slowly, and with a harsh, rusty grating, the bolts were withdrawn, one by one, and the sound struck like a serpent fang to the heart of the victim. There was a moment of dead silence. The door was flung open, and four pale, stern men blocked up the passage.

The prisoner fixed her eyes, keen and vivid with excitement, upon the executioners. She grasped the bars fiercely with one hand, while the other was extended toward them, working up and down in the air, like a limb of chaste sculpture awakened to the agonies of life.

"One moment!" she uttered, in a sharp, clear whisper that filled the whole room; "one moment—till that bell has ceased tolling:—He will *yet* come!" There was something intense and terrible in her supplication—a pleading power in her white face, that awed even those stern executioners. They looked in each others' faces, and remained motionless by the door. Slowly, solemnly, and with a voice that curdled the blood about their rude hearts, the bell tolled forth its iron death-chime. Even for the space of a minute after it had ceased, they stood irresolute, gazing on their victim where she stood, as the last fearful vibration had left her, frozen, as it were, into marble. Her fingers still clung to the bars, with a grasp that seemed sinking into the very iron. Her right hand had ceased its convulsive motion, but was still extended toward them, rigid and without a tremor. As they gazed, the agonized contraction of her pale forehead gave way—the keen fire went out from her eyes—her white lips relaxed their tension, her hands fell down heavily, and she sunk back against the wall, making a feeble and almost imperceptible motion for them to approach and take off her irons. A sharp tremor ran through her frame when the manacles fell with a crash to the floor; but, after one wild look on the faces of those about her, she folded her arms on her bosom, and followed the four men steadily forth from her prison-house. All sense of her situation seemed suddenly to have left her, as she was presented to the dense multitude, collected in the market-place to witness her execution. She almost smiled, as the first gush of sweet air swept over the platform where they placed her. Her eyes wandered aimlessly over the sea of human faces uplifted toward her, some gleaming with fanatic anger—others full of dread and commiseration. A strange apathy had succeeded to fierce excitement, and while the very earth beneath her feet seemed paved with human eyes, all turned upon her, she began to speculate on things about her, as if another, not herself, was to be the victim of the cruel preparation for torture. A stake, heaped round with fagots, stood a little way from the platform. She looked quickly, and with a heavy eye, upon it, and began to ponder in her mind how many minutes it would take for those dry bundles to ignite—how high the flame would rise, and what number of minutes would be necessary for an intense fire to reach the vitals of a human being. She remarked that one fagot was out of place, and beckoning a soldier, whispered him to put it on the pile, that it might not convey fire into the crowd. When this was done, her mind seemed satisfied, and turned to other objects; and still, with the feelings of a mere spectator, she looked down upon the crowd. Women, young girls and children, were there—beautiful, delicate beings, jostled together among the coarse herd, and pressed toward the platform, eager to get a look at her face, as if she had been a wild animal brought forth to amuse them by her death throes. She began to wonder how such things could be, and to speculate again, all the time, as if she were not their principal object, and as if the victim was yet to be brought forth. While her heart was yet locked up, as it were, in a dream, she observed a young girl standing by the platform—a beautiful girl, with large, black eyes that pored over her own face with an

expression of sympathy that she had no where else met with. She looked in the girl's face, and wondered why the tears stood so heavily in her eyes—why she gazed upon her with that look of thrilling pity. All at once the answer rushed to her heart. They had brought her forth to die. The prelates were even then kneeling about her, praying for her departing soul. That crowd—the stake—the crimson cloth, streaming from many a casement—all were for her.

When all was ready, and they were about to conduct her from the platform, she begged them to pray with her once more. As they knelt, there arose a tumult on the outskirts of the crowd: Joan clasped her hands, and started up in the midst of the kneeling prelates:

"I knew, I knew, he would not let me die!" she murmured, in a voice that reached no ear, for the crowd had swayed round to learn the cause of the commotion.

It was a file of soldiers, coming round to guard the stake. When Joan d'Arc saw that they were English, all hope went out from her heart. She sunk upon her knees, and just then a hand fell heavily upon her shoulder. A quick shudder ran over her frame; she looked up; it was the executioner.

Original.

## TO A MOUNTAIN STREAMLET.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

STREAMLET of beauty! pure child of the heath,  
The bells of the wild-flowers twine o'er thee a wreath;  
And bow to the kiss of the bland mountain sigh,  
To gem their sweet forms with the tears of thine eye,  
Then cresting their heads, sweet odors they fling,  
Far, far o'er the vale, on the young zephyr's wing.

Thou art lone in thy loveliness, maiden of dew!  
Thy couch is the heath—wide o'er thee the blue—  
Yet happily thou, on thy free course dost flow,  
With a sweet lucid smile, in the sun's golden glow,  
Like some beautiful babe, all joyous in mirth,  
Ere stain'd with the guile of this sin-blighted earth.

The lark is thy mate—his blythe matin lay  
He pours o'er thy breast at the blue peep of day—  
As, shaking his plumes from the dew-tears of night,  
He mounts to the regions of joy giving light;  
And thou, beauteous streamlet, soft music doth lend,  
As thy waters are kissing their flower-studded strand.

The gold bosomed bee, with his moor bagle horn,  
To seek the heath's blossoms in summer doth come;  
And oft on thy banks, the butterfly sips  
His dew, luscious draught, from thy honey-bell's lips,  
And the wild duck, in plumage of purple and gold,  
Sails over thy bosom in happiness bold.

When the night veils the earth, and the gems of God's  
throne,

Are gleaming in glory, thou art not alone;  
On thy banks sport the fairies, of mountain and moor,  
And the night bird to echo doth melody pour;  
And the dew as it falls, thy pure bosom to kiss,  
Gives a sound like the sigh of some angel of bliss!

Original.  
THE SEA.

—  
BY JOHN NEAL.  
—

FAMILIAR AS we are with THE SEA; living, though we are, upon the very threshold of the great deep, and accustomed from our earliest youth to the contemplation of its changes—nay, for that very reason, perhaps, and *because* we are so familiar with its wonders and its terrors—its power and pomp—it is allowed to come and go—to gather and strengthen, and pile itself up, along the whole outworks of many a beleaguered empire, threatening to oversweep the boundaries which God himself hath established—and fortified—for the safety of the earth, and to lay waste, for ever and ever, the habitations of man—to do this continually and uninteruptedly, year after year, and age after age, and *twice every day*, without being heeded or cared for!

On every side of us, we hear and *feel* the approach of the destroyer, the voice of congregated waters, moaning for their prey, the roar of tumbling oceans mustering for the onset; and we hear it all, not only undismayed, but *unmoved*; feeling neither amazement nor terror—neither awe nor thankfulness. And why? Simply because we have been too familiar with the tremendous manifestations of THE SEA.

But bring forth a child of the desert; call up a wild-man from the deep of the wilderness, or take a stranger from the great Western prairie—that inland sea of blossoming herbage—and lead him, blindfold, to some rock in the midst of the ocean, or to any one of the ten thousand bluff promontories, we are so familiar with, along our coast, and watch his countenance when that bandage is lifted, and the sea bursts upon him, all at once, from every quarter of the sky! when there is nothing before him, nor round about him, nor above, nor below, but sea and sky!—the terrible ocean asleep underneath his very feet, like an over-wearied giant—the unclouded firmament bowing itself to the very water's edge—great ships motionless in mid heaven, as it were—and the Leviathan at play!

Let him abide there till THE SEA wakes up in its wrath; till the waters begin to roughen afar off, and hurry and tumble and flash in the sunshine, growing fiercer and fiercer, and more and more changeable every moment, until the blue counterpart of God's empyrean disappears like a shadow—the great ships begin to be agitated—to put forth their wings one after another, and to hurry to and fro, athwart the darkness; and the tide comes roaring on from the utmost boundaries of the sky, with one long, steady, uninterrupted heave and swell, threatening to overwhelm the mightiest barriers of earth, and to restore at once and for ever, the aboriginal dominion of the great deep, when “the earth was without form and void, and the waters covered the earth.”

Let the wild man, or the child of the desert, or the stranger, be interrogated on the spot—while the waters are thundering and blazing about his feet—and the very rock he stands upon, is trembling and quaking with apprehension. What think you would be his answer?

A look of amazement, perhaps, that he should be questioned at such a time, or in such a place, by mortal man; a gesture of impatience, like that of one who has been disturbed at prayer by some unworthy feeling, and is half ready to plunge into the roaring sea itself, to escape his tormentor.

But, however he may feel, the painted barbarian, or the stranger from afar off, when the mysteries and the wonders of the great deep are about him—and within him—for the first time, we cannot hope to feel with him, nor even to understand him, so long as they continue a part of our daily household experience. A counterfeit awe, unmixed with strangeness and rapture; a faint perception of beauty, untroubled with fear, and altogether unsanctified, is the utmost we can hope for. We may be sorry for this—very sorry—but it cannot be helped; the fault is partly in our education, partly in ourselves, partly in the very nature of man.

If we would bring our spirits, therefore, into immediate companionship with the splendors and the terrors of the sea, we must betake ourselves to a loftier position; to a cooler and clearer atmosphere. We must look at the great globe itself—a world, though it be, to us—with all its gorgeous palaces and solemn temples—as a mere toy in the workshop of the universe; to the mathematician, a perpetual problem; to the philosopher, a puzzle and a mystery—and to the naturalist, who finds it endowed with certain properties which are supposed to be essentially characteristic of *life*—such as circulation, evaporation, and *pulsation*; for what are the tides but the everlasting pulses of the ocean? to the devout and believing naturalist, therefore, even the earth is a creature of God, which has been overlooked from the first, and strangely enough, to be sure, is not even mentioned in the systems of Buffon, Blumenback and Cuvier, notwithstanding their acknowledged liberality, and the progress of natural science.

Let us pursue the inquiry for ourselves, therefore, and in our own way. Beginning with the circulation, we will proceed to the other phenomena in their order, and afterwards endeavor to acquaint ourselves with certain of the causes and consequences.

The first thing that would strike us, were we detached from the earth, and able to study it like an artificial globe, would be this—the great disproportion between the land and sea. In the southern hemisphere, the land is as one hundred and twenty-nine to one thousand—but a trifle more than one eighth part of the whole; in the northern, it is as four hundred and nineteen to one thousand—less than forty-two per cent; and taking both together, nearly three quarters of the whole earth is found covered by the sea—and, though called by different names—by one and the same sea. Here is the foundation of a system to be followed out. With the rivers, the lakes, and other fresh water reservoirs, which take up another goodly portion of the land that is left for the dominion of man, let us have nothing to do. Let us give our whole attention to THE SEA—that prodigious element of power and transformation, which, enduring no empire over itself, holds unquestioned and absolute dominion over nearly three quarters of the whole earth;

overshadowing all other empires, and maintaining two mighty systems of encroachment and compensation, which, however they may appear to contradict and thwart each other, are but "parts of one stupendous whole," sections of the same great circle, like the venous and arterial systems of animal life: one, the equatorial or equinoctial current, flowing steadily and for ever, from east to west, at the average rate of nine or ten miles every twenty-four hours—or from fifty-nine to sixty-five one hundredths of a foot every second of time; the other, which we are all somewhat acquainted with, as the *Gulf Stream*, flowing in a contrary direction, that is, from west to east, at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, upon the average, though sometimes reaching to five miles an hour, or seven feet and a half every second—such being the measured velocity thereof, at the end of the Gulf of Florida, in the parallel of Cape Canaveral—hurrying onward for ever and ever, without rest or pause, with the certainty of fate, and the steadiness of irresistible power—as if the Bahama Channel, where it runs five feet every second, or the Gulf of Florida, where it thunders along like a torrent, were, in sober earnest, the world's *aorta*—and losing itself, at last, in its original source, between the tropics; thereby completing a circulation which occupies a period of *two years and a half*, and establishing what Humboldt calls, with startling propriety, "*a whirlpool of fifteen thousand miles in extent!*"

Others hold that the entire revolution is performed in somewhat less than three years; and that, while a drop of water, falling into the sea, (if it were neither evaporated on the passage, nor swallowed by an oyster, and converted into pearl,) would come back to the point of departure, in two years and ten months; that a boat, left on the sea, without sail or oar, would drift from the Canaries to the coast of Carracas in thirteen months; round the Gulf of Mexico, where the Gulf Stream reaches its highest elevation, in about ten months; and that in forty or fifty days, it would find its way, as if impelled by its own volition, from Florida to the Banks of Newfoundland. By name, at least, we are all acquainted with the Gulf Stream. To us, indeed, it is a matter of no common interest; for to the Gulf Stream we are indebted—perhaps—to the discovery of the western world. It was owing to the remains of tropical plants, fragments of overgrown bamboo, and the bodies of two men of a strange aspect, deposited by this very Gulf Stream, on the shores of certain islands (the Azores) lying half way between the old world and the new, latitude 36 dgs. 39' that Christopher Columbus himself, was persuaded hither. Such accidents are continually happening now. Near Mont Flammand, in latitude 45 or 50 dgs. a branch of this very Gulf Stream, which runs smoking by our doors in the dead of winter, flows from the S. W. to N. E., toward the shores of Northern Europe, and heaves along the coast of Ireland and Norway, the fruits and trees of the torrid zone; and it is not long, since the wreck of a vessel, burnt at Jamaica, was found on the coast of Scotland, having drifted thither on the outer edge of the whirlpool.

Vessels from Europe to the West Indies, find their sailing much quickened, before they reach the torrid

zone. The *equatorial*, or as others prefer to call it, the *equinoctial* current, which is separated from the Gulf Stream by a belt of seven hundred miles in width, flows in a *westerly* direction, while the Gulf Stream flows to the *east*. Near the Bahama Isles, the width of the latter is only seventy-miles; in latitude 28 dgs. 30' N., it is eighty-five miles: in the parallel of Charleston, it spreads out from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles, according to the nature of the coast. After it reaches our seaboard, it enlarges gradually and steadily, until it becomes two hundred and forty miles, or eighty marine leagues in breadth, under the meridian of Halifax—after which, it sweeps away to the eastward, all at once, and touches along the southern extremity of the Banks of Newfoundland—our great northern refrigerator, and fog-generator.

The Gulf Stream is readily distinguished from the surrounding waters. The temperature is higher by five degrees; it is evidently saltier, and the color is deeper—of the deepest and richest indigo blue. It is always covered with sea-weed, and sometimes in prodigious quantities; and there is a perceptible heat in the surrounding atmosphere, especially in the dead of winter. The waters of the Grand Bank are from 16 to 18 dgs., Fahrenheit; while the waters of the torrid zone, hurrying to the north at the rate we have mentioned, are from 38 to 40 dgs. Fahr: and the waters of the ocean are about 33 dgs.—or more accurately, while the waters of the Bank are 16 dgs. 9' colder than those of the surrounding ocean; these of the surrounding ocean are 5 dgs. 4' colder than those of the Gulf Stream, so as to make a difference between the waters of the Gulf, and the waters of the Bank, of 21 dgs. 13' Fahr.: and these differences are all owing to permanent causes, forbidding that equalization which might otherwise be hoped for, if not expected. The attention of the scientific was first called to the high temperature of this current and the coldness of the shallows, where the lower strata unite with the upper, along the borders or edges of the Bank, by Blagden, Jonathan Williams and Benjamin Franklin.

Let us now direct our attention to the equatorial current; after which there will be no difficulty in tracing out the whole system of circulation established for THE SEA. On referring to the maps, we find the extreme breadth of the Pacific, north of the equator, to be four thousand five hundred and fifty marine leagues, or thirteen thousand, six hundred and fifty miles—between South America and New Holland, in latitude 30 dgs. S., it is only two thousand, nine hundred and seventy leagues, or eight thousand nine hundred and ten miles; the Atlantic, which is about one thousand miles in width at the narrowest part, between Europe and Greenland, outstretches itself to sixty degrees of longitude, under the Northern tropic, where it is four thousand, one hundred and seventy miles in width, without including the Gulf of Mexico.

"Between the tropics, and especially from the coast of Senegal to the Caribbean Sea, the general current, and that which was earliest known to mariners, flows from east to west," and is called the *equatorial* or *equinoctial* current. Its average rapidity is about the same in the Atlantic and Southern Ocean, and "may be esti-



mated there," says the Baron Von Humboldt, "at nine or ten miles in twenty-four hours—or from fifty-nine to sixty-five one hundredths of a foot every second of time; while between the tropics, it varies from five to eighteen miles in twenty-four hours, or from one third of a foot to one and two tenths, per second." Upon this fact, it may be well to fix our attention—it may help us hereafter, while hunting for the cause, to know that between the tropics, the current runs faster than elsewhere, and that, although the western equinoctial current is felt as high up as 28 dgs. N. latitude, and about as far South, it "is felt but feebly," to use the language of Humboldt himself.

Let us now endeavor to trace this equatorial current. "The eastern point of South America being in upwards of 6 dgs. S. lat., the great mass of ocean-flood is *unequally divided*. South, from Cape St. Roque, the current is turned down the coast of S. America, and between 30 dgs. and 40 dgs. S. lat. *re-acts toward Africa*. North, from Cape St. Roque, it bends to a general course N. 62 dgs. W., and with the Carribean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, maintains that direction to the mouth of the *Rio Grande Del Norte*, two thousand, five hundred and sixty miles. Along this coast, the equinoctial current is *inflected northward*, and augmented by constant accumulations from the east; the whole body, pouring through the various inlets between the windward islands of the West Indies, into the Carribean Sea, and thence between Cuba and Yucatan, into the Gulf of Mexico. In the latter reservoir, it has reached its utmost elevation, and again rushes out into the Atlantic, through the Cuba and Bahama, or Florida Channels, and sweeping along the coast of the United States and Nova Scotia, to about 50 dgs. N. latitude, *meets the Arctic current from Davis' Straits, and from the Northern Atlantic Ocean*—two leading facts relied upon by the celebrated St. Pierre, who undertook to supply the acknowledged inefficiency of Sir Isaac Newton's theory of the tides, by showing that they proceeded from the daily fusion of the polar ices—"a capital theory, no doubt," said a member of the academy, "but contradicted by the facts." "*Tant pis pour les faits!*" said the author; so much the worse for the facts! and proceeded with his theory. But to return. "After meeting the Arctic currents from Davis' Straits, and from the Northern Atlantic Ocean, this prodigious mass of water is turned toward Europe, and the north-west of Africa, and is finally merged in its original source *within the tropics*." Here is the end of the Gulf Stream, and the beginning of the equatorial.

And now let us look after the causes, and the consequences of this extraordinary system of circulation. Apart from the tides—owing no allegiance to that law, whereby two mighty waves are always lifting themselves up on opposite sides of the earth, and rushing together in worship of her—"Night's shadowy Queen!"

"—whose pearly chariot driven  
Across the starry wilderness of Heaven,"

"Sets all the tides and goblets flowing," undisturbed alike by the daily revolution of the earth upon her own axis, and by her yearly revolution about the sun—what is it that originated, and what is it that upholds the extraordinary system of circulation, we have been

considering? Are we to say it is a miracle, and stop there? Are we to acknowledge it a mystery, and go no further? Is it for this that we are gifted as we are, and called together by the stars themselves—the interpreters of God—to judge of him by his works?

Holding, that where one cause will explain a given effect, it were a waste of time to look for another, we are disposed to believe that this great "whirlpool of fifteen thousand miles in extent"—originated with, and is maintained by the heat of the sun, and by nothing else. To say that it is effected by the pressure of the trade-winds is to mistake *one of the effects*, at least, for the *cause*. To say that it is owing to a higher temperature of the waters, themselves, under the equator—to their greater degree of saltness—or to unequal evaporation, though true enough, as a part of the process, and representing successive, and beautifully adjusted stages of the operation, would bring us not one step nearer the truth, if treated as the efficient or proximate cause. Nor should we help the matter one jot or tittle, by referring the whole to the joint or separate attractions of the sun and moon, or to the daily and yearly revolutions of the earth. All these have their influences—but they are not, neither separately nor together, the real *causes* of that astonishing system of circulation which we are laboring to get acquainted with.

Let us now try to find out the cause for ourselves. We will suppose the earth stationary—the whole ocean at rest—the atmosphere, itself, stagnant and motionless—the sun riding high in heaven—the whole pretty much as we find the sea described by Coleridge in his great pictured calm:

"Day after day—day after day,  
We felt nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship,  
Upon a painted ocean."

Under these conditions, what would be the natural and immediate consequences to the sea, from the laws already established?

The sun up—the stagnant atmosphere would be stagnant no longer. The whole mass would begin to stir with new life—to burn with bright commotion. Flushing and trembling through all its depths, and filled with penetrating warmth, how could it continue motionless for a single hour?

In the language of science, the atmosphere would be rarified—made thinner and lighter by the warmth of the sun. It would lift itself up and spread itself out on every side. That uniformity of pressure, which, as with the hand of God, himself, keeps the Sea in her place, would be partially withdrawn. It would begin to stir with new life, and thither to that particular spot, the waters of the great deep would hurry from all parts of the earth, and pile themselves up; and if the Earth, herself, were to continue motionless, while the sun was blazing steadily upon the sea, through an illuminated atmosphere, trembling and shivering with vitality, it would be contrary to all that we are acquainted with in the laws of motion. There would be such hurricanes and whirlpools, for ever and ever, multiplying and spreading themselves on every side, that the Earth, herself, would begin to revolve—or to stagger, if she did not revolve, along her appointed path.

But leaving this part of our inquiry—let us now suppose the Earth set in motion, exactly as we find her; the sun and the moon working together, just as they are now, and what would be the inevitable consequences to the sea?

Within the tropics, we find all the waters of a region spreading itself out on each side of the equator, to the extent of twenty-three and one half degrees of latitude, constituting a belt of forty-seven degrees in width, encompassing the whole earth, continually operated upon by the heat of the sun, just as we have supposed. The atmosphere in that region, therefore, must be continually rarified, and always lighter than elsewhere. The atmospheric pressure upon the sea being, therefore, always less in that region, than beyond it, on either side of the equator, the waters, there, must always be somewhat higher.

And now the waters are piled up; and the earth in motion from west to east—of course, they—the waters—would begin to flow in a *contrary direction*, that is, from east to west, if they were not acted upon by other causes, or prevented by certain peculiarities of structure in the earth; and we have but to take a map, or an artificial globe, and trace the circulation of the sea, from its beginning, as the *equatorial current*, within the tropics, until, as the *Gulf Stream*, it finds its way back there, and is “merged in its original source,” to find these very phenomena happening—and happening, too, in the very order mentioned!

But this is not all. There is yet another system of circulation established for all the waters of the earth, however situated, wherever placed, and whether salt or fresh.

And the order of arrangement appears to be this. *Evaporation*, corresponding with *exhalation*, or insensible perspiration in the animal economy—*condensation*, appearing in the shape of clouds, vapors, fogs, mists, rains, and varieties of temperature—*precipitation*, such as we meet with in snow, frost and hail, including *crystallization*, as it occurs in ice—and *absorption*, which completes the circle. More briefly stated, the waters are evaporated—they are condensed—they fall to the earth, and they are absorbed: the vapors collect about the mountain tops—fountains are formed—streamlets—rivers—lakes and seas, where the system of circulation ends only to begin anew just where it left off.

Let us now direct our attention to the separate stages of the process, for a few moments. Water evaporates at a very low temperature. Even within the polar circles, and in the coldest weather, the process of steady evaporation continues. Most of us are acquainted with the fact, perhaps, that ice evaporates in the open air. Now, supposing the waters of the earth to present a surface of one hundred and twenty-eight millions of geographical miles, and the yearly evaporation to equal thirty inches—that is, that the vapor from that surface, if re-converted into water, would cover it again to the depth of thirty inches, then the total amount of evaporation, every year, would be equal to sixty thousand cubic miles, without including the prodigious evaporation from moist earth, and from the vegetable and animal king-

doms; from the first of which, if newly ploughed, about as much moisture is furnished to the atmosphere as from an equal surface of water; and if all the waters which fall to the earth, were to return again by direct evaporation, and not by the way of rivers, lakes and seas, the evaporation from the earth, alone, would be sufficient to maintain the perpetual circulation required. But above one third of all the rains and melted snows, are carried by the rivers to the ocean—that inexhaustible reservoir of “clouds, dropping fatness”—thereby completing the stupendous scheme of circulation referred to.

Such being the amount evaporated, we should take it for granted, without going through the intermediate stages or calculations, that such would be the amount returned to the earth in some shape or other—else there would be waste somewhere, and a consequent overthrow of the self-adjusting power which appears to be established throughout the universe.

But although the average amount so returned to the earth in the shape of rain, snow, hail, frost, fog and moisture, is found, by actual experiment, to be about thirty inches, yearly; still, there is a difference in the *distribution* of their return, exactly corresponding with the *evaporation*. At the equator, the amount of rain is greatest—and the amount gradually diminishes as we approach the pole. While, at Granada, in 12 dgs. N. lat., it is one hundred and twenty-six inches; at Cape Francis, 19 dgs. 46', one hundred and twenty; at Calcutta, 23 dgs. 23', eighty-one; and at Rome, 41 dgs. 54', thirty-nine. It is in England, 50 dgs. to 55', only thirty-one; in St. Petersburg, 59 dgs. 16', sixteen; and in Uleaborg, 65 dgs. 1', but thirteen and one half!

But where the rains are most plentiful, there they have the fewest rainy days; the skies discharge themselves in a torrent—and that torrent finds its way back to the sea, without pause or stop, and with a swiftness and volume unheard of in more temperate regions, and corresponding with the urgency of the demand caused by the prodigious evaporation. Hence, where the rains are most abundant, there are no large rivers—the waters are immediately absorbed by the thirsty earth, as if spilt upon the sand—or hurried back, in a few hours, to the sea.

And here it may not be out of place to remark that a certain correspondence appears to be established throughout the world, between the mountains, the rivers and the seas, which together make up the machinery of circulation that we are examining. Where the mountains are highest, there the seas are deepest, and the rivers largest, or longer, broader and deeper; in other words, the *elevations* appear to correspond with the *depressions* of the earth—and both to the rivers, or *channels* between the two. One or two remarkable exceptions are found, to be sure—but such appears to be the general law. In European Russia, the highlands which separate the rivers running in *opposite directions*, are but a little above the level of the Baltic and the Black Sea. Yet, these rivers are large; and so it may be found hereafter with the *highlands* along our north-eastern boundary, which divide the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from the waters flowing into the Atlantic Ocean.

*To be concluded in our next.*

Original.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE POET BRAINERD.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

To the intellectual power, and poetical eminence of Brainerd, the lovers of genius have done justice. But those who knew and valued him as a *friend*, can best bear testimony to the intrinsic merit of his character, to that hidden wealth of the heart, with which "strangers intermeddle not." They were admitted, with a generous freedom, into the sanctuary of his soul. They saw there, fountains of deep, disinterested feeling, which, to the eye of careless observation, were hermetically sealed. Friendship, with him, was not what we too often discover it to be, a modification of selfishness, lightly called into existence, and as lightly dissolved. His conceptions of it, were formed on the noble models of ancient story; and he proved himself capable of its delicate perceptions—its ardent interchange—its unswerving integrity. His heart possessed a native aptitude both for its confidential intercourse, and its sacred responsibilities.

In mixed society, he exhibited neither the pride of genius nor the pedantry of knowledge. Perhaps he too sedulously drew the veil over his own excellences. To the critic, he appeared deficient in personal dignity. So humbly did he think of himself and his attainments, that the smile of kindness, and the voice of approbation seemed necessary to assure his spirits, and to sustain his perseverance in literary labors. He was endowed with genuine wit, and with that playful humor, which, still more than wit, renders a man's company sought and admired. But entirely free from arrogance and asperity, he never trifled with the feelings of others, nor aimed to shine at their expense. Hence, he naturally expected the same regard to his own mental comfort, and was painfully vulnerable to the careless jest, or to the chillness of reserve. It did not require the eye of an adept in human nature, to discover that he was the possessor of a most acute sensibility. This derived early nurture and example in the bosom of a happy and affectionate home. The endearing associations connected with his paternal mansion, preserved their freshness and force, long after he ceased to be a habitant there. For the despondency to which he was occasionally subject, it was ever a remedy to elicit from him descriptions of the sea-girdled spot of his birth—of the rambles of his boyhood—of the exploits of the little boat in which he first dared the waves; but more especially, of his beloved parents—of his aged grandmother—of his fraternal companion, and of those deep-seated sympathies which constituted so great a part of his happiness. After he had been for years a denizen of the busy world, and had mingled in those competitions which are wont to wear the edge from the finer feeling, a visit to *New London, to his home*, was a subject of joyous anticipation—of cherished recollection. I saw him at one of his last departures from that idolized spot, ere he returned thither to die. From the deck of the boat, he watched every receding vestige of spire, tree, roof and hillock, with lingering and intense affection. Perceiving himself to be observed, he suddenly dashed away the tears that had gathered like

rain-drops, and seeking, as was his practice, to cover his depressed emotion with levity, said, in a careless tone, "Well! well! they are, certainly, good people, there, at home, *all but me*; so they sent me away—that was the reason."

The boat in which he returned to Hartford, contained a large party of military men, and others, who had been to attend the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Groton Monument. This event was peculiarly congenial to his feelings, and soothing to his patriotic pride. Yet, amid the festivities of the voyage, his attention was almost entirely devoted to the comfort of an aged and isolated veteran, who had lost a limb at the taking of the fort in 1781, by the vindictive Arnold. His soothing and almost filial devotion to this old man, evinced the warmth of a kind and benevolent spirit.

The efforts which Brainerd put forth during his intercourse with mankind, to conceal his extreme susceptibility, gave to his manners a levity which had no affinity with his heart. Hence, he was often misconstrued; and a sort of prophetic consciousness, inherent in minds of his class, sometimes led him to suspect misconstruction where it did not exist. This induced melancholy, and occasional seclusion, thus throwing him still further from those sympathies for which he languished. Still, his sensibility had not a morbid tendency. It shrank, indeed, like the mimosa, but it had no worm at its root. Its goings forth were into the harmonies and charms of nature. Its breathings were in benevolence to the humblest creature—to the poor child in the streets, and to the forest-bird. It had affinity with love to God, and good will to man. Had his life been prolonged, and he permitted to encircle with the beautiful domestic charities, a household hearth of his own, the hidden virtues of his character would have gained more perfect illustration. It possessed a simplicity of trusting confidence—a fulness of tender and enduring affection, which would there have found free scope, and legitimate action. There, he might have worn as a crown, that exquisite sensibility, which, among proud and lofty spirits, he covered as a blemish, or shrank from as a reproach.

But it pleased the Father of his tuneful spirit, early to transfer it, where the cloud of loneliness might no longer weigh heavy upon its harp-strings, nor the jarring machinery of earth, unsettle or obstruct its melody.

THE great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours, which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home, that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue, or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson*.

Original.  
DOTS AND LINES.—NO. IV;  
OR, SKETCHES OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE WEST.  
—  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC.  
—

IN my last, I gave a sketch of the arrangements and divisions of a Mississippi steamer. I will now give some statistics in relation to these boats, which I obtained from the obliging clerk of a steamboat on which I was a passenger. Some idea may be formed by them of the expenses of steamboating.

A steamboat of three hundred and twenty-five tons, costs, completely fitted out, from forty to fifty thousand dollars. A boat of this tonnage, will carry five hundred tons down stream. It will carry fifteen hundred bales of cotton on deck. From Memphis to New Orleans, the freight of cotton is two dollars per bale; from Vicksburg and vicinity, one and a half; all points between Natches, one dollar. The furnaces consume twenty-four cords of wood a day, for which from three to four dollars a cord is paid. The price of wood is increasing every year, and is higher in Lower, than in Upper Mississippi. The charge for freight is, from New Orleans to St. Louis, on groceries and heavy articles, seventy-five cents per hundred: from New Orleans to Louisville, fifty cents. There are a greater number of boats in the latter trade, and therefore the competition is closer. The expenses, which also show the number of officers, and employees of the steamer, above mentioned, are as follows:

Cost of the boat,	\$40,000
Captain's salary, per month,	150,00
Clerks, do. do.	130,00
Two pilots, each \$200 do.	400,00
First mate, do.	80,00
Second mate, do.	55,00
Two engineers, \$100 each, per month,	200,00
Eight deck hands, \$40, do. do.	320,00
Sixteen firemen, \$35, do. do.	560,00
Steward, \$60 per month,	60,00
Two cooks, at \$50, do.	100,00
Cabin-boys, waiters, and chambermaids, altogether, per month,	200,00
Total amount of wages per month,	\$2,255,00

The daily expenses of the boat for wood, are ninety-five dollars; and we have, besides, to consider the cost of the table. There is, on board every steamboat, a bar-keeper, who receives no wages, but pays the rent of his bar (which is an affair in the gift of the captain) by gratuitously supplying the officers, the table, and the boat's crew with spirits. The office is a profitable one. A bar-keeper told me that he had taken four hundred dollars in one trip from Louisville to New Orleans. The amount of drinking on board western steamboats, is enormous. Passengers are driven into the habit by mere listlessness.

It will be seen by the above list of expenses, that the original cost, outfit and maintenance of a steamer, are very great; and no fact of greater force than this, can

be advanced to prove the extent of that trade which can employ five hundred such boats, and these constantly making money for their owners. Some boats pay for themselves during the first year. As they are constructed lightly, compared with ships, they do not last long, and a boat that has been running five years, is considered old; indeed, five years, with the constant wear and tear they meet with, is sufficient to render them unfit for further use, except, (as we have seen at some landing-places,) as grocery-stores. The regulations, with regard to labor on board of steamers, are similar to those on ship board. The second mate stands watch with the captain, and the first mate holds his own larboard watch. The sixteen deck-hands are divided into equal watches. A pilot is attached to each watch. His station is a sort of cupola on the forward part of the hurricane deck; similar, in shape and situation, with the steering-houses on board our eastern steamers. But few Mississippi boats, however, have berths for the pilots in a state-room annexed to the steering-house; as they occupy a state-room below; which is not so advantageous. Compliance with the present law to substitute chains for rudder-ropes, is especially necessary on board the Mississippi steamers, from the frequent fires, etc., on board them, since, with chains, a boat can be steered and run ashore, even when completely on fire amidships, and thus many lives be, perhaps, saved. Fire engines, of a small size, such as are now made for this purpose, should be on board of every boat; the hose should be constantly attached, and not coiled away as is the custom, and they should be kept on the hurricane deck, filled with water, ready at a moment's warning. The hose should be long enough to reach every part of the boat.

Not one in ten of the western boats, possesses a library, and the passengers are thrown upon their own private resources for books. The excuse is, "the passengers put the interesting books in their trunks and carry them off." This, however, can be avoided, as is done in eastern boats. When books are called for, let a deposit of one or two dollars be demanded from each applicant without distinction, according to the value of the book or set, and when it is returned, the deposit may be given back, compensation for its use being retained. This arrangement would add materially to the comfort of the passengers, and be a source of profit to the librarian. This plan is well understood among bar-keepers at the east; but western ones seem not to be acquainted with it. They may receive a valuable hint from my remarks. It is hard work to travel up the Mississippi river without something to read. If there are books on board, passengers of all classes, except desperate gamblers, will read. I have counted thirty men reading at the same time, in the cabin. Cards, that curse of western steamboats, would be then less resorted to, to dissipate ennui, and a more social feeling would pervade the whole mass. Cards (I mean, of course, gambling at cards, such as is daily witnessed,) beget quarrelling, drinking, and profanity, and convert a steamboat-cabin, which should be regarded as a drawing-room, into a "hell." Cards, when played in moderation, on board,

are a pleasant and unexceptionable time-killer. I am gratified to find that gambling is less frequent on the boats than formerly; and that disapprobation is more decidedly expressed than formerly. The affair at Vicksburg, which at once placed gamblers on a level with murderers, and worthy of the gallows, has had a tendency to produce this change. "Whenever I see the Jack of clubs, now," said a witty citizen of that place, to me, after this affair, "I imagine I see the rope round the rascal's neck."

What with eating three meals a day, reading, writing, talking and walking, going on shore at wood-yards, and looking, for the hundredth time, at the melancholy landscape in the cabin, one makes out to get through each day; but it is hard work. Sometimes one finds amusement in the characters around him. If I felt in the mood, I would give a sketch of some of my fellow passengers; but an anecdote of a waiter must suffice till I am in the humor. "Waiter," said I, "bring me, if you please, some hot water for shaving."

"Mister," said the boy, a good looking youth, about fifteen years of age, in a firm, respectful tone, drumming, as he spoke, embarrassedly on a japan waiter he held in his hand, "I'm no waiter, sir. I wish, when you speak to me, you would call me boy, or something else."

"I will call you Colonel or General," said I, "gravely lifting my hat to him, "if you wish it."

"I don't wish to be called General, neither," he said, coloring, "just don't call me waiter, sir, and I'll do any thing for you."

While he was gone for the water, I could not help sympathizing with the feelings of the high-spirited lad; and although a passenger by me said, "You ought to have knocked him down, sir," I felt inclined to view the incident in a different light. When, therefore, he entered my state-room, I spoke to him calmly, and soothingly told him I could judge how a high-spirited boy would feel in his situation, and advised him, on his return home, to leave an occupation which he felt above, and bind himself out to some respectable trade. He thanked me, and said that it was his intention to do so; that, as he had always lived up in the country, he had no correct idea of the duties and character attached to a waiter until he had seen "the negroes wait on table, down in the slave country." This custom of having white servants on western steamboats, should be done away with. They are generally, above, or too low for their stations, and are bad waiters altogether. Most of the travellers are slaveholders, and unaccustomed to them. When blacks and whites are mixed together, should the steward be a free negro or mulatto, with half a dozen white waiters to order about, it is worse and worse.

One afternoon we stopped to wood four miles below New Madrid, when we were told by the woodman that a shock of an earthquake had been felt there two hours before, so violent as to rattle chairs and dishes. He observed that for several months past, about every two weeks, a shock of greater or less violence, had been experienced. It is well known that this region is volcanic. The earthquake at New Madrid, in 1812, graphically detailed by Timothy Flint, Esq., to whom, above

all other writers, the western country is indebted, must be remembered by every one. It sunk the town then peopled by a colony of Spaniards, opened vast chasms, for miles in extent, in the earth, and so sunk the bed of the Mississippi above the town, that the river returned on its course, and ran north for some time. Since that period, shocks have been felt annually, one or two of which, have been sufficiently heavy to shake houses and open fissures in the ground. The theories, to which this volcanic action has given rise, are too elaborate, and, as yet, altogether too theoretical, also, to be noticed in sketches like these. New Madrid is now as large as the original town. It is situated on the banks of the river, near the former site. There is very little steamboat-business done at this place. I never knew a steamboat to stop here. There is little appearance, when viewed from the river, of the devastation of 1812, in the aspect of the surrounding country. New Madrid is on the west bank of the river, and seventy-five miles from the mouth of the Ohio, where I shall leave this boat, which is bound to Louisville, and take the first boat that passes that point for St. Louis. J. H. L.

Original.

## TO LITTLE EDDIE.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

God bless you, little Eddie!  
Your mother's only boy;  
The centre of your father's hopes,  
The spring-tide of his joy.

You are a darling baby,  
Your eyes are brightly blue;  
How pretty is your dimpled hand!  
And sweet your lips, as dew.

How gently you are sleeping  
Upon your mother's breast!  
A pretty picture, are ye two,  
Of perfect Love, and Rest.

As sweetly may you slumber,  
When tired of Childhood's play!  
As peaceful may that mother look  
When years have passed away!

And if in life's bright noon-day,  
You breast the waves of care,  
Oh! may your heart repose on God,  
Borne up on wings of prayer.

And then in Life's last evening,  
You'll calmly sink to rest;  
To wake, with rapture all untold,  
And live for ever blest.

*Albany, August, 1839.*

# THE CASTLE HALL.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' COMPANION.

WORDS BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON—MUSIC BY MRS. GIBBS;

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. McMakin, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first three systems are instrumental, featuring a piano accompaniment in the lower register and a vocal line in the upper register. The fourth system includes lyrics for the vocal line. The score is in 2/4 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat).

**System 1:** The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes accents.

**System 2:** The piano part continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line includes accents and a trill.

**System 3:** The piano part continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line includes accents and a trill.

**System 4:** The piano part continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line includes lyrics and a trill.

**Lyrics:**

Evening closed o-ver the cas-tle hall, Where gather'd a no-ble band; The

**Finale:** The score concludes with a "FINE." marking.

gloom of the storm wrapt each war-rior form, As they mourn'd for their fa-ther - - - land: A

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a continuous eighth-note accompaniment, while the bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment with some chords.

bard was there; and wearily rung His trem-bling notes, as the min-strel sung, With

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment features a more complex treble part with many chords and a steady bass accompaniment.

blanching cheek and tear-ful eye, The dirge of his coun-try's sla-ve-ry!

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody concludes with a descending scale. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord in the treble and a sustained note in the bass.

Evening closed o - ver the cas - tle hall, Where gather'd a no - ble band; The

gloom of the storm wrapt each warrior form, As they mourn'd for their fa - ther land - - - As they

mourn'd for their fa - ther land - - - As they mourn'd for their fa - ther - - land.

## SECOND VERSE.

Morning broke on that castle hall,  
Where gather'd that noble band;  
And each heart was free as in merry glee,  
They joy'd for their father land:

A bard was there; and cheerily rung  
His swelling notes as the minstrel sung,  
With ruddy cheek, and glistening eye,  
The song of his country's victory!



## LITERARY REVIEW.

**ALGIC RESEARCHES:** By Henry R. Schoolcraft: Harper & Brothers.—The opening paragraph of Mr. Schoolcraft's preface, from which we have derived a high degree of instruction, informs us of the intent of the publication of these volumes and of others to follow, completing a series. It is, to preserve the result of his observations on the mythology, distinctive opinions and intellectual character of the aborigines. The two volumes before us contain their oral tales, fictitious and historical. Mr. Schoolcraft will now devote his attention to the illustration of their hieroglyphics, music and poetry; and the series will be closed by an analysis of the grammatical structure of the aboriginal languages, their principles of combination, and the actual state of their vocabulary.

Mr. Schoolcraft enters a totally new and untried field; when our attention is directed to the subject of his inquiries, by the inquiries themselves, we are struck with a degree of astonishment, that the history of the Indians, in these important respects, should have been, thus long, so utterly neglected; that while the present century has been signalised by the onward reaches of mind in every branch of discovery; the Aborigines, around whom painful interest lingers more and more, as they faster and faster disappear from their places in the ranks of nations, should be dismissed from investigation, while the knowledge of their characters, in several respects, is vague or fallacious. The externals, alone, of the Indian character have been understood—their manners and customs—physical traits and peculiarities; while the philosophy of their mental action, to the full appreciation of which, the path Mr. Schoolcraft has pursued, directly leads us, has been left in complete shadow. The defect in our knowledge bursts upon us at once, and the attention is the more earnestly directed to the success which has attended the efforts of our author.

The term *Algic*, which he has adopted as the distinguishing title of his series, is introduced, in a generic sense, for all that family of tribes, who, about 1600 A.D. were found, with local exceptions, spread out along the Atlantic, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Pamlico Sound. The term is derived from "Alleghany" and "Atlantic."

Mr. Schoolcraft's preface and general considerations are of great value. He makes little pretensions as a writer, endeavoring to present his materials in the plainest possible dress. The tales in the volumes before us, derive their chief interest from the associations connected with them; being very simple romances, though, at the same time, very peculiar. They are told, we should imagine, much as they are related among the Indians themselves, that is, an unadorned, literal translation is given. This is a merit with us; and the reader will find much to attract his attention in the researches, in every respect.

**SEJANUS, and other Roman Tales.**—The majority of these tales originally appeared in the "Companion," and though purchased of their author, Mr. Edward Maturin, to assist him in a pecuniary point of view, he had not the *politesses*—to say nothing of justice—to request our assent to their publication in a separate volume. In regard to their merit, our honest convictions are, that they will not elevate their author to the super-eminent which he, himself, estimates to be his due. Here and there is passable merit; but the most part is shadow mistaken for substance—fustian for loftiness, and turgid bombast for eloquence. The mantle of power worn by the father covers not the son—although the attempt is made to hoist the child to fame on the shoulders of the parent. Less pretension had, perhaps, merited more.

**FANNY:** by Fitz Greene Halleck, Esq.: Harper & Brothers. The high stand Mr. Halleck has long enjoyed among his countrymen, as a poet, scarce second to any, precludes an attempt at extended criticism. His versification is, perhaps, more melodious than that of any contemporary, for the very words are tuneful. Jealous of injury to his merited reputation, he is chary of new attempts, and every effort, from the labor bestowed upon it, is sure to be a gem. "Fanny," and the shorter poems which accompany it in the volume, are choice productions, and have been issued in a most attractive form.

**UNDINE:** S. Colman.—Undine has long been celebrated as one of the sweetest productions of its class; partaking of the purest characteristics of the romantic, yet free from extravagance, and conveying instruction of a wholesome nature, through the medium of the imagination. The character of Undine, both before and after her possession of a soul, is a rare conception—exciting throughout, the most vivid admiration. It is due to the translator to say, that he has faithfully and delightfully executed his task. He has robed his translation in pure, simple and elegant English, and with a poet's mind sympathising with a poet's creation, he permits us to enjoy all the richness of the original.

Undine is prefaced by Mr. Mellen, as in the case of "Phantasmion," noticed in our last; while we object to the subject and tenor of his disquisition, it seems strangely out of place, having no remote connection with the pages with which it is associated.

**BRIDE OF FORT EDWARD:** S. Colman.—This tale in dialogue, is based on the tragical murder of Miss Jane McCrea in the revolutionary war. We cannot award to it much of praise. Dealing with homely, substantial facts and personages, there is a rapacious vagueness and extravagance in many portions, while the dialogue is generally broken and elliptical. The various dialogues have too little connexion with, and bearing upon, each other; and the substitution of feigned names for the more important actors in the tragedy, well known and current as the facts are, is of questionable taste and advantage.

**TREATISE ON THE EYE:** S. Colman.—We are truly grateful for that demand which has called for a second edition of this little work, and has thus thrown it in our way. We have read it with the deepest interest. Its author, Mr. Wallace, is a true philosopher. His views are sound and fully supported, and his treatise is the most lucid, complete and satisfactory, respecting the eye, that we have ever seen.

**HYPERION:** S. Colman.—This work is the production of a highly poetic mind. It is not entitled to the designation the author has bestowed upon it of a "Romance," possessing no characteristics of the romantic school, distinctively so termed; and its name, "Hyperion," having, so far as we are capable of fathoming, no other possible connection with the contents of the volumes, beyond that it is printed on the title page, the reader would be altogether at fault, should he attempt to surmise, from a knowledge of the said title, what peculiar viands were to gratify his palate. But since the author, for reasons, doubtless satisfactory to his own mind, although mysteriously veiled from the common understanding, has seen fit to bestow it, we will adopt it in our remarks.

Hyperion is of the class of Southey's Doctor—not, by any means, of its character—let the distinction be preserved. That is to say, the slightest thread of a tale is adopted to string together a variety of thoughts and imaginings—didactic, rhetorical, imaginative and miscellaneous—prosaic and poetical. We have sketches of German scenery, discussions upon German poets—which are frequent—poetic rhapsodies upon a thousand things—translations from German poets, and some pretty legends of the romantic Rhine. It is, for the most part, well done; and much is very beautiful. The scholar is manifest throughout; and the composition is refined and delightful, while the rapt enthusiasm of the author impressed upon his pages, often kindles the soul in sympathy. But it should have been differently christened; for many will purchase it, deceived by its present cognomen, and be disappointed in not finding what they expected—while others, will slight it who would have grasped it with delight, and thus the talented author will receive double injustice. It is beautifully printed—from the Cambridge University press.

**DIARY IN AMERICA:** By Capt. Marryat: Lee & Blanchard. From every quarter, 'anathema maranatha' has come to our ears, or rather eyes, in the thousand and one newspapers and magazines it is our lot to examine. Capt. Marryat had, to trust this mass of testimony, out-Heroded Herod—out-Trolloped Trollope. We prepared to read his Diary, with teeth set, and the determination to fasten on the objectionable passages, and wield

the pen of stinging criticism; but must confess, in the face of the thousand and one newspapers, that we did not get angry once, laughed heartily often, and indulge the outré opinion, that the Captain neither intended to ridicule nor misrepresent us—that his book is neither a burlesque nor a lie—and that while he has made many curious mistakes—the majority of them of a comparatively trivial character,—he has told very many truths—not palatable, it may be—but nevertheless, solemnly, and—must we say it—disgracefully true. Let it not be thought that we are lacking in love or respect for our country. Albeit not so “*this skinned*” as many of our brethren, we are as patriotic as any—as jealous of our country’s honor. But alas! it is the true esteem in which we hold our country—it is our regard for her honor and spotless integrity, for her onward march in virtue and true greatness, as well as prosperity, that renders us painfully alive to every just reproach—and unwilling to gloss the truth, from whatever source it may be derived.

It was to be presumed that Capt. Marryat would be particularly on the *qui vive* for the novel and ridiculous—his satirical powers and humor, displayed so manifestly in his various novels, were guarantee of this; and we therefore find that the majority of his misstatements and exaggerations are connected with peculiarities appealing to these traits of his character. But wherefore should we fume and fret, and gnash our teeth? Why not rather laugh ourselves, at him if you please, but as well with him? For instance; in a most truly humorous description of a Fourth of July in New-York, it is boldly and unequivocally stated by the renowned Captain, that on that great occasion, booths lined either side of Broadway, along its entire extent—and each booth contained a *roast pig*: “*Six miles of roast pig!*” in his own words. Now this seems to us most ludicrous; and only worthy of exciting merriment.

Again, the Captain was ill-treated, from one end of the Union to the other. He is a coarse, rough specimen of humanity, and his reception was suited to his appearance. We have reason to believe that he was often imposed upon—indeed, he is half convinced of it himself; for, in his preface, while commenting on the want of courtesy he experienced, he intimates that he may have been deceived by falsehood; but, if so, it must not excite anger that he should retail these deceptions as facts. This is just ground to assume—and is a strong apology for him.

We are inclined to think, however, that many of his *bona fide* sketches of character have excited anger, as being malicious slanders—from the fact that but a portion of our population know what odd geniuses are to be encountered in the vast extent of territory embraced by our country—and what manners and customs are in vogue here and there, almost too absurd and monstrous for belief.

Injustice has been done him in the unqualified denunciations that have been so liberally expended upon him, and the presentation, to the public, of only those portions of his volumes, which seem to be unjust. Why betray susceptibility so strong? It renders us a laughing-stock indeed! Why not circulate far and wide, to every point in the Union, those portions wherein he has justly and appropriately applied the lash? Let it sting—let the sufferers wince—let us have the mirror held up before our deformities!

**SKETCHES OF STATESMEN: Lea & Blanchard.**—This is the second series of historical sketches of the statesmen who flourished in the time of George III., by Lord Brougham. The general remarks which were offered, the last month, are applicable to the present, and need not be repeated. The remarks upon George IV., will be perused with especial interest—but yet more so, by our countrymen, those upon Washington—the great, the revered!—to whom Brougham does ample justice. He terms him “the greatest man of our own or any age;” and concludes one of the most just and eloquent summaries of his character we have ever read, with the following passage:

“It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!”

**SOLOMON SEESAW: Lea & Blanchard.**—The taste of the public, at the present day, if we may judge from the style of the works of the most popular writers of fiction, who may be supposed to feel carefully the pulse of the aforesaid public, sets in favor of *imagery* in fiction. We will not warrant that the term we have employed can be found in Walker, or even in the more liberal Webster—but it expresses our idea. A hero is adopted, not after having arrived at man’s estate, but in his infantile days—frequently he is ushered into the notice of the readers of his life, before he is ushered into the world, and it is a matter of necessity that this hero should enter upon this mundane sphere under very peculiar circumstances, and in a very humble condition. He is then accompanied through the escapes and adventures of boyish and manish action to a convenient stopping place, i. e.—when two small octavo volumes are filled. Let the reader’s memory glance at the novels and tales he has read of late, to corroborate this assertion. There are, to instance a few, Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Jacob Faithful, Peter Simple, etc. The author of “*Letters from Paraguay*,” which were of much merit, has followed suit, and quitting the path of narration, enters on this well-improved field, in which there is yet promise of abundant harvest. “*Solomon Seesaw*” is a Scotch plant. After a rather forced introduction, respecting the peculiarities of authors and authorship, we are, according to form, introduced to the father and mother of the hero, and our acquaintance with Solomon, himself, commences at his christening. The tale is far above mediocrity. Many of the characters are well portrayed—many of the scenes humorous; while there is now and then an overstraining for effect, and an unsuccessful attempt at wit.—*Cervilla.*

**THE THUGS OF INDIA: Carey & Hart.**—For two hundred years there has existed in India, a secret association of assassins, bound together by peculiar superstitions, and successfully pursuing robbery and murder as a regular means of subsistence. This association, which is not yet extinct, although the British government has adopted most rigorous measures for its suppression, has embraced in its ranks, many thousands of persons; and what imparts the most intense interest to its history, is the fact, that its members, by a process of early training, are brought to regard robbery and murder as religious acts, gratifying to their deity. These fanatic wretches are denominated *Thugs* or *Phansigars* from the Hindustanee *Phansi*—to noose, because they destroy their victims by strangling—and the volumes before us embrace their history, and anecdotes of their acts so far as they have come to light. The developments are of so strange and extraordinary a character, as to form a most interesting study. We do not remember to have had our mind more vividly impressed by any narrative, than by the perusal of some articles in an English magazine some few years since, upon the Thugs. There is something of the wildly marvellous about them—and yet, their existence and deeds are painful reality, however deep may be the stigma on human nature.

**ABBOTT’S ROLLO BOOKS: Weeks, Jordan & Co.**—Rev. Jacob Abbott has obtained deserved celebrity as an author, not only for mature minds, but also for the young. He has been engaged for some time, in the preparation of a series of books for small children, of which six have been issued, respectively entitled, “*Rollo Learning to Talk*,” “*Rollo Learning to Read*,” “*Rollo at Work*,” “*Rollo at Play*,” “*Rollo at School*,” “*Rollo’s Vacation*.” They are of a pretty size, and have been lately issued by the publishers in very beautiful uniform binding. From our personal acquaintance with the author, we know that he engages in the composition of these works from a fervent love for the young, and an engrossing desire for their improvement. Thus entering *con amore* in the task, there is a freshness and truthfulness in them, which is a sterling merit. In addition, Mr. Abbott’s moral precepts are inculcated in a manner very alluring to the young, and with a simplicity perfectly comprehensible by them. The books have become popular as they have been successively issued, and must constantly win an increasing reputation. We hope they may. What is of more consequence than the right education of the young—especially in their earliest years?

## THEATRICALS.

WHILE the public greet, with delight, the unbounded efforts of the management of the great rival theatres, to maintain supremacy, and carry through the season with eclat, it is manifest that such exertions, alone, afford the slightest possibility of success. It is a question of sink or swim; and the public appetite has been already so pampered, that the richest repasts are demanded. The rival houses have issued proclamations in advance, of the talent secured and to be expected. Mr. Wallack arrays as his forces, Mr. Forrest, Kean, Vandenhoff and daughter, in tragedy, Wilson, Miss Shirreff, Mrs. H. Wallack (Miss Turpin) and Mrs. Bailey, in opera, Henry Wallack and Yankee Hill in comedy. The Park marshals in rank, as stars, Signor Gubellei, a celebrated bass singer, Mr. Martyn and wife (Miss Iverarity) Miss Poole, Miss Maywood, Monsieur and Madame Taglioni, and others, who will receive attention as they appear. Both managers, also, have made extensive changes and additions to their stock companies. At the same time, the Bowery will relax no effort in those walks of the drama of which it professes to take especial charge and, in which, especially to excel.

It may be proper to make a remark in relation to the course we intend to pursue in reference to our theatrical notices. Our readers may rest assured that they may look with confidence for independent, impartial criticism. Mere general observations, as are too customary, dealing in namby-pamby flattery and praise, are a waste of room, an injustice to merit, and an insult to taste.

THE NATIONAL opened on Monday, the nineteenth ult., the evening previous to this present writing, with Mr. Forrest as *Virginius*. The house is more chastely and beautifully ornamented than any theatre we have ever seen, and, of itself, elicited much applause from an audience that more than measured the utmost capacity of the house. Mr. Forrest was received with an enthusiasm which testified to his undiminished popularity. His playing was powerful, but he was feebly supported in many respects. Important parts were filled by gentlemen whose powers were incompetent to their proper performance. As the stock company is not, at present, full, it is probable that it will receive strong accessions in tragedy, which it seems so much to require. Its comic talent is unrivalled. If Browne and Williams are to remain throughout the season, nothing superior could be desired or even procured, in this department.

Mr. Wallack was called out, after the tragedy, to flatter the audience, for audiences, now-a-days, will not be satisfied without this procedure, and expressed his determination to go ahead with "five hundred horse power," and if that was incompetent to achieve his purposes, to increase it to "a thousand." He certainly has evinced unwonted energy, skill and determination, in his undertaking, and for this, alone, obtains many good wishes. Mr. Charles Kean will succeed Mr. Forrest, and he will create, probably, the greatest excitement of the season. It is true, it is not long since he left this country, but report states that he has immeasurably improved. We shall see how it is. He will not lack encouragement to give him excitement; and the responsibility of his acting will rest on himself.

The necessity we are under, in consequence of our large edition, to be prepared for the press some time in advance of the day of publication, prevents us from announcing under what auspices the Park opened. We shall, however, inform those of our readers, who are anxious on such points, of the degree of merit in the performers to be introduced to American audiences, at this house.

THE BOWERY has persevered in its usual policy, presenting new pieces in rapid succession, bedecked with all the charms of splendid scenery and decorations. "Il Maledetto," by the late Miss Medina deserves more than the passing attention devoted to the evanescent dramas which it, for a time, displaced. It is written with superior dramatic power—contains much that is truly poetic, although rough and unfinished, and characters of marked individuality. In one of them—"Fiora"—Mrs. Shaw created an unusual impression, and attracted to herself, as an actress of superior talent, a degree of notice greater than she has before received. "Glafar al Barmeki," an eastern romance, also by Miss Medina, is now the order of the day.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

THE SPRINGS.—We have allowed ourselves, this season, to follow in the footsteps of fashion, and have relieved the toilsome monotony of duty, by a trip to the far-famed Saratoga—that scene of every description of diplomacy; where politicians meet on social ground, to discuss great measures of party action, and needy aspirants intrigue for place; where adventurers in disguise, watch to entrap fair daughters of rich fathers, and damsels "of a certain age" shine forth in toilet charms; and where thousands, too, undisturbed and undisturbed by sinister motives, gather to cheat the summer beams of their relaxing influence, by the delights of dance and song, and the "merrie meeting."

Saratoga has never been gayer or more thronged, than during the present summer; to which result, the presence of so many brilliant stars in the political hemisphere, has essentially contributed. While we reaped much enjoyment from the social intercourse of the Springs, in this auspicious season, we confess that we received more delight from collateral sources. The battle-ground, seventeen miles from the springs, called up the most vivid emotions; a visit to the Lake, than which, no sheet of water in the world can be more beautiful, enchanted us.

During a Sabbath of our jaunt, we rode to Lebanon, and visited that theme of curiosity, the Shaker settlement; being present at one of their meetings. As the brotherhood and sisterhood went through their evolutions, we could not refrain from a feeling of mingled mirth and pity. We took the Catskill Mountain House in our way. This house is remarkable for its great, and at the same time, comparatively easily accessible elevation—a carriage-road winding to the doors. It overlooks twenty-two villages in the magnificent scope of its command. The line of the Green Mountains, in the neighboring States of Vermont and Massachusetts, alone bounds the vision; while the Hudson seems like a line of light in the apparently level valley below. The falls are beautiful beyond description; and, like the most of the minor falls in our country, are so eclipsed by the thundering Niagara, as to be unjustly neglected, to a degree. The main fall is a hundred and eighty feet; and while viewing it, the lesser fall, far below, seems like an insignificant cascade, though it is, itself, eighty feet in depth. The visitor may pass entirely beneath the greater fall. The whole effect is surpassingly fine.

NIBLO'S.—The Ravels and Burton—Burton and the Ravels, alternately, all the season past, and all to come! And why not? Why change, when the interest of the public, in these performers so sustains itself, that the saloon is filled every night? And yet, our "sober, second thought" is, that Burton, *sometimes*, exceeds the bound where comedy ends and buffoonery begins, and betrays, now and then, more skill in imitation than originality.

FALL FASHIONS.—*Evening dress—First figure*.—Head-dress of hair, curls in front, and simply decorated with flowers. Robe of muslin, with Grecian waist, half high and pointed. The sleeves very short, with two shoulder-cuffs, trimmed with pointed lace. The skirt is trimmed with a deep, single, embroidered flounce, edged with pointed lace. The flounce is, also, surmounted with embroidery, and the shoulder-cuffs are embroidered to correspond. Little or no jewelry.

*Second figure*.—Hair as in first figure. Robe of India muslin, embroidered in gold. The waist is fitted to the figure, with frills of the same material with the robe, running up over the shoulders. A deep flounce of same, trimmed with pointed lace. Evening dresses are also made of *pon de soie* or *Organdy* silk, but muslin will be the most decidedly fashionable.

*Promenade dress*.—Hat of dark grey *pon de soie* or *Organdy* with round and very open brim; trimmed with roses or pink flowers next the face; the crown trimmed with the same material with the hat, and ostrich feathers. Robe of silk of quiet ground, with a dark stripe, or bright *Flaid*—which last will be very fashionable—with deep flounce on the same. Waist cut in the heart style, fitted close. Shawl to correspond with the hat, lined with *rose gros de Naples*, and trimmed with either black or white lace. Plain cashmere shawls, embroidered in colors, will also be much in vogue.





# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

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parent, was no longer necessary, now that victory had been secured. In the language of the tale—

the source of most of our mourning."

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UNIV

# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1839.

## EVELINE BERENGER.

"'Twas when ye raised, 'mid sap and siege,  
The banner of your rightful liege  
At your she-captain's call,  
Who, miracle of womankind,  
Leant mettle to the meanest hind,  
That manned her castle wall."

THE plate which adorns our magazine the present month, is an illustration of a scene in Scott's tale of "The Betrothed." The chief scene of this tale is laid in a tale on the borders of Wales, to which the author has given the name of the "Garde Doloureuse," and its final is supposed, by antiquaries, to be the castle of Eborac, in Shropshire. But few vestiges of its former splendour remain to teach the observer, that it was once the seat of great power, from which its brave and noble Norman founder and occupant, Fitz Allan, engaged in a long and bloody warfare with the hardy Welshmen who dwelt near to the marches. At times the Lord of Eborac rushed from their impregnable fortress into the adjoining territories of the Welsh princes, called the Marches, pursuing a system of rapine, plunder and destruction. It is at the time of these terrible affrays, that Scott has chosen the period of his tale.

"Garde Doloureuse," was held, in the tale, by the Lord Berenger, a grey-haired and valiant warrior, who was engaged to join in deadly combat with Gwenwyn, a young Welsh prince, of scarce inferior valor, and a mortal foe. At length the wished-for opportunity came. Gwenwyn besieged, with a mighty host, the noble castle, and Raymond sallied forth to meet him with his men-at-arms. When, by exalted prowess, he approached so near to the Welshman, that they exchanged sentences of defiance, a treacherous enemy, who hid beneath his mailed charger, and stabbed him in the back, falling, he threw down his noble rider, whose head being jarred from his head, a mortal blow was given to Gwenwyn, as he rose.

Eveline Berenger bravely bore herself after her father's fall, though he was dear to her as her life, and supplied his place, in a degree, she inspired the hearts of her followers by the unshrinking courage of her own. In the battlements where they were posted, and cheered them by her words; and not until the Welshmen were driven back, did she think to resign herself to repose, in the stillness of midnight, when the sentinel, and the castle confessor, overcome with fatigue, had sunk to sleep, she walked on the platform with her attendant, Rose. The filial fortitude that had nerved her to restrain her tears, lest the infection of her sorrow should abate the courage of her followers, in the arduous struggle in which victory seemed, to her, to be only a just offering to the gory manes of her slain parent, was no longer necessary, now that victory had been secured. In the language of the tale—

"THE calmness of all around seemed to press like a weight on the bosom of the unhappy Eveline, and brought to mind a deeper sense of present grief, and keener forebodings of future horrors, than had reigned there during the bustle, blood and confusion of the preceding day. She rose up—she sat down—she moved to and fro on the platform—she remained fixed like a statue to a single spot, as if she were trying, by variety of posture, to divert her internal sense of fear and sorrow. At length, looking at Father Aldrovand and the Fleming, as they slept soundly under the shade of the battlement, she could no longer forbear breaking silence: "Men are happy," she said; "their anxious thoughts are either diverted by toilsome exertion, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it. They may encounter wounds or death; but it is we who feel in the spirit a more keen anguish than the body knows, and in the gnawing sense of present ill, and fear of future misery, suffer a living death, more cruel than that which ends our woes at once."

"Do not be downcast, noble lady," said Rose, "be rather the heroine you were but yesterday."

"Alas, Rose," answered her mistress, "you have a father to fight and watch for you; mine, my kind, noble, and honored parent, lies dead on yonder field, and all which remains for me is, to act as may best become his memory."

"So saying, and overpowered by the long-repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sank down on the banquettes which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, 'He is gone for ever!' abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and seemed, at the same time, to press her forehead; while the tears, by which she was now, for the first time, relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Affection and sympathy dictated the kindest course which Eveline's condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat down beside the mourner, and possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow—now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, awaiting a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that, as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to show a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed. The glimmering corslet of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrated on the stone-steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning."



Original.

## VICISSITUDES.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,  
That chase one another like waves of the deep—  
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,  
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep."—MOORE.

DURING my residence in ———, a few years since, I had frequent occasion to cross the river which separates it from New York, and I seldom entered the cabin of one of the little steamboats, without finding some subjects for speculation among the passengers. I was particularly struck with the appearance of a lady, whom I often met at an early hour in the morning. Her dress, which generally attracts a lady's notice first, was slightly outré in its character; she looked as if she might be an English-woman, and yet, the shade of difference between her costume and that of others, was so slight, as to be undefinable, though quite perceptible. But my eyes did not linger long on her dress, when it had once fallen on her exquisite face. It was not the beauty of which painters and poets dream, but a living and breathing loveliness such as seldom greets the sight in this dreary world. Apparently about twenty-five years of age, her figure was small and symmetrical, her complexion of the purest white, her cheek colored with the most delicate rose-tint, her mouth exquisitely chiselled, and her eyes of the deepest blue. Contrary to the prevailing fashion of the time, her dark hair was drawn back from her broad, white forehead, falling on her cheeks in long ringlets, and her small hat formed, as it were, the frame of this sweet picture. She was always alone, and appeared to be quite unacquainted with the people among whom she lived, for she never exchanged the slightest salutation with any one. My curiosity became so much excited, that I found myself noticing every trifling peculiarity in her appearance and manners. I soon found that she was by no means the child of wealth, for her dress, though always neat, was evidently indebted to her own hand for its attempt at fashion. Her dresses were not made by a *modiste*, nor were her bonnets imported from Paris. Her capes and handkerchiefs lacked that superabundance of French embroidery and Mechlin lace, which ladies then affected, and, upon the whole, to the eye of one of the initiated, she had the appearance of a woman who had more taste than fashion, more beauty than fortune, and more intellect than either. I would have given any thing to discover who she could be. It was most tantalizing to my curiosity, to see her so often take a seat beside me, and sit in perfect silence, with her quiet, sweet face, unlightened by a smile of recognition.

One morning I observed that she carried with her a small, faded-looking port-folio. This was a new subject of speculation. What did that port-folio enclose?—not music, for it was too small—perhaps prints—perhaps drawings. But my conjectures afforded no insight into the truth, and I was forced to see her turn one way, while I proceeded another, without learning what her port-folio had to do with her history. From this time, I never met her without it, and one cold morning in

December, my curiosity seemed in a fair way of being gratified. She was wrapt in a large shawl, and as she was stepping out of the cabin door, her foot struck the sill, while, in striving to regain her balance, she dropped her port-folio. It had been imperfectly closed, and fell open on the floor. I stooped to pick it up, and saw it contained paintings in water-colors, of fruit, flowers, and small landscapes. She thanked me with a quiet smile as I replaced the pictures and handed her the book, and we again parted. From that time I saw her no more in the steamboat.

I had long ceased to meet with her, and—but that her surpassing beauty had formed one of the loveliest pictures in the chambers of my imagery, should, probably, have forgotten her. One day, as I was entering Stewart's, a lady glided out of the door, and stepped into a splendid carriage, while a clerk handed in a small parcel, which, from the extreme politeness of his parting bow, I took to be of considerable value. A rich velvet cloak concealed the lady's figure, and a blond veil shaded her face, but the transient glimpse which I obtained, convinced me that I had seen her before. Not long afterwards, I was visiting a collection of paintings, and, seated before a remarkably fine Magdalen, I scarcely noticed that some person had taken a seat beside me. At length I turned, and saw again the purple velvet cloak and veil, but the face was no longer concealed, and, to my surprise, I beheld the lady of the port-folio. There was no mistaking that countenance, but when I remembered the little straw bonnet and coarse shawl, I could scarcely believe I beheld the same individual. There was a half smile on her beautiful lips as she caught my eye; she probably guessed my thoughts, and turned toward me, as if half inclined to speak, but my companions coming up, she rose and proceeded to another part of the room. While I was still thinking of her, my husband approached, and introduced to me his old friend, Charles Willeston, of whom I had often heard him speak as a college friend. They had not met in several years, and had entirely lost sight of each other, when they thus accidentally met in the picture-gallery. After a few minutes conversation, Mr. Willeston said, "You do not know that I have been as lucky as yourself, and among my other successes, have obtained a wife; perhaps Mrs. ——— will allow me to make her acquainted with Mrs. Willeston." So saying, he crossed the room, and immediately returned with the lady of the port-folio. I was so much surprised that I scarcely know how I received her. My first feeling was pleasure, my second, a strong impulse of curiosity. After a very agreeable conversation, we parted with an understanding that I should call upon Mrs. Willeston the following day. My visit was the beginning of an intimacy which still exists, though an ocean rolls between us. I found her a light-hearted, joyous, contented creature, and learned from her own lips, the history which had so long baffled my conjectures.

"My mother," said she, "was the youngest daughter of the Dean of ———, and the only one of a large family who remained unmarried at the death of her father. My grandfather, who had taken a second wife quite late in life, left his daughter entirely dependent on the will of

her step-mother, with the exception of a small sum which she inherited in right of her mother. The widow was a woman of harsh and ambitious temper, who sought to extend her influence by the marriage of the Dean's daughter, so as to command success for her only son. My mother, who possessed a gentle and quiet temper, together with good talents and extreme personal beauty, was by no means disposed to enter into her ambitious schemes. The dissimilarity of their views constantly gave rise to unpleasant scenes, until, at length, as a punishment, and in the hope that the monotony of her new home would give her a new zest for the gay world, my mother was sent to spend the summer with an old aunt, who resided in a remote village in the west of England. To my mother, the transition from the gaieties of London life to the quiet of a country village, was, indeed, delightful. Wearied with a perpetual round of dissipation, disgusted with the frivolous pleasures of fashionable life, she had never been so happy since she left the nursery and school-room, as she was when occupying one corner of the little parlor in the old parsonage of Harrfield. Her aunt, an old-fashioned body, who read her Bible, darned stockings, and made carpet-work, interfered but little in her pursuits; and her uncle, an old-world clergyman, who divided his time between sermon-writing and backgammon, troubled himself still less about her. Her uncle's library afforded many resources to a mind as contemplative as hers, and her skill in drawing enabled her to occupy many hours in sketching the picturesque beauties of the little village. Perhaps the visits of the young curate had some effect in making her contented with her seclusion, for it is very certain that the summons to return to the gay world, was a most unwelcome one. She, however, obeyed it, and found her home rendered more uncomfortable than ever, by a project which her step-mother now entertained, of marrying her to a rich and gouty old lord. A series of persecutions followed her refusal to aid in this scheme, and she was finally sent back to Harrfield, where she no longer hesitated to obey the dictates of her own heart. The poor curate, who had long loved her in secret, was soon her accepted lover, and in spite of the threats of outlawry from her family and friends, they were married.

"Totally ignorant of the value of money, because she had never known its want; unused to any kind of household occupations, my mother was little suited to the humble life she had chosen. But, with a willing heart and great energy of character, she set herself to the task she had undertaken, and though several years elapsed before she had fully learned her duties, and though her health was broken down in the painful study, she persevered, nobly, to the end, and my father never had cause to repent his imprudent marriage. Her family, exasperated at what they deemed a low connexion, refused to hold any intercourse with her; they paid over to her her mother's legacy of five hundred pounds, and then cast her off for ever.

"During the first year of her married life, she was too happy to think of the future. Her uncle's house was a secure asylum from the evils of poverty, and notwithstanding her husband's paltry stipend of forty pounds a

year, she felt no anxiety about pecuniary matters. But the death of her uncle soon deprived her of her chief reliance. The living passed into other hands; the new incumbent had his own friends to serve, a new curate was appointed, and my father was thrown upon the world penniless. It was under these circumstances that I was born. I have heard my mother narrate the story of their sufferings at that time, and the recital almost broke my heart. Imagine, if you can, the situation of two persons, brought up amid the refinements of taste and luxury, with talents cultivated to the highest degree, and feelings rendered doubly sensitive by habitual indulgence, now reduced to absolute want—destitute of the means to procure a morsel of bread. I cannot bear to dwell upon the particulars of their misery; suffice it to say, that my father was compelled to labor with his hands in the meanest of all occupations, in order to provide food for his perishing wife and child.

"In the midst of their distress, however, they were most unexpectedly relieved. An eccentric relative who had quarrelled with all his immediate connexions, died, leaving a small but independent fortune to my father, whom he had not seen since he was a boy. Of course a new mode of life was immediately adopted. My parents, who never could learn the value of money, soon established themselves in a handsome house, richly furnished, and filled with obsequious servants. Their equipage and plate were unexceptionable—their dinners exquisite—their balls splendid, and they consequently soon found themselves the centre of a circle of summer friends. This kind of life suited both my father and mother. Both were naturally indolent and luxurious in their habits, and the contrast between past privation and present abundance, seemed to add new zest to their enjoyment. I was so young at the time of this change, that I retained no recollection of our poverty, and my life now seemed to pass like a fairy tale. Every thing that affection could suggest, or wealth procure, ministered to my gratification. An education befitting a lady of the highest rank, was bestowed on me. Teachers and governesses were multiplied to aid me in my progress, for my parents had resolved that I should outshine all the loftier scions of the old family stock. The only thing that saved me from being utterly spoiled, was the influence of my old nurse. She was a shrewd and kind-hearted Scotchwoman, who had been my earliest attendant. She had learned enough of our early circumstances, to be aware of the total change in our present prospects, and she was too sensible, not to fear the future results of my parents' headlong career. I possessed, naturally, a most cheerful, happy temper, and this she endeavored to strengthen by her judicious management, so as to fit me for any station I might hereafter be called to fill. I am indebted to nature for that happy mental vision which enables me always to look upon the bright side of life, but I think I owe to her the strength of mind which supported me in the midst of adversity and disappointment.

"I had reached my sixteenth year without ever having known a sorrow. My debut in the world of fashion was characterized by the most complete success; a crowd of

admirers soon surrounded me, and I was becoming quite intoxicated with adulation, when I happily met with your husband's friend, Charles Willeston. He, at first, attracted my attention, simply because he was an American, but there was a frankness of manner—a dignity of character, and a strength of principle in all he said and did, which quickly rivetted my regard. He possessed a large estate in Virginia, and without instituting any inquiry as to my prospects, he offered me his hand, and was accepted. The time of our marriage was fixed, the bridesmaids selected, the preparations all in progress, when suddenly 'a change came o'er the spirit of our dream.' Willeston had inherited his estate from an old uncle, whose only son had left home many years before, and never been heard of afterwards. The father vainly endeavored to recover some tidings of the fugitive, but even to the last, he retained a hope of his return, and when making his will, bequeathed his property to his nephew, to be delivered up to his son if ever he should be found. This seemed so improbable a thing, that Willeston regarded the property as his own, but in the midst of our bright anticipations, he received news that the rightful claimant had returned. He was obliged, immediately, to leave England, and hasten home to investigate the affair. He found it to be too true. The prodigal son, broken down in health, and crushed in spirit, had wandered home. Whatever might have been his early vices, all now seemed merged in the absorbing one of avarice. Willeston unhesitatingly transferred the estate to his cousin, who was mean enough to demand the accounts of the income which had been consumed since his father's death. He was paid to the uttermost farthing, and Willeston wrote to me, stating his poverty,—his determination to devote himself to his profession for a subsistence, and relinquishing his claim upon my hand. The tone of his letter convinced me that, in giving me back the faith I had pledged, he had made a sacrifice of his happiness to his sense of duty, and I resolved, under all circumstances, to consider myself still plighted to him. This I wrote to him, and assured him that whenever he was ready to claim my hand, it should be his.

"My father was unwilling that I should do this, and strenuously urged upon my acceptance the proposals of another suitor. I heard him with surprise and indignation, but I did not then know all his motives. There had been some strange troubles between my father and mother, which I had not been allowed to share, and it was not until there was an execution in the house, that I learned my father was a bankrupt. All our splendor vanished in an instant. My father fled to America to avoid an arrest, and with the money raised by the sale of our jewels, my mother and myself were, soon after, enabled to join him. When we arrived in this country, I learned that Willeston was in Virginia, engaged in the practice of his profession. I wrote to him of our misfortunes, reiterated my promise to him, and besought him not to attempt to rejoin us till he could do so without detriment to himself.

"My father obtained a situation as assistant in a school, and I sought to establish myself as governess in a private family. I could tell you some droll stories of

my life as a governess. My youthful appearance was a very great disadvantage to me, for few persons were willing to entrust their daughters to such a mere girl as I then seemed. However, I lived several years in that capacity, in various families. One house I left, because I would not consent to wash and dress the little children, and sleep with the chambermaid; another, because the lady's brother became too fond of sharing his nieces' studies in the school-room; another, because it was matter of grave offence, that I was mistaken for one of the family. Oh, if ever I write a book, it shall be the *Adventures of a Governess*."

I took the opportunity afforded me by the merry laugh which interrupted my new friend's tale, to ask her whether she never gave way to depression and low spirits, when compelled to encounter such degradation and absurdity.

"Never, never," was her reply. "*Le bon temps viendra*, was still my motto. Hope has always been my attendant spirit, and she did not desert me even at that moment. It is true, there was a season when my heart almost broke under the accumulation of sorrow, and that was, when I looked upon the death-bed of my father. He died after an illness of several months, and we were left alone in a strange land. To crown our misfortunes, my mother was taken down with a rheumatic fever, and I was obliged to strain every nerve to preserve her from the horrors of want. For change of air, I procured apartments in the village of ———, and there we resided when I was accustomed to meet you on board of the steamboat. My mother was then able to sit up, but she continued a helpless cripple, and my time was divided between the care of her, and the labor which was required to keep us from starving. By my skill in drawing, I was enabled to provide my mother with every comfort; it is true, my works were not of a very high order—fire-screens, card-racks, and such nicknacks, were all I was expected to adorn, but they sold well, and that was all I then sought.

"Now came another change, and I hope the last. Just when my health began to fail from constant exertion, I was rescued from all further care, by the return of my lover. His cousin had sunk under the effects of early excesses, and Willeston was now heir at law to his princely fortune. On my twenty-fourth birth-day we were married. My infancy was wrapped in the garments of poverty, my childhood decked with the rich gauds of wealth, my youth folded in the coarse garb of humble industry, and my womanhood again displays the costly trappings of affluence. I am happier than I ever was before, but my contentment has never failed me. I have been satisfied with a simple meal in a poor cottage, and can say no more than that when I sit down to the richest viands in my own bright home. I love my husband most devotedly, and do most heartily enjoy the comforts and luxuries of his present station, but should another revolution of fortune's wheel place us again on the humble level of poverty, I think I should still find courage to endure, and contentment to meet our lot."

Such was the story of my light-hearted friend, and as I listened, I felt that the wise man was right when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Original.

## IS' T MY NEPHEW, OR NOT? \*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was an unusual commotion among the servants at Gordon Hall, before Sir Richard and my lady were stirring, on the morning subsequent to the scenes already related. There were whisperings and groupings and hurrys among them. At the regular hour—eight o'clock—for Sir Richard was of clock-work exactitude in his movements—Mr. Timothy, the *valet de chambre*—a snub-nosed old fellow, as ancient as the baronet himself—knocked at his dressing-room door, and was admitted as usual, and he wore so meaning and peculiar a grin upon his lunarian countenance, and diversified his ordinarily precise movements with so many ramifications, that Sir Richard exclaimed in nervous astonishment—

"You old fool, what's the matter?"

Mr. Timothy's grin became more engrossing upon his visage, as though he admitted the impeachment that he was not, in all things, the Timothy of every day, and approaching his master, he said, in a gleeful undertone—

"He's come, sir!"

There needed no name—for the arrival of the Lieutenant had been the one and only theme of thought and conversation, for a month, in both parlor and kitchen. Sir Richard sprung back—he was a hale old fellow—and without a word, applied himself with tremendous energy and haste, to the arraying of his person—interfering with Mr. Timothy's customary duties, and bestowing upon that functionary sundry fierce anathemas—for Sir Richard was as choleric as he was hale—at every mismanagement, the result of his own confusion. Mr. Timothy bore all with admirable stoicism, having philosophy enough to appreciate and make allowance for the effect of his news.

"He arrived about midnight; and wouldn't let you be called nor 'vised of it, on no 'count; and that's what I call bein' a very thoughtful young gentleman."

When Mr. Timothy's efforts were no longer requisite, he was dismissed, and Sir Richard, remembering that Lady Gordon might feel some small desire to be informed of the interesting news, entered her chamber with slight ceremony, while she was indulging in the luxuriant enjoyment of a last nap, and ejaculated—

"Come, my lady, bustle! bustle! The boy's here—he is, by —!"

We regret to record that Sir Richard ever used an oath—especially in the presence of a woman; but it must be confessed, that when in a state of unusual excitement, he did employ a bouncer, now and then, as a safety-valve. In the present instance, there was no passion in his exclamation; it was uttered in a slow, emphatic, impressive way—as much as to say, that the event, whose announcement it was coupled with, was of so much importance, that its occurrence imperatively demanded some unusual form of communication. There was, too,

a good deal of a feeling of gratitude in Sir Richard's bosom, that his anxiety was over; which thus found vent. In another's mouth, this oath would have framed itself into a thanksgiving. Let this apology be accepted, and the Baronet forgiven.

Nick awoke early on this especial morning, and finding himself ensconced in rich bed furniture, and the occupant of a splendidly-furnished apartment, he was, for a few moments, in bewilderment, whether he had not been transported from this mundane sphere to some fairy land. His mental obfuscation was created by the effects of indulgence on the night preceding; for, on his arrival at the hall, various cold viands were speedily set before him at his request, flanked by sundry potative and potent fluids; to which he had done somewhat more than ample justice. This dreamy, half asleep, half awake state of uncertainty, soon vanished, however, and he arrived at the very just conclusion that he was no other than Nick Burkitt, the most audacious rascal in the universe, as his situation in that same bed and bed-chamber sufficiently certified. As this flattering truth stole over his mind, a placid smile lighted up his features, and rising upright, he paused a minute, to accustom himself to a perpendicular position, before any attempt at locomotion; and then, throwing off the clothes, and stepping to the floor, he rang the bell with a truly aristocratic intensity. Immediately, the heavy footfalls of Mr. Jemmy Mitchell were heard, following the lighter steps of the servant, up the stairs, and that dignitary was ushered in. Mr. Jemmy Mitchell's smile, while he executed the coffee-mill gesture, with his thumb against his nose, was assurance that all was right.

"It's a jolly rum go, an' no mistake. Such wittles and real Lun'un porter as is got 'ere, is worth a scraggin' to get at. If ve is grabbed afore ve fixes this 'ere, ve'll die in clover, any 'ow. My eyes, vot a nice vay they 'as o' doin' thin's!"

Mr. Mitchell accompanied this speech, so very gentle for him, with an up and down motion of his flat hand on the recipient of all cheer, good and bad, which gesture is universally recognised to be tantamount to a confession that good is the order of the day. In fact, Jemmy had an unconscionable habit of never being satisfied. Could he have had the full control of himself, he would have reversed the customary appropriation of time, in regard to meals, and their intervals, and made the intervals, meals, and the meals, pauses. Not being, by any means, bashful, he had done nothing since he woke, but eat and drink; to the great diversion of the servants.

Nick busied himself, for a time, before completing his toilet, in rummaging over the Lieutenant's trunk and examining its contents. He found, very opportunely, a large bundle of letters which the Lieutenant had received from England, the perusal of which, or a portion of them, materially enlarged his insight into family secrets and peculiarities, and enabled him to act his part to better advantage. He finally arrayed himself with great care in the Lieutenant's garments, not excepting a full dress uniform coat, which the trunk contained. He doubted not that the Lieutenant would have worn it on his introduction, in order to make the most favorable

impression possible, on his cousin, at their first interview, and he deemed that it would have been an insult in him, as that officer's representative, to neglect any point which he would have prided himself upon. As it was Nick's first admission into genteel company, he was somewhat at a loss what manner to assume, but, finally, all was arranged, and he descended the stairs to pass the Rubicon.

Sir Richard met him in the hall. A misgiving blush almost found its way to Nick's cheek, as the old gentleman squeezed his hand in both his own, and extended to him a most cordial reception.

"My dear boy, how d'ye! In King George's name, why didn't you let me know of your arrival the instant it took place? I'd have raised the house to give you a welcome. But come in—come in! Lady Gordon, our long-expected, and very dear nephew. Nephew, Lady Gordon."

Lady Gordon was a self-complacent, vain old lady, of a dark complexion. She rose when Nick approached her, and he, fearful of doing too little, came very near executing too much; for he thrust his arm about her waist, and proceeded to tender a kiss upon her venerable lips. She turned her cheek, and received it there; smiling graciously. So far, so good; Nick's ardor gratified the dame, and a staunch friend was summarily won.

Nick was soon partially at his ease. He had taken the precaution to deliver to Sir Richard the letters with which the Lieutenant had very unintentionally accommodated him, and thus obtained a few moments grace, and opportunity to take an observation of his latitude and longitude, while the Baronet was perusing, with spectacles on nose, those to his own address. His worst apprehension was, that his friends, at the inn, might be so impolite as to call upon him at the hall, before he had so fully ingratiated himself into the favor of the ruling powers, as to render an *enclaircissement* difficult, until his ends had been consummated; and for this reason, every opening of the doors caused an involuntary twist of his head in the direction of the sound.

"You left Calcutta, Charles, as we learned by your last letter you were to do, on the—the—"

"Oh, yes, yes, I—I fulfilled my intention as there expressed, and sailed precisely at that time. I was too anxious to reach England in season for the great event, to delay. Yes—yes—I left at that time precisely, my lady—a—my dear aunt."

"You came in the—am I growing so old that my memory begins to fail?—in the—the—"

"Beautiful ship! Very fast sailer! Obliging Captain, and very diligent crew. Delightful passage in every respect!"

"Where were you last stationed, before you obtained your furlough, Charles? We never heard."

"It's very strange—never heard? Didn't you receive, my dear aunt, a letter I addressed to you, from that very station?"

"Bless you, Charles, did you write to me? It never reached me! What a pity! What a loss!"

"Very sad thing. I was very particular in my descrip-

tions of every thing curious and beautiful, because I knew you possessed a remarkable taste."

"Thank you, Charles. I believe I do possess some discrimination. But what station was it? I will get that letter if I can, and by knowing where it was sent from, it will assist in the inquiries I will have your uncle make."

Thus propounding her question the second time, Lady Gordon looked Nick directly in the face, and awaited his reply. Nick knew far less of the British Indies than of Botany Bay, although the latter is farthest from England, for he had particular friends residing there, and, for some time, had not been settled in his mind, whether he should not visit that far-off region himself, at the expense of government; which had led him to institute some few inquiries about it. He knew no more of naval stations, than that certain old hulks in certain ports, were devoted to the reception of such guests of the government as were to be indulged with an early excursion to the Botany Bay before mentioned. On a sudden his features became convulsed—Lady Gordon looking at him all the while—big tears gathered in his eyes, and with a tremulous motion, he drew one of the Lieutenant's handkerchiefs from the Lieutenant's coat, and commenced applying it with hasty jerks, to his organs of vision, just as he had seen the tragedy heroes do, many a time, in his favorite theatre, the Surrey. At length he ejaculated in a broken voice—

"Excuse—dear aunt—sensitivity—on that very station—dear friend—lost for ever—dreadful suddenness—can't bear to have it called to mind—if please, change subject—dear aunt—foolish fellow—betray sudden emotion!" Thereupon he started up and walked to the window, by which he served two purposes; he could see down the avenue, whether either of the individuals he feared was approaching, and he squinted between his fingers, as he held the handkerchief to his eyes, to note what effect his point had produced on Lady Gordon. In stage parlance, it took well. That prim personage slowly wiped the corners of her eyes, and said no more in an audible voice. She muttered to herself, however, "What delicate sensibility! Amiable young man!"

Just then the Baronet, having finished his letters, re-folded them, observing with a satisfied smile, as he took off his spectacles, and put them in their case—

"Well, your father dates from Singapore, in very excellent spirits. The dog! he seems to love me as heartily as ever."

"Love you, uncle!" exclaimed Nick, crossing to Sir Richard, "when I was bidding him farewell at that very Singapore, almost the last words he said, with tears in his eyes, were, 'Charles, say to your uncle, that although the sea rolls between us, I shall never forget him. Distance only makes him more dear, and not a day passes but I recall to memory, the pleasant hours I have had with him. Tell him I pray God to bless him, and give me a chance to see him again!'"

"Did he say all that? Zounds! he must have been drunk! He never would have branched off so, when he was sober. No, fact! Ha! ha! he'd 'ave said, 'Charles, tell old Dick, your uncle, that I'm the same old sixpence,

taking it rough and tumble, and hope he's as wide awake as ever!" He was certainly drunk! Does he often get so, Charles?"

Nick had hoped to make a second good point here, but had failed; however, the Baronet's question gave him an opportunity to recover himself. He planted his foot firmly, thrust one hand into the breast of his coat, and flourishing his handkerchief in the other, looked at the Baronet with a deep, tragedy expression, and exclaimed—

"He is my father, sir!"

"Well, well, forgive me. I'd no idea of hurting your feelings. Ah, here is Caroline. My dear, let me present you to your Cousin Charles; soon to be very near to us all."

It was an awful moment to the tender, modest girl—this presentation to one, heretofore an utter stranger, yet, within three days, to be her wedded husband. She did not lift her mild, blue eyes from the floor, until her father, taking her hand, and gently leading her forward, had placed it in that of Nick; then, lifting her glance to his face for an instant only—for that instant was sufficient to peal the knell of hope to her gentle and anxious heart, the transparent pearl of her face and neck became suddenly suffused with tell-tale crimson, and the greeting she whispered with trembling lip, was wholly inaudible. The Baronet beckoned to Nick to conduct her to a seat at the breakfast-table, which he did with an over-acted and roughshod gallantry, which would have elicited mirth from the beholders, had their eyes been open to his false pretensions. As it was, those of the Baronet and my lady were blinded by prepossession, and Caroline's, by despair.

Breakfast over, which period arrived without Nick's having very seriously committed himself, he begged permission to retire, for a few minutes, to his chamber, before meeting the Baronet in his study for particular business, which the latter had requested him to do. So soon as he had left the room, Caroline rose, and would have spoken; but her misery betrayed itself in choking gasps, and rushing forward, she fell down upon her knees before her mother, and burying her face in her lap, sobbed violently. The Baronet, who had been pacing the room, wrapped in his thoughts, turned at the sound, and gazing on his kneeling and weeping child, exclaimed, while tears came into his own eyes—

"How's this—how's this, Caroline? Is he hateful to you, my daughter? Oh, my God, I never thought of this!"

"No, no, dear—dear father. It's only agitation—nothing more," cried Caroline, rising, and turning to him, putting her arm affectionately on his shoulder, and trying to smile, "don't be troubled about me. It will all be well!"

"It's not well—it can't be well, if you cannot love him! To save us from beggary, must I sacrifice my child?"

"Nay, dear father, I'm sure he's good-looking, and I shall love him vastly, I know. Don't think so much of a girl's outburst. There, there!"

She brushed away her tears, and smiled; and he, little

skilled in the workings of woman's heart, believed her, and smiled upon her in return, as he kissed her forehead. Then the filial, self-devoted girl, hurried from the apartment, to prevent him from witnessing a second flow of tell-tale tears, that would not be controlled.

While these things had been going on in the parlor, Mr. Jemmy Mitchell had been playing lion at breakfast, in the kitchen. The natural inquiries of the servants, were of the curiosities of India, whence he was supposed to have recently accompanied his master.

"What sort o' craters and bastes is in that place, Misther Mitchell?" asked Teddy, the Irish hostler.

"Wery hodd—wery hodd indeed," replied Mr. Mitchell. "The most on 'em 'asn't no legs—"

"No legs?" cried Betty, the cook, "how do they go, then?"

"They go by a sort o' patent rewolvin', hinternal hinge, wot rolls 'em over an' over."

"Well, what else?" asked Susan, Lady Gordon's own maid.

"There's vun 'orrid hanimal as is big as an 'ouse."

"Oh, dear! Lud a mussey!" exclaimed the women, lifting up their knives and forks.

"True as preachin'," continued Mr. Mitchell. "His mouth is as vide as the park gate, an' he swallers down twenty-five natyves at hevery meal. But they kills 'em sometimes."

"How? how?" asked the whole table.

"They sleeps wery sound, on'y vonce a year; an' the people vatches 'em, an' ven they catches 'em in that 'ere partickler state, they drills 'oles in their backs, 'cause their flesh is wery 'ard, loads 'em with gunpowder, an' blows 'em up."

"Oh, dear, what a dreadful place!" "How could you stay there?" "Mercy on us!" exclaimed one and another. When the excitement, attendant on the remarkable news, had somewhat subsided, Betty, who was rather in "the sere and yellow leaf" of maidenhood, simpered, "Are the ladies handsome there, Mr. Mitchell?"

"Wery; but they 'asn't no old maids there. Single vimin never gits beyond thirty."

"Bless us!" said Betty, "what do you mean?"

"Vot I says, Mrs. Betty. No hold maids gits hover thirty."

"Molly, the housemaid, who was *bien passé*, as is said of fashionable gonebys, and took as keen an interest, as did Mrs. Betty, in this part of the conversation, asked, "Why, what is done with 'em?"

"Oh," said Mr. Mitchell, drawing his knife very expressively across his throat, "they kills 'em off, 'cause they ar'n't o' no furdur use."

Mrs. Betty and Molly, fairly shrieked.

"Vorse than that, Mrs. Betty, they heats 'em!"

"Eat 'em! How, how do they eat 'em?"

"Done into soup, b'iled consider'ble. They don't care to roast 'em, 'cause they'd be so wery tough."

#### CHAPTER IV.

The potion which Nick had administered to the Lieutenant, effected its purpose well, and he slept late into the

morning. Tidworth was stirring betimes, not only to superintend the arrangements for breakfast, but, according to Sir Richard's orders, of the morning before, to commence preparations for an extensive feast and carousal, to be given to the peasantry on the estate and the villagers, on the afternoon of the marriage day. It crossed even his unromantic mind, as he stumped about, that it would be more consistent with the character of a young and ardent officer, under such circumstances as the Lieutenant was placed in, that eagerness should overcome the influence of fatigue in his frame, and arouse him from slumber with the early dawn, rather than that he should sleep composedly to so late an hour; but as the young man had given no orders to be called, Tidworth wisely concluded that the hour of his rising was none of his business. Nick, being of inferior consequence, scarcely engrossed a thought.

At length the Lieutenant woke; and sprang instantly from his bed. Remembrance of the contiguity he was in to his cousin, so soon to be his wife, filled him with eager anxiety, and resolving to array himself with scrupulous care, he looked about for his trunk, in which were his reserved niceties of apparel. It was not, however, to be seen. Although sure that Peter had brought it up the night previous, directly before him, he summoned that worthy, and holding the door slightly ajar, as men are wont to do, in such a situation, when giving orders to servants, he desired a search for the missing article. Peter hastened down stairs, and announced the matter to Tidworth; whereupon parlor, entries, taproom, all were scrutinized.

"What can have got it? Peter, go up to the other gentleman's room, and ask if it wasn't taken in there by mistake."

Peter knocked at the door, which Nick had left partly open, through fear of disturbing the house, on the occasion of his unceremonious exit, loud enough to rouse the dead, and called out—

"Sir! Sir!"

He received no reply, whereupon he thumped and called again—and then, after a while, again, and all being silent, still, on the inside, he ventured to insert a longitudinal half of his visage, to make a survey. The testimony of one eye was, that the room had no occupant, and that the bed had been undisturbed; whereupon he took the evidence of the other organ of vision, by thrusting his whole head into the room, and it confirmed the report of the first. Beating a retreat under these suspicious circumstances, he hurried down to his master.

"Well, Peter, did he say it was there?" asked Tidworth.

"There's ne'er a body in the room," answered Peter, "and ne'er a one has been in the bed the night long, for certain!"

"What the devil!" exclaimed the landlord. His emotion, at the news, exerted so powerful an effect upon him, that he actually ascended the stairs, which creaked and bended beneath his weight, and puffing with the unusual exertion, flung open Nick's door. The Lieutenant, apprised that all was not right, was compelled to await the result, in no very complacent humor,

for he had found, by this time, that clothes, as well as trunk, were gone. True enough, the bed was only so much rumpled as was occasioned by Jemmy Mitchell's use of a portion of it for a seat; and though Nick's garments, with the exception of the coat, were lying across a chair, and his trunk stood on the floor, that gentleman, himself, had vanished. Peter was despatched to Mr. Jemmy Mitchell's room, to see if any thing could be discovered of him, and reported, on his return, that the room was empty, and nothing had been disturbed there.

"Thieves, by St. Peter!" cried Tidworth. "Was there much in the trunk, Lieutenant?" he asked, from the entry.

"Three ten pound notes, and clothes—nothing else of value. But the worst of it is, the rascals have carried off what clothes I had on yesterday, except the coat. What in Neptune's name am I to do? I can't remain here all day!"

"You'll 'ave to put on what the rascal has left," answered Tidworth, motioning Peter to bring out Nick's deserted apparel. They were handed in to the Lieutenant, who, since there was no other resource, adopted the landlord's suggestion, and Tidworth proceeded to descend the stairs, by a very slow process, swearing at the difficulty, and vowing that never was heard the like of this rascality before, in the whole kingdom.

The Lieutenant soon joined him below, having become excited, by reflection, into a great rage, and protesting that he would set off in pursuit of the fugitives, the moment he had swallowed his breakfast. But Tidworth persuaded him that the preferable course would be to visit the hall, and Sir Richard, who was a magistrate, would immediately despatch the proper officers after them. So, when the cravings of appetite had been allayed by the substantial fare set before him, the Lieutenant took his seat beside his host, in the low, one-horse chaise, which had been constructed to subserve Tidworth's peculiar convenience, and was driven towards the hall.

#### CHAPTER V.

No sooner had Nick joined Sir Richard in his study, than business was commenced upon. The will was produced, and inspected by the *quasi* Lieutenant, and he found, to his satisfaction, that the landlord's report had not extended the truth; it being one of the express commands of this singular testament, that ten thousand pounds should be paid to his nephew, by Sir Richard, immediately after the ceremony of marriage had taken place.

"It's all ready for you," said Sir Richard. "No deficiency nor error, on my part, shall infringe, in the slightest degree, upon the stipulations of the will. Parkhurst, to be the heir, provided I am at fault in any respect, is a keen-eyed fellow, ready to pounce should he have the slightest excuse. But, rest assured, it shall not be afforded. And, now, my dear boy, I'll excuse you. Go to the girl. You are dying to be with her, no doubt, and she feels some anxiety to increase her acquaintance with you. Indeed, I think it would be well to find each other out, a little, before marriage. It's usual, at all events, so away with you! Ah, there's Tidworth's chaise, com-

ing," continued the Baronet, looking from the window. "Who can be driving here?"

"Tidworth, Tidworth," said Nick. "If I remember right, that's the name of the host at the inn, yonder."

"Yes," replied Sir Richard "and a fine, fat old fellow he is, too. I love to talk with him over a bottle; he has true humor in him."

"Is it so?" said Nick, feigning surprise in his tone. "I must confess I was not pleased with his conduct during the time I remained at the inn. He treated me very coldly—very—more particularly after I announced my connexion with you—was singularly mysterious, too, with rather a dashing young fellow with him—might have remained over night at the inn, had I not been finally provoked and disgusted."

"By St. George, I'm surprised at that! Treat you with incivility after he knew you were the Lieutenant? Zounds—I'll have an explanation! I can scarce believe it of Tidworth. It's very singular!"

"I wouldn't say any thing, for the world, my dear uncle, unjustly, to lessen him in your esteem; but the coldness—I may say, disrespect—indeed, I may say, insult, with which I was treated, at the inn, by this Tidworth, merits examination."

"S'blood! I'll pounce right upon him the moment he enters! I'll—stay here, Charles, and let me confront you with him. See how I'll serve him for it! If he can't explain himself, I'll—what, old fat Tidworth act thus? Incredible! He must be mad! Ah, there, he rings! Show them in here, John! I'll see what the matter is, directly."

Nick almost chuckled audibly as he seated himself at a distance from the door, at his successful generalship. Tidworth, followed by the Lieutenant, waddled in, in the mean time, and the choleric Sir Richard, whose blood was up, received him with unusual hauteur, which, in his eagerness to introduce the Lieutenant, he did not observe.

"Ah, Sir Richard, good morning! Here's the boy with me! Here's the nephew that is, the son-in-law to be! Embrace the Lieutenant, Sir Richard!" he cried, rubbing his hands in glee.

The Lieutenant in the ardor of his feelings, exclaimed, with affectionate earnestness, "My dear uncle!" and sprung forward with outstretched hands, to meet his welcome; but Sir Richard stepped back a pace or two, threw up his head, placed his hands behind him, and regarded, with no very enticing an expression, the astonished young man, who stood, for a moment, in amazement, in the very position he had assumed; "cutting a figure," which, to a disinterested by-stander, would have smacked largely of the ridiculous.

Neither of the group spoke, the Lieutenant's gaze being fixed on his uncle, his uncle's, in return, on him, and Tidworth's on each, alternately, until, somewhat recovering his self-possession, the Lieutenant let fall his arms, and drew back his extended foot. Then the almost petrified Tidworth exclaimed—

"Sir Richard, what in Heaven's name does this mean?"

"Mean!" replied the Baronet, "it means, coupled with some previous conduct of yours, which has come to

my ears, that you are either an egregious dupe yourself, or are attempting to make one of me. The latter possibility is fortunately prevented."

Sir Richard here beckoned to Nick, who had been, hitherto, unseen by the landlord and the Lieutenant, to come forward; and, taking him by the arm, he continued,

"Allow me to introduce to you, Lieutenant Gordon, who arrived last night."

"Forgive your old friend, my dear uncle," cried Nick, patting Tidworth on the shoulder, "I'm convinced that he would not, knowingly, aid this most flagrant scheme. He has been imposed upon, I'm sure. As for this young man, who has had the audacity to assume my name, my indignation will certainly induce me to inflict summary punishment upon him!"

It was not because the Lieutenant lacked courage, that Nick was permitted to finish this sentence, but the diversion of his excited feelings into so unexpected a channel, destroyed, for a time, his power of speech or action. When, however, brought fully to himself by Nick's address, he beheld before him, his acquaintance of the inn, not only attired from head to foot in his stolen clothes, but supplying his lawful place, and, moreover, addressing him in contemptuous terms, his rage became so immeasurable, that he sprung forward and seized him by the collar, exclaiming—

"Rascal! Thief! I'll flay the impostor's skin from your back! I'll break every bone in your body!"

He accompanied his words by a jerk, which brought the unsuspecting Nick upon his back on the carpet. At this crisis, both Sir Richard and Tidworth interfered; the former in a very tremble of passion.

"Fire and fury! You had better assault me, next, young bloodhound, and murder me under my own roof! Here, John! Simon! Solomon! I'll have you tied neck and heels, and soured in the horse-pond, you tempestuous young wretch! What is to happen next? A pretty pass things have come to! This, in the presence of a magistrate! You'll sleep in a jail, to-night, my brave spark, and your blood will have time to cool there! I'll fix you!"

"Do you seriously encourage this impostor in his assumption of my name and station?" asked the Lieutenant, as the servants rushed into the room.

"Seize that fellow," cried the Baronet, "seize him, in the King's name!"

"No, no! I'll answer for his further good order," exclaimed Tidworth, to the foaming Baronet: "Let us be calm, and talk it over."

"Be calm, ha, ha! be calm! Talk what over? Isn't here a case of attempt at swindling, first, and aggravated assault and battery, afterwards? Talk what, over?"

"The pretensions of these two young men. I know, Sir Richard you are the one who is imposed upon, and there is not a greater rascal than the fellow at your elbow, in the whole kingdom! He came to the inn last night—"

"Yes," interrupted Sir Richard, "and you, prepossessed in favor of an impudent pretender, who had somewhere heard how matters stood, and thought to bamboozle me, treated him with incivility. I gave you credit



for more circumspection and penetration; but as I think you are honest in this matter, I will excuse the past, provided you listen to reason now. . . I say *this* is my nephew! Will you believe me?"

"No, Sir Richard, I love you too well to help you in cheating yourself. Just hear my story, and—"

"Help me in cheating myself! Andrew Tidworth, do you know whom you are speaking to? It is me—me, sir—Sir Richard Gordon! Are you blind as well as demented, you old fool! Story—I'll hear no stories!"

"Old fool, Sir Richard," cried Tidworth, in a loud tone, for he was as independent as he was fat, and cared for no man: "By St. Peter, the boot's on the wrong leg! Look out for yourself, Sir Richard, or there'll be more than one to laugh at you for an old fool, if you are a Baronet!"

"Well, well," replied Sir Richard, in smothered rage, "but I'll stifle my passion. I'll be calm, as you recommend. Let's see! Let's see! What sort of a story can you tell, young man. Come, what are your pretensions?"

"I have to say," answered the Lieutenant, "that I left Calcutta in February of last year, arrived at the inn, below, yesterday, and expected to be received by my uncle, in a far different manner from this."

"All very well—all very well. Any knave could say thus much," sarcastically replied the Baronet. "But have you no documents to support your words?"

"Yes," exclaimed the Lieutenant, with exultant energy, drawing the package from his pocket, of which Nick had metamorphosed the contents: "I thank you, sir, for putting me in mind how to strip the mask from that villain, and convince you that I am worthy. Here, Sir Richard, the contents of that package will do me justice."

The Lieutenant regarded Nick, while Sir Richard was breaking the seals of the package, with indignant and triumphant scorn, and Tidworth, who began to enjoy, in anticipation, the Baronet's confusion, when the tables should be turned, shook his finger at Nick, who stood in very calm gravity, not seemingly much agitated by apprehension.

"What have we here?" cried the Baronet, taking out the letters, and reading aloud the superscription of the first—"To Mister Nick Burkit." Opening it, he made out, with difficulty, the following epistle:—

"lunnan milford Street, Sent Giles.  
dear Honny nIck:—Wot as beCum on yer dear, NiCk is yer offendid acoz tom SalTer cam home With me vun nite Last weeke an yer Desertidd poolR Sally I Hate tom Salter so Cum baCk to yer faithful and tru love SALL BURCHARD."

"Upon my word," cried the Baronet, "this farce is growing so exceedingly amusing, that we have to have another scene, for the pure enjoyment of the thing: So, ho for number two! What's this, I wonder!"

"MISHTER BURKITT:—It ish ver hard for sheat de poor Jew of his monish. You vas promish on de honor of shentleman's dat de monish should be paid dree weeke ago. De tings dat vash left in plege, by you, ish not vorth de half of de monish vat you vas have. If dey ish not paid dish weeke, I shall be force for put you in shail, for I cannot lose de monish. Wish moosh respects,

DANIEL METWUSELAN."

"Ha! ha! This will calm me, indeed! This is irresistible! Now for scene the third:—"

"Sun—I as vashed an' bioned for you, I pere breeches, I pare stockings, 2 shirts an' a pocket 'ankurchee. You las gammuned me so often, that they wont be gin up till I 'as the blunt.  
SALLY SOAPBUBS."

"Richer and richer! Well, young man, I suppose you consider your case triumphantly made out, eh?"

The Lieutenant, as Sir Richard had progressed, had made sundry pugilistic demonstrations against the imperturbable Nick, which Tidworth had restrained. He saw, however, that he was outwitted, for the present, and was about to express his opinion to that effect, but was anticipated by the Baronet's exclaiming—

"Now, gentlemen, if you have sufficiently amused yourselves, it may suit your convenience to retire; which would particularly gratify me, and relieve me from the imperious necessity of putting you out of doors, should you think proper to delay longer."

"When I consider the opinion you entertain of me, and my relationship to you," replied the Lieutenant, "my feelings, toward you, are more akin to pity than anger; but the time will come when you will solicit pardon of me, and join me in inflicting retribution on that brazen-faced scoundrel! Heaven grant that it be not too late! Good morning, sir!"

So saying, the Lieutenant departed, followed by Tidworth, to whom the Baronet scarcely vouchsafed a cold inclination of the head. As the chaise that contained them drove off, Sir Richard waved the gaping servants from the room, and turning to Nick, said—

"By St. George, I'm confounded! Tidworth, I know, is deceived—but that young fellow must be insane, and really imagines himself what he pretends to be; for it is absolutely impossible for impudence to carry it through so boldly."

Nick could very justly interpret this into a compliment to himself, but being desirous to secure the Lieutenant from an opportunity to reveal him, he did not pause to thank the Baronet, but replied—

"Is it well, whatever may be his condition, to permit him to be at large? I can scarcely think the fellow out of his wits. It's, no doubt, a concerted plan, uncle; the treatment I received at the inn—the threats against me—it's manifest to my mind. At any rate, it seems to me he ought to be taken care of, and you being a magistrate, might easily issue a warrant, and detain him until after the marriage, when his state might be determined by an examination."

"No, I believe I'll let him go. He has received a lesson that I'm not to be tampered with, and if it is a scheme to swindle us all, there's something so remarkable in the audacity of the thing, that I've a sort of admiration of the rascal, now that I calmly reflect upon it. Zounds! only think of it! to attempt to pass himself off for you, intending doubtless, to pocket the ten thousand, and be off! Gloriously cool, isn't it?"

"Ha! ha! ha! It is, indeed!" replied Nick.

"It's altogether beyond any thing I ever conjectured of man's audacity. That fellow, if he is in his senses, would be worth caging, and carrying over the country, to exhibit, at a shilling a head; wouldn't he?"

"He would, indeed!" answered Nick, imitating the Baronet in his hearty laugh; whereupon, the two separa-

ted—the Baronet to attend to his private affairs, and Nick to join Caroline in the parlor.

## CHAPTER VI.

When the Lieutenant reached the inn, his excitement and mortification expended themselves in an excess of passion. He raved, and strided from one side of the parlor to the other, throwing his arms wildly about, apparently almost out of his senses. This extremity may well be forgiven, when it is remembered how sudden and unexpected had been the shock of such a reception—from what a distance he had come to fulfil the requisitions of his uncle's will, and how extreme was the danger, that all must be irretrievably lost—a fortune gone—his cousin betrayed and ruined—the family plunged in misery and despair! When, at times, he calmed himself into reflection, there seemed no possibility of averting the dreadful consummation. It would be utterly impossible to obtain his luggage from Portsmouth, before three days, at least, had elapsed—the swindling impostor had possessed himself of such credentials as he had brought with him, and there were none in the vicinity to whom an application for aid would be of any avail; for he had no more evidence to convince others, than he had unavailingly employed to disabuse the Baronet. This conviction would again excite the fever within him, and arouse him to yet more violent gesticulations. Tidworth, at first, endeavored to plead with him, but finally left him to himself, until passion should be exhausted by its own excess. When this occurred, and the Lieutenant, with aching head and throbbing temples, had thrown himself, panting, into a chair, after a paroxysm, he suggested what had been the result of his own less excited ruminations—that they should post, with all possible speed, to Lord Finnsbury, an intimate friend of the Baronet, who was then at his seat, three miles distant, and solicit his advice. This appearing most feasible, the Lieutenant acquiesced, and the chaise being put again in requisition, the miserable young man, with his bulky chaperon, drove, a second time, from the inn.

Lord Finnsbury was, fortunately, at home; and having often visited the "Arms" with the Baronet, and experienced Tidworth's power to amuse and enliven his guests, received him with much affability, and listened patiently to his tale. This was all that was necessary to achieve the object; for, since Tidworth was to be supposed perfectly disinterested, his relation of the events at the inn, seemed sufficient evidence of the truth.

"I sincerely commiserate your situation, Lieutenant Gordon," he remarked, when the landlord had concluded, "and in so far as my endeavors can avail to assist you, you shall receive them. But when is the day for the marriage? I should know, though, without asking, since I am to be a guest. Let me see—the twenty-third—the day after to-morrow! Indeed! so soon! It is a most serious matter! For your sake—for my dear Caroline's sake—for the Baronet's sake, something must be done. I regret that I am engaged this afternoon, but betimes in the morning, I will drive down to the 'Arms,' and we will visit Sir Richard. Perhaps my influence

will set matters right—if not, something further must be devised. The marriage must be prevented, at all events!"

Declining an invitation to remain and dine with his lordship, the Lieutenant, seeing a ray of consolation in his lordship's words, was conveyed back to the inn.

The remainder of the day passed at the hall, without any further circumstance requiring particular notice. Mr. Jemmy Mitchell continued to amuse the servants by his eccentricities, more especially of appetite, and Nick remained, the greater portion of the time, with Caroline. He saw, however, that he had made a very unfavorable impression upon her, and since the possession of her affections or even esteem, was a matter of utter indifference, he abstained from proffering any particular attentions. He only desired to lull suspicion, by supporting appearances. To Caroline, the hours, as they passed, were those of agony. Unwillingness to inflict pain upon her father, made her stifle any exhibition of her anguish, and she endured the tortures of a bursting heart in a silence that increased her pangs. Meantime the preparations for the marriage proceeded.

Early on the following morning, Lord Finnsbury, true to his appointment, arrived at the inn in his carriage, taking up the Lieutenant with him, while Tidworth drove himself to the hall, in his own chaise. The Baronet received his friend very cordially, but did not exhibit any very especial affability towards his companion and Tidworth, permitting them to enter the hall, however, out of respect to their escort, which he would not otherwise have done. As he had no difficulty in surmising the object of his lordship's visit, he remained silent, after the passage of the usual compliments on the meeting of friends, and his lordship broke the ice, by observing, that, as his friend undoubtedly supposed, he had come to act as mediator between him and the gentlemen who accompanied him.

"It is not a case that admits of meditation, Finnsbury," replied Sir Richard. "The proofs of my nephew's identity, and of this young man's insane or criminal attempt at imposition, are so clear, that all uncertainty is happily obviated. I am indignant that further effort should be made to push the scheme, and shall deem it my duty to have these two men arrested and committed, which I refrained from doing, under the supposition that when it was found that my eyes were so wide open, it would be abandoned."

"But I understand that when the man you receive as your nephew, arrived at the 'Arms,' he knew nothing of you, your family or your intentions, the first knowledge being communicated by our old friend, Tidworth, who certainly would not join in any plan to impose, so seriously, on his best patron and supporter."

"I give Tidworth credit for honest intentions, my lord. I am, however, exceedingly offended that he should persevere in the face of my will and declarations. I declare to him, now, once for all, and finally, that he is deceived, and as he values my further countenance, I warn him to desist in his efforts."

"I can't desist," answered the blunt and honest Tidworth. "You have been too good to me, to let me

shut my eyes to the horrid fate you are bringing on yourself."

"Leave my house!" exclaimed the Baronet, starting up, "leave my house, and never enter my doors again, as I shall take good care not to do, nor suffer my friends to do, in yours. Leave my house, you impertinent rascal!"

At this moment, Nick, who was too fearful of deliberate conversations upon the matter, to run the risk of one in his absence, entered the room. The Baronet introduced him to Lord Finnsbury, as his nephew, and that nobleman, although his convictions were against him, bowed politely; for he was in a curious dilemma. Tidworth, however, thoroughly aroused, exclaimed, as he rose to comply with the Baronet's command—

"I should think it was enough to satisfy any unprejudiced man, which was your nephew, only to see the faces of the two—"

"What do you mean, sir? What would you insinuate against my nephew's appearance?" cried the Baronet, in extreme passion. "See him—reflect upon his forgiveness to you for your foul injustice, and go down on your knees in shame! View his open honesty of feature—observe his generous demeanor, indicative of the true gentleman! I'm sorry I can't say as much for your protégé. His conduct, yesterday, was that of a ruffian, and I can give him no credit for blandness of countenance. Indeed, as I scrutinize him more closely, I detect the cunning and duplicity which signalize his deeds, in his face; yes, and now, the manifest roguery and hardened villany imprinted on his features, make me shudder! Away with ye! away with ye! For you, Tidworth, we are strangers henceforth, and if this swindler is observed in the vicinity two hours longer, I will arrest him, as I am a living man and a magistrate, and deliver him up to the full rigor of the law!"

"Sir Richard," said the Lieutenant, in an angry and indignant tone—

"Not a word, not a word!" interrupted the Baronet; "off with ye! Pack! If you delay but one minute, I'll have you flung from the windows!"

Any reasoning with a man in this excess of rage, would have been useless, and the objects of his passion thought it wise to obey him, and retired. His lordship, scarcely knowing what to think, after witnessing the Baronet's fixed determination, although he was far from agreeing with him in his decision upon the countenances of the young men, soon followed them; too much amused and perplexed at the aspect of things, to feel anger at that summary ejection of those who had visited the hall under his escort, which, under other circumstances, he might have interpreted into an insult to himself.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The Lieutenant confined himself closely to the inn during the remainder of the day, to avoid the result which Sir Richard threatened. He was calmer than on the previous day, having brought his mind to the conclusion that all was lost, and he had determined only to wait and see how matters would turn out after the marriage, before he retraced his steps, and joined his

father in India. Poor Tidworth was more unhappy than he. He loved the Baronet with his whole soul, and Caroline—she was an angel in his eyes! Both were on the eve of ruin, and every effort to extricate them, had failed. There was nothing to be done now, but to await, in composure, the dreadful result, and sympathize with the sufferers when the evil should be revealed—alas; past all remedy! Neither he nor his guest slept much that night, and his feelings were in no manner relieved, in the morning, by the arrival of Parkhurst, the provisional heir, a prying, sneaking, grovelling fellow, who had come to observe how affairs stood, on this, the last day of grace to the Baronet and his family. The certainty, in Tidworth's mind, that this was to be the future possessor of the hall and its demesnes—to supersede the benevolent Sir Richard, and drive him out to beggary, made him regard him with an evil eye, and feel towards him a hatred, which was, by no means, disguised in his conduct.

As the day wore on, vehicle after vehicle, laden with the great and the fair from all the surrounding country, was whirled through the park gate to the hall, in full sight of the inn. The arrangements for the marriage were, that the ceremony should take place at the village church, early in the afternoon, after which, the company were to sit down to a sumptuous feast, and a ball, in the evening, was to close the festivities. On the following day, the bridal party were to start on a tour to Bath. This was Sir Richard's order of exercises. Nick agreed as far as to the ball; at which point he substituted a private departure in Mr. Jemmy Mitchell's companionship, with the ten thousand pounds safely secured, for music and dancing.

At length, a long train of carriages wound out through the park, and passed the inn, on the way to the church. It had hardly disappeared along the winding road, and the Lieutenant and Tidworth had but just emerged from their concealment in the back part of the house, when a postchaise and four came dashing down the hill to the inn door. So rapid was its speed, that the sweltering horses were with difficulty reined up before the inn, when two rugged gentlemen, in peculiar array, alighted. Peter held the horses' heads, and the gentlemen approached Tidworth, who had advanced some steps to meet them.

"Is this the place?" asked one, in a very gruff, authoritative voice, of the postboy, whom Tidworth recognized to be the same who had driven Nick and Mitchell to the inn.

"Yees, zur. I left un here," answered he.

"Landlord, what has become of the fellows this chap left here some days since? Are they lurking in this quarter, now? We are in pursuit, to arrest them."

"Oh, glorious! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Lol de riddle lido! Lieutenant, the cat's out of the bag! But what am I about! It'll be too late if we don't hurry! To the church! gentlemen—to the church! as fast as the horses will carry us, or they are lost!"

The Bow Street officers, as we may as well announce them to be, bundled Tidworth into the chaise, and sprang in after him, accommodating themselves with room as

they could—convenience being a secondary consideration—and the boy mounted, and rattled furiously on.

The church door was gained, the officers alighted, and one of them clapped his hand on Mr. Nicholas Burkitt's shoulder—for the necessity of the case admitted of neither delay nor ceremony—just as the vicar had solemnly inquired, according to the service—

"If there be any here who know cause why this man and this woman should not be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, let them declare it now, or ever after hold their peace!"

Mr. Burkitt, arrayed in a splendid suit, and hardly recognizable, on that account, turned his head, and after a slight start, shook hands with his old friends from the city, who had come so far to renew their acquaintance with him, and resigned himself to his fate. Caroline was scarce alive before—and this interruption stole from her the little of life that remained, and she fainted into the arms of her bridesmaids.

"What's this—what's this?" cried the Baronet, in an anxious whisper, heard by all the curious crowd that filled the church, in the startling silence.

"On'y that this is an old cove, your honor," answered one of the officers, touching his hat—"as broke into a 'ouse in Lun'nun, a fortnight come to-morrow, and gave leg bail. We shall trouble 'im to return with us."

By this time, the Lieutenant, who had been compelled to pass over the half mile on foot, entered the church. Lord Finnebury, who had composure enough to remember, that since the proper bridegroom was present, the marriage had better take place, whispered to that effect to the Baronet. Caroline, who had revived, was made acquainted with the change of affairs, saw in her new bridegroom, a handsome, gentlemanly young man, and could scarcely suppress a shriek of delight. The ceremony, therefore, was begun anew, the Lieutenant supplying Nick's place, while the officers were ornamenting that gentleman's wrists with a pair of hand-cuffs; the links rattling an accompaniment to the vicar's words.

It were a waste of room to relate, in detail, the events that succeeded—the return to the hall—the feast, where all was truly joy and gladness—the ball, at which the Lieutenant showed himself graceful and accomplished, winning Caroline's heart more and more—and the peculiar feelings of the various personages of our tale, throughout. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Jemmy Mitchell was among the missing when sought for. He had seen the postchaise approaching, from the steps of the church, and not liking its *toute ensemble*, ensconced himself behind a corner, whence he squinted at the occupants as they descended. One glance sufficed to satisfy him that they possessed far superior beauty at a distance than in close proximity, and skulking over the grave-yard behind the church, without waiting to bid adieu to Nick, he leaped the wall, crossed the adjoining field, and when he was last seen by a cow-boy, was thrusting himself through an almost impervious hedge. The officers lost him.

The Baronet exchanged but a word with the Lieutenant in reference to the injustice with which he had treated him, and that was immediately after the ceremony

of marriage, when, in compliance with the will, he advanced to pay to him the ten thousand pounds.

"Forgive," whispered the Baronet, grasping his hand.

"It is forgotten," replied the Lieutenant, and it was never mentioned, but in jest, again.

But on the following morning he sent for Tidworth, and the fat, jolly landlord once more mounted his chaise—he would ride in nothing else—to visit the hall. The Baronet received him alone, and actually blushed with mortification as he held out his hand to him.

"Ah, ha!" cried Tidworth, grasping it in both his own, "there's no difficulty so long as your honor is saved from the rascal's knavery. But there's one thing I'm sorry for, Sir Richard," he continued, looking particularly roguish.

"What may that be?" asked Sir Richard.

"That the real Lieutenant has such a hang-dog look. We can give him no credit for blandness of countenance."

"Tidworth, you dog!"

"Indeed, as I scrutinize him more closely, I detect the cunning and duplicity which signalize his deeds, in his face—ha! ha!"

"Stop—by St. George, Stop! or I'll—"

"And now the manifest roguery and hardened villany imprinted on his features," continued Tidworth, determined to have his joke out, in spite of the Baronet's remonstrances—"make me shudder! Ha! ha! the very words, eh, Sir Richard?"

"There, stop; you've made me well ashamed of myself, and the next time, I'll take good care to make sure, before I act, whether—It's my nephew or not!"

Original.

ISABELLE.

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I NEVER knew before, how fair,  
How blest an English home might be,  
How warm with glowing kindness,  
With mutual love and laughing glee!  
The skies have frowned, and many a shade  
Has crossed the hill, and dimmed the dell,  
But all within, is sunshine made,  
By generous Isabelle!

When happy in my own sweet home,  
Beyond the wild Atlantic main,  
Sad memory turns to Albion's shore,  
And seeks her sunny fields again,  
Her lingering gaze will fondly rest  
On Norwood's lone and lovely dell,  
And sweet will be the sigh she breathes,  
For gentle Isabelle!

Norwood, England, March 10, 1839.

Original.

## NORTHINGTON,

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

MORE than fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, James Northington and his family, consisting of a wife and two children, in company with several other families, commenced the settlement of an inland town, to which we shall give the appellation of Woodville, and which was situated about forty or fifty miles from their former abode.

Having in common with the other Puritans, to use their own graphic language, "conflicted with many grievous difficulties and sufferings in the vast howling wilderness among wild men and wild beasts," and having witnessed the jealousy and tyranny of the mother country, Mr. Northington had learned to gird his heart with the same lofty and enduring resolution, which had sustained the hearts of the Pilgrims, when they launched their barque upon the pathless ocean, to seek as exiles these distant and lonely shores. True in all respects to the models by which it was formed, his character was stern and unyielding, his domestic habits exact and rigid, his love of liberty active and glowing, and his religious feelings fervent, exalted and solemn. Yet he and his companions, when they removed from the Old Colony, did not escape the reproach of possessing an inordinate zeal for the world, in leaving their home and church for farms more valuable; and they were reminded by those whom they left behind, that when Lot left Canaan and the church for better accommodations in Sodom, "God fired him out of all."

The character of Mrs. Northington, had in part, taken its tone from the example and teachings of a gentler spirit. Her mother, a native of England, who did not until several years after her marriage, accompany her husband to America, often adverted with fond regret to her natal isle. The daughter loved, when a child, to sit at her mother's feet, and as the adjacent forest began to cast its dark and deep shadows over their lovely dwelling, to hear her tell of her forsaken English home, its refined pleasures, its fire-side comforts, and of the surrounding scenes, which smiled beneath the hand of cultivation; or of the sheltering wood, where she feared not, when she wandered forth at eve, to encounter the gleam of a savage eye, or to hear the whirring of the arrow, which might prove the messenger of death. Yet above all, though she wept as she listened, she loved to hear her speak of the grave, where she left her first-born sleeping,—of the white rose-bush, rich in blossoms, which she planted by the grave-stone, at its head, and of the sweet violets that sprung up spontaneously to dress the sod which covered it.

Though many were the hardships and difficulties which Mr. Northington and his wife encountered in their new home, by their energy and perseverance, and the fond hope of rendering the situation of their son and daughter more promising than it could have been, had they remained in the Old Colony, they were enabled to over-

come them all, and in the course of a few years they were in possession of a well cultivated farm, and a comfortable and commodious dwelling. The hand of taste, too, was every where visible. Flowers embellished the adjacent grounds, grown from seeds, which Mrs. Northington's mother brought from her native isle, and which, she used to say, breathed of the home of her childhood. But among the plants and shrubs, that which above all others, Mrs. Northington regarded as sacred, was a white rose-bush, which flourished in luxuriant beauty, beneath one of the parlor windows, reared from a slip procured from the one which adorned the distant grave of her infant brother; and often, when the breeze of evening wandered among its leaves and flowers, she loved to let the fancy steal over her, that its voice was the whisperings of his unseen spirit. Besides those flowers planted round the doors and windows, and which bordered the garden paths, Lucy Northington delighted to cultivate "the knot," where she had assembled every species she could procure from the splendid peony and gaudy tulip, down to the lady's-delight and the lily-of-the-valley. Nor was the modest sleepy-noon excluded, with its small, delicate blossoms here and there, peering forth, ever closing beneath the mid-day beam, and almost shrouding themselves from view among the slender leaves of glossy green.

Nothing transpired to disturb the tranquillity of the Northington family, till Edward, now eighteen, having finished his preparatory studies under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Loveland, their pastor, was about to leave Woodville to become a student at Harvard college. Though Woodville was situated so near Cambridge, that the journey, rough as the roads were at that period, could be performed in a day, Mrs. Northington deeply felt the pain of having the family circle thus broken. Even Mr. Northington, though firm of heart and austere in manners, when on the evening before his son's departure, he knelt with his household of the family altar, spake in faltering accents, when he adverted to the approaching separation; but his voice assumed the cheerful tones of hope, and of firm, unshaken confidence, when, in recommending him to the protection of the Most High, he recalled to mind those seasons, when He, had been to them in the wilderness "as a strong tower from the enemy," and had said, "thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

Yet after all, perhaps Lucy was the one who thought of Edward's contemplated departure, with a grief the most lively. All their accustomed haunts became sacred to her, and already as she lingered under the shade of the old oak, or that of the overhanging rock, where they had chatted, read or sung together, they seemed to be pervaded by a spirit of loneliness and melancholy, kindred to that which is imparted by the memory of the dead.

Both the mother and sister had derived a species of consolation in preparing every thing necessary to render his college life comfortable, with a neatness and precision, which enabled them to linger over their labor of love. A liberal supply of blankets was selected from the ample household store, as well as of linen sheets and pil-

low-cases that had been spun and woven by Mrs. Northington and Lucy's own hands, and bleached by the fragrant dews and warm sunshine of May, till they were of as pure a white as the snow-wreath, which in winter beautified many an otherwise unsightly, half burnt stump that rose in sight of their dwelling.

The day before that appointed for Edward's departure, Hannah Farley was seen walking up the green lane, which led to the house. Mrs. Northington saw with pain the deep flush that passed over her son's countenance, when Lucy announced her approach. She had long suspected, and her suspicions were now confirmed, that he regarded her with sentiments which, ultimately, might prove dangerous to his peace; for by that secret gift by which one woman is enabled in such matters to read the heart of another, she well knew that there was no hope for him. Her maternal solicitude overcame her delicacy, and motioning Edward to follow her, she entered a back apartment. Having shut the door, without giving herself time to become embarrassed, she entered at once upon her subject.

"Haanah is a very pretty girl," said she, "don't you think so?"

"I think her a very beautiful girl," he replied.

"But," resumed his mother, "I fear that you are not aware of one thing, which, as respects yourself, may be of deep importance."

"What is that?" he inquired, although the misgivings, which had at times visited his heart, and which his mother's remark revived, made the question scarcely necessary.

"There is no young man, my son, whom Hannah Farley has yet seen, who has been able to touch her heart. She looks upon all, who are worthy her regard, very much as I or any other sober matron is in duty bound, and you, Edward, I believe she likes almost as well as her own brother. But," continued she, seeing a gleam of pleasure light up his countenance, "do you not know, that for that very reason, your case is hopeless? This kind of sisterly regard is seldom exchanged for sentiments deeper and more ardent. I am aware that I have entered upon delicate ground, where you may possibly think I have no right."

"Oh, no! can I wish to conceal any thing from you? Could I have conquered the reluctance, which I suppose most persons feel, to speak on such subjects, when personally concerned, I should have mentioned it myself; and, indeed, I intended to do so at all events, before I left home. Is the reason which you have given, the only one that causes you to consider my case so very hopeless?"

"I could give other reasons," she replied, "although the one I have mentioned, is to my mind so good a one, as to make it unnecessary. If you would have another, however, I would say that I think that Hannah can never love a person, whose tastes are so little congenial with her own as are yours. I see that my words afflict you, yet I trust that they will prove for your good hereafter. Affections, when just sprung up, do not lacerate the heart to pluck them thence, as they would, if allowed to become firmly rooted. You are about to enter on new

scenes, which will, I doubt not, exert over you a salutary influence; for it is upon minds unemployed, that the passions ever make the most fearful inroads. Trust me—after a few months absence, the thought that Haanah can never be yours—even more, that she may be another's, will cease to be painful."

"No, mother, you deceive yourself—the world holds but one Hannah Farley."

"True, but it holds those who are her equals. Even our own Lucy, by any person but a lover, would be considered more than her peer in every attraction, whether of mind or person. Hannah, though I admit her to be a very pretty girl, is not the person you would choose, were not your judgment enthralled by your fancy. Do not think, however, that I even hope for you to obtain the mastery over the most insidious of all passions, without a severe struggle; yet I think that I have formed a right estimate of your character when I say that I think you fully equal to the task. Do not disappoint me."

A sentiment allied to the heroic, pervaded Edward's breast, as he promised to use his best efforts to meet her expectations. But all his enthusiasm and good resolutions vanished at the sight of Hannah, who was already assiduously assisting Lucy to mark some handkerchiefs and cravats with the initials of his name, which was all that remained to be done, to make his wardrobe ready for packing.

Hannah never appeared to better advantage, than when plying the needle. She had a remarkably pretty hand, and when her eyes were veiled by their lids, there was a Madonna-like cast to her countenance which was lost at other times, the absence of which, was not atoned for by any of that serene thoughtfulness, which intellect as well as devotion may spread over the features, or by those changeable hues caught from enthusiasm and deep feeling. The loveliest and most truly fascinating expression of her very handsome features, was that of their child-like innocence. Edward had not yet had opportunity, if we except his sister, to compare such beauty as hers, with that illumined by the day-beams of intellect and genius. She was a good listener, and when he appealed to her for an opinion relative to any natural or moral beauty of which he had been speaking, the acquiescent answers, which he uniformly received, were to him, indubitable proof that her taste, though his mother had professed herself to be of a different opinion, was in consonance with his own. Fate had thus far been unpropitious to him, in never having betrayed in his presence her dull perception of whatever was beautiful, and that taste was a faculty which she had neither had opportunity nor inclination to cultivate. She would with as little remorse press with her pretty foot the sod gemmed with the loveliest violets, as the beaten path, and the rich carol of the birds, at early morn, as their brilliant plumage glittered among the dewy leaves of the forest-boughs commanded no more admiration from her, than the clamorous notes of the domestic fowls, that hovered round her father's door. Of this both Mrs. Northington and Lucy were aware, and under existing circumstances, the latter may claim forbearance, if instead of adhering to her habitual cus-

tom of striving to veil her friend's deficiencies, she on the present occasion, by the suggestion of her mother, took no pains to make them less apparent. But the day had passed rapidly away, and she had ever been ready with her quiet "yes," or "no," in their appropriate places. "My mother expects too much of me," thought Edward, when at its close, he and Lucy prepared to accompany Hannah home. "I can never conquer my attachment," and he was half resolved to confess his love, and plead to be allowed to cherish the hope of a return.

It was one of the loveliest of lovely evenings, and after for some time slowly pursuing their way through the green-wood path, they emerged into the open country and ascended a hill, which commanded a most enchanting prospect. Lucy lingered on the summit. She had recently been reading the "Merchant of Venice," which together with several other of Shakspeare's plays, had belonged to her grandmother, and which, although her religious scruples prevented her from reading them, Mrs. Northington had carefully preserved, partly because they had been her mother's, and partly from a certain veneration that she felt for a printed book. They had for some time stood in silence, which Lucy was the first to break by repeating the following passage from the play alluded to, which had struck her as being very beautiful:

"Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close"

Lucy had proceeded thus far, when Hannah interrupting her said, "Now while I think of it, I want to tell you how tractable little Lizzy is, about learning to knit: she can already widen, and narrow, and turn the seam."

Edward, whose mind was much as absorbed in thinking of Lorenzo and Jessica, as in listening to the poetry, and who, as was natural to a person, who never having realized the discomfort of being obliged to dispense with stockings, did not duly appreciate the art of knitting, ere he was aware, cast an indignant look towards the unconscious Hannah. All this, however, was soon forgotten, and when in a few minutes afterwards, they found themselves by the margin of a beautiful sheet of water, and Hannah, throwing back her bonnet, revealed her features in the bright moonlight, he again gazed upon her with a lover's heart and eye.

"Yonder are some pond-lilies," said Lucy, "do Edward go out on those rocks and gather us some of them."

Edward obeyed and succeeded in procuring a few, from which selecting the most beautiful one, he presented it to Hannah. He said something about her accepting it as his farewell gift, and of her preserving it for a while for his sake, but his agitation rendered his words unintelligible. She took the lily bent her head to inspire its rich perfume, and then, carelessly winding the long stem round her hand, swung it by her side as she walked, without thinking more about it. Not so, Edward. "My mother is wrong in her judgment," thought he. "Hannah is no coquette, and yet she accepted the lily after

what I had said," and he mused upon this trifling circumstance, until, in his estimation, it was magnified into one of much importance.

They had now arrived within sight of Hannah's home, as well as that of Mr. Loveland, their minister, who with his family, were just singing their evening hymn of worship. The sounds, as the breeze varied, stole to the ear in faint, half broken tones, or swelled into wild and solemn strains of harmony, producing an effect on the mind, that heightened the charm of the subjoined passage, from "Paradise Lost," which Edward, who had forgotten Shakspeare and the knitting-work, could not forbear repeating:

"How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill, or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole or responsive, each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift the thoughts to heaven."

"I believe," said he, when he had finished, "that for the sake of being able to write poetry like this, I should be almost willing to endure the loss of sight. Do you not love Milton's poetry, Hannah?"

"It is very pretty, certainly," she replied, "and I had no thought that he could write such. Yet I think there is no occasion for your envying him, for if he can compose such good lines, you can certainly compose much better, for I have heard our minister say, that you were a great deal better scholar than Milton Watson."

It would have been difficult for Edward to have given an analysis of his feelings, produced by this reply. All the fine enthusiasm, which a moment before was thrilling every nerve, and almost lifting him from earth to heaven, recoiled so fully, so suddenly, that the effect wrought was absolutely paralyzing.

Just at this crisis, a little dog bounded towards them, and began to play caressingly about its young mistress.

"Ranger," said she, patting its head with her small hand, "you seem glad to see me." She then took the lily given her by Edward, and entwining the stem round its neck, stood smiling to see the efforts of the little animal to free itself from the unacceptable ornament. A feeling of indignation, yet half allied to pity, pervaded the bosom of Edward, as he saw the beautiful lily, dragging in the dirt, and beheld the earnestness with which Hannah witnessed what to her, was evidently a most delightful pastime.

"She has neither heart, delicacy, or even decency," thought he, when at length the lily dropped to the ground, and she unheedingly pressed it into the soil with her own pretty feet, as she continued to play with her favorite.

"Come, Lucy," said Edward, "shall we go?"

"Oh, no," said Hannah, "don't go yet, but step into the house and see father, and mother, and little Lizzy, a few minutes."

"No," replied Edward, coldly, "our parents will be waiting for us to join them in family duties—I fear we have tarried too long already."

"Well, good night then. I hope you will have a pleasant journey to-morrow. I shall as I promised you, write you a line in Lucy's letter."

"Certainly," said Edward, "I shall hold you to your promise," and extending to her his hand, he and Lucy bade her good night, and departed.

—  
We will pass over an interval of three years. At the time we resume our story, summer, though almost past its prime, was still affluent in a thousand beauties. A day of uncommon loveliness, was near its close. The golden glory which had pervaded the noontide atmosphere, was now mellowed to a soft, floating haze, that wrapped the distant mountains in a robe of azure, only a few shades deeper than the sky itself. There had been changes at Woodville, but most of them were for the better. Improvements had taken place in various parts of the town. The farm of Mr. Northington, in an especial manner, presented a very attractive appearance; and if he and Mrs. Northington began to feel the hand of time, it was but lightly, while Lucy, who, when we left her was only hovering on the verge of womanhood, was changed both in person and mind. Her somewhat exuberant vivacity had given place to a deep and earnest, yet healthful tone of feeling; and if a shade of melancholy enthusiasm at any time stole over her spirits, it was only like the fitting cloud, which might for a moment darken the sunshine that rested on the flowers she loved to tend. She listened with delighted attention, to the communings of her father with kindred spirits. Their high-toned principles of liberty, their religious faith, sincere, fervent, and solemn, appeared to her under a new aspect, and she found, in her own bosom, a chord that yielded a deep and thrilling response.

She had wandered out upon the lawn in front of the house, and was bending over a favorite plant, from which she was removing a few leaves that had withered prematurely. So intent was she upon her employment, that she was not aware of the approach of a young man of graceful mien and singularly handsome person, until he addressed her. She hastily rose and threw back the rich, curling clusters of golden hair from her brow, which had spurned the confinement of the close lawn cap, beneath which, it was her father's pleasure to have them hid, and it was some time afterwards ere the young man could bring himself to believe that the eyes that flashed upon him so brilliantly at the sound of his voice, were blue as the heavens above them, instead of being of that dark hue, which he had always professed to admire. He informed her that his sister had been thrown from her horse, a short distance from the lane which led to the house, and had so severely sprained her ankle, that she found it would be impossible for her to pursue her journey. Lucy immediately replied, that it would afford pleasure to the family as well as herself to offer her such assistance and accommodations as they were able, and in a few minutes, proper aid being rendered, the young lady was conveyed into the parlor, and placed in a posture that promised to make her the most comfortable. By the judicious and skilful management of Mrs. Northington, who, as well as many other matrons of that

period, from the difficulty of obtaining professional assistance, found it convenient to acquire some practical knowledge of the healing art, the pain was soon alleviated.

Naturally imagining that their young guests would wish to know what family they had thus unexpectedly been introduced into, Mrs. Northington had just informed them, and had in return learned that their name was Andros, and that Sir Edmund Andros, recently appointed governor general of the New-England colonies was their uncle, when Edward Northington, it being now the college vacation, made his appearance with several fine pickerel, for which he had been angling in an adjacent brook. He was now twenty-one years old, and had been dressed as fashionably as Percival Andros, he certainly would have been his superior in point of personal appearance. Mr. Northington, who had been on a journey to the Old Colony, arrived soon afterwards, accompanied by a Mr. Ellsworth, an elderly gentleman, and a young man by the name of Warner. Miss Andros imagined that Lucy looked embarrassed and unhappy at sight of the latter, and she afterwards learned, that contrary to her own inclination, her father wished her to receive him as a lover.

The person of Warner was slight, his countenance pale and melancholy. He wore his hair cut short in the manner that had procured for the Independants the appellation of Roundheads, while his apparel, which was of coarse material, and of that hue, which has been called "sad color," was fashioned according to the most primitive style of his sect.

When Mrs. Northington introduced their young guests to her husband and his friends, Mr. Ellsworth and Warner exchanged significant glances at the name of Andros, while it evidently had the effect to damp the cordiality with which Mr. Northington was accustomed to welcome strangers to his home. A degree of painful constraint was realized by all present. Julia Andros, for the first time in her life, felt awkward and uncomfortable in her costly and fashionable attire, when she saw the eyes of Mr. Northington, Mr. Ellsworth, and above all, those of the melancholy Warner, directed towards her, with, as she imagined, looks of strong disapprobation. Yet, little as she felt at ease both in body and mind, she could not refrain from regarding Mr. Northington with a degree of admiration. His figure was tall and commanding, his large, masculine features well formed, and his dark penetrating eyes retained all the pristine fire of youth. A set of fine teeth, as yet untouched by decay, preserved his mouth in all its original beauty of formation. Certain lines around it, however, denoting decision and sternness of character, were deeply indented, while the hand of care and anxiety had implanted others on his brow, that showed he had buffeted with hardships, which can lie in the path of none but a pioneer of the wilderness.

For the better accommodation of Miss Andros, the supper-table was laid in the parlor, and added to the customary fare, were the fish, nicely cooked, which had been caught by Edward.

Mr. Ellsworth, who by the request of the host said grace, desired that while they might be enabled with



thankful hearts to partake of the creature comforts before them, consisting of the treasures of the earth, and the running stream, and of the milk of the herd, that they might be restrained from following the example of some of their rulers, who received their food from the lordly dish, as Sisera of old took the butter offered by the hand of Jael, which was meant as a snare. Forgetting in his zeal that supper was cooking, he proceeded to request, that their young maidens might not be enticed by the delectation they afforded to the eyes, to wear earrings of gold and precious stones, such as were worn by the Ishmaelites, who fell before the sword of Israel, and which were given as a gift to Gideon.

Miss Andros wished her own ear-rings at the bottom of the Red Sea, and her brother, involuntarily brushed down his fine lace ruffles over a superb finger-ring.

After all were seated at table, Mr. Ellsworth, addressing Edward Northington, inquired if he had yet seen the new Governor, Sir Edmund Andros. Edward replied that he had not.

"For my part," said Mr. Ellsworth, "I think it behooves us, individually, to make diligent inquiry why the king of England has been permitted to harden his heart against us, and to take away the governors, chosen by the people, and in their stead, set over the provinces, one, whose administration begins already to be arbitrary and oppressive."

Lucy, excessively annoyed and agitated at the turn which she suspected Mr. Ellsworth had intentionally given the conversation, made an attempt to engage the attention of Miss Andros, who sat next to her, by addressing her in a low tone of voice; but her confusion soon defeated her kind intention, by rendering her unable to command either ideas or language.

Samuel Warner, speaking almost for the first time since his arrival, replied to Mr. Ellsworth.

"I should hardly think," said he, "that it was needful to inquire concerning what must be pain to all, who are not wilfully blinded, inasmuch as every person who is not, must perceive that there are provoking sins in the midst of us; among the chief of which I would mention pride, which reveals itself in the vanities of dress, in fine equipages, and in costly furniture, and plate of silver, which begin mightily to prevail in our larger towns, and have even begun to creep into our peaceful hamlets."

"It is even so," replied Mr. Ellsworth, "and as in the days of old, Eglon, King of Moab, was strengthened by the Lord against Israel, so is King James strengthened against us, for the self-same cause."

"Ay," said Samuel Warner, "and as when the hand of Midian prevailed against the children of Israel, they made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves and strongholds, so it will be no marvel, if we are put to the same straits."

"And if we be," said Mr. Ellsworth, "it will be no more than our brethren of Scotland have been forced to do. But after that, there was one raised up, who had dominion over the nobles, among the people; and though the blessed Oliver, and Harry Vane, and others, have fallen asleep, the hand that raised them up in the hour of need, will raise up those in the midst of the American

wilderness, who will burst asunder the cords of despotism as if they were burnt flax, and free themselves from the power of the king, and his nobles, and his governors."

"Your faith is lofty and cheering," said Mr. Northington, "and will, I trust, should such calamity as you have hinted at befall us, prove to be well grounded."

"You speak of Oliver Cromwell," said young Andros, "but even he had not the virtue and nobleness of soul to hold inviolate those principles of liberty that he professed to venerate."

"Young man," said Mr. Ellsworth, with much warmth, "is this a fitting time and place, for such as you to cast reproach on the blessed Oliver?"

"If," said Mr. Northington, "we are obliged to admit that Cromwell, firm and temperate as he naturally was, became swayed by the love of power, it is certain that he never became dazzled and intoxicated with it."

"Who dares say," said Mr. Ellsworth, "that Oliver was swayed by the love of power? Did I not serve in the first troop that he raised, though I was then only a youth of sixteen? And can I not bear testimony that each of us, and he above the rest, was ready to hazard not only his worldly possessions, but his life, for the sake of liberty, and above all, for that of religion?"

"Ay," said Samuel Warner, "and when he and those under him, as I have heard you relate, at the time they occupied Cambridge, seized the University plate, was it to set forth on his own table, that he might see the choice wines of the vintage, sparkle in the silver cup, and costly viands smoke in the silver dish? No, they seized it that they might defray the expenses of a war, waged in a righteous cause, against an ill-judging and arbitrary king, who, beyond all precedent, expended the treasure of the nation in adorning his palaces with images, cunningly carved and, a multitude of unprofitable pictures of curious device, to please the eye."

"Were Cromwell with his crafty policy," said Mr. Northington, without noticing the remarks of Warner, "Harry Vane with his wise and cool head, together with other patriots, whom I might name, now alive, I would set neither of them as a ruler over the people. Edmund Ludlow, now an exile at Vevay, in Switzerland, proved himself to be the truest and honestest of them all. He was incorruptible—he could not be bribed, and being such, was alone worthy to rule."

Mrs. Northington perceiving that Mr. Ellsworth was in danger of losing his temper, and as all present had finished supper, just as he was about to reply, made the signal for rising from table; the noise and bustle attendant on which, so overpowered the speaker's voice, that if he was guilty of using any intemperate expression, it could not be heard.

The young people with the exception of Warner, having seated themselves apart from the rest of the company, Edward inquired of Lucy, if she had called on Hannah Farley since she was married. Lucy replied that she had, and that she bade fair to make an excellent wife.

"No doubt," said Edward, she and Hartley, I think, are exceedingly well matched. She is handsome, sweet-

tempered, industrious, and a good economist, all of which her husband is fully capable of appreciating, which is more than can be said of many men, whose pretensions are much higher. I am glad Hannah has married so well."

"It appears to me, that you do not speak that glad, very heartily," said Percival Andros, smiling. "I am half inclined to think that you would be still more glad if she were not married at all."

"By no means," replied Edward, "for although I should require all the qualities in a wife, that I have attributed to her, there are others, which I should consider indispensable, to which she has no claim, and which if she had, would be lost upon Hartley."

"And will you not enumerate them?" said Julia, "for your sister's benefit and mine?"

"Were I disposed to enlighten you on the subject," he replied, "I should be prevented for the present," and he looked towards his father, who was preparing to read a portion of the scriptures.

Mr. Northington selected one of the psalms, in the reading of which, his voice with its clear and justly modulated tones, his distinct enunciation, and above all the earnest solemnity of his manner, enhanced the effect of the beautiful and sublime language of the writer. The reading was succeeded by the singing of a hymn, in which all joined except Percival Andros and his sister. The deep and solemn notes of Mr. Northington, of Mr. Ellsworth, and above all, of Samuel Warner, which seemed expressive of the gloom of his character, while they nearly overpowered the quiet, unpretending voice of Mrs. Northington, and the sweet flute-like tones of Lucy, blended finely with the full, clear tenor of Edward. Mr. Northington closed the devotions with a prayer, fervent and appropriate, and marked by none of that irreverent familiarity in addressing the Supreme Being, with which some of his brethren too often marred their religious exercises, especially in the apprehension of those still adhering to the forms of the established church.

Julia Andros, while witnessing the simple, yet impressive manner of the worship of a sect, she had ever heard loaded with ridicule, was surprised at the effect which it wrought upon her own mind. Had any combination of circumstances, from early childhood, placed her within the influence of a religious faith, which not only excluded all pictorial representations from its churches, and the grand and solemn music of the organ from its choirs, but even dispensed with the liturgy, as an assistant to prayer, her mental energy, her natural sedateness, which rose from a propensity to thoughtfulness, rather than melancholy, the earnest tone of her feelings, and an uncommon capability of abstracting her thoughts from surrounding objects, would have conduced to have made her a devoted, an enthusiastic, and it might be, a somewhat rigid disciple.

Mrs. Ellsworth departed the following morning, and a few hours afterwards, Percival Andros took his leave of the family and of Julia, with a promise to return to accompany her home, as soon as she was able to perform the journey.

Edward Northington, who on the memorable evening, three years since, it being the one prior to the morning he left home for Cambridge, determined thenceforth to have his heart in his own keeping, had, as yet, succeeded admirably; it must be confessed, however, that his will and his affections, had not since that time, been called on to endure any very obstinate warfare, yet instead of letting this consideration have its due weight, he had rashly come to the conclusion, that the keenest arrows of Cupid would glance aside from his heart, as more palpable missives very politely turn out of their direct course, to save wounding those, who bear a charmed life. He had, since Julia Andros became an inmate of the family, at times, felt some misgivings on the subject, though he manfully determined not to become ensnared by her beauty, till he was able to judge with some degree of accuracy, relative to her knowledge and taste. "She must, at least," thought he, "be able to tell who Milton is, and not mistake the finest passages of his poetry, for the efforts of a raw school-boy."

Mrs. Northington, who began to suspect that there was danger of his being enthralled by the united fascinations of her person and manners, whenever a convenient opportunity offered, took occasion to mention certain domestic qualifications, as being necessary in a wife, for which no accomplishments, however desirable, could compensate. Mr. Northington, whose suspicions had taken the same color of his wife's, frequently exhorted the young people to be sober and discreet, and not to be allured by sinful vanities, while Warner readily taking his cue, inveighed bitterly against the sin of dancing, and being merry at the sound of the viol, inasmuch as the spinning-wheel and the loom, while they afforded abundant exercise for health, furnished the wherewithal to make substantial garments, far more seemly than robes of silk and fine linen, bedizened with feathers, and ribbons, and glistening with costly jewels.

Julia had now so far recovered as to be able to accompany Edward and Lucy in their walks. Warner, too, sometimes made one of the party, though he generally preferred to wander in some solitary place by himself. One day when he was with them, they went in the direction of a small clearing, at the entrance of which, was a neat log house, which, as well as the surrounding land, was in possession of an industrious laborer by the name of Hendrick. He was busily employed in cultivating his farm, and as Julia was fatigued, they approached the spot, and seated themselves on a bench in the shade of a large oak, where Mrs. Hendrick was accustomed to repair in the afternoon to knit or spin linen.

"We had a fine rain last night," said Edward, addressing Hendrick, "and, I see that the grass and your crops appear to feel the benefit of it."

"They do," replied Hendrick, "and the thought of the good it will do the earth, is, I believe, one reason why I rest so quietly during a fine night rain. The harder the rain beats on my roof, the sweeter and sounder is my sleep."

"And so it should be, my good friend," said Warner, rising and approaching him more nearly, "if no crime or neglected duty makes it a sin to indulge in sleep."

"No, Heaven be praised," replied he, "I never did aught worthy the name of crime, and as for duty, though I say it myself, I have ever performed it like an honest man."

"Ah! Hendrick, be not too sure—the heart of man is prone to deceive him."

"I know it is, sir, but actions are things that speak for themselves, and the actions of an upright, honest man, who strives to live up to the golden rule, speak a very comforting language to his own heart. Every morning long before sunrise, I leave my pillow, and go forth to the labor that earns my children's bread, and when I return with that keen appetite, which makes the best sauce, and share the meal prepared by my wife, I envy no man his riches. I feel grateful and happy—in short, I feel that I have been performing my duty. It is then, that the blue sky, the green grass, and the flowers of the field, all look beautiful to me, and if in answer to the Lord's prayer, which I repeat every night and morning, with, I hope, a sincere and devout heart, I receive my daily bread, and can in common with the richest and the wisest, have my eyes delighted with so many pleasant sights, what can I ask for more, and what reason have I to murmur?"

"Your thoughts are all of earth," said Warner. "Whenever I regard terrestrial joys too serenely and with a heart overflowing with complacency, that sleepless monitor, that dwells in every bosom, whispers me that some snare is hidden beneath what appears so captivating."

"Well, may the Being, who is the Author of all my enjoyments, forgive me, if I am wrong, but in my humble opinion, every person has a particular way of thinking and acting according to his education, and it is enough for me, humble and simple as I am, with little book learning, besides what I have picked up at odd hours, when I was weary enough to sleep, to take Heaven's bounties with a grateful heart, and teach my children to do the same. I could not, were I to try ever so hard, feel otherwise than joyful and satisfied, when I sit in the midst of my family, and behold them all happy and full of innocent mirth; nor can I think that the thanksgiving which I daily keep in my heart can be displeasing to Him, who has taught us to call him Father."

Warner shook his head, sighed deeply, but made no reply.

Just at this moment an Indian girl came out of the house and approached them, bearing a tastefully formed basket, probably woven by herself, filled with grapes, and with a natural grace, offered them for their acceptance. She was apparently about seventeen, tall, almost to stateliness, and her form of perfect symmetry. She had very nearly adopted the English fashion in the make of her garments, but had retained the ornaments prized by her people. Her hair of a glossy black, and braided with beads of various colors, reached far below her wrist. Her features were finely moulded, her large black eyes full of expression, and her teeth, which were perfectly regular, of the whiteness and lustre of pearls. A kind of coronal which she had woven of crimson flowers, and placed above her brow, by harmonizing with her complexion, formed a graceful and appropriate ornament.

Her sandals, beautifully wrought with beads, similar to those braided with her hair, by not impeding the play of the muscles, allowed her foot that free, elastic motion, which made her almost seem to tread on air. One ornament she wore, and one alone, of European workmanship. This was a gold breast-pin, in the form of a heart, on which was engraved the letter B. The blood mounted to her cheeks, till they almost rivalled in hue the flowers on her brow, as she perceived the eyes of Lucy directed towards it. Lucy beckoned her aside.

"Orralloois," said she, laying her finger on the golden heart, "is this the gift of Ossinneepoo?"

"No, I receive no gift from him. I would tear this wreath from my brow if I knew that a leaf of it had been touched by his hand."

"Why?"

"Look at him," said she, pointing to Warner, "and the answer that I should give thee will be in thy heart."

Though Lucy felt the full force of the young Indian girl's meaning, she said, "but your father loves Ossinneepoo, and wishes you to be his bride."

"And your father loves him," she replied, again directing the attention of Lucy to Warner.

"I thought you loved Ossinneepoo. Has any thing happened of late, to cause you to cast him off?"

The crimson blood again burnt on the girl's cheek, and a slight flash of anger broke from her eye.

"Daughter of the pale man," said she, "has there never been that in thy heart, more precious than this gold," touching the ornament on her bosom, "which thou would be loth to pluck thence and hold up to the gaze of another?"

"Be not angry," said Lucy, blushing in her turn, "but Orralloois, I fear a serpent is in your path. That golden heart must be the gift of a white man. Seldom do they prove true to the daughters of your race. Beware of them."

"You can feel what I say," said Orralloois, "when I tell you I loathe Ossinneepoo. Why should I love him? There are skins of the bear and the panther, in his wigwam, but when his brothers went forth to hunt, he lingered behind to tell his tales of love, till at last the heart of a hare, was in his bosom, and the cry of the wild beast of the forest, made him quiver like the tall rush of the meadow, when shaken by the wind."

"I see that you cannot love Ossinneepoo," said Lucy, "yet, I must once more warn you to beware of the white man. I will not again seek your confidence, yet believe me, Orralloois, that it was for your good, and not to gratify an idle curiosity, I sought it."

A tear glistened in the dark eye of the Indian maiden, as she laid her hand on Lucy's arm to stay her footsteps. At the same time, half averting her face, with a delicate artifice that appeared somewhat to soften her painful embarrassment, she spoke of herself in the third person.

"Tarry," said she; "you shall see the heart of Orralloois. The white man, as you suspect, gave her this golden heart. He said it was a symbol of his own. He asked hers in return, and she gave it to him."

"And when will Orralloois see him again?" inquired Lucy.

"When she last saw him, she showed him the buds of the flower that loves to wave at the foot of the rock, and told him, that in four days, they would bloom. Wreath thy brow with the flowers when they bloom, were his words to Orraloois, and before they have time to wither, I will stand by thy side at the spot where the wild mountain rill mingles with the broad stream of the valley! Orraloois has told you all. She asks not to see your heart in return. Why should she? Does she not behold it when she looks on her own? The eye of the handsome stranger, who was here, was like the eagle's, but it changed to the soft eye of the dove, when it followed your footsteps. You knew it, and that man of the gloomy brow, who stands by yonder fair girl's side, is to you, what Ossinnepoo is to Orraloois. Yes, our hearts are the same, but our fates will be different. Yours has the sunbeam on it—mine, the cloud."

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "I hope not."

"Do you remember the two rose-buds, which you gave me, this summer?"

"Yes."

"Both appeared fresh, and almost ready to bloom. I put them in water while the morning dew was yet upon them. The leaves of one of them soon began to open and expand. Something told me that was you. The other began to wither, and I found that a worm was gnawing its heart. In the blighted bud, Orraloois beheld herself. Already, when the dark robe of night is drawn over the earth, it seems to cover her heart, nor is it withdrawn with the morning sunbeam. I hear a voice in the winds as they rustle the green leaves on the boughs, and it says, 'Orraloois will soon die.' The same voice speaks in the song of the birds, and in the wild mountain rill, where I am to meet him."

"Nay," said Lucy, exceedingly affected by the despondent tone of her voice, accompanied, as it was, by a look of the deepest melancholy, "all this is but a wild fancy—the chimera of a heated imagination."

"You will see," replied the Indian girl, and striking into a path which led to her home, through a wood, she soon disappeared.

When they returned, they found that Percival Andros had arrived, who had come for the purpose of taking Julia home to Boston; she, having in answer to the inquiries contained in his last letter, relative to her health, informed him that she was now able to perform the journey. A cloud darkened the features of Warner when he saw young Andros, and although dinner was just going to be served, he again left the house.

"Did you notice the appearance of Warner?" said Julia, in a low voice, to Edward. "I never saw a person, whose mind was sound, who had so wild and fierce a look. I felt afraid to look at him."

"I did not now notice him in particular," he replied, "but I have always thought him either a lunatic or a hypocrite. Poor Lucy! I wonder at my father's infatuation."

A few minutes after they rose from table, as Lucy was passing out at the door, she was met by an Indian lad, a brother to Orraloois, who informed her, in a whisper, that his sister wished her to meet her at a place called

the "Fountain of the Dark Spirit," as she had something of great importance to communicate to her, and that she must be careful to let no person suspect where she was going.

"Cannot your sister come to me in the garden, or meet me at Hendrick's?" inquired Lucy. "It is a long walk to the place you mention."

"No," replied the boy, "she can meet you there, and at no other place."

Lucy still hesitated. "Tell Orraloois," said she, "that I will meet her to-morrow. I am needed at home, to-day."

"She has made a vow to the Dark Spirit of the fountain," he replied, "and wo will betide her if you cause her to break it."

"I will go," said Lucy, "if it be only to tell her that when she again makes a vow to the dark genius of the fountain, to let it have reference to no one but herself, as respects its performance."

Without saying more, putting on a large cape-bonnet, regardless of the noon-day heat, she crossed, at a rapid pace, a large open field, and then struck into a path which led to the appointed place of meeting, its site being indicated by several abrupt and rocky hills. Her haste had prevented reflection, and it was not until she entered a dark and narrow ravine, that she was conscious of a superstitious fear, awakened by recalling to mind the wild legends connected with the fountain.

The spot where it was situated, was enclosed by ledges of rocks so steep as to be inaccessible; the only point of ingress being by rocks piled one above the other, by the hand of nature, so as originally, to form a slight resemblance to a flight of steps, and which the Indians had rendered practicable by art, that they might, with less difficulty, place their offerings by the side of the fountain, by which they hoped to propitiate the Dark Spirit, supposed to linger, at will, round its brink, or repose beneath its gloomy waters. The mountainous heights which surrounded this deep glen, were covered, in some places, by a thick growth of the majestic wild pine, which, until it finds a congenial climate in the far north, flourishes only on bleak and elevated soils. The wind-gusts, that, with hoarse and hollow sound, swept through their branches, even when there was not air enough in the warm and sunny vales to waft abroad the thistle's down, might have been deemed fitting music to soothe, into slumber, the stern genius that had his dwelling below, every sunbeam being excluded, except at high noon, from profaning his chosen and solitary temple.

When Lucy had accomplished the ascent of the rude steps, and could look down into the chasm below, she perceived that Orraloois was not there, and was just going to return, when the sight of some flowers in one of those delicate baskets which the Indian maiden delighted to weave, caused her to change her mind, as she doubted not that she had been there, and would soon return. As Lucy waited in this isolated spot, the deep and utter solitude of which was fearful of itself, every thing that addressed either the eye or the ear, gradually appeared to her more melancholy and wild, till, at last, they became exaggerated into shapes and sounds of terror.

The winds, which, at first, uttered themselves in a low, wailing voice, appeared now to whistle with a wild, mocking sound, and the dim and wavering shadows which the trees now threw across the chasm, appeared to assume palpable forms, such as in imagination, she had sometimes peopled the gloomy palace of some stern magician. It was said that the form of the Dark Spirit of the fountain was often seen mirrored in its waters, and that his voice was heard to repeat in hollow tones the words uttered by those who stood near. She thought of this legend, and drawn on by a power, which she could not resist, she approached the fountain and bent over it. No, it was not the effect of an excited imagination. Surely she beheld a dark and shadowy form, resembling a human being, dimly defined by the chequered light that streamed through the trees. Although her heart beat audibly through terror, she bent herself more closely over the fountain, that she might be sure it was no illusion. At this moment she heard a slight rustle of leaves directly over her head, and thinking the noise to be occasioned by the approach of Orraloois, she pronounced her name. The name was repeated in accents broken and hollow, and although reason told her that she had but awakened an echo, she could not forbear quaking with fear. Again she bent over the fountain to see if the mysterious form were still visible, but nothing, save the shadows of the pines, broke the light which the sun now threw upon its waters.

"Lucy Northington," said a deep voice behind her. She turned, and beheld Warner.

Harrassed, as she was, by superstitious terrors, it may be imagined that his presence brought with it relief and comfort; but the aversion with which she had always regarded him, was now mingled with fear, for the peculiar expression of his countenance, awakened the suspicion, that through his agency, she had been enticed to this solitary spot.

"Lucy Northington," he again repeated, "have you respect for the sanctity of an oath?"

"Most certainly I have," she replied, "though I well might refuse to answer so uncourteous a question."

"Swear, then, that you will be my wife!"

"Can you," said she, evading a direct reply to his demand, for there was a fierceness in his eye, that made her fear to refuse him at once—"wish to marry a person who would be incapable of regarding you with the affection proper in such an alliance?"

"I know your aim," said Warner; "you mean to unite yourself with that ungodly cavalier—that Free-thinker. The ruffles of fine lace that so uselessly dangle about his hands, and the diamonds that sparkle on his fingers, and on his breast, are befitting objects to awaken a woman's idolatry."

"If you allude to Percival Andros, he is no Free-thinker, and as for diamonds, better that twenty should sparkle on his breast, than that breast should hold a heart capable of base deception. Samuel Warner, it is you who enticed me hither in the name of the innocent Orraloois—you dare not deny it."

"I have no wish to deny it," he replied. "I submit-

ted to an act of treachery for your good. The snare was already laid for you: you would have been caught as in a net. I glory in being enabled to devise a way for your escape, though it be against your will."

"My escape!" repeated Lucy, with a tone of contempt.

"Yes, your escape! You go not hence, till your safety is provided for, by promising never to marry that ungodly cavalier. You must do more—you must swear to be mine."

"I will do neither the one nor the other," replied Lucy.

Warner remained silent for some time, but Lucy felt that, by the fearful expression of his eye, which had now kindled into the horrid glare of frenzy, some deadly purpose was laboring in his bosom.

"You say that you will never be mine?"

"Never!"

"Neither will you promise not to marry that insolent Andros?"

"No."

"Lucy Northington, you had better lie at the bottom of this fountain, than to marry that man."

He had, during the latter part of the conversation, held her arm with a firm grasp, and had, by almost imperceptible degrees, urged her towards the fountain, so that they now stood nearly upon its brink.

"Warner," said she, quickly, and in a voice so thrilling as to make him start, "answer me in a word! what do you mean?"

"I mean as I say," he replied with a ghastly smile.

"Once more I ask what you mean? I adjure, I command you to tell me!"

"There are two bridegrooms ready to take you, Lucy—the Dark Spirit of the fountain and myself—choose between us!"

"The choice is easily made," said she, unhesitatingly, though the deadly paleness of her countenance indicated the mortal fear with which she was stricken—"let the waters of the fountain be my bed."

She had only uttered these words, when she felt an arm lightly entwined round her neck, while the words, "Why does the sweet garden rose speak thus?" were breathed into her ear. It was Orraloois, who had returned to wreath the flowers she had left in the morning.

At sight of the Indian girl, Warner said in a low voice to Lucy, "Utter a word to mortal ear of what now has happened, and there may be a grave found as fearful, if less deep, than the waters of this fountain." Having said thus, he precipitately withdrew.

When Lucy found that he was gone, her first impulse was to throw herself upon the neck of Orraloois, where she wept like an infant. She then silently breathed her fervent thanks to Him, whose arm had rescued her from the mingled jealousy and fanaticism of one, whose reason was evidently clouded by insanity.

It was the afternoon of the same day, that Julia, who had wandered forth alone, entered a path that terminated in the one which had been taken by Orraloois, when she parted from Lucy, near the dwelling of Hendrick, in the

morning. It led through the heart of the forest, and those whose footsteps first imprinted it, having taken advantage of the facilities afforded by nature, in the room of resorting to art, its course was sufficiently devious. She continued to follow its windings, until, at a distance, through a natural vista, could be discovered a broad and beautiful river. Fifteen minutes' walk, and she stood at its side. Its waters, clear and unruffled, reflected the hills rising from the opposite margin, clad in the freshest green, and bathed in the bright sunlight, with scarcely a single tree to intercept the golden radiance; while the intervening vales, deep and woody, slept in a depth of shadow, that gave fine relief to the brilliancy of the open landscape. The beauty of the scenery enticed her to proceed. Soon the uniformity of the surface was broken by gentle undulations, which at last rose into hills piled one above another, attaining in the distance, a height which might have been termed mountains. Julia paused to gaze on a wild, sparkling stream, that, with musical voice, came bounding down its rocky bed, to mingle with the serene waters of the river. At this spot several paths met, and she selected one which diverged into a grove, that she might, after her protracted walk, obtain rest and shelter from the sun. Masses of the most luxuriant foliage overshadowed her, letting in glimpses of sunlight upon the soft, verdant carpet at her feet, which had the appearance of an intermingling of gold among the flowers of every hue, that bloomed in rich profusion. At the further side of the grove, a ledge of rocks, rising in easy acclivity, formed, at the height of fifteen or twenty feet, a shelf, smooth and level. The trees that towered far above, being interwoven with the foliage of grape-vines, threw over this spot a delicious coolness and a kind of twilight gloom, even at midday. She had remained here only a few minutes, when she heard the murmur of voices. The sounds came more and more distinctly to her ear, and it was not long before she could discern, through the trees, two men, who seemed advancing towards the grove. Somewhat alarmed, she placed herself on a part of the tabular rock, where, by arranging the overhanging branches of the vine, she was perfectly screened from the observation of any person who might be situated below. As she had apprehended, they made directly for the grove, and she could hardly suppress an exclamation of surprise, when she beheld, in one of them, Sir Basil Bellamour, a young gentleman reputed to be of princely fortune, who had been bred at the court of Charles II., and who had, previously to her leaving England, made application to her uncle, Sir Edmund Andros, for her hand. Regardless of her remonstrances, Sir Edmund encouraged his suit, which he continued to press with ardor; and on this account, she less reluctantly left her native isle, hoping thereby to rid herself of an annoyance, which daily grew more intolerable.

"Were it not for the wreath of blue smoke I see yonder," said the companion of Bellamour, as he seated himself at the foot of a tree, "which I suppose rises from the hut of the laborer, where you have taken lodgings with as much complacency as if it were a palace, I should not imagine that any breathing thing, save bears and monkeys, inhabited within forty miles of here."

"As for bears, there are plenty of them, no doubt," replied Sir Basil, "but for the monkeys, I will not vouch for more than one, that I see reposing very quietly beneath a tree."

"Monkey or not, I tell thee, Basil Bellamour, that thou hast come to this country on a fool's errand, and I, like a fool, have come to bear thee company."

"Not so, my worthy Jack. Marry, a single sight of my superb Indian princess, were, of itself, worth ten voyages across the Atlantic. Moreover, I will show thee, that I can twist that old stately governor, as easily as a chandler twists the wick of a candle."

"Faugh! One would think that you had had your breeding in a chandler's shop. But I tell you, that this same stately old governor, will keep so close a hand upon his niece's gold, that your eye will not even catch the sparkle of it; much less will you get a single piece of it between your fingers to lay over the rents of your broken fortune. Money is the object of both, in the game you play at, and one is as likely to be checkmated as the other."

"Thou hast been my shadow, Jack Morrice, for five years past, to little purpose, if thou dost not know that I can do as I say."

"But you seem to forget that there is a niece who has a will of her own, not so easily to be twisted."

"I shall show thee the contrary of that. To me, the task is alike easy to please the girl of eighteen, and her grandmother of eighty. I can suit myself to all conditions, and to every sort of prejudice and whim. I can help the hungry peasant eat his coarse loaf, and wash it down with stale beer from a brown earthen mug, and smack and lick my lips after it; and when just returned from the hungry chase, I can sit with the Frenchman an hour or more, and sip over the hind leg of a frog, with as satisfied an air as the pury alderman sits in his stuffed chair over a tureen of turtle soup. I can sing songs with the cavalier, and with the roundhead, psalms—can cry hurra for liberty till my throat is sore, and to 'God save the King,' can say amen. Did'st thou never hear me sigh, and see me shake my head, when some brisk blade has slyly snatched a kiss from a blushing lass? But I will tell thee, Jack, that my mouth watered all the while for that self-same kiss, as I have seen an awkward country boy's, as he stood gazing and longing while his sick grandame ate an orange."

"That was when you played the Roundhead to obtain old Ludlow's daughter, and a pretty demure little damsel she was, too."

"Pretty! That is a most contemptible word when applied to her. She was beautiful! divine! Julia Andros, as far as beauty is concerned, is not worthy to be named the same day with her. Well, let her go—I could have won her if I would, and I would, if she had possessed the wherewithal to have repaired my fortune."

"She is married now."

"Yes, and to a hypocritical knave, that will turn up the whites of his eyes, draw down the corners of his mouth, and whine most sanctimoniously at the sound of a laugh or an innocent jest, and would, if he had his way, put the culprit in the stocks till his visage looked as rueful as his own. He is an honest knave, too. I had

some dealings with him once, and since that, I would not trust him with a bushel of gray beans, without counting every one of them ninety and nine times."

"A compliment, which I dare say, he would most heartily reciprocate. But yonder approaches La Belle Sauvage—I will therefore be off, and for lack of more profitable employment, hunt bird's nests."

"Stay a moment, and look at her. Marry, she has the air of a queen. I have half a mind to take her to England. A mock ceremony of marriage will be all that is necessary to make her willing to go with me."

"Nay, Bellamour, you are too bad. If your conscience were not like the air, too elastic to be wounded, it would feel sore, only at the thought of deceiving so beautiful and innocent a creature."

"Jack, thou art turning moralist. Better turn divine, and when we return to England, I will make interest to procure a living for thee."

Orraloois paused at the meeting of the waters, beneath a stately oak, whose branches shot far across the larger stream, breaking by the light, dancing shadows of their leaves, the golden sunshine that slept upon its bosom. Julia, who knew by her form and dress, that it was the girl whom she had seen in the morning, would hardly have recognized her by features, sparkling as they now were with joy and animation.

"My sweet flower of the forest! My lovely fawn of the hills!" exclaimed Bellamour, as he advanced to meet her.

She bounded forward to meet him, lightly and gracefully as the animal to which he had compared her, and even Bellamour, for a moment, quailed before the light of those eyes, which, with looks confiding and full of love, were raised to his face—a face handsome enough to have ensnared a more guarded and a less artless heart, than beat in the bosom of this daughter of the wilderness.

"You see that I have kept my promise," said he, as he bent over her.

She felt his warm breath, as it wandered among the flowers of the coronal that graced her brow, and the conversation she had held with Lucy flashed upon her mind. An quiet expression came to her eye, but it flitted away like the shadow of the dark bird, which that moment, unheeded by her, flew across her path, as the voice of Bellamour, softer and more insinuating in its tones than before, repeated, "you see that I have kept my promise, dear Orraloois."

"You have," she replied, but the days of thy absence have been like years. A dark cloud has folded me in its bosom, and I could not see the brightness of the sun. The sounds that used to be most joyful, had a voice of mourning. The song of the robin and bluebird, warbled among the chestnut boughs that shade my father's dwelling, no longer sent a thrill of joy through my heart, as it roused me from my morning slumbers."

"But you will be happy now," said he, in a tone soft as before, yet, expressive of exultation at the power he had over her affections.

"Yes, with you, but do you see yonder bright cloud, graceful and beautiful as the canoe as it glides over the

blue waters? It will soon pass away and will not like that return."

"Go with me, Orraloois—I shall not then need to return."

"Why should I go?" said she, with a deep and solemn earnestness. It was the voice of my doom that I heard in the winds, and in the rustle of the green leaves. It told me that I should soon die. When the leaves fall, they will find my grave."

"If I take you hence, where the dismal sounds of the wilderness cannot be heard, these dark and wild fancies will vanish."

"No! no! In the midnight stillness, when even the wind folds its rustling wings and sleeps, and no sound can come to my ear, then do I feel the cold breathings of that voice round my heart."

"I will not listen to these melancholy forebodings. They are nought. Go with me, and thy light step will echo in the gilded halls of stately palaces. This robe shall be exchanged for one brilliant with flowers of gold, and sparkling gems; while the jewels that shall adorn your queen-like brow, shall every one of them beam with a lustre, bright as the eyes that look up to yours, when you bend over the clear fountain. Will you not go with me? Say nay, and I shall know you do not love me." As he repeated these last words, he clasped a necklace, brilliant if not valuable, round her neck.

The eyes were tearful that she raised to his, yet they beamed with a soft and sunny radiance. "Your words," she replied, "fall softly on my heart, as the flowers fall on my morning path, which my maidens love to strew before me. They bring for me a bright dream, but it will soon float away, and never grow to reality."

"Why persist so tenaciously in cherishing those foolish whims?" said Bellamour, impatiently and with some asperity. "The daughter of a great chief should have strength to throw them from her."

"Say no more, I will go with you. Yet added she, my father loves young Ossinneepoo, and will, I fear, oppose my wedding another."

Bellamour could not suppress a smile at the simplicity, that could perceive no reason, why a high-born Englishman should not marry the daughter of an Indian chief. Although Orraloois did not fathom the full meaning of that sinister smile, there was something in it that sent a pang to her heart. Bellamour perceived that it had produced a painful impression, and hastened to say "your father need not know it. I will procure a priest, who will perform the holy ceremony in private. Will that satisfy you, my sweet forest-flower?" he inquired, touching her glowing cheek with his lips. "Your will is mine," she replied, but the words had only escaped her lips, when with a wild piercing shriek, she threw herself upon his bosom. The object of her alarm, at the same instant, caught the attention of Bellamour. Directly opposite them, cowering behind a rock that nearly screened him from observation, was Ossinneepoo, the direst and most revengeful passion burning in his eyes, which were fastened upon Bellamour. The string of the bow, which he held in his hand was already relaxed: the arrow was sped. Orraloois, by shielding him she

loved, had received her own death-wound. Bellamour, who had darted aside, the moment he discovered the young savage, bearing her with him, knew not that she was wounded, until through faintness, relaxing her hold, she murmured, "lay me by the mountain stream, that I may taste its waters, and look once more on your face before I die."

Alarmed and agitated, he hastened to obey her, first plucking the arrow, which had entered just below her right shoulder, from the wound.

"I have given my life for yours," said she, "I looked not for so proud and happy a destiny."

After a hurried examination of the wound, he imagined that the arrow had penetrated to no vital part, and expressed his belief to Orraloois.

"You are deceived," she replied. "The ice of death is already in my veins."

Julia, who had witnessed the tragedy from her hiding place, was already on the spot, every personal consideration being absorbed in anxiety for the young and interesting victim. Bellamour raised his eyes from the dying girl, at her approach, but without testifying or feeling any of the surprise, which her sudden appearance might have awakened on a less dreadful occasion. He disengaged one of the largest of the bright shells that ornamented her girdle, and handing it to Julia, requested her to procure some water.

"Let it be from the mountain stream," said Orraloois, "I used to love to see its wild waters throw the foam feathers over the green turf, and among the sweet flowers by its side, and to listen to its merry voice, that seemed laughing at its own sport. I shall see and hear it no more."

"Orraloois, dearest," said Bellamour, taking the water from Julia, for he was reckless now that a high-born English-woman should hear him speak words of tenderness to an Indian girl—"Orraloois, dearest, will you taste the water?"

She eagerly drank it.

"I die happy," said she, raising her eyes, already growing dark with the mists of death, "for that eye is upon me, whose light is sweeter than that of the evening star to the weary hunter, when it shows him the roof of his distant dwelling. It would give me joy," she added, after a moment's silence, "to look once more on the fair rose, who delighted to teach me the language, whose words awakened the first pulses of that dearer life which slept in my heart. Tell the old chief, my father, that the light of his eyes is departed, that she is gone to the spirit-land where her mother dwells, who stands ready to receive her." Her eyelids closed. "Beloved," said she, "farewell the last sleep steals upon me."

The small fingers of the delicately formed hand, which were closed round his, grew cold and rigid. She had ceased to breathe.

"Lay her on the flowery turf," said Julia, "it is a fitting bed for one so young and beautiful."

It is during moments of strong excitement, more than at any other time, that the avenues of the heart are left unguarded, and that gushes of feeling break forth and

flow unchecked into their legitimate channels, over which, until then, we had kept a vigilant and successful watch, and which we imagined were fully within our control. It was thus with Edward Northington and Julia Andros. A few broken and passionate words, as, with others now assembled, they stood by the pale corpse of the Indian girl, and which, at another time, he would not have ventured to breathe into her ear, were listened to with an emotion, that assured him that the pure and absorbing passion, which seemed to be infused into the very life-pulses of his own heart, glowed in hers with a kindred intensity. Both felt, to an extent they had never before realized, that the low breathings of sorrow on the rich chords of the heart, awaken music, the deepest and the most thrilling; and that the dazzling halo, which Hope traces round joys, pictured in the far perspective, is, by its sacred influences, mellowed to the soft, ethereal hues of the sunbeam, when refracted by the tears of the cloud. They thought not then of the obstacles, which reason told them, when the hour of reflection came, would be opposed to their love, the course of which, when true, according to the poet, "did never yet run smooth."

Orraloois was buried beneath the turf where she now lay, and the low mound, thickly studded with flowers, long indicated the spot, where this lovely and innocent child of the wilderness slept.

Ossinnepo, who, as Orraloois had said, carried the heart of a hare in his bosom, the moment that he found that he was discovered by his rival, fled, even without attempting to send another arrow, and was seen no more amongst the people of his tribe.

Bellamour, who knew that all the fervent and treasured affections of the Indian maiden's young and guileless heart, were his, was more deeply affected by her tragic death, than any person, who had listened to his heartless remarks to Morrice, as well as his attempts to basely deceive her, would have been led to imagine, and, for a time, it maintained a salutary influence over his mind and conduct.

It was a rich autumn evening and the beams of the declining sun, unobstructed by the lofty buildings, which have since risen around the Province House, veiling it in premature gloom, shone with golden lustre on the panelled wainscot of polished oak, which surrounded one of the spacious chambers. The apartment was furnished in a style of magnificence unusual in the colonies, where, in addition to the difficulties common to every new country, with which the inhabitants have to contend, their genius and enterprise were cramped by the jealous tyranny of the mother country; it being a principle of the colonial policy, to discourage all attempts to manufacture any article which they could import from England. But had no such restrictions existed, and had they possessed ample means, it is not probable that the religious scruples of the Puritans, would have permitted them to indulge in what they would have termed the pomps and vanities which were considered requisite by Sir Edmund Andros, the royal governor, who was, at this time, resident of the Province House. Various pieces of ma-



hogany furniture, enriched by carvings, and bearing so high a polish as nearly to supercede the necessity of the large pier-glass, placed between two of the windows, were in due order arranged round the room; while a Brussels carpet, small, but exceedingly rich and beautiful, muffled, at times, the foot-fall of a man who was traversing the apartment, which rang sharp and loud whenever it came in contact with the uncovered floor. The man was of tall figure and soldier-like mien, the expression of his countenance haughty, and at times, indicative—so said his friends—of firmness and decision, although his enemies chose rather to imagine that they exemplified obstinacy and that spirit of tyranny which the thoroughly selfish ever exercise, over those who are subject to their control. If the friends of Sir Edmund were partly right, his arbitrary and oppressive rule showed that his enemies were not wholly wrong. He was now just returned from his expedition to Hartford, Connecticut, where, as is well known, he conducted a body of troops in order to seize the charter, in which purpose, he was defeated by the address and dexterity of the citizens, who effected its concealment in an oak tree. Lady Andros, a pale, delicate looking woman, who sat at one of the windows engaged with her needle, perceived that something had occurred to chafe her husband's spirits, but, as she was aware that he had a particular aversion to being "put to the question," and as he did not happen to be in a communicative mood, she was obliged to content herself with remaining ignorant of the cause.

Julia Andros was seated in a remote corner of the apartment, embroidering a piece of satin in imitation of the rich, elaborate work, ornamenting the curtains that shaded the windows. There were marks of anxiety on her beautiful countenance, too deep to be occasioned by the difficult shading of fruit or flower, and her hand often rested on the embroidery frame, as she stole a look, full of solicitude, at the tall, erect figure, and the stern, unyielding features of her uncle. Once she laid aside her needle and half rose, determined to address him, but just at that moment, the heel of his military boot rang so loudly on the floor, that starting back with a nervous gesture, she sunk again into her chair. The request which she wished to make, was a very simple one of itself, yet as straws on the stream serve to indicate the direction of the current, she was conscious that his refusal would show her what she might expect relative to a subject which she felt would involve the future happiness of her life. Lady Andros, who was in Julia's confidence, and had a suspicion of what was passing in her mind, gave her a look, by which to admonish her to refrain from addressing Sir Edmund, while in his present ungente mood. Julia, however, impatient to free herself from suspense, again rose and with a determined air advancing to meet him, said in an agitated and hurried manner, "Uncle, uncle Edmund."

"Don't disturb me, child," said he, motioning her away with an impatient wave of the hand, "I am in no mood for talking just now."

"I have only one request to make," said Julia, "it will take you but brief time to say, yes or no."

"Be quick then and name it."

"You will recollect how kind the Northingtons were to me—Lucy, in a particular manner. Will you not permit me to reciprocate her kindness as far as I am able, by inviting her hither to spend a few weeks?"

Instead of replying to her question, "the Northingtons," repeated he, "I am obliged to you for refreshing my memory. I had almost forgotten that I have something to say to you, about a Northington." As he spoke, he took a letter from his pocket and held it in such a manner, that she could read the superscription. "Do you know that writing," demanded he, fixing a searching look of inquiry upon her face, as if to detect any attempt at evasion.

"I do know it," she replied in an unfaltering voice, although the blush, that at first sight of the writing, seemed literally to burn her cheek, as quickly receded, leaving it deadly pale.

"Lucy Northington's, I suppose," a smile of bitter irony flitting over his features.

"No, sir, Edward Northington's."

"Truly, you must be somewhat familiar with the gallant's handwriting, to be able to recognize it so readily. I dare say that you have seen your name written by the same hand on the back of a letter before to-day."

Julia was silent.

"Do you pretend to deny having received letters from him?"

"I do not."

"And you thought proper to conceal the circumstance from me, your uncle—your guardian."

"I did not wish to trouble you, sir—especially, as you have latterly appeared to have more business than you could well attend to; besides, he mentioned in his last letter that he meant to speak to you on the subject himself."

"Intended to speak to me! Who is Edward Northington, that he should speak to me on a subject like that? If my power answered to my wish, I would crush him as I now crush the vile trash which he has had the audacity to send my niece." At the same moment, he compressed the letter with his hand and contemptuously tossed it from him into the fire.

Julia seized it before the expiring embers had power to do more than to slightly scorch it.

"Return that letter from whence you took it," said Sir Edmund, slowly, and in a voice rendered fearful by the deep and concentrated anger, of which it was expressive. But Julia, who inherited some of the high and determined spirit of her uncle, felt her courage rise as his anger increased, and she ventured to disobey him.

"You will gain nothing by this, Miss Andros," said he. "I am not to be thwarted in my designs. I have promised your hand to Sir Basil Bellamour, the son of my friend; and even if I had not, never should you unite yourself with one of the Puritanical tribe which Northington belongs to—treason is written on the face of every one of them."

Julia was prevented from replying by the entrance of a man, who had the appearance of a person who possessed a good share of self-confidence. The sight of him

had the effect to partly dissipate the cloud which darkened Sir Edmund's brow.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Dickson," said he, "and I hope that your enterprise has proved more successful than mine. Did you find the people inclined to pay the taxes?"

"No, please your Excellency, the only answer which I received when I mentioned the subject, was, that the general court alone had the power to impose taxes, and to appoint magistrates, and that they should neither pay the one, nor recognize the other, unless coercion were used."

"Coercion shall be used then. They shall be imprisoned. I will teach them that the king may appoint officers and make laws without the interference of their general court."

"But I suspect that you will be sorry that you turned school-master to such refractory scholars," said Percival Andros, in an undertone, who entered the room as his uncle was speaking.

"Please your Excellency," said Dickson, "I have caused several to be imprisoned, who appeared to be the most zealous in promoting a spirit of insubordination among the people."

"You have done right. I tell you, Mr. Dickson, that we, who govern now, may be considered as pioneers. The task of our successors will be play to what we have to perform. The people now, have too much knowledge, too much book-learning, which they brought over from Old England. The next generation, lacking these, will be more docile."

"Ay, it must be as your Excellency says, if the free schools and the printing be suppressed, for as Sir William Berkely has truly said in his official report, 'learning has brought sedition, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best governments.'"

"And if printing should be suppressed," said young Andros, "your purpose, which I take to be that of destroying the principles of liberty, would thereby be the more surely defeated. Principles which have sustained them in the hours of uncertainty, gloom, and peril, can never die. If debarred from disseminating them on the printed page, each heart will become a temple in which they will be guarded and nursed with all the zeal and fidelity with which the vestals of old kept alive the sacred fire."

"Upon my word, Percival," said the governor, "quite a pretty speech for a youngster. I must try and obtain the influence of my Lord Stormont to procure you a seat in parliament." Then turning to Dickson, he inquired whom he had imprisoned.

"Please your Excellency, the principal prisoner is named Northington."

"Northington!" repeated Julia, half rising from her chair.

"I have heard of him," said Sir Edmund. "A staunch Puritan—a disloyal subject. You could not have performed a more acceptable duty. Pity it is, that their cages as they call them, were not as cold and as damp as some of the prisons in England, which would, I think, go

far to quench the wonderful fire that Percival has been speaking about."

"No doubt of it," replied Dickson.

"I hope," said the Governor, "that their cage is a secure one."

"Yes, please your Excellency, for as there was no prison of any kind at Woodville, I was forced to bring the prisoners hither. Old Northington and his daughter are both here."

"His daughter? What have you brought his daughter here for?"

"Please your Excellency, the old man's health is rather indifferent, and his townsmen would have tarred and feathered me, for aught I know, if I had not permitted her to accompany him as nurse. Nor should I, as it was, have escaped unharmed, had not Northington exhorted them to remain quiet and not attempt to interfere in his behalf, as he doubted not, that he should yet live to see the proud oppressor humbled in the dust."

"Were he not beneath my contempt," said Sir Edmund, in a voice that showed he struggled hard to master his rising ire, "I might feel angry—as it is, I only pity him."

The clock of the Old South had struck the hour of ten, when Julia, softly unclosing her chamber door, stood, for a few minutes, in the attitude of listening. All was still. Stepping back, and arraying herself in her cloak and bonnet, she trod lightly along the passage that led from her own room to her brother's. Ere she had reached it, the door opened, and Percival appeared, ready to accompany her. Descending the stairs, and going out at a back door, they were soon in the street, pursuing their way quickly and silently to the prison. Having ascertained that Mr. Northington had not yet retired to rest, and that Lucy was still in his apartment, they requested the gaoler to ask the prisoner's permission for them to enter. The man said something about the lateness of the hour, but a douseur that Percival slipped into his hand, obtained his ready acquiescence. He unclosed the door, through which, standing ajar as he entered, they could perceive Mr. Northington, who sat leaning back in a thoughtful attitude in his chair. The light of the lamp fell full upon his features, and while the strong lines round his mouth appeared deeper, and his eye to glow with intense fire, his high forehead, edged with thin, silvery curls, looked still paler than when seen by sunlight. His lips were compressed, his brow slightly knit, and the whole cast of his countenance showed that bitter thoughts were at work in his bosom. What a contrast in the fixed, stern expression of his whole person, to that of his daughter, who sat on one side of the cell, wistfully regarding him. The light falling upon her, soft and shadowy, revealed her beautiful features flushed with excitement, and wearing a look of trouble and anxiety—for sufficient time had not yet elapsed since the agitating scene through which she had passed, for the still, deep feeling of sadness, to settle upon her, as the heavy curtain of night falls upon the flower—a sadness, which, though it may eat into the heart's core, is indicated by none of those fluctuations which the mind, in its first state of feverish excitement, paints upon the aspect.

"Let them come in," said Mr. Northington, in reply to the quoler.

At the sight of Julia, Lucy bounded forward to meet her, and every painful emotion was, for the moment, lost in the joy of meeting her friend. Not so with Julia. To meet Lucy thus, sent a pang to her bosom which she could not subdue. She attempted to speak, but her words were choked in their utterance, and falling upon the fair girl's neck, she wept like a child. One eloquent look was interchanged between young Andros and Lucy, and then he approached her father, though with slow and timid steps; for he felt that the ties of blood which connected him with Sir Edmund, might prove a barrier to that freedom of intercourse, by the means of which, he might be enabled to convince him of his sympathy, as well as of his disapprobation of the arbitrary and oppressive measures which his uncle thought it expedient to adopt. To his surprise, Mr. Northington rose from his chair and extended to him his hand, while his features relaxed into one of those bland smiles that spread an air of benignity over the whole countenance.

"When we parted at my own peaceful threshold," said he, "I little dreamed that we should next meet in a prison; but my heart is warmer towards you now, than it was then. I have often heard of you since, and have been rejoiced to hear that your seat has not been with the scorners."

"Those," replied Percival, "who can form a just estimate of the imperfection which attaches itself to our best efforts, can have little room for the feeling of scorn." He then expressed his regret and sympathy, concerning his present situation.

"Yes," said Mr. Northington, "my affliction is indeed grievous, but I doubt not, necessary; for who am I, that I should glide down the stream of life, encountering neither shoals nor rocks? It is but right that I should be tried, and if, Oh Lord," added he, raising his eyes and hands to Heaven, "I prove faithless, let me perish with thine enemies, but let them that love thee, whoever they are, be as the sun that goeth forth in his might."

There was something in this brief and sublime aspiration, peculiarly impressive, uttered, as it was, in the deep and fervent tones of an earnest and confiding spirit. Julia no longer wept, but seating herself by the side of Lucy, on the low seat that ran along one side of the cell, listened with deep attention to the words of the venerable prisoner. Had Sir Edmund Andros been there, he might have seen that his was not a spirit to obtain the ascendant over such men as Northington. It is true that he possessed firmness and perseverance; but, while it was his object to heighten the splendor of the crown, or, in severer, perhaps, truer language, to raise himself to dignity, it was the aim of Northington to maintain and promote the good of the humble community, of which he was a member. Subsequently, Sir Edmund found, by experience, that an energetic will, and a perseverance that never faltered, were not sufficient to ensure him success, when he was met by minds as positive, equally persevering, and which were, in addition, cheered and sustained by a noble enthusiasm.

Again the clock of the Old South sent its loud peals through the air, proclaiming the hour of midnight. Percival rose to depart.

"It grieves me," said he, addressing Mr. Northington, "to leave you and your daughter in so dreary an abode, and you may be assured that I will use my best efforts to obtain permission for your return home."

"Nay," said Mr. Northington, "draw not upon yourself your uncle's wrath. In due season my bonds will be broken asunder. At the time of your arrival, a feeling of bitterness and distrust had stolen into my heart, and my spirit repined at being, in my old age and feeble health, torn from the comforts of home, and made the victim of oppression, but it has now passed. Let us," added he, "return thanks to the Most High for his goodness, and pray that he will not suffer us to murmur against his will."

All knelt, and the speaker's voice now breathing in low but fervent tones the humble petition of a contrite spirit, and now uttering, in a voice, clear and deep, the language of a lofty and cheering faith, as it broke the midnight silence of the prison, awing and solemnizing the hearts of those who listened, seemed like the gushing of the waters of

"Siloa's brook,  
That flows fast by the oracle of God."

When they rose, it could be seen by the mild light that illumined the features of all, that the heavy cloud of sorrow had been lifted from their hearts, and that the beams of peace and quiet joy were there in its stead. Sweet was the mingling of hearts in that lowly cell, as the blending of rich odors, which the bright wing of morning sweeps from opening flowers.

As the brother and sister were returning home, they found that some person, walking at the same rapid rate as themselves, kept constantly behind them. By a hasty look which Julia ventured to take, as they turned a corner, she perceived it to be a man wrapped in a dark cloak, wearing a steeple-crowned hat, whose height and general appearance, answered to that of Warner. She mentioned this to her brother, and to be the more assured that he was following them, they now slackened their pace. The person behind them did the same. Julia now began to feel some alarm, for she recalled the suspicion she had formerly entertained of his insanity—a suspicion which might have been confirmed, had Lucy, undeterred by Warner's threats, revealed the scene that took place in the glen. To out-walk him, was impossible, and Andros thought it best to stop, and allow him to come up with them. The man stopped likewise, and after steadfastly regarding them for a few seconds, turned precipitately into a dark, narrow alley. The view that they thus obtained of his person, left neither of them any longer in doubt that it was Warner. Two minutes' walk more, to the infinite relief of Julia, brought them to Province House.

Percival Andros, as he had promised, made application to his uncle to remit the imprisonment of Mr. Northington, which, instead of being successful, procured his own banishment; for the governor, suspecting that his nephew's zeal for the liberation of the father, was partly

occasioned by attachment to the daughter, appointed him to some official duty in a distant part of the province.

Julia frequently found opportunities to visit her friends in prison, and although Edward had many times obtained permission from his tutor, at college, for a similar purpose, they never met but once. The few minutes, however, which they then spent together, sufficed to assure him that the reports he had heard, relative to Julia, whom he had been told favored the addresses of Sir Basil Bellamour, were without foundation. Before parting, they mutually agreed to await the tide of events, which might ultimately remove those barriers to their friendly intercourse, which, at present, appeared insuperable.

During the winter, Sir Basil Bellamour, who had taken up his residence in Boston, was, on the part of the governor, a welcome guest at Province House. He soon took opportunity to renew his addresses to Julia, with all his former assiduity, which her coldness and marked aversion had no effect to repulse.

Signs of discontent, at the oppressive measures of the governor, which had long been visible, became, every day, more and more apparent, and on the eighteenth of April, many persons were seen in arms in the streets of Boston. While one party directed their steps towards the harbor, in order to seize the captain of the frigate *Rose*, another, led on by a youthful commander, who looked as if he had been bred in the cloister rather than in the camp, urged their way with equal celerity towards the Province House. Here they kept vigilant watch, until word was brought them that their coadjutors had succeeded in their attempt to make themselves masters of the *Rose*, and had already brought its guns to bear upon the castle, which they hoped soon to compel to surrender. A signal agreed upon, soon announced their success, and the governor found that there was no alternative, but to yield himself a prisoner into the hands of those, on whose rights, a few hours before, he had trampled with as little scruple as on the dust beneath his feet.

The youthful leader of the band, having given orders that he should be conducted to the castle, and treated with proper respect, re-entered the house, and with hasty steps ascended the staircase. For a few moments he stood irresolute before the door of the apartment, into which we have been admitted on a previous occasion. He then gave a low knock, but although he felt sure, that, as he was advancing towards the door, he had heard the voice of Julia, all, within, was now perfectly silent.

"Julia—Miss Andros," he then said, "will you not see me for one moment?"

A female voice spake in reply, but it was not Julia's.

"Seek not, young man," it said, "to obtrude yourself into the presence of those, whose protector you have just torn from his own threshold."

"It is for this reason that I am here," replied the young man, "for although, in reality, you have no cause of alarm, it is but natural that your fears should be excited. Admit me to your presence only for one minute, and I will convince you that you wrong me. Julia, will not you speak in my behalf? Surely, you

must know that you are listening to the voice of Edward Northington."

"And is the part, which Edward Northington has just acted, such as to warrant our reposing confidence in him?" said the clear, musical voice of Julia.

"I think I may say it is," was the reply.

A few whispered words were now exchanged between Lady Andros and her niece, and then the door was opened. Julia cast on him a look of reproach.

"Nay, Julia," said Edward, "it is but just to listen to an explanation of my conduct, before you pass condemnation."

"That which is apparent, needs no explanation," she replied. "We saw you approach the house at the head of a seditious band, and we heard you give orders to those who composed it, to lay violent hands on the person of your chief magistrate, and to convey him, a prisoner, to the castle."

"I confess that I have done all that you have laid to my charge. Had I not led them on, there were hundreds of others ready to do so, and I did not feel willing to trust a party of persons to break into your dwelling with passions roused, and inflamed to the highest pitch, who, unrestrained by any particular motive, if they had forbore to offer insult to the females of the household, might have treated them with less deference than they have a right to claim. You see, therefore," added he, smiling, "that it was not wholly for the sake of the honor, that I consented to assume the command."

"But you will not deny that you approve of the course which has been taken," said Julia.

"There was no alternative, and you, whose sentiments are as hostile as my own, to an arbitrary exertion of power, will perceive that there was none, when the unpleasant excitement, occasioned by the recent scene, has had time to subside. But I have already lingered too long. You, madam," addressing Lady Andros, "can, if you desire, join Sir Edmund this evening. Will you accompany her, Julia, or go to the residence of your friend, Mary Turner? My father and Lucy, whom I liberated from prison with my own hands, are already there."

"My dear aunt, do you wish me to go with you?" said Julia.

"No, my love, I am not selfish. You now have your liberty—use it as you please, for that, I know, will be as you ought."

"If, then, a visit to Miss Turner will meet your approbation," said Julia, hesitatingly, "I will go."

"Certainly it will," replied Lady Andros, "the more readily, that you will have Lucy Northington for a companion, for her solicitude for her father's comfort, shows that she is worthy of your regard."

"Sir Edmund's carriage will shortly return," said Edward, and I will be here again, myself, in less than an hour."

In something more than half an hour, they again heard footsteps ascending the staircase, and Lady Andros, thinking it to be Edward, opened the door. Instead of Edward, however, it was Sir Basil Bellamour, who was evidently highly excited with wine; on perceiving which,

Julia attempted to close the door, but seizing her by the hand, before she could effect her purpose, he began to sing,

"Old Noll is gone, and King Charley has come,  
And a right merry monarch is he—  
Old Noll is gone, and the wine and the song,  
Round the board will pass briskly and free."

"That," said he, "by the aid of a little fancy, may be applied to the old governor and myself. You can make the application, Miss Andros, without my descending to particulars. It would be easy to parody it, but now, it would not be exactly polite," winking, and looking towards Lady Andros.

"Nor is it exactly polite," said Julia, who had, during this time, been vainly struggling to withdraw her hand, "for you to retain my hand against my will."

"Ay, you would be better pleased if it were a prisoner to that young Roundhead, Ned Northington. But I warn you beforehand, that you will have but a sorry time of it, if you marry that fellow, if he is like those I knew in Old England."

"The roundhead knaves, they sang through the nose,  
While at good jest their choler rose.  
And for lack of steeples  
On their conventicles,  
Each wore on his head,  
Therewith the rain to —"

"Egad," said he, abruptly breaking off his song, "it would be a queer sight to see you walking arm in arm with Ned Northington, in his steeple-crowned hat, and his suit of drugged, for doubtless he will be obliged to conform, or they will turn him out of the synagogue."

"And a still queerer sight would it be, to see you walking arm in arm with him," said Edward, who had returned in time to hear the latter part of his speech, and who, walking up to him, very quietly disengaged his hand from Julia's.

"I beg pardon," said Sir Basil, bowing very low, "for the breach of courtesy of which I have involuntarily been guilty, for I make it a rule to abide by my code of politeness on every occasion, which forbids me to speak of the peculiarities of even the Roundheads, in the presence of one. But whither are you leading me?" he inquired, stopping short, for they had now reached the head of the staircase.

"From the presence of those by whom your company is not desired."

"Egad, I will stay and protect the ladies, whether they desire my company or not, seeing that their lawful protector is in duress vile. I'll constitute myself a kind of deputy protector, and a merry time we will have;" and he again began to sing,

"Old Noll is gone," etc.

The sound of his voice attracted a number of idle fellows who were passing, and, without ceremony, they entered at the open door. One or two struck into the song, while others vociferously applauded the performers. The hall and staircase had now become a scene of riot and confusion, while Lady Andros and Julia, momentarily becoming more alarmed, impatiently awaited the return of Sir Edmund's carriage; nor was Edward, who remained at their side, entirely without his fears, that

when the inclination of the revellers for music had become satisfied, their tumultuous mirth would manifest itself in a manner still more offensive.

Just at this crisis, Percival Andros appeared at the outer door, who, having received some intimation of the intended proceedings, had hastened to town. He was accompanied by a number of persons, who, as he proceeded towards Province House, had clustered round him, eager to communicate the events of the day. The sight of young Andros, by awakening a sense of shame, operated, at once, to subdue the self-complacent mirth of Sir Basil, and he stopped abruptly in the middle of one of the lines of his parody, on the stanza he had at first sung; for he had forgotten the resolution he had formed through deference to Lady Andros. Those who were listening to him, loudly called on him to resume his parody, but the voice of Andros, speaking in a peremptory and decided manner, for them to quit the house, when they perceived that there was a sufficient number present, to enforce his commands, was not, as they wisely imagined, to be disregarded with impunity.

Shortly after their departure, the carriage, for which they had been so long waiting, drew up to the door. Lady Andros, Julia and Edward, had already taken their seats in it, when a person, dressed in the same manner as the one who followed him and his sister on the night when they were returning from the prison, suddenly making his way through those who surrounded the carriage, made a thrust at him with a large clasp-knife. Edward, who saw him pluck the knife from his bosom, at the same instant becoming aware of his design, bent forward with the quickness of thought, and an energy of action which proved equal to staying an arm nerved by madness, caught the assassin by the wrist, in such a manner, as to deprive the hand of its muscular power, and caused the murderous weapon to drop to the ground. Eager to facilitate the entrance of Andros into the carriage, Edward released his prisoner, whom he, as well as Julia, recognized to be Warner. He immediately fled, the bystanders, wholly unprepared for so daring an act in the open face of day, making no attempt to detain him.

Julia was soon set down at Miss Turner's, where Mr. Northington and Lucy were already received as guests—Percival and Edward having promised to return in the evening.

As good is sometimes said to proceed from evil, this attempt of Warner, upon the life of young Andros, wrenched away the last lingering prepossessions which still clung to the heart of Mr. Northington, in his favor; for, as has already been suggested, awed by his fearful menace, Lucy had disclosed to no person, not even her parents, the fearful scene which had taken place in the glen. Nor was the unpleasant scene at the Province House, in which Sir Basil Bellamour took so prominent a part, without an auspicious result. When, from the lips of Lady Andros, Sir Edmund learnt what his conduct had been, especially when he heard in what free and disrespectful terms he had alluded to himself, he was as desirous to prevent a marriage between him

and his niece, as before that, he had been anxious to promote it.

A little more than a year from the time when occurred the last mentioned events, Percival Andros and Edward Northington, each with his wife leaning on his arm, stood together on a spot of ground somewhat elevated, that overlooked the valley which embosomed the dwelling of Mr. Northington. At a short distance, a commodious and tasteful house was nearly completed, intended to be the summer residence of the young people. A look of serene happiness resting on the brow of each, showed that the mantle of domestic love was gathered round them, causing them to realize that quiet repose of the heart, which it never feels so fully as when it beats beneath that mantle's hallowed folds.

"This is a spot," said Julia Northington, "where a magic link was woven into the chain of my fortunes; for, although unknown to me then, it possessed a benign lustre, which has had the power to brighten all succeeding ones."

"Yes," said Andros, in reply to his sister "that sprained ankle of yours, vexatious as we thought it then, proved auspicious to us all. But for that, I might never have found this fair girl by my side, whose voice I would not miss for the sweetest lay ever breathed by a daughter of song."

The blue eyes of Lucy looked an eloquent reply, as she turned towards her husband.

"Look Julia," said Edward, "does not the very spirit of beauty and repose hover over yonder valley—the home of Lucy's childhood and mine?"

"Yes," said Julia, "and see that stream sparkling in the sunbeams, that, like a gem-wrought zone, girds it on the west. There, I well remember, a certain Mr. Edward Northington, sat quietly angling, an hour or more, on a certain afternoon, heedless of the distressed damsel, who craved hospitality at his father's gate."

"I have since, however, you will allow, made ample amends for my lack of curiosity then."

Just at this moment, a man was seen approaching on horseback. He halted when he arrived near them, and inquired for Edward Northington.

"That is my name, sir," said Edward, stepping forward.

The man handed him a letter. It was marked, "by ship," and on perusing it, Edward found that he and his sister, by the will of an uncle, who had recently died in England, were sole heirs of a handsome fortune.

Wealth must certainly possess a magical power over the affections, for, soon after Sir Edmund Andros became acquainted with the contents of the letter, he was heard to say that his nephew and niece were as dear to his heart as ever, and by the first opportunity, he sent a pressing invitation for them, and the partners they had chosen for life, to make a voyage across the Atlantic, and spend a year or more, which he said would be short time enough for them to be presented at court, and to view the wonders of English art, which, although inferior to those afforded by ancient Greece and Rome, must certainly be interesting to natives of the Colonies.

Original.

THE SEA.\*

BY JOHN KEAL.

HAVING now obtained a general view of these two systems of circulation, which resolve themselves, at last, into one—the greatest amount of rain falling precisely where the greatest evaporation takes place; and both, where the waters of the earth are highest, and the heat of the sun greatest: all which phenomena are but sections of the same circle, and are owing to the diminished pressure of the atmosphere upon the sea, and the higher temperature of both, caused by the heat of the sun: the consequences of which, are not only the dews and the rains which keep the fountains and the rivers full, and the earth continually refreshed, but the *currents* of the sea, and the *winds* of the sea, without which, there would be no such thing as national intercourse—and all who are *divided by the ocean*, would continue strangers for ever, as much as if they belonged to different worlds, instead of being *brought together by the ocean*, as they are now—Having done this, let us now give a few moments of our attention to some of the details which have been purposely omitted in the general view; after which, having briefly adverted to the winds, the tides, and other phenomena of the sea, the whole subject may be abandoned.

We are all familiar with the operation of the household pump; and though people are in the habit of talking, and even of *writing* about the laws of *suction*, few of us require to be told that water is obtained from a depth, not by suction, but by disturbing the equilibrium of the atmosphere—in other words, by taking off the pressure of the air from a column of water, no larger than the bore of a pump, or a surface of two or three inches in diameter, at most.

Now, the whole height of the atmosphere being estimated at from thirty to forty miles—(Delambre says forty-six)—a calculation which depends partly upon the *pressure* of the atmosphere, and partly upon the *twilight*; and the whole weight being equal to that of an ocean from thirty-two and a half, to thirty-four feet in depth, covering the whole earth; and water rising to the height of thirty-two and a half, or even to thirty-four feet, when the pressure of the atmosphere is wholly removed from any portion thereof—some idea may be formed of the prodigious elevation, caused by diminishing the pressure of the whole atmosphere upon the tropical seas.

But when the pressure of the atmosphere is diminished—not only does the water rise—but evaporation proceeds with a greater activity. If this arrangement did not exist, a large portion of the globe would be uninhabited: for the process of evaporation cools the air, and equalizes the temperature; while the land and sea breezes which are *generated in the process*, are employed in promoting and spreading that equalization. The common experiment of generating ice by the evaporation of ether, and that of evaporating ether in an exhausted receiver,

\* Concluded from page 241.

are familiar to most of us. In the East Indies, they manufacture ice, in large quantities, by evaporation—digging pits, which they fill with pans of water, set upon rushes. The pans are of porous, unbaked earth—similar to the butter-coolers we sometimes, though much too rarely, find in the shops. The ancients had a similar process for wine, while the moderns, who better understand the philosophy of the thing, wrap their wine-bottles in wet cloths, whereby the liquor may be rendered as cold as ice. In Spain, they have jars of unbaked earth, which are called *buscaros*, for the manufacture of ice-water; and Professor Leslie discovered, not long ago, that porphyritic trap, pounded and dried, will absorb one tenth of its own weight in moisture, and freeze one eighth of its whole weight of water—nay, that parched oatmeal is even better than pulverized trap rock—and yet, here are we, as an educated people, employed in shipping cargoes of ice from Boston to the East Indies!

If we take air from the earth at 79 dgs. Fahr., and carry it up to an elevation of two and a half miles, it will expand, *in consequence of the diminished pressure*, to double its original bulk; and the temperature will be reduced 50 dgs. Fahr.—that is, to 29 dgs., which is 3 dgs. below the freezing point of water. From these few facts, we may be able to obtain a pretty clear idea of the prodigious amount of evaporation between the tropics—of the consequent diminution of the insupportable heat there—of the extent to which that refreshing coolness may extend itself—and some idea, also, of the consequences, not only to the Earth and Sea, but to mankind.

The greatest density of water is at 42 dgs. 5' Fahr. Ten dgs. below this, it undergoes expansion by freezing; 10 dgs. above, it is equally expanded by another process; so that water occupies the same space, precisely, at 32 dgs. and at 53 dgs. Fahr. In the tropical regions, it is always 81 dgs.—so that the expansion of water, like that of the atmosphere there, is great enough to be felt over a large portion of the earth.

But while, in Egypt, it never freezes, and in Siberia, it never thaws, there is a certain average equalization of temperature, which renders even Egypt and Siberia habitable. That average for the ocean being from 79 to 81 dgs.—that of Cairo is 73 dgs.—of Rome, 61 dgs.—of Paris, 54 dgs.—of St. Petersburg, 40 dgs.; while in Lapland, the average is only 36 dgs. Even this may be chiefly attributed to the ocean. If we refer to New England, we shall find a correspondent average here, though from 8 to 10 dgs. lower than it is in Europe, under correspondent latitudes; our New England thermometers falling to zero, about as often as the European thermometer gets down to freezing. While our west wind is a land-wind, cool in winter and warm in summer, the west wind of Europe is exactly the reverse—warm in winter and cool in summer; all which is owing to the Sea—and it is to the Sea that we must look for a profitable change hereafter. But for this hope, justified by what occurs along the shores of China at this day, where the prevalent wind is the west wind, we might be discouraged—or, peradventure, alarmed—on learning that we had just begun to get away from the sun, instead of coming nearer, as many had been led to suppose, from

the beauty and warmth of the last season, and that in some ten thousand years from to-day, at farthest, our New England posterity may have a terrible time of it, both summer and winter—the sun being one thirtieth part of the whole distance, farther off in winter, and about as much nearer in summer—to say nothing of the obliquity of the ecliptic, which, after growing less and less, for two thousand years or so, is now diminished full one per cent; a circumstance much to be lamented, since our comfort depends not only on the nearness, but upon the directness of the sun's rays. But even this uniformity of temperature is chiefly maintained by the Sea. Warmth is diffused more equally, and to a greater depth in water, than upon earth—notwithstanding the transparency of water, which prevents the full effect of the sun's rays; so that they reach only to the depth of forty-five fathoms—some say to one hundred and thirteen fathoms, below which it is

“—dark as Egyptian skies,  
Where men may read their destinies.”

Add to this, that the warmest water, being the lightest, is always at the top—and we shall not be surprised at finding a greater uniformity of temperature in the sea; or different temperatures, and even different currents, at different depths—all so many parts of the great system of circulation which we are considering.

Where the warmest waters are found, they are always from 3 to 5 dgs. warmer than the superincumbent atmosphere; and we have already seen that the waters of the equatorial current, when they have found their way along the coast of New England, to the Banks of Newfoundland, are 21° 13' warmer than the waters of the Bank: and the most wonderful uniformity of temperature prevails, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, from 27° S. lat., to 27° N. lat.—that is, through fifty-four degrees of latitude; within which boundaries, the sea is absolutely unaffected by changes of atmosphere, and therefore becomes, of itself, the regulator of temperature for that portion of our globe. In fact, at a certain distance from the land, within the temperate regions, the Sea is seldom below 45 dgs., or above 70 dgs.—a change of 25 or 30 dgs., at most—the temperature of the Atlantic being highest between 54° 5, 6 15, N. lat.: varying from 82° 5 to 84° 5, Fahr.—owing to ice, fragments of which are found in 40° N. lat.—while on the continents, in the same latitude, it varies 100 dgs., or more; and in the highest habitable latitudes, the variations of temperature on the land, are 140 dgs.—heat and cold both continuing to increase, long after the apparent causes of both have reached their highest point. From the equator, to 25° N., the most remarkable steadiness of temperature is found—there being absolutely no appreciable variation, for long periods together. It is not a little strange, however, that while the greatest heat, in all latitudes, is found to be the same, or nearly the same, the greatest cold varies everywhere and continually, notwithstanding the prodigious influence of the Sea. As we run up the latitude, though the days grow longer, yet the rays of the sun fall aslant, as upon our earth in winter, when we are millions of miles nearer the sun, and their warmth is only that of the glowworm's “*ineffectual fire*.”

Probably, too, the difference between the equatorial and polar radius, or semi-diameter of the earth, amounting to sixty thousand feet, may have a material effect on the currents of the sea, on the atmosphere, and on the temperature of both. On referring to the proper sources, we find that the Amazon—the largest river in the world, has a fall of only ten and a half feet, in every six hundred miles—or one twenty-seventh of an inch for every one thousand feet of its course; that the Loire, has a descent of one foot in every seven thousand five hundred—in some parts, while in others, between Briare and Orleans, it amounts to no more than one foot in every eighteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-six—while the “rapid Rhine,” itself, has a fall varying from two to four feet only, in a mile, from which facts, well considered, some idea may be had of the *possible* effect arising from the accumulation of waters sixty thousand feet above the lowest level of the sea, and twenty times the average height of the land, whether such elevation be owing to the form of the earth, or to the laws which govern fluids in swift revolution.

While on the subject of currents, we have found it necessary to look only to their *general* direction; but the fact is, that the *polar currents*, in both hemispheres, tend to the *east*, owing to the prevalent winds in high latitudes, being *west*; and it is moreover true, that there is a lower current from the pole to the equator, which is met with only at great depths; and it is generally supposed, now, (since the experiments of Halley,) that there are probably two currents wherever one is to be found—that is, one at the top, and one below. There are places in the West Indian Seas, where a vessel may moor in the *midst of a current*, by dopping a cable with a sounding-lead, to a certain depth—and therefore it is believed that another current prevails below, running in a contrary direction to that of the surface: and here we may add, that the Mediterranean is supposed to discharge its waters by an inferior current, or concealed undertow; just as rivers vanish for awhile, and then re-appear; some being absorbed, like the Guadiana in Spain, which suddenly escapes through a sandy or marshy soil, and then bursts forth again, more abundant than ever; some sinking all at once, like the Rhone, probably meeting with a solid stratification in its way, underneath which, it finds a softer earth, like the waters of Cedar Creek, in Virginia, which formed the celebrated natural bridge there; and others, like most rivers in the tropical regions, being subject to periodical overflows, like the Nile, without which, the countries they run through, would be a desert.

Having alluded to the prevalent winds of certain regions, perhaps it may be worth our while to spend a moment or two more upon that part of our subject—the winds having so much to do with the sea. It shall be but a moment, however. The trade-winds, of which we hear so much, would blow regularly, and for ever, round the whole globe, within a distance of about 30 or 40 dgs. from the equator, each way, if the space within those limits were all covered with water; but the uneven surface, and unequal temperature of the land, undoubtedly divert and derange them. The larger the field of ocean

over which they pass, the more steadily they blow. Therefore, in the Pacific, they are more steady than in the Atlantic; and in the Southern Atlantic, they are more steady than in the Northern. In sailing from the Canaries to Cumana, on the north coast of South America, it is hardly ever necessary to touch the sails of the vessel: and so with the voyage across the Pacific, from Acapulco, on the western coast of Mexico, to the Philippine Islands.

From April to October, a S. W. wind prevails north of the equator; a little southward of this, a S. E. wind; from October to April, a N. E. wind north of the equator, and a N. W. between the equator and 10 dgs. of south latitude. South of this, the usual trade-wind, which continues through the year.

The causes of these prevalent winds have been before adverted to. The heat of the torrid one rarifies the atmosphere—the colder air of the temperate zone rushes toward the equator, to supply the place of the rarified air, which rises and escapes on every side—and the decomposition of the atmosphere toward the poles, from part of the air being converted into water—these are the causes of the prevalent winds, without which, there would be no intercourse among nations, and the world, at this moment, would have been peopled with starving and miserable barbarians—for, without winds blowing for a considerable time, in one particular direction, even the currents of the sea would avail about as much for *planetary*, as for *national* intercourse.\*

On the western coast of Africa, owing to the land heat, the wind is turned toward the shore. Along the coast of Chili and Peru, a south wind prevails—two cases of interruption to the natural course of the trade-winds, arising from the neighborhood of large masses of land. Over the Atlantic and the Pacific, the current of the trade-winds becomes broader, and more directly *east*, of course; the revolution of the earth being from west to east—as it proceeds from one side to the other of those great basins. But from the first, all these winds which are generated at the equator—like the tides—appear to loiter in their course. Coming from a region where the rotary motion of the earth is less, to a region where it is greater, they are unable to catch the new velocity, and become, instead of north and south winds, N. E. and S. E. winds.

Of the land and sea breezes, another most beautiful provision of nature, arising from this inequality of temperature we have been speaking of, it were allowable, perhaps, to say a word. All who are acquainted with Moore's Canadian boat-song, will remember

“How sweetly the breeze blows off the shore!”

and all who have dwelt in warmer climates, near the

\* In the Albion of October 5th, 1838, may be found a capital paper from the proceedings of a learned body in England, respecting *whirlpools of wind*, or hurricanes, corresponding with this theory of the currents, and supported by unquestionable facts. As with wind, so with water—hence, a current so perceptible in the Pacific. I have only to add that this theory—my thunder—was broached in public, before the *Maine Institute of Natural Science*, months before the paper above referred to, appeared in the Albion with such abundant confirmation. I say nothing of Mr. Espy here—though, judging by what I hear, and by what I see in the newspapers, I have made up my mind that he is more than half right, as to currents in the air, while I am altogether right—modestly speaking—as to currents in the sea.



ocean, will remember *how sweetly the breeze blows off the sea*, with quite as much of heartfelt pleasure. The cause of both, is this:—During the day, the air over the land gets heated by the sun—the cooler air of the sea rushes toward the land, therefore: but after a few hours, the atmosphere over the land gets cooler than the sea—the sea preserving pretty much the same temperature night and day—and therefore the land-air begins to rush toward the sea. Where these changes occur, there is always a land-breeze after sunset. The sea-breeze sets in about ten in the morning, and continues till six in the afternoon. At seven, the land-breeze begins—and here another circle is completed. Nor must we persuade ourselves that these changes are among the mere enjoyments of life. They answer a thousand more serious purposes. They are essential to the intercourse of tribes—just as the trade-winds of the sea are essential to the intercourse of nations. The land-breeze at Malabar, is felt sixty miles from the land, in summer—redolent of roses and spices; and the sea-breeze of the Mediterranean is felt as far north as Norway. Would we judge of the commercial importance of these currents in the atmosphere, we have only to compare the voyages made by their direct help, with those made apparently against them. Take the voyages, for example, of the packet-ships between Liverpool and New-York, for ten years.

Of one hundred and eighty-eight voyages in all, the following was the result—only ten years ago:

From *New-York to Liverpool*, average twenty-four days—*shortest, fourteen*—longest, thirty-seven.

From *Liverpool to New-York*, average thirty-eight—*shortest, thirty-two*, longest, seventy-one: Longest and shortest nearly double—fifty per cent. longer in the average, from Liverpool to New-York.

Of late, however, and before the introduction of steam-ships, the average had been reduced for a whole year, between November thirty-seven, and November thirty-eight, to a fraction over twenty-one days, for the outward passage—the shortest being fifteen days and the longest, thirty-two: while, for the same period, the homeward passage has averaged less than *thirty-five days*—the shortest being twenty, the longest, sixty-five days. By the steam-ship Great Western, the average from New York to Bristol, is thirteen and three quarter days—shortest, twelve and one quarter—longest, fifteen days: from Bristol to New York, average sixteen and a half days—shortest, thirteen: the longest, twenty-one and a half days, according to a table lately published.

Such wonderful regularity is unknown upon the land, where chains of mountains, their height and position are always interfering with the sweep of the wind.

A few brief remarks upon certain peculiarities of the sea, which we have been obliged to overlook in our general estimate of its powers and character, will finish the present examination.

The analysis of *sea-water* gives muriatic acid—magnesia, lime, sulphuric acid, and soda—out of which elements no less than six well known salts may be obtained by combination; viz:—muriate of soda, or common salt; muriate of magnesia, or epsom salt;

sulphate of soda, or glauber's salt, etc. etc. The degree of saltiness varies from about 3.48 to 3.77 in every hundred parts of water: and the experiments of Sparmann show, that while the surface water of the ocean is not so salt as at a considerable depth, it is much more bitter; that gulfs and inland seas are not so salt as the main ocean, because of the fresh water poured into them by the rivers, and that the polar seas are not so salt as the equatorial, owing to the low temperature of the former, which disposes them to deposit the saline substance.

The analysis of *spring-water* gives carbonate of lime: muriate of lime, muriate of soda, with a trace of magnesia and a small quantity of pot-ash or soda.

The analysis of *river-water* gives carbonate of lime; muriate of soda, and sometimes a little alkali. In *well-water*, we always find these, together with a little sulphate of lime. *Rain-water* and *snow-water* contain a trace of muriate of soda, and muriate of lime.

But the gravity or weight and saltiness of sea-water, differ much, and gradually diminish from the equator to the poles. In the neighborhood of Great Britain, one thirty-eighth of the whole weight is salt.

And why?—Why this wonderful difference between sea-water and all other water? Why are the waters of the ocean hateful alike to man and beast, covering, as they do, so large a portion of the earth, and furnishing, as they do, by a process of evaporation sometimes, and sometimes of filtration, all the fountains, rivers and springs, which keep both man and beast from perishing of thirst? The saltiness we find in sea-water, does not preserve it from corruption. What is more offensive than the bilge water we find in a ship's hold—what more alarming than the equatorial seas, after a long calm, when as Coleridge says, "*the very deep doth rot!*" And we know that many substances putrify the sooner for being plunged into sea water. Does the sea hold primitive banks of salt at the bottom? Is the saltiness owing to the corruption of vegetable and animal matters, washed into it by the rivers and drains of cities and empires? Or is that saltiness we find so hateful, but the residuum of an original primitive fluid, which once held in solution all the substances of earth? In the present condition of science, who shall say?

The depth of the sea is unknown. It has been sounded by Captain Scoresby, seven thousand two hundred feet; and though it is no longer regarded as bottomless, enough is now known to render it probable that its depth corresponds pretty generally with the elevation of the neighboring lands, islands, continents or mountains; a *bold shore* being seldom or never met with, where the land lies low—except along the edges of coral reefs, which appear to spring up like a wall, from the very bottom of the great deep—a wall of intertwisted ivory, spun to the music of the sea, and embellished, warp and woof, by the women of the sea: nor do we meet with shoals and shallows where the land is high and steep. In fact, as we have already seen, there appears to be a general correspondence between the height of the land and the depth of the sea; and by the calculations of the celebrated Laplace, it would seem that the average depth

of the ocean is very near the average height of the land—that is to say, not far from three thousand feet, all over the globe.

Notwithstanding the elevation of the sea at the equator, and in certain parts of the earth where it is partially landlocked; and notwithstanding the fact recently established by Humboldt, that the Pacific is from nineteen to twenty-three feet higher than the Atlantic, measuring by the Gulf of Mexico—a fact which may well deserve the consideration of those who are about opening a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien, lest they should overflow the West India Islands, or submerge a considerable portion of our territory, lying about the Gulf of Mexico. Notwithstanding these exceptions, however, the general aspect of the sea is that of a plain or level.

Of the *tides* and their causes, and of the phenomena that distinguish them, we have no time to say more than this—that, notwithstanding the wisdom and sagacity of Newton, there is yet much to employ the wisdom and sagacity of others; and that, while certain of their strangest anomalies are easily understood now, such, for example, as that of the tide in the Bay of Fundy, which rises seventy feet, overtaking at full speed, and overwhelming large vessels at once, that lie in its path, with the suddenness of a cataract or a tornado, all which is owing to the simple fact that the Bay of Fundy is shaped like a tunnel, growing narrower and narrower as it runs up into the land—others continue to be a puzzle and a mystery to the wisest of our natural philosophers.

Nor can we stop to consider the *waves*—further than to observe that the popular notions on the subject are astonishingly erroneous; that they are caused by the friction of the wind acting upon the surface; that round the Cape of Good Hope, they are so enormous, that a few ridges and a few depressions, occupy a mile of the surface—and that all we hear about waves running mountains high, means only this, and cannot possibly mean more, in the open sea—namely, that a wave, there, may rise to the height of ten feet above the level of the ocean, while the ship, herself, may be ten feet below, in the hollow, making a difference, at most, of only twenty feet; that people are under a great mistake, who believe that the substance of the water moves to any considerable depth in a storm at sea. It is only the form or *shadow* which hurries along, like a spirit—or like a *thought*, over the countenance of the Great Deep—at the rate of some forty miles an hour, even when the flying Dutchman is abroad; the great mass of water continuing undisturbed—and nearly motionless, a few feet below the surface.

Were there time, it might be well employed for a few moments longer, in looking at the treasures of the sea—at the oceans of sea-weed, (*fucus natans*) which, rising from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet, and floating upon the surface, while its roots are yet clinging to the bottom of the sea—overspreads the top, for hundreds of miles together, with “liquid herbage,” as green as that of the greenest and freshest meadow. So, too, we might dwell on the springs of fresh water that are found gushing up like rivers, in the very midst of the sea—upon the flowers of the sea—upon the glorious effulgence of

the sea, caused by certain tribes of the zoophytes and mollusca, combined, it may be, with animal and vegetable putrefaction—on the *color* of the sea, so “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,” owing to the greater refrangibility of the blue rays, which are found in light, and are refracted in greater quantity, as in the sky—upon the lustre of the sea—the everlasting fullness of the sea, which if it were diminished but a few feet only—to one half the difference which exists between the elevation of the Pacific and the Atlantic, would change the whole business of the world—lay waste many a populous empire—and leave our largest commercial cities and seaports high and dry upon the shore, and literally beyond the reach of help or hope—so, too, were we given to poetry, we should love to celebrate the wonders of the sea—the riches that lie heaped along its, “untrampled floor,” from the wreck of countless ages and empires—the gardens of the sea, and the musical winds that blow there—

“——— for ever in the tranquillest climates,  
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes!”

the apparitions that abide there—the crowned and sceptred shadows of the sea—the interchangeable splendors of the sea and sky; but we have no time for all this, and shall, therefore, content ourselves with two or three remarks more—and only two or three.

The first is, that if there were no such thing as the sea, nations could have no intercourse with each other; less than a tenth part of the distance between the two shores of the Pacific, if it were land, would prove an impassable barrier for ever.

The second is, that if there were no currents in the sea—no prevailing winds—no irregularities, that intercourse would be absolutely impossible—and all the nations of the earth would now be sitting in darkness—or wholly dependent upon steam navigation, the natural result of ship navigation, and of nothing else.

And the third is, that if any material change were to take place in that everlasting fullness of the sea, not only would the whole business of the world be changed, but in proportion as the sea lowered, barbarism would extend itself—the earth would be uncultivated—the islands of the sea would be lifted up—mountains would re-appear, and all the cities of the earth would have to be built over again. On the other hand, a slight elevation of the sea—a little more fullness—a few inches here, and a few feet there, and lo! the whole earth were a desert! Judging by the effect of our spring tides, and by the tremendous devastation which occurs whenever a small portion of that great level is disturbed—by what we see in the overflow of small rivers, where they break up in thunder and in earthquake, we may be sure that a few inches, or, at most, a few feet, would be sufficient to overwhelm the goodliest portions of our earth. But who is there to trouble the fountains of the Great Deep? Who is there to intermeddle with the established guardianship of Earth and Sea? Let us abandon all fear, and rejoice that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.—*Clarendon*.

Original.  
THE DELUDED.\*

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BY ANN S. STEPHENS.  
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CHAPTER VII.

"He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

FOR many days after tidings of Joan d' Arc's capture reached Rheims, the court assembled there was shrouded in gloom and sorrow. Restless and conscience-stricken, Charles had betaken himself to the head quarters of the army, and there waited the return of his ambassador, almost as wretched, and, perhaps, more anxious than the illustrious victim whom his unprincipled fraud had driven into the jaws of death. It was yet two days before the expected return of his ambassador, when he was disturbed, one evening, in his tent, by the sudden arrival of a page from the court, unattended, and but strangely equipped for the journey he had taken, or for the presence in which he appeared. Weary and travel-worn the boy appeared, yet, as he bowed himself before the monarch, and presented a package, of which he was the bearer, Charles could not but smile at the air of importance and self-gratulation which hung about him. Often laying his hand affectionately, and with a slight caress, upon the thick curling locks that clustered over his favorite's head, the king took the package, and glancing hastily over the small and delicate address traced thereon, began to question the bearer with that kind of nervous fear which naturally assailed a person who had been anxiously waiting the decision of a question, important alike to his honor and his happiness, for many long days.

"Thou hast ridden far, and hard, boy; for this, we will see that thou art fittingly rewarded. But why did Count Rohan entrust his mission with thee? It was a perilous venture, and a heavy trust. He had our orders to seek us here, should he find us absent from the court on his return. What reason did he give for this lack of duty?"

"The count hath not yet returned, sire, at least, had not when I left Rheims, nor had any news been received of him, or of our unfortunate benefactress. The letter was entrusted to my charge by a lady, who—"

"What! from Agnes? Has the minion gone stark mad? By our patron saint, this importunity is past bearing. Rise, boy, and betake thee back to court again; give the package to its sender, and say that the King of France has other matters to think of. We understood thy wish to serve us, but hereafter remember thou art to heed the bidding of none save thy master. Mistress Sorrel takes state upon herself in good sooth, when she orders our favorite page on an errand like this."

The boy's fine eyes sparkled with a desire to vindicate the dignity of his errand.

"Nay, my liege," he said, bending low, and speaking in a quick, eager voice, "I came on no message from Mistress Sorrel, though I was made almost her own page for a time. Nor has she deigned to intrust me with word or message, since that night when she met me

in the antechamber, and offered me a broad piece to give up the billet-doux which I was bearing from your highness to the brave and stately Joan d' Arc. It angered her that I refused, and when I afterwards told her that the beautiful warrior-lady returned no answer, she told me I was a lying varlet, and said that I had turned traitor to her who had been my kind mistress."

"Ha! and was Agnes lingering about the apartment of Joan d' Arc that night?"

"Yes, liege, she met me both as I went in and as I came forth, and at last followed me into the corridor, striving to win a knowledge of my interview with the proud lady, but I told her nothing, not even how fiercely the billet-doux was thrust into the flame, or—"

"Enough!" said the king, reddening to the temples, as the indignant reception of his note was brought to mind; "enough that she has dared to tamper with secrets that concerned her not. It shall be cared for—but now for thy message. Lend us thy dagger; our awkward fingers have tangled the silk till no skill on earth could undo it—from a lady, sayest thou? In faith most delicately traced. Ha! what is here? our own hand writing, and to the Duke of Bedford! Boy, how camest thou by this parchment?"

Charles tore open the letter while uttering the last question, and began to read. The page was about to answer, but at the first sound of his voice the king put forth his hand, and without lifting his eyes from the parchment, laid it heavily on the boy's arm in token of silence. As he went on reading, his grasp tightened, and his face grew dark as midnight. The poor boy could scarce refrain from crying out from pain and affright. Never, in his life, had he seen such terrible anger lower upon the face of his master. Twice the forged letter was read deliberately through, then Charles relaxed his hold of the boy, and took up the envelope, which he perused with equally stern attention. When he had mastered the contents of both, he arose, and with a strong effort, which shook his whole frame, calmly ordered the page to summon the Count Dunois from a neighboring tent. Then he fell to a third perusal of the package.

When Dunois entered the royal tent, Charles was standing, with one hand, which held the documents crushed together within it, supported by a small table, on which burned a lamp, that flickered fitfully over his stormy face, as the air swept in from the open curtains.

"Read," he said, relaxing his grasp on the letter, and spreading it upon the table with both hands, fiercely, as if he wished to leave its impress in the very wood; "read, if the parchment does not blister with shame beneath thy glance, and say what punishment can be found to match a plot like this—a plot which involves the everlasting dishonor of a king, and the life of one before whom kings sink to nothingness?"

Dunois bent over the table and read the letter as required. So perfect was the counterfeit, that, for a moment, even he was staggered by it, and, but for the terrible agitation and bitter words that now and then broke, like living fire, from the lips of his master, might have supposed the forgeries to be genuine.

\* Concluded from page 287.

"Who could have been guilty of this—who has *dared* to do it, my liege?"

"Who has done it! thou mayest well ask; were it not here, written down in characters of fire, not even ourself, who gave her credit for any frantic daring, could have deemed there was a being in all France, so bold in fraud, as to put a monarch's name to a proposal like that."

"And who is the daring traitor? Is there ground to fix suspicion on any person?" inquired Dunois.

"Read the envelope; the writing should be known to thee. Come hither, Francis—be seated, count; we will sift this matter to the bottom. So, thou hast read it through; now say, is there no cause to fix suspicion, when a traitor fool, and a jealous woman go masquerading with documents like that concealed about them. Boy, when were Mistress Sorrel and our precious jester seen last at the court?"

"Not since that day when you, my liege, and this noble count left Rheims."

"Ha!"

"In truth, I know not that any one has seen either the lady or the fool since the marriage of my lord count with the sweet Italian lady, who intrusted me with yon package. It was thought—"

The boy hesitated, and looked into the king's face as if for encouragement to proceed.

"Go on!" said Charles, impatiently. "What is thought?"

"Why, it was supposed that the fair Mistress Agnes had, as was her custom in other times, followed my liege to the camp, under her uncle's escort, so her disappearance was nothing thought of."

"As surely as there is a punishment in wait for them, they are gone to the English leader!" said the agitated king, turning to Dunois.

"Nay, nay, my liege, they *dare* not. My gentle wife may be mistaken in the person who dropped this. It were easy to mistake a face seen from so great a distance, and at early dawn, too."

"Nay, nay, Dunois, the kingdom of France contains but two persons who could thus have proved traitors to their king; his mistress and his jester. Dearly shall they redeem the forfeit of their treason."

"But the lady—had she the courage, the wit were lacking for so deep a plot."

"Tush, man, what is there of iniquity that a wicked and scorned woman will not find the wit to dare. And even if she faltered, that creeping, cringing serpent that has for ever trailed his slime around the feet of his monarch—that knave jester has both the craft and the resolution to perpetrate this or any other treason. I tell thee, Dunois, in all our kingdom there cannot be found a man so base, or so persevering in evil. Would to Heaven I had never seen his face or that of his accursed niece!"

"It may be but—"

"But! Sir Count, we will have no buts—to horse at once, and let us set forth for Rouen; we may yet be in time to save their noble victim. Put one of the generals in charge, and go thou with us; we are but little pre-

pared to act with fitting caution. Thou knowest not these people as we know them."

"Let us take Rheims in our way," still urged the count, who, not being well acquainted with the characters of the suspected persons, seemed unable to believe them guilty of the heartless crime charged upon them; "there we may get other intelligence; at any rate, we have an opportunity of meeting the ambassadors on their return route."

"Take what way you will, but order horses on the instant; we have no time for deliberation when the life of our benefactress is in peril. Place her once more beneath the banners of France, and then for terrible vengeance on the dastard fool and his—"

He could not, base as she had proved herself, and terrible as was his anger—he could not heap opprobrious epithets on a being whom he had, himself, led from the innocent haunts of her childhood, and introduced into sin and sorrow. Her worst act had arisen in the wicked love which his selfishness had taught her, and there was something deep in his heart that whispered how just it was that the victim of his crime should become the instrument of his punishment.

"Go, cousin, order an escort, and let us to the road at once; meantime, we will question the page more closely on this matter."

Dunois disappeared, and the boy, without waiting for his master's orders, brought forth his helm and such light pieces of armor as were usually worn by travelling knights, who sought only to guard their persons from such chances of danger, as cross roads and an insufficient escort, might lead them to expect. While the page was thus busying himself, Charles stood by the table, occasionally putting a short, stern question to him, about the package, and things appertaining to it. He allowed himself to be equipped according to the pleasure of his youthful attendant; but when his escort halted before the tent, he broke from the boy, hurriedly girded his own sword-belt, buckling it as he went out, and leaped upon his horse. The page followed, and a moment after, the whole train was sweeping through the camp, on its way to Rheims.

Not one moment for rest or refreshment was given to man or beast, till the royal cavalcade came in sight of their destination. As they neared the town, another party of horsemen came up from an opposite direction, which seemed about to enter by the same passage which they were taking. When they drew so near that Charles could distinguish their colors, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed impetuously toward them, for, in their leader, he recognized Count Rohan, his emissary to the English general.

With a look of fierce expectation, he cast an eager glance over the cavalcade, and reining his horse up before the ambassador, almost breathlessly addressed him—

"Speak, air count, thy news at once!"

"It is such as cannot fail to give pleasure, my liege. The English duke bade me say that your wishes, with regard to his august prisoner, should be complied with, though he could not but think them sanguine and severe."

"Ha! this should be explained. Where are the despatches?"

"My liege, the duke gave me none; he said that he had sent a more explicit message by your confidential messenger."

"Ha! has the treason worked? Ride on, sir count, and let thy men pass singly before us, with their helmets up; we would see their faces!"

Count Rohan bent to his saddle-bow and rode on, while his escort passed the monarch one after another, each lifting the iron helm from his head and bending low as he came directly within his stern scrutiny. As the last went by, an impatient ejaculation burst from the king's lips, and dashing his rowels into his noble steed, he galloped forward to their leader.

"Do these men compose thy entire escort, Count Rohan?" he inquired, with a decision and sternness in his manner, which none had witnessed in him before.

"They do, my liege," replied the count.

"We pray thee bring to mind, sir count, if, at no time since thy departure from Rheims, a muffled priest and a saucy page have not mingled with thy train."

"I do bethink me that two such persons travelled with us for two days, on our way to Rouen, and now that the subject is brought to mind, I cannot be certain that they have not been among my men even to-day. My esquire can, perchance, inform us what course they have taken."

The esquire rode forward at his master's signal, and, on being questioned, looked back among the train as if expecting to find the suspicious persons still there. I remember they loitered behind just as we halted by the spring and the stone cross, about a half league back. They must have turned into the road which branches off the highway."

"And where does the bridle-road lead to?" inquired the king.

"To the town yonder, but by a more tortuous route. If thy are for the palace, they must yet be a full half hour's ride in our rear."

By this time, the king's escort had come up with that of the ambassador.

"Fall back all into close file, and onward for the town!" he said, promptly taking command of the whole party. "Lead the way, my lord count, and do not be over chary of the spur."

At this command, the cavalcade swept toward the town at a hard gallop, leaving a cloud of dust in their train, which effectually concealed the increased number of the band.

Scarcely had they left the spot where the king had joined them, when two person, the one in a priest's garments, the other dressed as a page, whom the reader will instantly recognize as Agnes Sorrel and the jester, rode in sight, and drew up beneath the shelter of a grove which skirted the highway. After moving forward to get a view of the cavalcade, the priest returned to his companion, who seemed ready to drop from her horse with fatigue and agitation.

"Rouse thy courage, Agnes," he said. "We can yet escape observation in the crowd. Should we attempt to

pass alone, the sentinel at the palace gate would be sure to challenge us. Come, one half hour more, and we are safe. Now, now, or they will outstrip us. See at what a pace they ride."

The seeming page shaded his eyes with his hand, and bending forward, gazed earnestly at the horsemen.

"But, uncle, methinks the cavalcade is larger than it was!"

"Tush, girl! what wild fancy will enter thy brain next? They have but fallen back in a line across the highway; besides, the dust rises more freely near the town than in the less trodden route. Come, move forward."

"What now, girl? hast gone stark mad?" exclaimed the jester, his face growing dark with anger at her childish hesitation. "On, I say, dost not see that they are even now on the verge of the town?"

Agnes drew her cap forward, and brushed the heavy plumes over her face; but her hand shook while it performed the office, and her slight form reeled in the saddle as she made a feeble attempt to urge her horse forward.

"Nay, I cannot go on; I am very faint, and my heart trembles within me like a dying bird. Oh, uncle, this has been a fearful deed!"

"Fool! weak, puny fool!" exclaimed the mock priest, clenching his hand, and shaking it fiercely at the terrified girl. "Is this a time for repentance? Hast no more heart than to whimper over a deed that cannot be recalled? Put forward at once, I say, or by the mass, I will strangle thee on thy saddle there!"

Agnes lifted her heavy eyes to his face, but made no effort to obey him. She seemed utterly helpless with fear.

"Nay, Agnes, arouse thyself but for my sake," said the jester, smothering his impatience. "A few minutes of courage, and thou art safe in thy chamber, where all may be made to think thou hast been lying ill, or, perhaps, moping at thy royal lover's sudden departure. Thy hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, will be a safe voucher for the truth of our tale. As for me, if my absence be noticed, I have been away in search of a skilful leech for my pining niece. Thou see'st I am prepared for any evil that may chance. So on, and fear not!"

The poor girl again lifted her lustreless eyes to the anxious face bent to hers, and gathered up her bridle with a shudder, as if about to obey the summons of an executioner. Suddenly gathering a degree of desperate resolution, she dashed her small sharp spurs into the jaded horse, which reared and leaped forward with a fleetness that almost outstripped the stronger metal of the jester's roadster. Amid the dust and confusion which arose from the royal cavalcade, the uncle and niece mingled, unnoticed, with the rear horsemen, just as they entered Rheims.

It was not till they heard the voice of King Charles, questioning the sentinel at the palace gate, that they were made sensible of their dangerous proximity to the monarch. As the startling truth burst upon them, the jester's face became ashy beneath his priests' cowl, and the counterfeit page reined in his horse with a slight

cry, like the hare that bursts from its covert, and finds the hound crouched, ready to spring upon her. One of the horsemen turned and fixed a glance of keen scrutiny upon them, as the strange sound met his ear; but the jester observed him not, for he had pushed his horse close to Agnes, and addressed her in a short, anxious whisper—

"Hush, girl, on thy life, hush! we may yet pass unnoticed. Remember, thou hast a key to the private entrance."

The seeming boy shook like an aspen, and partially wheeled his horse, as if intending instant flight; but the jester caught the bridle and jerked the horse back to his place. With his hand still clutched upon the rein, he bent to the poor girl's ear, and whispered through his shut teeth—

"Make the attempt again, and by all the saints in Heaven, I will dash thee beneath my horse's hoofs, and trample the life out from every blue vein in thy body."

Ere the fatal threat had passed his lips, the jester would have given empires, had he possessed them, could he have followed the timid impulse of his niece. King Charles' loud, stern voice rang on his ear like the blast of a trumpet, as he gave his orders to the sentinel stationed at the gate.

"A priest and a stripling page, mark the sign, take them in custody, but do them no bodily harm. If they do not present themselves within the hour, send out a body of men to scour the country. See that we are obeyed; if the traitors escape, thy own head pays the forfeit."

Count Rohan's esquire approached the king as he was speaking, and addressed him in a low voice, which met no ear save that for which it was intended.

"Ha! is it so?" exclaimed Charles, rising in his stirrups, and looking sternly back among his followers. "On with them to our council chamber!"

There was a stir in the cavalcade; the seeming priest and page suddenly wheeled their horses, and fled through the town. Instantly, a half score of horsemen were in hot pursuit. Charles watched the chase with intense eagerness, till he saw the fugitives captured and brought toward him. Two stout troopers rode on either side the jester, and another came slowly forward, with the bridle-rein of Agnes Sorrel's horse, slipped over his arm, and holding her captive by a firm grasp on her silken jerkin.

When convinced that they were really in his power, Charles wheeled his horse, and moved with stern composure through the palace gateway. On dismounting in the court, he gave orders that his escort should be changed for a fresh band, that vigorous horses should be brought from the stable, and made ready for the road, and then, with a calm, deliberate step, he moved toward the council chamber, followed by the two counts, and the prisoners with their guard.

When Charles seated himself in the chair of state, those about him gazed in wonder on his lofty bearing. It had all the quiet and stern intensity of controlled passion. His face was colorless, but perfectly composed, and a slight frown seemed fixed, as iron, upon his brow.

For one single moment the firmness of his demeanor seemed about to give way. When his eye fell on Agnes Sorrel, and marked the change of her haggard and terrified face, his eye softened, and there was a slight quivering of the muscles about his mouth. But this expression of pity, if such it was, passed over his features like a shadow; he turned away his glance, and in a clear, loud voice, gave orders that a guard should be placed about his council chamber, and that all, save the two counts and the prisoners, should withdraw.

When the captain of the guard presented himself at the door for further orders, Charles beckoned him forward, and gave some directions in a low voice, pointing to the court beneath, as he did so. The captain turned very pale, and his eye sunk beneath the fixed gaze of the jester as he passed out. Until the door closed after this man, the jester had appeared irresolute and terrified, but then all fear seemed suddenly to forsake him. He allowed the man who held him, to strip the gown and cowl from off his gaudy under raiment, smiled quietly as he glanced at its soiled and travel-worn appearance, and walked up to the presence of the king, without betraying the least appearance of fear or bravado in his manner. After a moment, he folded his arms, and bending his gaze to the floor, stood perfectly motionless and self-possessed. Nothing, save a slight, nervous tremor of his drooping eyelids could have betrayed a consciousness that he was summoned before his master for other than the most ordinary purpose. Agnes struggled feebly against the guard, at first, but after a wild glance at the king, as if she even then hoped he would protect her, she allowed the men to take off her cap and to expose the wealth of her golden hair, matted and soiled with dust, concealed underneath. When they placed her by the jester's side, she once more lifted her eyes with a look of affright to the king; but he was gazing sternly on the floor.

When Charles saw that the offenders were standing face to face before him, he looked frowningly upon them, and taking a piece of crushed parchment from his bosom, held it up before the jester.

"Knowest thou this parchment?" he said, placing his finger against the signature. "Villain! speak! whose writing is this?"

Agnes started and gasped for breath as she saw the parchment, but the jester stepped a pace forward, and quietly taking it from the king's hand, fell to poring over it with an appearance of curiosity and interest, as if he were really striving to make up an opinion of its origin. When he lifted his face again, it seemed like that of another person, so completely had his powers of self-command been extended both over his mental and physical nature. The mingled expression of stupidity and cunning which we have so often described as habitual to his face, now reigned there. A moment before, his head might have been taken for that of some meditative philosopher, unjustly charged with crime. Now, it had the carriage and features of a spoiled court buffoon. It would have been difficult to trace any appearance of that strong intellect which had given him a secret power second to none in the French court. His voice and

manner of speech corresponded well with the character he had thought fit to resume. It was careless and flip-pant, to a degree, almost amounting to insolence.

"Nay, Cousin Charles," he said, with the most audacious coolness, "a man should be the best judge of his own writing. It would be little better than treason were I to say that any hand in France, *save one*, could have drawn that flourish."

"Knavel! villain! darest thou brave us?" burst from the monarch's pale lips. "Speak to our question at once! or, by the mass, thy hold of life may chance to last while our captain can drag thee to the court, yonder."

"Nay, cousin, why all this ado about a bit of writing? I have done my best to make it out, but a court fool is not often over rich in scholar-craft. Had we not better summon some of the fair court dames? Many of them, I doubt not might produce billet-doux and troubadour rhymes written by the same hand. I remember taking one to the lady—"

The two counts were obliged to bite their lips to prevent themselves smiling, but the king turned livid with rage at this daring insolence.

"Silence!" he thundered forth, and with an imperative movement of the hand, he summoned the boy, Francis, and bade him say before the criminals, all that he knew with regard to the forged papers.

The boy seemed frightened as the jester turned his glance full upon him, but regaining courage, he went on with his evidence, firmly, and as one who felt himself secure in the performance of a duty.

On that night, when news of Joan d' Arc's capture reached the court, Francis accompanied his master to the palace gate, and after seeing him start for the camp in company with Count Dunois, was returning to the royal apartments through a corridor which led by the door of Agnes Sorrel's sleeping-chamber. The passage was dark, but all at once he saw the door softly open, and a man enter the chamber. With boyish curiosity he stole softly to the door, pushed it open so far as was necessary to command a view of the persons within, and thus became a witness of the extraordinary scene which we have described as transpiring that night. He witnessed the writing of the forged letter, testified as to the manner in which it was sealed, and solemnly asserted that the document then in the king's hand, was the one which he had seen the jester fabricate.

Francis went with his story to the queen, and sought permission to follow his master, and inform him of the treason; but Mary either did not believe in its truth, or was willing to let events take their course. She treated the affair lightly, and it was not till after the forged letter was put into his hands by a messenger from the Countess of Dunois, that the page ventured to depart for the camp without her permission.

While Francis was giving in his evidence, the jester turned his keen grey eyes full upon the King's face; when he saw that it remained immovable in its expression of fixed resolve, his own person and features gradually underwent a change. He saw that his doom was sealed, and for once, stood forth in his true character, that of a crafty, ambitious, and doomed man. The

sluggish air that hung about him, weighing down his shoulders, and giving heaviness to his limbs, entirely disappeared; his hands, which had fallen loosely by his side, were gathered up, and folded over his chest, and when the boy ceased speaking, the criminal stood erect before his judge, proudly, and with a fearless front, as one who neither cared for his crime, or hoped to receive mercy.

"My lords," said Charles, addressing the two noblemen, who stood pale and astonished at the bold treason thus proved on one whom they had supposed utterly incapable of even conceiving a scheme requiring so much of intellect and energy—"My lords, we have listened to the boy's evidence a second time, that our most trusted friends and counsellors may bear witness that evenhanded justice is done to this man, when we adjudge him to instant death."

There was a silence like that of a tomb within the apartment. The crime, the proof, and the sentence, all following each other in rapid succession, fell upon the inmates like a prolonged burst of thunder. When Charles spoke again, his voice and words sounded strangely solemn and impressive.

"Unhappy man," he said, turning his eyes full upon the jester, and as he spoke, moving them to the pale face of the female prisoner—"unhappy man, and thou, wretched girl. Speak, if aught can be said in extenuation of this hideous crime."

The jester met his gaze with a proud and bitter smile. Putting forth his hand, he drew the trembling girl to his side and spoke.

"Not her—not this trembling, wronged creature! Even in thy haughty power, thou darest not touch one hair of her young head—false though she may be. Wicked though she is, the very stones beneath thy feet would cry out in abhorrence of that man, who leads a pure young creature from kindred and home, who plants the seeds of evil in her young heart, and when those seeds ripen into crime, sits calmly on his judgment-seat and demands the blood of his victim in atonement. King of France, thou darest not pass sentence of death on this girl! For me—a serf—born a slave, with the high spirit which God has given to man—a free birth-right—shackled down by laws which exalt one class, and trample another into the dust, as if the same Great Jehovah had not set his seal alike on every human heart, for me, let vengeance have its way. The crimes of a life spring not from myself, but from the feudal chains which, throughout France, bind down the free, strong spirit of the lowly born. Had fortune placed a knight's spurs upon my heels, and a sword in this hand, thou shouldst not have owed thy kingly birthright to the valor of a woman. Nay, start not up, nor clench thy hand so fiercely. I fear thee not; the sentence that but now passed those lips, has set the serf above his master. Thou canst not condemn me to a second death. For once, the king's fool is free to speak!"

The prisoner paused a moment for breath, and folding his motley raiment more proudly about him, continued his speech, for all present seemed awed by his audacious eloquence. The noblemen gazed in each other's faces,

fall of wonder, in which was mingled something of dread, and the king sat in his chair of state, breathless, and still as marble. None made any attempt to interrupt him, and he went on fearlessly as he had commenced.

"I am condemned to die; and therefore! save that my skill has unshackled a nation, while its weak monarch was sighing away his energies at the feet of a serf's daughter. That I was obliged to cringe—to smile at the lordling's scoff—pander to the vices of weak men—play the hypocrite, and, instead of a warrior's armor, robe these limbs in the taudry garb of a court buffoon—was the fault of that system of tyranny, which, sooner or later, will be exterminated from the face of the earth. Was it my sin that I was born with strong impulses, lofty energies, and love of truth, pure and high as that which beats in the most noble heart around me, or was it my fault that those energies were crushed in my heart by a bondman's chain—that all purity and goodness was embittered, and rendered vile by a sense of slavery. They would not leave me to the degradation of my birth-right, but to gratify the caprice of a spoiled heir, my feudal baron dragged me from the forest, taught me the tricks of civilized life, sharpened my intellect, and gave those feelings an aim, which, at times, had filled my bosom like a pent up tempest, amid the green shadows of the wood. Freedom was but an instinct then; the rush of waters, the gathering storm-clouds, and the elements in their fierce strife, had sometimes roused my heart, till it panted with a wild wish to try its strength, like a lion in the toils of his enemy. They made me a menial to my master's heir; I was pampered and cherished, and taught those things which a *slave* should never know. It was their whim to enrich my intellect, to sharpen a keen wit, as they would have cultivated the instinct of a hound, and when that wit, at length, grew bitter, and cut too sharply, they thrust me forth from the hall to herd swine again, as they would have spurned the hound back to his kennel, had he once dared to show his teeth. They taught me the use of freedom—lifted me above my fellows, then bound me with double chains, and expected me to wear them tamely; and so I did, till the time came. What man is there, who cannot make his own destiny? Circumstances weave brave bonds for the weak, but the strong spirit bends them to his own will. It was by no chance, King Charles, that the wild boar turned upon thee in the forests of Ardennes when thy spear was broken off at the shaft, and the overworked hunter recoiled trembling beneath thy weight. Nor was it chance that brought Jaques, the swine-herd, to thy rescue. His club drove the beast from his covert, his seeming folly and merry jests over the huge carcass; were but devices to win the notice, a brave act might have failed to gain. I owe thee nothing that the serf who had touched thy fancy was purchased of his master. Myself had willed it so, from the day I learned thou wert to hunt in our forest. The act was not thine own, but the submission of a weak mind to the will of a stronger. From that day, Jaques, the swine-herd, became King of France. He was a serf even then. Slaves are not permitted to draw the sword, or approach the council table, save with cringing shoulders and bent

limbs. But there was one weapon, which even he might use—the *passions of other men!* Have I not wielded it bravely? Have I not given dignity to the motley robe and fool's bauble—nay, have I not made them the robe and the sceptre of power, while the true insignia have been wielded but as the playthings of an overgrown boy? I have been buffeted, jeered at, and trodden under foot by the lordly foplings which infest the court, and have returned it all with buffoonry and ribald wit, for, in my heart, I despised them all. Fool, they have called me, fool, fool! But who were fools? who but themselves, to be blinded by the device of a low-born serf? Who was fool but their king, when he degraded the man, who ruled his actions, with a garb of folly, and put a cap and bells on the forehead, before which his weak mind bowed in secret homage? But I had a reward. Oh, how sweet was the scorn I felt for ye all."

"Villain! audacious villain," exclaimed the king, turning livid with rage. He would have said something farther, but his voice was choked with excess of passion. He sunk back, and let his clenched hand fall heavily on the chair-arm, while the jester took up his words.

"Ay, villain, but not fool, Sir king, not fool! Was it the act of a fool that cherished the beauty of this trembling young creature by my side—that taught her to mingle the winning arts—the soft graces, and the blandishments of a court-lady, with the wild, sweet freshness of a peasant-girl—and all, that she might captivate thy wandering fancy, and bind thee, in every way, to my service? Was it the device of a fool which kept her ignorant of her destiny, that her innocence and freedom of guile might have a sure effect—that led thee to her forest home, and helped thee to win, in the guise of a peasant, one who stands before thee now, a helpless victim to her uncle's ambition, and her king's feeble honor? Was it the fool who found Joan d' Arc—who discovered the lofty energies—the pure, free impulses, and the majestic intellect, which has lifted thee to an undeserved throne, and herself to a scaffold, in the market-place at Rouen."

Charles started wildly to his feet with an expression of countenance which made even the daring prisoner recoil a step backward.

"Liar! it is false!—false as thy own black heart. Joan d' Arc has not perished in the market-place of Rouen—shall not so perish! Her king is yet alive!"

"Ay, but the king's fool has left nothing unfinished; his own death is not more certain than that of Joan d' Arc!"

"Fiend!" what harm had she done thee?" muttered the wretched monarch, sinking helplessly back to his seat, and fixing his eyes with an expression of terrible agony on the prisoner's face—"She, so noble and generous!"

"Ay, she was noble and generous—the only being whom Jaques, the fool, revered or feared; but she was his rival in power. He could not make her his instrument, therefore, she became his victim."

It was more than a minute before Charles spoke or moved; he had listened to the prisoner's harangue, painful and humiliating as it was, hoping to gather from



it some knowledge of the extent to which his treachery had been carried against the maid. Now his worst fears were confirmed, he arose, calm, but very pale, and gave a signal with his hand. Two men stepped forward, and laid hold of the jester. For the instant his courage seemed to waver. He shrunk from their touch, and a slight convulsion passed with the rapidity of lightning over his face, leaving, in its stead, a cold and scornful smile. Withdrawing himself gently from the hold of his guard, he walked, with unflinching firmness, out from the council chamber. The king sat in his chair of state, composed, but pale as marble, and the two noblemen stood on either side, scarcely less stone-like, gazing after the guard as they filed slowly from the antechamber, on their way to the place of execution. There came up a sound from the court, as of persons mustering upon the stone pavement. There was an interval of intense stillness, both within and without. Then came a dull, heavy sound up from the court, as of a cleaver sinking through some living substance, into a block of wood. A thrill of horror stole through the group, and with a sickening gasp, Agnes sunk to the earth, shuddering all over, as if the victim's blood were curdling about her own heart. Again came the sound of mailed feet, heavily, and with a harsh, monotonous tramp, filing up from the court-yard to the antechamber. There was something terrible in the gradual darkening of the room, as it filled with soldiers. The executioners took their stations on each side the entrance, and this time, their black garments were spotted with blood.

Agnes Sorrel was still crouching on the floor, her face buried in her soiled garments, and her limbs gathered shudderingly together. It seemed as if the executioners' tread had made a distinct impression on her senses, even above the general din of the guard, for scarcely had they taken their stations, when she lifted her pale, affrighted features to their gaze, with the look of a wounded hare, as she hears the hounds close upon her track. When she saw the blood upon their garments, a shiver ran through her frame, and with a faint, moaning sound, she dragged herself to the platform where Charles was sitting, wound her arms about his knees, and lifted her eyes to his with a mute, but heart-touching appeal, for mercy and protection.

It seemed marvellous that any human heart could remain unmoved by this humble and silent action. Yet Charles looked sternly into that thin face, and met the gaze of those large, pleading eyes, with features as changeless as stone. After the space of some twenty seconds, he turned his eyes on the executioner, who stepped a pace forward into the room, and kept his eyes earnestly fixed on the king's right hand, awaiting the signal of death. The sign was slowly given. The wretched girl felt its motion—her head fell back, and with a quick, gasping breath, she caught the uplifted hand in both hers, and dragging it down to her lips, covered it with kisses. Charles drew his hand forcibly from her clasp, but did not repeat the signal. The guilty creature gave him one look of thrilling reproach; her cheek fell upon his knee, again, and in a voice of mingled tenderness and agony, she began to plead with him.

"Do not let that dreadful man touch me, Charles; he

will tangle his hands in this hair, where thine have lingered so often, and will grasp this neck, and trample this head beneath the feet of his soldiers, till even thou wilt not know it again, though it has been pillowed upon thy bosom, and lulled to sleep by the music of that heart, night after night, till life was but one sweet dream of love. Then, no image but that of thy poor Agnes, had risen in that heart, to bring discord and death between us. Do not let them kill me! I am very young to die, even yet; though it seems a long, long time since I came with thee from my home, where I was so innocent and happy. Oh, Charles, didst thou think then to cast me forth from thy bosom to be murdered? For thine own sake, do not condemn me. When this terrible anger has passed away, and the deed of death done—when the cold earth is heaped upon the poor girl who loved thee, as there will rise a voice in thy heart, which cannot be hushed, it will plead and whisper of her, for ever. The old oak, where we first met, will rise up before thee in the still night—its leaves, and the rich flowers that crept among them, will murmur of the creature thou hast loved, and sent from thy heart to the grave. In thy dreams, two old people, with grey hairs, will haunt thy kingly couch, and clamor for their child. Thou wilt sigh that blood has been shed—that blood which ever leaped through this heart with a sweeter gush at the sound of thy voice—that voice which is sending me forth to die. Do not let them murder me before thy face, love, but send me away to perish; fear not that thou wilt lose thy vengeance. My heart is breaking even now, at thy feet. Look upon me, Charles!"

He did look upon her, for his heart trembled to the sound of her voice. The stony composure of his countenance was swept away, and an expression of terrible agony convulsed his features. In the earnestness of her appeal, the wretched girl had lifted herself from the platform, and, unresisted, had wound her arms about him as she spoke. When she felt his chest heave, and saw the tears rush to his eyes, her clasp grew feeble, her lips closed, and she fainted upon his bosom. There was a moment of intense silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of the soldiers gathered about the door.

"Will no one take her away?" said the king, lifting Agnes from his bosom, while large tears rolled down his cheek to her pale face.

Count Roban stepped forward, and took the wretched girl from the arms of her destroyer.

"Take her to a convent, and see that she is cared for, but never let us see her face again," said Charles, mildly. He watched the count as he bore his guilty, but still beautiful burthen from the room, and then descended from the platform, and went forth from the council chamber, a heart-stricken man.

Twenty-four hours after the trial, King Charles was brought back to his palace burning with fever, and in a state bordering on insanity. A messenger had met him on his way to Rouen, where he had started in the wild hope of still saving Joan d' Arc, with tidings of her horrible execution. The drama was consummated; death and sorrow had fallen, alike on the deluders and "THE DELUDED."

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF THE  
PRINCESS MARIE, OF FRANCE.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The Princess Marie, one of the daughters of Louis Philippe, it will be remembered, was married a year or more since to Alexander of Wurtemberg. She was highly accomplished, and possessed a remarkable talent for sculpture; the most celebrated of her productions in this art, having been a statue of Joan of Arc. She did not long survive her marriage; having died in Italy, whither she had been removed for her health, after giving birth to a daughter. It was of her that her mother, the Queen of France, beautifully said on hearing of her demise, "I have a daughter less, Heaven an Angel more!"

Who moves in beauty, mid the regal bowers  
Of her dear native France?  
And while the fairy-footed hours,  
Round her, all enchanted, dance,  
With florist's care doth nurse meek virtue's flowers?  
Who bendeth low  
To hear the tale of woe,  
And with the cloudless sunshine of the breast,  
Still finds her highest joy, in making others blest?

Genius, with inspiration high,  
Beams from her enkindled eye,  
Her sculptur'd touch, how fine!  
The graces o'er her chisel hang, and guide its every line:  
At her creative power  
Forth springs the warrior-maid,  
As when in danger's darkest hour  
Her country's foes she staid:—  
Lo! Joan of Arc, energetic as of old,  
Awakes at Marie's call, and fires the marble cold.

I hear rich music float,—  
Hark! 'tis a marriage-lay!  
Love swells with joy, the enraptur'd note,—  
Kings, and their realms are gay,  
Bright pageants gild the auspicious day;  
While Germany, who wins the gem,  
Thus given from Gallia's diadem,  
A glad response doth pay,  
And Alexander, with a prince's pride,  
Leads to his palace-home, his all-accomplished bride.

The skies of Italy are bright,  
The olives green on Pisa's height,  
But on that verdant shore  
Is one, whom health with rosy light  
Revisiteth no more!  
How sad, beneath yon genial shade,  
To see the flower of France, borne hither but to fade.

An infant's plaint of woe!  
Alas, poor babe, how dire thy fate,  
A loss thou canst not know,  
Whose dread extent each opening year must show,  
Meets thee at the world's fair gate:  
Thy tender memory may not hold  
The image of that scene of Death,  
When the stern Spoiler, all unmoved and cold,  
Took thy sweet Mother's breath,  
Thy Father weeping by her side,  
As, powerless on his breast, she bow'd her head and died.

She might not lull thee to thy rest,  
Or longer linger here  
To dry thy mournful tear,  
And share the unimagined zest  
Of young maternity;  
But from her home, amid the blest,  
Doth she not watch o'er thee?  
Watch thee, as soft slumbers steep  
Thy gentle soul in visions deep,  
Press on thy waking eyes, an angel's kiss,  
And bid thee rise at last, to yon pure clime of bliss?

Original.

## MY BOYHOOD'S GIFT.

BY CHARLES SHERRY.

YEs! give me back my boyhood's bright,  
Exulting days again;  
Its eager joys, its vigorous life  
In every bursting vein:  
And then will I once more essay  
My boyhood's careless strain.

In my old haunts of childish sport,  
Unfettered, let me tread;  
Spoil AUBURN of its marble piles,  
Unsepulchre its dead,  
And in their ashes breathe again,  
The spirit that has fled.

Once more beneath its dappled shade,  
In summer let me lie,  
While chimes that call to task or prayer  
Float unregarded by,  
The bird that bends the spray above  
Less free and glad than I!

Revive the hopes, recall the dreams,  
That danced before me then,—  
Once more let Fancy take the brush,  
And Poetry the pen;  
Paint me new worlds, and people them  
With a new race of men.

Bid Lily's hazel eye be bright  
With all its early glow,  
Let Fanny's captive locks, released,  
In flaxen ringlets flow,  
And as they curled in other days  
Curl round her neck of snow.

Knit broken ties, bind broken hearts,  
Imprisoned hearts set free,  
Old friendships out of tune accord  
To their lost harmony,  
And fill the fire-side circle up  
As it was wont to be.

Make widows, wives, bid wives laugh out  
With girlhood's maiden glee,  
Bring back its sleepers from the earth,  
Its sleepers from the sea,  
And haply you may yet restore  
The boy's lost gift to me!

Original.

## THE OLD DISPUTE OF THE KATYDIDS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Now, Katydid, I know it all,  
That long dispute I've heard;  
I listen'd 'neath the old peach tree,  
And heard it, every word.

Ye sat, a noisy little group,  
And told it all with zest—  
Some "Katydid n't" stoutly cried,  
And "Katydid," the rest.

The little prudes! I heard them tell  
The story o'er and o'er;  
And they, no doubt, have done the same  
A million times before:—

How Katy went adown the lane  
With one I must not name;  
And how he kiss'd her cheeks and lips—  
Now, pray, was Kate to blame?

I'm sure that I have always thought  
A kiss a harmless thing;  
So prompt upon the maiden's cheek  
The ready blush to bring.

Now, is it thought so very bad  
Where Katy's home was hid?  
And don't they walk with lovers there,  
Alone, as Katy did?

He kiss'd her cheek, and Katy smil'd;  
Her blushes went and came;  
He kiss'd her lips, and Katy kiss'd—  
Now, pray, was Kate to blame?

But up there sprang a naughty elf,  
A jealous little sprite,  
Who came to watch poor Katy there,  
Beneath the starry night.

Away he ran with wicked speed,  
And, "Katydid," he cried—  
And "Katydid n't," loudly call'd  
The lover by his side.

Away they went, a train pursued,  
Unknowing what it meant,  
And "Katydid n't"—"Katydid,"  
Upon the air they sent.

And thus, for ages, they have been  
Disputing all the time,  
About that kiss poor Katy gave—  
Sure, was it such a crime?

Original.

## A BATTLE SONG.

The subject, a youthful knight, receiving his banner from his  
lady-love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BURTON," "LAFITTE," ETC.

Go, warrior to the battle-field!  
With glory crown thy brows—  
I, at the shrine of prayer will kneel  
And breathe for thee my vows.  
Go, take this banner! in the front  
Of war, wave, wave it free!  
The fingers that enwove its field,  
Will then be clasped for thee.  
Go! Honor be thy true heart's shield!  
Thy true love bear thee on!  
This hand which thou hast sought, shall be  
A conqueror's alone.  
Win honor in the lists of fame—  
Reap laurels in the fight—  
Bring back a hero's deathless name,  
Thy bride I'll be, Sir Knight!

Original.

## THOUGHTS AT AN INFANT'S BURIAL.

THEIR hopes have perished, and their hearts are  
bleeding!

One knows an anguish, e'en for tears too deep;  
And Friendship's—Love's—soft accents all unheeding—  
The other hath no solace but to weep.

For ah! the sunshine of their home hath faded—  
Gone with the closing of their boy's bright eye;  
Ere they had thought such brightness could be shaded,  
Or dreamed that one so beautiful could die!

Alas for thee, young mother!—thou art tasting  
The bitterest drop in life's full cup of woes!—  
Full well I know the grief thine heart now wasting—  
Grief that the childless parent only knows.  
For I have given to the cold grave's keeping—  
E'en as thou hast, the joy of my young years—  
Mine only son;—I would not stay thy weeping,  
For, oh! I know the sweet relief of tears!

The verdant earth—the heaven-breathing flowers—  
The wild bird's song from leafy bower and tree,—  
These have no charms to soothe thy sorrowing hours,  
That song hath lost its melody for thee.

For ah!—the verdant turf before thee spreading,  
Is as a pall upon his lonely bed;  
The fragile flowers their grateful fragrance shedding,  
Only remind thee of the early dead!

Yot, not beneath the grassy turf is sleeping  
Him, whom thou loved'st so well—thy darling boy;  
'Tis o'er his broken prison thou art weeping,  
He sports with angels in the realms of joy!  
Turn from the grave, then, where thy thoughts would  
linger,

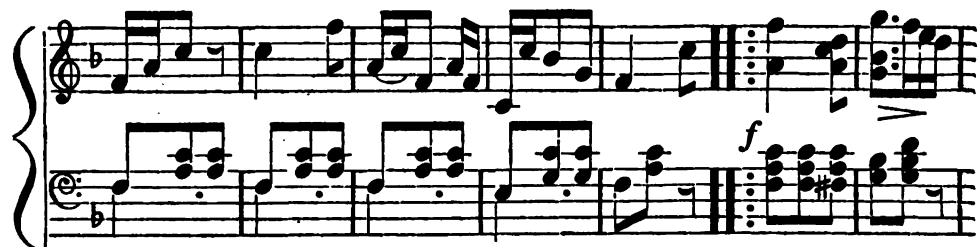
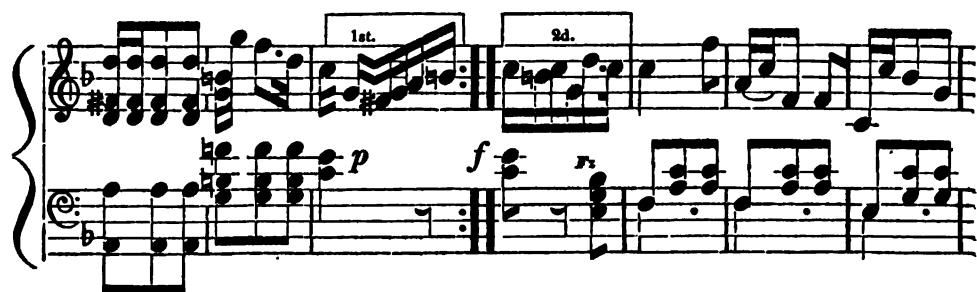
Turn from these earthly bonds that Death hath riven;  
And see, where Faith doth point her radiant finger,  
Thy boy's bright eyes among the stars of heaven!

MELBAE GARDNER.

## DANCE WITH ME.

## A WALTZ.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.



## THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Having been sedulous, for some years, to make ourselves perfectly acquainted with English dramatic criticism, we attended the opera of *Fidelio*, in which the vocalists, engaged for this establishment, made their debut upon this side of the Atlantic, with no vague or inordinate expectations; and the impression upon us was much in consonance with our anticipations. In respect to the opera itself, of which it may be proper first to speak, it is of peculiar merit, judged of according to the requisites and peculiarities of the school after which it is composed; and, on that very account, cannot, at present, if ever, become a particular favorite in this country. But we will not so condemn our knowledge of human nature, as to stigmatize the partial indifference of the public, as a lamentable deficiency of elevated taste—a lack of sufficient cultivation to appreciate complex musical compositions. On the contrary, we look upon it as an unavoidable result—founded upon the firmest principles of national diversity; which, in its causes and effects, forms one of the most exalted and delightful of studies. The Germans, as a nation, radically differ from ourselves, although we derive our primeval origin from their territories—in every striking mental characteristic. Their habits of thought, their philosophy, their currents of feeling—all run counter to our own; and, as a direct result, their mental creations and desires being tinged with the same dissimilitude, cannot, among us, meet with enthusiastic sympathy, however great their merit. The sacred productions of German composers, are peculiarly acceptable, since the elevation, grandeur and power of German music is consonant with the solemnity of sacred song. But their secular works, for the very reason that they partake of the same characteristics, fail to gratify our taste. The lighter, more airy, and more delicate labors of the French and Italian schools are more acceptable, as they are, also, to the English—and to whatever degree of musical cultivation the community may attain, this must ever be the result, so long as our national character undergoes no radical modification.

*Fidelio* is full of delicious, soul-stirring harmonies. It must be viewed as a whole, for it produces its effect by grand combinations. The overture imparts an anticipation of what may be expected from the opera itself; being surpassingly bold and eloquent; and the instrumentation, throughout, is a material agent in the production of the lofty impressions communicated to the senses. The vocal parts may, indeed, be considered as almost subordinate—at least, they require extreme power, and, we should think, that *sympathy*, also, on which we have commented, and which, of course, Germans alone can fully feel, to develop them in their just proportions.

*Fidelio* is distinguished by a striking unity of design and execution—we refer particularly to the music—and one of its rare excellences, in which it surpasses every opera we remember to have heard, except the *Sonnambula*, is that evidence of genius, the perfect adaptation of both the vocal and instrumental parts to the feeling to be expressed. Again, although the composition is scientific in the highest degree, the chords, throughout, are so admirable, as to produce the most exquisite harmonies.

Of the vocalists, we will first devote attention to Mrs. Martyn. She is a sweet singer, with more than ordinary cultivation, and considerable taste, but is very deficient in power. She is too feeble to render any degree of adequate justice to *Fidelio*; and, in order not to fall short, has exerted herself to a painful extent—writhing her frame into various contortions, in her efforts to throw forth all the capacity of her voice. Feebleness is a material deficiency in a prima donna, for which sweetness will not atone. All concerted passages and chorusses require strength, or the tones are lost in the crash of sound, and become, in a degree, a nullity. We confess, also, that we have not been over pleased with Mrs. Martyn's acting; for, although she converses with pathos, her gestures and walk are somewhat ungraceful—a defect particularly manifest in the male dress she is necessitated to assume. Without instituting invidious comparisons, we are convinced, on the whole that Mrs. Martyn cannot lay claim

to the highest walks of her profession, though she has proved herself very acceptable.

Miss Poole is pretty, plump and vivacious—a lively actress, and a pleasant singer. Her voice is clear and sweet, and her attention, not having been turned particularly to music until within a comparatively late period, and her skill being, therefore, but moderate, she has displayed her discretion in attempting no graces, satisfying herself with delivering the simple music. Her appearance being greatly in her support, she has obtained much applause, and has won her way to complete favor. She possesses the ability to become, by sedulous attention, a vocalist of a superior order.

Mr. Manvers, the first tenor, has created a greater impression than his associates, we presume, from the fact that he is a new man, even in the "old country," and having been but little heralded, has excited greater attention. He possesses a rich voice, which has been well cultivated, and is governed with much taste, but his compass is confined, and he reached the higher notes of his part with considerable difficulty. It seemed, also, to us, that he was not always accurate—sometimes dropping his notes. He is, however, a great favorite.

Mr. Giubilei possesses an imposing figure, and features of much expression; and his voice is a round, rich bass. The music of his part in *Fidelio*, has not given him an opportunity for that display, which, in other operas, will enable us to pronounce with more freedom upon his merits.

Mr. Martyn's voice is a barytone, with some fine tones; he is a fair, unpretending singer.

The orchestra and its leader, Mr. Thomas, deserve the highest commendation for their brilliant execution of the music of *Fidelio*.

NATIONAL.—In the course of the last month, Mr. Forrest has concluded a very brilliant engagement, and Mr. Charles Kean made his first appearance before an American audience, after an absence of seven years. The former gentleman has, probably, never enjoyed so elevated a reputation as he has obtained since his last performances; for, he has, of course, retained the good opinion of those with whom extraordinary physical abilities are paramount, while he has exhibited indications of undoubted genius, to conciliate those who look only, or chiefly, for mental beauties, and who have been disposed to deny him the possession of superior talent. This has been achieved by his masterly performance of *Richelieu*—of which he could not have witnessed the previous personation by another, and in which, the merit displayed, must, therefore, be accredited to the score of his own powers. It was, indeed, a remarkable enactment—so harmonious in its parts, so faithful in its coloring, as to impart complete satisfaction. We acknowledge, that in our own case, the professed critic was converted into the enraptured listener, and that we have no halting exceptions to dull the edge of our praise. We congratulate Mr. Forrest on this dramatic triumph.

Previous to the presentation of *Richelieu*, Mr. Forrest appeared in those characters of Shakspeare which he has been accustomed to personate. His *Lear* may be mentioned as deserving a high degree of praise; while *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, etc., possessed many beauties. But we regret that he should think it advisable to rack invention to characterize his conceptions and readings by novelty, as though new discoveries, in these respects, were laudable, simply on the score of their novelty. Thus, for instance, the general outline of his *Richard Third*—and in reference to readings, the following:—

In *Macbeth*—

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly. If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence," etc.

In *Hamlet*;

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look," etc.

The former passage, Mr. Forrest reads with a period after "twere well," attacking the remaining clauses as usually spoken,

to the next sentence. This seems utterly unjustifiable. It requires argument to make it plausible, while the old reading is readily received. In the quotation from Hamlet, he places a strong emphasis upon *man*, closing the sentence with it, thus:—

"He was a man! Take him for all in all," etc.

This reading is a mere conceit, and it is scarcely worthy of Mr. Forrest thus to metamorphose one of the plainest sentences in the play. We would not be understood, in these objections, to complain of innovation. By no means; if improvement can be obtained, in Shakespeare or sought else, we are not so wedded to immemorial usages, as to object to the change. But change is not improvement, nor a valuable feature of it. It is, indeed, its most embarrassing fetter; and is peculiarly unacceptable when it cannot plead a connexion with improvement, to atone for its intrusion.

Mr. Charles Kean succeeded Mr. Forrest; appearing first in Hamlet. A crowded house and enthusiastic applause greeted him; and with so much interest awake, when, from intensity of protracted anticipation, his merit, however exalted, was liable to fail of a just impression, and his best powers were earnestly demanded, it was most unfortunate that hoarseness and illness should have limited his ability. In justice to himself, he should have postponed his appearance. Succeeding efforts only served to increase his indisposition, and, consequently, his weakness, to thin his audiences, and, finally, to compel a respite, after the fat of a partial failure had been recorded. The most lamentable feature of his position is, that he cannot, perhaps, fully retrieve himself. Applause has its tides; and will not always flow at the bidding of merit. So that it be once fairly turned, and on the ebb—no matter from what cause—it is a miracle to arrest it, and force its waters to flow again. It will not be taken into account, we fear, that Mr. Kean labored under disadvantages in his first efforts. Old prejudices and impressions will jaundice men's judgment, and prevent an unbiased comparison of those exhibitions which he offers as fair specimens of his powers, with those presented during the inefficiency of illness. No result of this mortifying description may, however, supervene; at least, we hope that it may be our fortune, to record, in our next issue, that his second attempt, in regenerated health, has been untrammelled by the past; at which time, we shall enter upon those critical details, which now would be unjust and invidious.

The stock tragic power of this theatre, demands a passing notice. During the last season, when the tide was setting in favor of the National, and the Park, on a downhill path, was verifying the proverb, that every one will add a kick to the falling, to help him along, the press in full cry, denounced that establishment for its weakness in tragedy, but at no period do we remember it to have been so deficient in strength, as the National is at present. While no complaint can be offered in regard to number, there is no boldness—no striking individuality in the performers. Respectable in ability, none exceed that limit; and there is too vast a comparison between the star ascendant and the lesser lights. There are too many of the same *se-so* calibre, who sadly neglect the advice of Hamlet—"Be not too tame, neither." We will particularize only in the case of one individual, James Wallack, Jr. If that gentleman possesses the ability to fill, with credit, the parts in which he is cast, he certainly lacks, at present, the skill to develop it; and by descending a step or two lower, would school himself more to the gratification of the public, and more, we think, to his own private advantage. He is never at ease; seems to be fulfilling an unpleasant duty in acting; and whatever be the shades of character he undertakes, is never other than Mr. James Wallack, Jr.

☐ A few hours after the above remarks were penned, the beautiful National was a heap of smoking ruins! The sympathies of the public are fully excited in behalf of Mr. Wallack, and before this note will meet the public eye, means will, undoubtedly, be liberally placed in his power, speedily to re-estate himself in the management of a dramatic temple that shall do honor to the city.

BOWERY.—While the Park and National have been emulously striving to bear away the palm of success, the career of the Bowery has been attended with that unintermitted prosperity which it seems to have secured as an indefeasible right. The run of various melodramas, few serving for more than vehicles to display magnificent scenery and properties, has been interrupted during an engagement of the ever-attractive Celeste, who, though she has already secured an ample fortune, is so fascinated with the love of money or applause, that she is still eager for "a leetle more." Her peculiar style is too well known to require comment. Her engagement has been remarkably successful.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

MURRAY'S TRAVELS: *Harper & Brothers.*—This is the last of the comments of English travellers upon the United States, and, as it finds the least fault of all—with one exception—is, according to the general fiat, good in proportion. Judged of by its actual merits, it is certainly a very valuable work. The majority of its pages is devoted to a new range of observations, not only novel as the chronicles of an Englishman, but as being the first extensive detail of their kind from any author. We refer to the description of a residence during an entire summer, among the Pawnees, who preserve more fully than any other Indian tribe the customs of the aborigines, before they had become modified by contact with the whites. The disgusting vices and innate degradation of the Indian character are fully displayed, and must tend to root out the prevalent prejudice in favor of its imaginary nobleness.

Mr. Murray sometimes falls into the common error of his countrymen, of adopting solitary instances as general data, and of condemning on the fiat of previous prejudices; but he writes pleasantly, and is, in general, very correct.

ANIMAL MECHANISM: *by Dr. Griseom: Harper & Brothers.* This work forms the *eighty-fifth* number of that surpassingly valuable series, the "Harpers' Family Library." It is a luminous and compendious, and at the same time, simplified examination of the human Physiology. Having devoted much study, of late years, to this subject, we feel somewhat competent to pronounce upon the merits of this volume; and do not hesitate to bestow an unqualified recommendation. The text is illustrated by numerous diagrams. *Let the book be bought!* We seriously adjure every reader of our work, to purchase a copy. Of no subject is a knowledge more necessary, than of the human system, and of nothing is there more general ignorance. It should be taught in every school—a treatise upon it, should be a book of reference in every family; and none better than this can be procured.

BLANCHE OF NAVARRE: *by G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—It will be a matter of regret to Mr. James, that he should have published this play. It has no redeeming qualities. The language is stiff, barren and inexpressive; and the passion, throughout, forced and unnatural. The sympathies are scarcely excited from beginning to end, and stage effects, indeed, possibilities, are utterly disregarded.

ENGLAND, AND OTHER POEMS: *by William Marsh.*—The truly original style in which Mr. Marsh composes, deserves particular notice. He is, in truth, a poet beyond compare. We have repeatedly been favored with contributions from his high-sounding and dashing pen, but, out of mere consideration for his supereminent deserts, have been induced to refrain from presenting them to our readers; for his poems are all too good to be "wasted on the desert air," by appearing in such desultory works as magazines; and we have magnanimously and uniformly assured him, that we would not accept his favors, and have advised him not to permit his natural goodness of heart so far to get the better of his judgment and interest, as to throw his labors away—but to collect his poetic *effusions* into a volume. He has done so. A luminous brilliancy emanates from the book; and Milton has passed from earth too early to feel how the laurels are torn from his brow!

**MEMOIRS OF MRS. HEMANS: *Lee & Blanchard.***—This beautifully written memoir is by Mrs. Hughes, a sister of the poetess. Chorley had previously published her memoirs, but they were, in many respects, incomplete and superficial, by which a false estimate of her general character was liable to be disseminated. The volume before us supplies the deficiency. It acquaints us with the moving springs of her heart—with her modes of thought, her tastes, her feelings—all so intensely interesting to those who are lovers of her muse. That muse, itself, is a sufficient monument, that within her were fountains of tenderness, ever gushing in purity forth—that high-soaring loftiness of soul, fervent affections—and truth, ever living and verdant, guided and inspired her pen. But we have, in this memoir, the assurance of this surmise—herein the secrets of her life are laid open—and the reader, enthusiastic as he may be in her praise, will arise from its perusal, when acquainted with those operations of circumstances, and mental impressions, under which her wide-roaming muse plumed itself for its various flights, with a deeper and intenser interest in it.—*Carville.*

**YOUNG MERCHANT: *R. W. Pomeroy.***—This little book treats, in a sound and lucid manner, without much pretension, of the qualifications, training, duties, pleasures, dangers, etc., of the merchant. It contains judicious warnings, and wholesome advice.—*Ransom, Fulton Street.*

**CHRISTIAN HARP: by Charles Dingley.**—This is a little musical work, to appear in numbers, containing hymns and spiritual songs, annexed to appropriate music. Its author, a popular teacher of music, has been many years in collecting the materials. The object is to present the best of those hymns, etc., as are heard in seasons of revival, and at meetings of special interest. It is of a convenient form to be transmitted by mail.—*H. & S. Rogers, Beverly,* are the publishers.

**NAVAL FOUNDLING: *Lee & Blanchard.***—A sea tale—prosy in parts—vulgar in others—of the Marryat school, and interesting to those whose taste inclines in that direction. Some portions display much humor.

**JACK SHEPPARD: *Lee & Blanchard.***—We have heretofore pronounced our opinion upon this unnatural, but intensely interesting tale, as it appeared in numbers, and have, therefore, only to record the publication, in a volume, of the portion which has been given to the public up to this time.—*Carville.*

**FAIR ROSAMOND: *Carey & Hart.***—An historical romance, with faults of taste and style, but of considerable interest.

**THE TOKEN FOR 1840: *Otis, Broaders & Co.***—We cannot assert that this volume of the Token is so attractive in the embellishments, or valuable in literary contents, as some of its predecessors. Although the plates are by our best artists, and some extremely beautiful, the subjects and execution of others do not please our taste. The articles, too, are of more various degrees of merit than has sometimes been the case. But in thus instituting comparisons, we, by no means, desire to condemn the volume. It is, abstractly considered, very beautiful. The binding is chaste and elegant; and as we have said, many of the embellishments and literary articles, are of high merit.

**MOUNT AUBURN: *Otis, Broaders & Co.***—This is a text-book for visitors to Mount Auburn—that consecrated spot—that garden of the dead—with plates and descriptions of the tombs and scenery.

**GUIDE TO MOTHERS: *Taylor & Dodd.***—This handsome volume contains instructions to mothers, respecting the management of young children, with reference to hereditary or family diseases, and other important subjects allied to these; compiled, in part, from the best English and American authors, by Dr. Ticknor. The publication of such works, as an index of public opinion, testifies to an increasing attention to important ranges of knowledge that have been hitherto neglected by the public in general. Dr. Ticknor is a skilful, judicious man, and has prepared a correct and valuable treatise—sound in principle, and clear in detail.

**CHARTER OAK.**—The title of this volume is derived from that of the leading poem; the volume being a collection of the poetic efforts of Mr. John J. Adams.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**—With our present number, closes the eleventh volume of the "Companion." We are proudly conscious, upon a review of the past, that we have fulfilled every promise we have made; and an estimate of our own efforts and liberal arrangements, no less than the unanimous voice of the press, and the unexampled increase of our subscription list, assures us that our magazine maintains an enviable rank among the periodicals, whether of the old world or the new. But success shall not relax our endeavors, nor preseat excellence limit our aim. We have, at the present time, treaties in progress, that will largely increase the claims of the "Companion," to popular favor, and which will be duly announced.

Thanking those who have been prompt in remitting their dues, we earnestly entreat others to settle their accounts as speedily as possible. Their readiness, in this respect, will add a spur to our exertions.

**AMERICAN INSTITUTE.**—This association will hold its annual exhibition at Niblo's Garden, in the course of the present month. The progress of the arts is rapid—new inventions, and improvements on old, are constantly occurring, and we presume that the articles of ingenuity, skill, ornament and usefulness collected, will surpass even the excellence of former years.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—We may venture to say that Mr. Niblo has never closed his doors after a more prosperous season. The Revels have been a constant and unflinching attraction, appearing ever to crowded houses—and Burton, the popular comedian, has also contributed to the success of the Garden.

**THE HARPERS.**—The Messrs. Harper have attained a peculiar celebrity as publishers, and their book-issues are immense. A writer in the Southern Literary Messenger, dating from this city, enters into details of the rise and progress of their business. There are four brothers—all with families, whose fraternal union is so complete, that no account has been kept of the sums drawn by each, from the concern, for support. What a comment is this confidence on the uprightness of each! They employ, in their large establishment, in Cliff Street, more than three hundred operatives, male and female, and have nearly three hundred thousand dollars invested in stereotype plates. So careful are these publishers, that their imprint, upon the title-page of a book, is, in general, a satisfactory recommendation of its contents. They away, in a great measure, the literature of this country. At this present time, they have many works in press, both of an instructive and entertaining character. Among the number, are "Morton's Hope," and "The Countess of Ida," American novels, the latter, by Theodore S. Fay, Esq.

**HUNGARIAN SINGERS.**—These—we know not whether to call them vocalists or not—after astonishing our citizens with their wonderful and novel exercises, have been fulfilling very successful engagements in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Their powers are well worthy the attention of all—whether for their musical skill, or their strange method of developing it.

**OBITUARY.**—Departed this life, on the 12th ult., Mrs. ANN SNOWDEN, wife of Thomas Snowden, Esq. and parent of the proprietor of this magazine, in the forty-eighth year of her age. The cheerfulness of her sick chamber, in which she endured a long and painful disease before it conquered her existence, made it an interesting and instructive scene, wherein affection and friendship loved to linger. Devoted to her family, the keenest pang that assailed her, in the prospect of death, was the separation from them it involved, and in proportion to her affection is the poignancy of their grief. She has early followed to the grave a beloved daughter, and the sorrow of those she has left behind to lament her loss, is soothed by the reflection, that, pure and trusting on earth, they are now companions in Heaven.

THE  
LADIES' COMPANION,  
A MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE,  
EMBRACING  
EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.  
EMBELLISHED WITH  
ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC  
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

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**VOLUME XII.**

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NEW-YORK:  
WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.  
1840.





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# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1839.

## THE NARROWS.

THE harbor of New-York is justly and widely celebrated, as well for its natural beauties, as for its security and convenience as a roadstead. It was beautiful in the days of Hudson—when that daring navigator explored its waters, to give name to the noble river that pours into it, and when the stillness of uncultivated nature hallowed its shores; when forests, in primeval grandeur, saluted the eye on every side, and the dusky Indian darted through their wilds—it is far more beautiful now, when the charms of civilization have decked the scene; when the only forests are those created by the countless masts of ten thousand ships that float upon its protecting surface; when the pleasant homes of the white man, singly or in villages, stud its borders, and a great and noble city, reposes in its lap!

It is true, the environs of New-York, particularly towards the harbor, present no bold elevations, but, at the same time, there is no tameness in the aspect of nature; while the peculiar disposition of land and water, creates the charm that has given the harbor celebrity in the eyes of travellers. Most pictures that have been taken of it, look either towards the Narrows, or cityward, from Bedlow's Island. We, this month, present our readers with a delightful view, confined, more particularly to the Narrows, the artist having been stationed at Fort Hamilton. The fortifications, to prevent the ingress of the ships of an enemy, form prominent features of the landscape; and it is one of the most signal of the peculiarities of the harbor, which make it vie with the best in the world, that, after its waters should have spread themselves over a space, twenty-five miles in circumference, four, or more, in its greatest breadth, and eight, in length, from the city, at the confluence of the Hudson and East Rivers, to the Narrows, the shores of Long and Staten Islands should converge, until the space, between them, is but about a third of a mile in width; rendering it within the power of government to place the city in perfect security. Fort Hamilton, which appears in the foreground of our picture, is built on the Long Island shore. Somewhat to the northward of it, is Fort Lafayette, commonly known as Fort Diamond—from its shape—which is erected on a reef of rocks, about two hundred yards from the shore. It has three tiers of guns. On the Staten Island, or western shore, and opposite the fortresses above named, are Forts Tompkins and Richmond. The General Government has expended large sums upon these different fortifications, especially since the last war, and, properly manned, they are sufficient for the defence of the harbor. During the last war, a chain was extended across the Narrows from either shore; and it was here, that, at an earlier period of our history—the days of the Revolution—when General Washington was in possession of New York, the British army, that had been encamped on Staten Island, crossed to Long Island,

early on the morning of the twenty-second of August, 1776, and resting their centre on Flatbush, their right on Flatlands, and their left on the place of disembarkation, occupied the ground until the twenty-seventh, when the memorable battle of Brooklyn Heights began, the result of which occasioned the surrender of the city to the victorious foe.

All the shipping of the great city, with the exception of a few eastern coasters, passes through the Narrows, to and fro—which, with their white and gleaming sails, their almost countless numbers, their grace and beauty, impart a surpassing interest to the scene.

## Original. IMAGINATION.

BY MORATIO GATES.

ON wings of everrestless flight, she traverses all earth,  
Dropping her fruits of thought, which spring into prolific birth;

In dreams of day and dreams of night, of every shade and hue,

Visions of light, of bliss and blight,—the last, the only true.  
She flutters in the midnight hour, around the aching breast,  
And brings its cold, or absent mate, to lull its throes to rest;  
She leads, from over ocean, desert, mountain, vale, and streams,  
Warm lips to meet, which shall not meet, save in her world of dreams.

She builds a universe of worlds, and peoples them anew;—  
A hemisphere in every soul,—a world complete in two:  
And then these souls with steadfast poles, move sweetly on in pairs,  
Which, like a sun, love shines upon, and gravitates to theirs.  
She centres in the soul of youth, a world of dazzling light,  
And images of beauty meet, on every side, the sight;—  
Of that bright sphere, Ambition shines the sole meridian sun,  
Till from his zenith he declines,—and then the world hath none.

By her control, the Poet's soul is one wide universe;  
Dreaming or waking, he obeys no sovereignty but hers;  
And his is like the infant world, ere sin and sorrow made  
Their entrance there, to taint the air of Eden's holy shade.  
Beneath her all-creating hand, springs up an angel form,  
Which she inspires with hallowed fire, for ever bright and warm—

With brow of sunny radiance, raised above a glowing cheek,  
And eyes that shrink, lest he should think they mean one half  
they speak.

And to that form the poet bows, devout at night and morn,—  
Living but in her smiles, or languishing beneath her scorn;—  
Here is the voice that calls him from his task—and his repose  
Is sweetened by the dreams she casts between him and his woes.

Oh, that the world material might contain a counterpart  
To that ideal one so brightly painted on the heart!  
Show me the form, shining and warm, with such immortal light,

Imagination's spells shall raise no hope than this more bright!  
*Buffalo, 1839.*

1914

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1914

him, intently engaged in transferring the picture, with a skill little less than his whom he imitated, to his canvass. He was attired in a close green jacket, and calico trousers, and beside him lying on the floor, was an old and much worn velvet cap. His dark, hazel eyes, were filled with the light of genius, and his handsome face glowed with the passion of his art as he sat and copied. He was apart from the other students who frequented the gallery, and seemed to be wholly indifferent to the gay crowd that promenaded the saloon, of whom, now and then, some connoisseur, attracted by his silent industry, would turn his eyes toward the subject of his attention, and with the self-assured look of a Savant, slip out, "a Titian," and pass on—otherwise, the young painter pursued his labors alone and unnoticed. That he is the youthful pilgrim whom we first saw looking down upon the Campagna, may be gathered, perhaps, from his costume, as well as his pursuit. This is the ninth day he has been in Rome.

It was near the hour for closing the gallery, and but a few persons remained, when an elderly gentleman of noble exterior, and with the courtly air of a man of high birth, passed near the position occupied by the painter, a lovely young creature leaning on his arm, and a tall, beautiful, but somewhat haughty young lady, preceding them a few steps in advance. The attention of the latter was instantly arrested by the animated countenance of the youthful student, as he caught, at the same time inspiration equally in religion and in his art, from the subject and its painter, and approaching him, she unconsciously began to gaze on his face as if it had been one of the inanimate heads that hung around her.

"Why, Eleanor, what has fascinated you so?" cried the young lady on the arm of the gentleman, after watching her, for an instant, in amazed wonder.

The lady addressed, instantly recovered herself, blushing changed the direction of her eyes, and for a few seconds, seemed to study, with persevering attention, an old landscape upon the wall. Scarcely were the words spoken that produced this effect, when the young painter who had, hitherto, seemed insensible to any external impression, started back from his canvass with the involuntary exclamation—

"The same voice!"

His eyes, as he spoke, were riveted on the lovely speaker, who, in her turn, regarded him with surprise. But her face appeared to have an electric effect upon him; for, no sooner did he see it, than clapping his hands together, he said with astonishing vehemence, fixing, the while, his full gaze upon her angelic countenance—

"Titian's Madonna!"

"What can he mean, cousin? Uncle, ask him," cried the young lady, who had been addressed as Eleanor, retreating to them with some alarm at this sudden outbreak.

"He is, certainly, a strange young man," said the gentleman; "one of the eccentricities, doubtless, of his pursuit."

"He is, certainly, very handsome," said the young

lady who leaned upon him. The next moment she added, "His gaze confuses me! Father, shall we go?"

But, regardless of the surprise of one, and the embarrassment of the other, the painter continued to gaze upon the maiden till she dropped her head in confusion, and turned to fly. Then he silently pointed to the canvass on the easel before him. The gentleman had scarcely cast a glance upon it, ere he exclaimed with undiagnosed astonishment—

"My daughter's portrait! Laura, Lady Eleanor, look here!"

"Can I believe my own eyes?" said the latter; and after looking for a few moments at the painting, she turned and gave a puzzled look first at her cousin, and then at the handsome young artist, who seemed no less surprised than the opposite party.

"How came you by this portrait, sir?" demanded the gentleman, somewhat haughtily.

The youth pointed silently to the original on the wall.

"It is the same," was the remark of the astonished beholder. "A Titian, is it not?"

"None other," was the calm reply.

"Wonderful coincidence! And this is your copy?"

"I have this moment completed it."

"And did no knowledge of its resemblance to my fair cousin, here, prompt you to begin it?" asked Lady Eleanor, glancing with playful irony at the maiden.

"My surprise, lady, at the discovery, is no less than your own."

"The copy is the most like you, my child," said the gentleman, after contemplating both awhile; "the colors being fresher, and retaining more of the tint of life. I will purchase it of you, sir."

The young painter, whose eyes had not ceased to dwell on the lovely personification of his copy, each moment drinking into his soul her beauty, like new wine, till he was intoxicated with love, either did not hear, or was too absorbed in his daring and newly-awakened passion to regard the proposition; and when the moment afterwards it was repeated, he replied in a tone so decided as to partake of rudeness,

"Buy! Buy it? No, sir. It is sacred!"

"It is a Madonna, indeed—but Madonnas may be purchased, for a trifle, in every stall in Rome," responded the gentleman with some asperity. "I will pay you one hundred guineas for the piece—'tis but a hasty sketch, at the best, and you—you"—he hesitated as he glanced over his coarse apparel, and then added quickly, "it is, perhaps, much more than you are in the habit of getting for simple copies."

"It is a hundred guineas more than I get for any picture. This is the first I have ever attempted for myself."

"Do you subsist by this profession?"

"I hope to do so, sir."

"And refuse the ample remuneration for what you say is your first piece. Will you dispose of it?"

"No, sir."

"Know, young man, that the portrait you refuse to give up, is, by a miracle, that of Lady Laura Linton, daughter of the Earl of Linton, who now addresses you."



"My lord," said the youth, firmly, but respectfully, "I will not part with it. So much more noble as is the fair being whom it resembles, so much more sacred does it become to me." As he spoke, his eyes rested modestly and reverently on the cast-down face of the maiden. "Through this accidental resemblance, it possesses, in my eyes, a far holier character, my lord, than it can challenge as an image of the Mary Mother. The spirit of a new Divinity has now descended upon it, and inspires each lovely lineament. No, my lord, I will not part with it."

Lady Laura well understood the plain, bold words he uttered, and though she felt that she ought to resent the attitude he assumed, yet she found herself unable, nay, disinclined to reprove, even with a look, a compliment so sincere, and originating from a coincidence so singular as that conveyed in his determination to keep her portrait.

"Is it for myself alone, or for the strangeness of the circumstance, that influences this resolution?" she asked of herself; but before she could receive a satisfactory reply, the old nobleman, who was not blind to this little passage of gallantry, on the score of the humble student, muttering something reflecting on the impertinence of the young Italian painters "that exist on a maravedi a month," drew her arm within his; then accompanied by his niece, Lady Eleanor, he left the gallery. On their way to the carriage, the latter, who was the only daughter of the powerful Duke of Calwallader, travelling in Italy under Lord Linton's protection, made herself both witty and merry, as much to the annoyance of the father as daughter, on the conquest of Lady Laura over the poor student, but the conversation, naturally, soon turned upon the extraordinary coincidence which they had just witnessed.

The youth listened until he heard the carriage move away from the door, when, rolling up his canvass, he left the gallery, and sought his humble lodgings.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was the third day of the carnival, and grown men and women became, once more, children. The streets were filled with phantastic pageants, strangely mingled with religious processions. The discordant music of the *char-raveri* resounded through streets which, centuries before, gave back the notes of the warlike trumpet and the scarcely less warlike shouts that attended triumphal entries. Every man and woman in Rome, now had license to play the fool. Balconies were thronged with lovely women, with their heads tastefully dressed, with dark eyes and snowy hands, filling the air with musical laughter, while they cast flowers concealing a heavy sugar-plumb within their leaves, eggs beautifully dyed, and filled with scented waters, and handfulls of bou-bons in showers upon the passing cavaliers, whether on foot or horseback. And many was the gay gallant, who, assaying to scale the balconies and avenge himself, according to immemorial usage, on the lips of the fairest of its defenders, was forced back to the ground by the brisk discharge of sugared missiles, that descended into his face and eyes, like grape-shot. The whole city was

a scene of gaiety and dazzling confusion. Strangers from all parts of Europe, and from the United States, rode through the thronged street in their carriages, to behold the various spectacles, adding, by the splendor of their equipages, to the brilliancy of the scene.

It happened, that as an English chariot and pair, containing a gentleman and two young ladies, was crossing the area encompassing Trajan's pillar, one of these perfumed missiles, missing its original aim, struck one of the spirited horses in the eye, and so terrified the animal, that, bounding to a great height in his traces, he broke from the carriage and his fellow, and dragging the coachman to the ground, dashed through the crowded thoroughfare at the wildest rate, the fragments of his broken harness flying about his heels. The noise they made, as well as the pain they inflicted, added wings to his mad speed, and every where his presence changed the sounds of merriment to cries of terror and alarm. The remaining horse plunged terrifically for a few seconds, without offering to run, during which interval, the gentleman, who was the Earl of Linton, leaped to the ground, succeeded in assisting Lady Eleanor to alight, and was in the act of extending his arms, as the danger grew imminent, imploringly towards his daughter, entreating her, as she stood undecided, to risk the jump, when, with a mad leap, the single horse started forward with the chariot, throwing the maiden back, again, upon the seat, where, with her hands clasped together, a colorless cheek, and an air of calm resignation, such as woman only can wear in extremest peril, she awaited, what appeared to every beholder, inevitable death. Yet her eye was cool and steady, and she appeared to survey the road along which she was borne as if on the wings of the wind; and to weigh, with something like the calculations of hope, the chances of escape.

At a speed that defied all hope of check, even to the boldest that saw the vehicle whirled past them, the horse flew with the chariot in the direction of the Via Appia, overturning every obstacle in his progress, and emerging into a square thronged with revellers, and surrounded by gay booths which opened on the Tiber, he took his course, maddened to fury by the shouts that followed him, directly across the space towards the river, which, at the point he aimed for, was several feet lower than the quay, and covered with small boats. He was within a few yards of the water, and in a second or two, would have leaped, with the carriage, into the midst of the crowded stream, when a young man, in the dress of a student of the galleries, sprang from a booth in which he had been bargaining for painters' colors, and struck the enraged animal smartly on the right side of the head with a long staff. At the same instant, at the imminent risk of his life, he threw himself forward in the direction the horse was flying, and fastening his grasp on the bit, pulled him short round with a dexterity and skill that seemed above mortal means, and turned him from his fatal course, while the air rung with the applauding shouts of the multitude. His speed, however, was not lessened by this diversion from his former line of flight; and, though no longer moving in the direction of the

Tiber, he now strove to press forward in an opposite one. But the youth, with a hand on each side of his mouth, held him with a grasp that governed his motions, so that, restrained in every endeavor to bound forward, his movements became confined to a circle, in which he whirled the carriage with fearful velocity, dragging the resolute youth at his bit, whose whole strength and presence of mind were required to keep him to the centre, from which, every instant, he threatened to bolt. The excitement of the multitude now became intense. The lady in the carriage, in whom, at the first glance, on emerging from the booth, the young painter had recognised the original of his copy, sat with her eyes fixed on him full of gratitude and hope, while all fear seemed to be turned from herself to him. Round and round in a ring that each moment decreased in diameter, the chariot flew, while, at his head, his body braced outward almost horizontally, and his whole weight thrown inward, hung the young student, with a hold, that death alone could unloose—for he knew, with every soul present, that the life of the maiden depended solely on his coolness, courage and perseverance. Although it was a spectacle of terrific sublimity; the mighty efforts of the horse to break away from the centre, about which the youth revolved that he should exhaust his fire; his swelled muscles, foaming mouth, and blood-shot eyes, and the powerful action of his thundering hoof; the dizzy whirl of the scarcely visible wheels; the hope against hope that animated the face of the noble girl; and the resolute air—the fixed eye—compressed lips—the full veins of the forehead, seemingly bursting with blood, and the bared right arm, on which the chords stood out like rods of iron of the master spirit of the scene! The interest of the throng, in the fate of the gallant youth, seemed, at one time, to take the place of their sympathy for the lady—for gallantry, in the eye of human admiration, often presents claims superior to those of beauty.

"Let him loose, and save yourself!" cried one among the crowd.

"You will never check him, young man, but sacrifice your own life," shouted a French marquis from his horse.

"Hold on for your life, my good lad," cried an American naval officer, near; "he begins to flag."

"You will soon break him down, young man, if you can hold out a few moments longer," cried an Englishman.

But the student heard them not; his whole soul being intent on subduing the energies of the furious animal; and by the expression of his eye, it was plain that he had confidence in himself, and knew that he must gain the mastery. For full ten minutes the horse maintained his mettle: he then began to show that he felt the weight and pressure at his head, and to evince signs of giving out. The circle to which his antagonist kept him, momentarily grew narrower, and he found less and less room for his movements; the sweat, at length, ran like water from his glossy skin, his breath came shorter and quicker, and his limbs trembled; and now, each revolution he made, the shouts of the multitude became louder and louder, for, at every round, he showed him-

self weaker than at the preceding, and ready to yield to the superiority (not of strength, but of human intelligence) of the young student. He, himself, was not unobservant of these symptoms of surrender, and watching his time, suddenly pressed the animal's nose to the ground while yet he was going at considerable speed; then throwing his whole weight upon his shoulders, he dragged him, bodily, to his knees, and, as he intended to do, overset the chariot. But thought is not quicker than the bound he made to its side, as it was falling over, and, ere she reached the ground, the maiden was caught in his arms.

"My dear child!" cried the Earl of Linton, springing forward bareheaded and breathless, and receiving her from him to fold her in his paternal embrace.

"Dear father, I am safe," she could only articulate, and swooned away.

For a few moments her situation engaged the attention of the numerous ladies and gentlemen who had reached the spot, expecting to find the young lady injured if not dashed to pieces. When, at length, her restoration gave the nobleman time to look around him for the youth, whose praises were in all men's mouths, he was no where to be seen.

For several days, every inquiry was made for the student; the galleries visited; the public promenades watched, and even rewards offered for information respecting him—for the gratitude of Lord Linton and his daughter, was a load too great to be lightly thrown off, without a commensurate effort to find the individual who had laid it upon them. It was apparent that he must have quitted Rome, for Florence, probably, or some one of the numerous schools of art that abound in Southern Italy; and the search having proved ineffectual, was, finally, abandoned, though reluctantly, by the fair Lady Laura, who had permitted, besides gratitude, another emotion, near akin to it, to take root in her heart. Although the Earl ceased to think of him, save when the circumstance of her escape was mentioned, the memory of the young painter was warmly cherished by both cousins, for his gallantry had even won over the admiration of the haughty Lady Eleanor: besides, there was a mystery thrown around him, independent of his personal conduct, which lent a new and peculiar interest to him in their eyes, not the less strong that both his name and country were alike unknown.

*To be continued.*

## REPUTATION.

WHATEVER indifference we affect to show for the good of mankind, every one seeks for esteem, and believes himself more worthy of it, in proportion as he finds himself generally esteemed: he considers the public suffrage as a surety for the high opinion he has of himself. The pretended contempt, therefore, for reputation, and sacrifice said to be made of it to fortune and reflection, is always inspired by the despair of rendering ourselves illustrious; we boast of what we have, and despise what we have not. This is the necessary effect of pride; and we should rebel against it, were we not its dupes.—*Helvetius.*

Original.

SCENE FROM A TRAGEDY, ENTITLED

"THE CHRISTIAN SENATOR."\*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

ACT THIRD—SCENE SECOND.

[*Marcellus is discovered seated at a table, with a scroll spread out before him, as after a reverie.*]

MARCELLUS. The strife is o'er—the victory is won;  
And doubt and darkness vanish into naught!  
Light—light eternal, in effulgence beams,  
And Error trembles on her crumbling throne!  
Plato, the face of Nature was thy page,  
And thy great soul thy teacher; thou didst gaze  
With mortal eye on Immortality,  
And viewed, by Reason's torch, its dark confines.  
But mortal sense with mortal weakness strives;  
Around it, shadows hover, and obscure  
Its dim horizon, and its vision bound.  
The flickering gleam, thy pathway that illumed,  
By its own ray its nothingness reveals.  
But now the veil of mystery is rent;  
And Revelation, by the sacred voice  
Of Heaven's Anointed, points the way to life!  
The finite soul, through Goodness Infinite,  
Beholds itself its own free Arbiter,  
And Time, its pathway to eternity!  
Faith, to the parting spirit, whispers peace,  
And o'er the grave, floats Victory no more!  
Ennobled Man, redeemed, himself surveys  
His Maker's Image, views a Father's love,  
And praising, kneels, and worships, and adores!  
Earth sings in joy—glad music wakes the spheres—  
And Angel choirs triumphal chorus join,  
For Heaven revealed, Eternity displayed,  
A world delivered, and its children free!—  
I own the Christian's faith!

(*He sinks again into his reverie. Enter Turbo.*)

Turbo. (*aside.*) I dare not speak,  
To make my errand known. Yet shall young Sextus,  
To whom my old heart clings, as he had been  
An outshoot from myself, thus pining, die,  
Nor meet a father's blessing? He shall have it,  
If this dull sense can grasp at argument,  
And soothing grace of words, to calm his anger  
And patch up Honor. But I must bespeak me,—  
Or he will hither come in pain's despite,  
Imploping for himself. Marcellus, master—

Mar. (*rising.*) Good Turbo, hast thou waited?  
Didst thou bear  
To those grave Senators, Acilius,  
And Caius Crispus, what I gave in charge?

Turbo. To their own hands I did deliver them.

Mar. (*aside.*) In those dispatches, in plain argument,  
I prayed excuse from any purposed plot  
To slay the monster that hath rule o'er Rome.  
Unmasked Rebellion were but Folly's trick—  
And there is that within me, soars too high

\* A scene from this play appeared in the "Companion" for November of the last year.

To grasp the Assassin's tools. I'll stand aloof—  
And 'twere, in sooth, a deed unsanctified,  
To steal the life Unerring Wisdom gave,  
Though it did animate the loathsome frame  
Of one, a man externe, with heart of fiend—  
Save there were surety of resultant good;  
Life saved, guilt fettered, and fair Freedom won!  
I will have naught with it!

Turbo. Kind master—

Mar. Turbo,  
I'd have thee to her home, ere night, convey  
Thy mistress, Livia. She dwells o'erlong  
With Lady Julia, and I much opine  
She may grow wearisome. But more, her sire  
Hath spared her from his roof, till he doth yearn  
To hear her gladsome voice! I'll press thee, daughter,  
To this fond heart, ere nightfall!

Turbo. (*aside.*) Grant, ye Gods,  
That she be safe! Twin harm to son and daughter,  
Were dart of death to him. Dear master—

Mar. Well,  
Good Turbo—

Turbo. It was pity, direful pity,  
That my young master, Sextus—

Mar. (*with great interest.*) What of him?

Turbo. Since he, so truly, was a man to love,  
Of kindest nature, and most generous,  
Of noblest port, and fairest countenance,  
Should so forget—'twas but forgetfulness—  
Himself, his proud estate, and all who loved him,  
To practice folly. To old Turbo's heart,  
Who trained his youth, and guarded him to Rome,  
He was endeared 'yond telling!

[*Marcellus, who, while Turbo had been speaking, has seemed much agitated, pauses to recover himself, then speaks in the deepest sorrow.*]

Mar. My poor Sextus!

My poor, poor boy! I should have borne with thee,  
And when thou most wert sinning, counselled thee,  
And, sinning still, still counselled and forborne,  
Turning reproof with offices of love,  
And this unceasingly, though sin were on thee  
Of weight to crush thee down! My poor, poor boy!  
What love I bore thee when I cast thee forth!  
But thou wert offered up, a sacrifice  
To Honor! And what's honor, born of earth?—  
Great Alexander strode o'er becatombs,  
Great Julius shook a world! And these are heroes  
And mighty conquerors! What's conqueror,  
But Flattery's other name for murderer?—  
Ay, wholesale murderer! Your citizen,  
To grasp revenge, or rob his neighbor's chest,  
Destroys his fellow. 'Twas a cursed deed,  
And he's accursed that did compass it!  
But he, doth slay his thousands in the thirst  
Of senseless conquest, or to rob a kingdom—  
With laurelled brows, is earthly Demi-God!  
Julius is in his grave—his mortal part  
Resolved to dust; where's the immortal essence?  
Doth Honor pass the grave? There is the stick!  
When conqueror and citizen shall bear

The last loud trumpet pealing through the sky,  
Pray you, both unrepentant, which wouldst be  
Of these two murderers? Let Honor go!  
She hath a sparkling robe, but it doth hide  
A fleshless frame—a lifeless skeleton!  
Turbo, if ever thou shouldst hap to meet  
My erring Sextus, pray entreat him home.  
Perchance 'tis not too late! (*aside.*)

*Turbo.* Oh, wilt thou see him?  
Dear master, blessings on thee!

*Mar.* How is this!  
Tears, Turbo, tears!

*Turbo.* This very morn I saw him!

*Mar.* Indeed! How looked he?—Changed?

*Turbo.* Alas, how changed!  
Master, strong resolution summon up,  
To bear, in patience, the unwelcome tale  
That I am bearer of. Two nights ago,  
As homeward I returned, a boist'rous din  
Assailed mine ears, of oaths and menaces,  
With clash of swords commingled; and a voice  
Cried oft, 'Help! help!' With haste I thither ran,  
Whence came these clam'rous and disturbing sounds,  
And there, in indignation, I espied  
One singly faced to four. Straight interposing,  
A sword I wrested from a careless hand,  
And noted him, that unassisted fought—  
Young master Sextus!

*Mar.* Ha!

*Turbo.* With choler swelled,  
I soundly rated them who set on him,  
Now panting on their swords. I called them 'butchers,'  
Or such like phrase I used—and with't, enraged,  
They fell to sudden fight. We showed no back,  
And soon, alarmed, they fled; when turning, lo,  
Young Sextus, faint and wounded, I beheld—

*Mar.* Not—not to death! Oh, say not to the death!

*Turbo.* 'Twas not to death. I steadied his weak  
steps

To the near dwelling of Licinius—  
My friend—where now he lies.

*Mar.* My boy! my boy!  
Oh, let us haste to him! Hast heard him utter  
His father's name?

*Turbo.* Now hast thou probed the wound  
That rankles fiercest. Slight his body's harm  
To that doth rack his sense for thy love lost,  
And his own hardness. But I'll haste, in joy,  
To glad him by the blest intelligence,  
That thou hast pardoned all offences past.  
And soon wilt greet him with thy warm embrace!

*Sextus. (without.)* Where is my father?

*Mar.* Ah! It is my son!  
Let me embrace my son! (*Exit Marcellus.*)

*Turbo.* How feared I this!  
His rash impatience, wrestling with his pain,  
Hath won—and in the face of staring death,  
Hath spurred him hither! Oh, ye Gods, be with him!

[*Enter Marcellus, supporting Sextus, followed by several servants.*]

*Mar.* Speed! speed! A seat! He faints! A cup  
of water

To bathe his brows! [*Turbo brings down a seat.  
Marcellus places Sextus upon it.*] How pale thou art,  
my son!

And oh, how wasted! Pray ye stand apart,  
That the cool air may fan his fevered cheek!  
He opes his eyes—awake, my Sextus! See!  
It is thy father's hand sustains thee now!  
Wake, wake, my boy!

*Sextus. (reviving)* It is my home—my father!  
And Sextus is forgiven!

*Mar.* It is thy father!  
It is thy home! And nought shall sever thee  
From home and father more! Come—to thy chamber;  
Thine own old chamber, garnitured as when  
Thou partedst from it! Thou dost droop, my son!  
Come—to thy chamber!

*Sextus. [groans as he rises, and falls back into his  
seat.]* Oh!

*Turbo.* It is his wound!  
I fear me this hath made it gape afresh!

*Sextus. (rising.)* My home, my blessed home! My  
father—sister!

I shall not lie within a stranger's tomb!  
Is't thou, my father? Let me hear thy voice  
Say I am dear to thee!

*Mar.* As is my life!  
More—more than life, my son!

*Sextus. [sinking in death into his father's arms.]*  
Beloved! Forgiven!

*Mar. [gradually lowering the body to the floor.]*

This is not death!  
Speak ye! It is not death!  
Sextus, my son! Speak! speak, my darling boy!  
Sextus, thy father calls! Oh, speak to me!

*Turbo.* Alas, he's dead!

*Mar.* Wherefore say'st that? To swoon  
Is not to die!

*Turbo.* It is the look of death!  
Dear master, he is dead!

[*Marcellus presses his hand on Sextus' heart, and ris-  
ing, covers his face with his robe, and beckons to  
bear away the body. It is removed by Turbo  
and servants, and Marcellus throws himself into his  
seat, by the table, and buries his head in his toga.  
Enter Petronius and Flavius.*]

*Pet.* Marcellus—friend!  
Sleeps he? Marcellus?

*Mar.* Pray ye, name yourselves!  
There is a moisture doth o'erfilm mine eyes,  
And I can see ye not.

*Fla.* Your loving friends,  
Petronius and Flavius.

*Mar. (rising.)* Welcome, both!  
I am not over well. If aught I lack  
In courteous greeting, let my state excuse me.  
Indeed, I am not well! (*Sinks into his chair again.*)

*Fla. (to Pet.)* The task appalls me!  
And, with these shrinking senses, I shall add,

By lame unskillfulness, a keener pang  
To misery's piercing sting. Pray thee assume it!

*Pet.* If thou'rt irresolute, what should I be?  
When that same piercing sting hath left this heart,  
Transfixed and festering! I were to thee  
But poor ally!

*Fla.* It is a woful duty!  
I am at loss to make beginning in't!  
How shall I preface the o'erwhelming truth?

*Pet.* Out with't at once! This kindly paltering  
But swells the measure of the pain 'twould save!  
Tis to add withering doubt of what's to come,  
To final agony, when all's revealed!

'Twas briefly told to me! Out with't at once!

*Fla. (to Mar.)* Marcellus, wilt thou grant short  
speech with me?

*Mar. (starting up.)* Who speaks? Who bears  
me company? Forgive me!

I was forgetful. What would'st say, my friend?

*Fla. (in a broken voice.)* Thy daughter, Livia—

*Mar.* Kind Heaven be with me!  
Is she dead, too!

*Fla.* What sayest thou?

*Mar.* Thou hast tale

Of Livia. I will hear it, Flavius.

*Fla.* Is thy heart nerved for grief, the heaviest  
That ever did afflict thee?

*Mar.* It is crushed—  
Trod in the dust! and will not last o'erlong,  
Save Heaven be comforter! But, Flavius,  
Thy word was of my Livia. Dost thou weep!—  
She is not dead?

*Fla.* No—no!

*Mar.* She pines, perchance,  
In fearful illness!

*Fla.* No. (*aside.*) I cannot bear it!

*Mar.* Where is her harm, then? Speak, Petronius,  
thou!

*Pet.* She's lost—she's lost! Oh, Gods, for ever lost!

*Mar.* Lost, yet not dead! Ha! Give me all thy  
tale!

Thou know'st my thought! Let me not, at thy feet,  
Die 'neath its torturing weight! Where is my daughter?

*Pet.* Ask thou Domitian—our great Emperor!

*Mar.* I am a childless father! Bear with me!  
I'm weak—I faint! Pray ye, a seat!

(*They support him back to his seat. He covers his  
head with his toga as before. Enter Turbo.*)

*Turbo. (in a low tone to Flavius.)* She's found?

*Fla.* She hath been bribed to shame!

*Turbo.* Alas! Alas!

And he doth know of it? Oh, misery!  
Sextus, but now, before his eyes, hath died!  
'Twill break his heart; for 'tis of tend'rest mould,  
Noble, yet oh, most tender! See—he rises!

*Mar.* Dishonored! What—the daughter of Marcellus  
Creature debased! Off with this garb of peace!  
They are but coward slaves do wear it now!  
I was a soldier once! Bring me my sword!  
Case me in armor—there is work to do!  
Work—bloody work! My daughter made a mark

For men to point at! Thou art dead betimes,  
My Sextus! There is one Marcellus less  
To weep the stain, now first upon our house!  
My sword! My armor! Hear ye not! I say  
There's bloody work to do!

*Fla.* Dear friend, be calm!  
Take comfort!

*Mar.* Comfort! Pray thee, show it me!  
I've had a dream of comfort—of a sweet  
And quiet haven, where, when raging storms  
Of wo, and pain, and wretchedness assailed  
My bark of life, I might my anchor drop  
In the calm haven of unruffled Peace!  
'Twas all a cheating dream! There is no Heaven!  
Creatures of chance, we live its idle sport,  
And die; to rot!—and there is end of us!  
There bides no future where the good are blest,  
The evil damned! Think ye, if it were so,  
The guilty would live on, and day by day  
Heap crime on crime, yet revel unrebuked,  
While, from Truth's faithful pupil, one by one,  
Life's darling hopes are snatched, till death becomes  
A gladsome boon—the grave, a resting-place!  
No, no—'tis all a cheat! 'Tis all a cheat!

*Turbo.* Master, dear master, let me go with thee,  
Now, to thy chamber. Sure, thou art not well!

*Mar.* The man who hath my daughter steeped in  
shame,

Is called an Emperor—and thou'rt afraid!  
Why, then thou hast free leave to stay at home!  
Not well? This arm hath might of Hercules!  
Not well? This heart is firm as adamant!  
For me, and all who dare to follow me,  
The way is to the palace! to the palace!  
Set wide my doors! With blazing torches, fire  
This home now desolate! Fit torch, 'twill be,  
To light us to our work! My sword! My armor!  
Shout ye Marcellus—Vengeance, and Domitian!  
On—to the palace! On! [*He rushes forward, but sinks,  
in weakness, on his knee. Petronius and Flavius raise  
him up.*]

Don't laugh at me!  
Forgive the weakness of a poor, heart-broken,  
And childless—childless father!

## INDOLENCE.

INCONSISTENT soul that man is!—languishing under  
wounds which he has power to heal;—his whole life  
a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that  
precious gift of God to him—instead of pouring in oil—  
serving but to sharpen his sensibilities, to multiply his  
pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy  
under them! Poor, unhappy creature, that he should  
do so! Are not the necessary causes of misery, in this  
life, enough, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of  
sorrow; struggle against evils which cannot be avoided,  
and submit to others, which a tenth part of the evil they  
create him, would remove from his heart for ever!—  
*Sterne.*

Original.

## THE STORM PAINTER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
To those that walk in darkness."—CHILDE HAROLD.

THE last rays of the setting sun shone brightly through the casement, as Tempesta put the finishing touch to his picture. It was a scene of terrific sublimity. The ocean, with its wild and turbulent waves, unbroken by a single spot of green earth and bounded by a horizon whose lurid light only served to render more distinctly visible the horrors of the foreground, where, lashed to the mast of a frail and perishing bark, appeared a noble and stately figure, clasping in his embrace the relaxed and almost lifeless form of a beautiful female.

"It is finished," exclaimed the painter, triumphantly, as he flung down his pencil; "match me that picture, ye tame copiers of moonlit gardens and sunny groves. In sooth, it is an easy task to portray the smiles and blandishments of mother nature; but where is the artist who has grappled with the whirlwind and the storm as I have done? No, there is but one who merits the proud title of painter of the storm—there is but one Tempesta."

As he spoke, the consciousness of mental power lit up his usually dark and lowering countenance, until it almost appeared handsome. The painter seemed not unconscious of the change, for, turning from the mirror which hung near him, he exclaimed, "It is the hour—my toil for fame is ended, and now for the delights of love;" and wrapping his cloak about him he left the house, and bent his steps towards the Casa d'Urbino. As he entered the porch of the palazzo, he encountered a man closely wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and with his features entirely concealed from view by his large slouched hat. Without pausing an instant, the stranger brushed rapidly by him, uttering as he passed, the single word "Bianca." Starting as if a serpent had stung him, Tempesta caught the stranger's cloak and attempted to detain him, but with almost giant strength he seized Tempesta's arm, and flinging him off to the extremity of the porch with as much ease as if he had been a child, was out of sight before Tempesta could recover himself sufficiently to pursue him. Disturbed and agitated, Tempesta entered the apartment of the Count D'Urbino. He found the old man alone. Coldly, and almost sternly, he bade Tempesta enter the inner chamber, where the Signorina Rosalba awaited him, and immediately resumed his book which he had for an instant laid aside. Astonished at this singularly uncourteous behavior from one who had been wont to greet him with almost parental affection, Tempesta paused irresolute; but the voice of Rosalba aroused him, and passing onward with a countenance beaming delight, he approached the mistress of his heart. Seated beside a marble table, on which burned a richly chased silver lamp, filling the whole apartment with the odor of the scented oil that fed its light, sat the beautiful Rosalba D'Urbino. No wonder the eye of the painter loved to gaze upon that exquisite form. Arrayed in a style of almost oriental magnificence, her purple robe embroidered with gold and drawn up at the shoulders by knots

of pearl, leaving bare her arms, which rivalled in whiteness the ornaments that clasped them—her zone sparkling with the richest gems—her raven hair bound back from her lofty forehead by a coronet of pearls—her veil of snowy gauze figured and fringed with silver, throwing a shade of softness over the dazzling splendor of her loveliness, all combined to form a more exquisite picture of queenly beauty than ever visited the dreams of poet or painter. Her cheek, usually pale, now wore the deepest hue of the rose; her black eyes flashed lightning glances from beneath their dark lashes, and her beautifully chiselled lip was curled with the bitterest expression of scorn, as Tempesta approached and seated himself beside her with the familiar air of a favored lover.

"Idol of my heart," murmured Tempesta as he pressed his lips to her hand, "to-night I claim your sweet promise; to-night I claim from your own lips the faith which your father has already pledged in your name." Drawing her veil closely about her face, Rosalba sat in silence as if striving to master the almost suffocating emotions that impeded her utterance. "Speak my own, my worshipped Rosalba," whispered the impetuous lover, "speak but one word—or is this but the tender bashfulness of maidenhood? Yes, that trembling hand, those downcast eyes, tell me that you are indeed my own."

In an instant, pride and wounded delicacy mastered her emotion. Starting from him, and throwing off her veil, as she drew up her tall figure to its full height, she exclaimed, "Villain, forbear! How dare you clasp in your vile embrace, the spotless form of a high-born maiden? How dare you defile even the hem of her garment with your polluting touch?"

Astonished, almost infuriated, as Tempesta was at this unexpected repulse, he yet could not restrain his admiration, as he gazed upon the glorious creature who stood before him. With burning cheeks, and flashing eyes, her bosom swelling with passion, her head thrown back, and her dark tresses falling to her very feet, as she stood with extended arms, motioning him away, she looked like a young Pythoness, receiving the maddening inspiration of the god.

"Rosalba! what means this?" at length exclaimed the bewildered Tempesta, "has not your father sanctioned my love? Did you not promise me, that this night your own lips should confirm the gift which he has already made of your hand?"

"Holy mother!" murmured Rosalba, raising her eyes to heaven, "grant me patience to confront this wretch in his wickedness. Tempesta," continued she, solemnly, "you well know I never favored your suit—you well know that nothing but the wishes of my father, ever induced me to listen to you for a moment—you well know that distrust and aversion, were the only feelings which I could ever indulge for one, who, in a weaker woman would have inspired terror. Now look in my face—the face which you have so often looked upon with a passion you dared to call love, and tell me if you did not merit my distrust—tell me if I was unjust, when I believed you a base and unprincipled villain? Ay, start and grind your teeth—I fear not your vengeance! What say you? you have never broken faith with *man*!—base subterfuge! Have you ever kept faith with *woman*—hopeless,

unprotected woman? Look here," extending to him as she spoke, a small miniature.

"Great God!" exclaimed Tempesta, "my wife!"

"Yes," continued she, in a voice rendered hoarse by passion, "your wife—the miserable, degraded wretch which you would have made me. Away, let me no longer feel the air polluted by the breath of a serpent—away, linger but an instant, and my servants shall bind you hand and foot—the proud Tempesta shall be spurned from my door by menials."

Irritated to phrenzy, Tempesta sprang towards her. All the evil passions of his nature darkened in his fearful countenance, as he exclaimed: "By all the powers of hell, you shall repent this. Never will I rest, until I have you at my feet, a miserable, beasted creature, depending upon my charity, for the very bread you eat. If I sell my soul to perdition, I will be revenged. Be this a token," cried he, as he seized her delicate arm in his iron grasp, "ere the marks of that grasp be effaced, a deed of darkness shall be accomplished, which shall make you tremble at the storm you have yourself aroused," and dashing the picture on the marble floor, he hurried from the apartment.

Shutting himself up in his study, Tempesta brooded for hours over his wild thoughts; but, to a spirit like his, consideration came not like an angel, but rather like a demon, arousing all the powerful energies of his nature, for deeds of darkness and of guilt. It was near midnight, when he arose from the floor upon which he had thrown himself. "It shall be so," muttered he, "a word of kindness will bring her; she would quit heaven if I bade her; but I will be more kind—she shall be sent to that heaven which her meek spirit merits"—and, with a sneer of infernal triumph, he hurried away.

It was the vesper hour, when Gonsalvo Perez entered Rome, bearing with him a letter from Tempesta to his deserted wife. The beautiful hymn to the Virgin Mother swelled on the breeze, from the hundred churches which crowned the Eternal City, and the heart of the relentless messenger almost sank within him, as he heard the same thrilling words, "*ora pro nobis*," rising from the neat, but humble dwelling of the unfortunate Bianca. Six years had passed, since Tempesta, (then only distinguished by his Dutch patronymic of Peter Molyn,) had arrived at Rome. Poor, unfriended, but possessing genius of the highest order, he had devoted himself to painting from his earliest youth. Yet, even in that bright and glorious art, his dark and turbulent spirit, made itself but too visible. Turning from scenes of beauty and gentleness, he delighted in all that was furious and terrible. The whirlwind, the thunderstorm, the stirred-up ocean,—these were the subjects of his pencil; and, in the darkness and loneliness of the midnight tempest, he snatched from Nature, in her angriest moods, the materials with which to build up his own renown. He had been but a short time in Rome, when he was attracted by the young Bianca, and she, with all the tender confidence of woman, gave herself and her little fortune to the poor and unknown artist.

Time had wrought wondrous changes since then. Pietro had won the proudest honors, which the gifted land

of Italy could bestow. All trace of his humble origin had vanished; even the very name which he inherited from his fathers, was lost in the sounding title of Pietro della Tempesta; while wealth, that fruitful source of evil, was showered upon him with lavish prodigality. The evil passions of his nature, which had been crushed beneath the pressure of adversity, sprung to new and more vigorous life, beneath the sunshine of fame and fortune. He soon became no less distinguished for his vices, than for his genius; and the unhappy wife wept over the remembrance of their happiness, in the days of virtuous poverty.

A year had passed, since Tempesta was last in Rome. He had parted from his wife with words of anger, and she heard of him only from the voice of fame; but he well knew her deep affection for him—he well knew that one word of tenderness would bring her to his feet. The letter which he entrusted to Gonsalvo, was filled with all the eloquence of deep contrition, and renewed affection. He told her that his employment forbade his quitting Genoa, but he besought her, if she valued his happiness, to come to him, if it were but for a day, that he might once more look upon her sweet countenance. Who could have believed, that, at the very moment when he wrote that letter, he had given orders to its bearer never to let her reach Genoa!

Bianca hesitated not a moment, in preparing for her journey. Totally unsuspecting of treachery, she poured forth her gratitude to Heaven for such unexpected happiness, and, after passing a night as sleepless from joy, as many others had been from sorrow, she was ready to depart with the sunrise. In vain her widowed mother, with the caution of age, begged her to wait the return of her brother, who was expected home the next day. Bianca replied, that her husband had, doubtless, sent a hasty messenger with his letter, and that she would return with him as Tempesta had directed.

As the carriage was about to drive from the door, a little dog, which had been one of Tempesta's earliest gifts to Bianca, sprang from the arms of the servant who held him, into the lap of his mistress, and she, moved by the attachment of the faithful animal, permitted him to remain as the companion of her journey. They travelled rapidly during the whole day, for Bianca was impatient to meet with her husband, and she had found the sullen silence of Gonsalvo Perez, almost intolerable. Twilight was gradually deepening around them, when the carriage stopped at a mean looking inn, which stood a little distance from the high road. The squalid appearance of the inmates of this house, and a singular look of intelligence which frequently passed between the host and her companion, filled Bianca with vague terror. Her fears were not abated, when Gonsalvo informed her that the roads having been rendered impassable by the recent rains, it would be necessary to leave the carriage, and walk onward to the next inn, about half a mile distant, where they should find another conveyance awaiting them. Bianca ventured to remonstrate against this arrangement, but, terrified by Gonsalvo's angry look, and believing that she was but obeying her husband's will, she at length set out. The heart of Gonsalvo almost relented of its purpose, as he gazed upon her pale face, and

met the glance of her soft blue eye ; she looked so pure, so saint-like, so like the Holy Virgin, to whom, all evil as he was, he still bent the knee in reverence, that he half resolved to reveal her husband's treachery. But the evil habits of his nature quickly overpowered the good impulses.

They proceeded in silence, until they reached a little dell, nearly choked up with brushwood, but exhibiting traces of something like a path among the rocks and shrubs. Here Gonsalvo paused, and turning to Bianca, bade her enter first, as the path would not admit two persons. Trembling with terror, she obeyed mechanically. A few steps brought them into the very centre of the dell, and here all traces of the path ceased. Bianca was in the act of turning to ask Gonsalvo's directions, when something glittered before her eyes, a strong arm descended upon her shoulder, and the steel was sheathed within her loving heart! A faint cry, a half-uttered prayer, burst from her lips, and all was still for ever!

Drawing from her finger the ring which had been the seal of her fatal marriage, and taking from her neck, a chain to which was suspended a picture of Tempesta, the treacherous Gonsalvo hastened to his master. No human eye had beheld the murder, no human ear had listened to Bianca's dying cry. The body, hidden in that dark and sequestered spot, would never be discovered, and the two murderers congratulated themselves upon having thus far succeeded. It now only remained, to pay Gonsalvo largely, and send him out of the country. This done, Tempesta hoped to make it appear, that Bianca had fled with the Spaniard, and thus obtain a dissolution of his marriage. But his plans were fatally frustrated.

It was the second day after the murder, that Ludovico Benedetto, the brother of Bianca, was returning to Rome, after an absence of several weeks. His road lay past the inn, at which his unfortunate sister had stopped; but, before he had reached the house, his attention was attracted by the mournful howling of a dog, which seemed to proceed from a hollow at some distance from the road. Half unconsciously, Ludovico checked his horse, and whistled the peculiar call with which he had been accustomed to summon his sister's favorite. The barking had awakened in his mind a sort of vague association with the thoughts of home, and certainly nothing was farther from his thoughts, than the expectation of beholding Bianca's dog, in that wild spot. What was his amazement, therefore, when the well known animal bounded upon him from the neighboring thicket. The sudden appearance of the dog, and the strange manner in which, by its howling and pulling at his cloak, it endeavored to draw him towards the dell, aroused the suspicions of Ludovico. Summoning his travelling companions, who had lingered behind, they entered the hollow. Guided by the dog, they penetrated its recesses, and there, half concealed by leaves and branches, apparently hastily plucked for the purpose, lay the lifeless body of a female. Too well did Benedetto recognize the palid features of his beloved sister.

Of Tempesta's guilt there was no doubt. The threats he had uttered in the presence of the Lady Rosalba,

the letter which was found in the bosom of his murdered wife, and finally, the confession of Gonsalvo Perez, all bore testimony against him. But veneration for genius overcame the love of justice; and, while Gonsalvo expiated his guilt upon the scaffold, Tempesta, the instigator of the crime, was allowed to live; if, indeed, a miserable existence in a dungeon could be called life.

For sixteen years, he was a close prisoner. His only solace was his pencil, and to those wretched hours of anguish and remorse, Italy is indebted for some of the noblest paintings, which her vast storehouse of art contains.

NOTE.—The incidents, recorded in the foregoing tale, are strictly historical. Peter Molyn, better known as Tempesta, was a native of Harlam, born in 1637. During the bombardment of Genoa, by Louis XIV., the prisons were set open, and Tempesta escaped from his long and well-merited confinement. He sought refuge in the Borreanean Islands, and died in 1701.

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

Original.

### THE PLANTA GENISTA;

OR, MERMAID FLOWER.

Geoffry, Duke of Anjou, and father of Henry II., was in the practice of wearing a sprig of *Planta Genista* in his cap, and from this circumstance, was derived the name of *Plantagenet*.

MEMORIAL flower of a princely line!

Thy presence wakes a world of thought;  
Thou seem'st to me like some magic shrine,  
Whereunto all glorious things are brought.

I think of the time, bright one! when thou  
Wast reared in the shelter of royal bowers,  
To grace a noble warrior's brow,  
With a wreath of thy lovely golden flowers.

When a great and glorious monarch wore,  
Thy shining leaves 'mid his diadem;  
And the Lion of England prized thee more,  
Than gold, or pearl, or starry gem.

But the chief, who bequeathed to his lofty race,  
Thy simple name, hath long laid low,  
In the mouldering vaults of his Father's Place,  
With the banners of battle 'neath Fontevaud.

And, one by one, the Plantagenet,  
In the silent tomb have laid their name,  
With helmet, and spear, and coronet,  
Surviving but on the scroll of fame.

Yet, art *thou* here, with thy slender form,  
Still shedding around thy golden glow,  
And *thy* race hath lived through many a storm,  
That hath laid the monarch and chieftain low.

And, though frail and perishing as the dust,  
Thou still maintain'st thy name and place—  
Loving and true to thy glorious trust,  
Memorial flower of a princely race. STELLA.



Original.

## THE CHARIB BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF HISPANIOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

THE heavy dew of the tropics was yet lying bright and unexhaled on every herb and flower; myriads of which, in most profuse variety of odor and of bloom, strewn, like one gorgeous carpet, the beautiful savannahs and wild forest glades of the fair province of Cahay. The sun had not fairly risen, although the warm and rosy light, which harbingered his coming, was tinging, with his fairy dyes, the small and fleecy clouds, that floated, like the isles of some enchanted sea, over the azure skies. The faint sea-breeze, which murmured still among the fresh green leaves, though it was fast subsiding, was laden with perfumes of such strange richness, that while they gratified, they almost cloyed the senses; birds of the most superb and gorgeous plumage, were glancing, meteor-like, among the boughs; but the innumerable insect tribes, which almost rival them in beauty, had not as yet, been called forth to their life of a day, by the young sunbeams. The loveliness of those sequestered haunts, which had but recently been opened to the untiring and insatiate avarice of Europeans, exceeded the most wild conceptions, the most voluptuous dreams of the romancer or the poet. The solemn verdure of the mighty woods, thick set with trees, more graceful than the shades of those *Ægean* isles, where the Ionian muse was born to witch the world for ages—the light and feathery primroses, the fan-like heads of the tall palms, towering a hundred feet above their humbler, yet still lofty brethren—the giant oaks, their whole trunks overgrown with thousands of bright parasites, and their vast branches canopied with vines and creepers—masses of tangled and impervious foliage—the natural lawns, watered by rills of crystal—the rocks that reared themselves among the forests, mantled not as the crags of the cold northern climes, with dark and melancholy ivy, but with festoons of fruits and flowers, that might have graced the gardens of the fabulous *Hesperides*—it was upon such a scene, as is but imperfectly and feebly shadowed forth in the most glowing language, that the sweet dawn was breaking, when, from a distance, through the lovely woodlands, the mellow notes of a horn, clearly and scientifically winded, came floating on the gentle air; again it pealed forth its wild cadences, nearer, and louder than before—and then the deep and ringing bay of a full-mouthed hound succeeded. Scarcely had the first echo of the woods replied to the unwonted sounds, before a beautiful slight hind, forcing her way through a dense thicket of briars, dashed, with the speed of mortal terror, into the centre of a small savannah, through which stole, almost silently, a broad, bright rivulet of very limpid water. Pausing for a second's space upon the brink, the delicate creature stood, with its swan-like neck curved backward, its thin ear erect, its fall black eye dilated, and its expanded nostrils snuffing the tainted breeze. It was but for a second that she stood; for, the next

moment, a louder and more boisterous crash arose from the direction whence she had first appeared—the blended tongues, as it would seem, of several hounds running together, on a hot and recent trail. Tossing her head aloft, she gathered her slight limbs under her, sprang, at one vigorous and elastic bound, over the rivulet, and was lost instantly to view, among the thickets of the further side. A few minutes elapsed, during which, the fierce baying of the hounds came quicker and more sharply on the ear; and then, from the same brake out of which the hind had started, rushed, with his eyes glowing like coals of fire, his head high in air, and his long, feathery tail lashing his tawny sides, a formidable bloodhound, of that savage breed, which was, in after times, so brutally employed against the hapless Indians, by their Christian conquerors. Another, and another, and a fourth succeeded, making the vaulted woods to bellow with the deep cadences of their continuous cry. Hard on the bloodhounds, crashing through the tangled branches with reckless and impetuous ardor, a solitary huntsman followed—splendidly mounted on a fiery Andalusian charger, of a deep chestnut color, with four white legs, and a white blaze down his face, whose long, thin mane, and the large, cord-like veins, that might be seen meandering over his muscular, sleek limbs, attested, as surely as the longest pedigree, the purity of his blood. The rider was a young man, of some four or five-and-twenty years; well, and rather powerfully made than otherwise, though not above the middle stature; his long, dark hair, black eye, and swarthy skin, told of a slight admixture of the Moorish blood; while the expression of his features, though now excited somewhat by the exhilaration of the chase, grave, dignified and noble, bespoke him, without a doubt, a polished cavalier of Spain. His dress, adapted to the occupation which he so gallantly pursued, was a green doublet, belted close about his waist by a girdle of Cordova leather, from which swung, clinking, at every stride of his horse, against the stirrup, a long and basket-hilted bilboa blade, in a steel scabbard, which was the only weapon that he wore, except a short, two-edged stiletto, thrust into the belt, at the left side. A broad sombrero hat, with a drooping feather, breeches and gloves of chamois leather, laced down the seams with silver, and russet buskins, drawn up to the knee, completed his attire. He sat his horse gracefully, and firmly, and the ease with which he supported him, and wheeled him to and fro among the fallen trees and rocks, notwithstanding the fiery speed at which he rode, bespoke him no less skilful than intrepid as a horseman. The chase continued for above an hour, during which every species of scenery that the level portions of the isle contained, was traversed by the hunter; the open forest, the dense swampy brake, the wide, luxuriant savannah!—and each, at such hot speed, that though he turned aside neither for bush nor bank, though he plunged headlong down the steepest crags, and dashed his charger, without hesitation, over every fallen tree that barred his progress, and every brook or gully that opposed him, still, it was with no little difficulty that he contrived to keep the hounds in hearing. And now the hapless hind, worn out by the sustained

exertions, which had, at first, outstripped the utmost pace of her pursuers, but which availed her nothing to escape from foes, against whose most sagacious instinct and unerring scent, she had but fleetness to oppose, was sinking fast, and must, as the rider judged, by the redoubled speed, and shriller baying of his hounds, soon turn to bay, or be run down without resistance. Her graceful head was bowed low toward the earth, big tears streamed down her hairy cheeks, her arid tongue lolled from her frothing jaws, her coat, of late so sleek and glossy, was all embossed with sweat and foam, and wounded, at more points than one, by the sharp thorns and prickly underwood, through which she had toiled so fruitlessly. Still she strove onward, staggering and panting in a manner pitiful to witness; and the deep bay of the bloodhounds was changed, suddenly, into a series of sharp and savage yells, as they caught a view of their destined prey. Just at this moment, the hind had reached the verge of a piece of dense and tangled woodland, through which she had toiled for several miles, when the low range of hillocks which it overspread, sank suddenly, by a steep and craggy declivity of twelve or fourteen feet, having, at its base, a rapid stream, brawling and fretting over many a rocky ledge, down to the level of a wide and lovely meadow. Situated nearly in the centre of this flower-sprinkled lawn, half circled by a deep bight of the streamlet, and perfectly embowered by the canopy which a close group of waving palms spread over it, there stood an Indian dwelling. It was of larger size than were most of the native cottages; thatched neatly with the broad leaves of the palm; and ornamented, in front, by a portico of wooden columns, quaintly, and not ungracefully adorned by carvings, wrought by the flint-edged chisel of the yet unsophisticated savage. A mat, woven with tasteful skill from many-colored and sweet-scented rushes, was spread upon the floor; while several stools of ebony, inlaid with shells, and sculptured with grotesque devices, were ranged along the walls. On a projecting slab, which apparently supplied the want of a table, stood several gourds, ingeniously manufactured into cups and trenchers—some bowls of hard wood, even more highly finished than the other articles of furniture, and many ornaments of gold, and strings of pearl, scattered, in rich profusion, among the humbler vessels of the household. From three of the columns, were suspended large wicker cages beautifully interlaced with intricate and quaint devices, containing paroquets and other birds of rare and splendid plumage; while, from the other, hung carved war-clubs, of the ponderous iron-wood, flint-headed javelins, and several bows; not the short, ill-strung, worthless weapons used by the Africans; but long, and tough, and admirably made, and scarcely, if at all, inferior to the tremendous long-bow which had gained so much renown, and wrought so much scathe to their foes, in the hands of the English archery. Under the shadow of the portico, sheltered by it from the warm beams of the sun, there sat an Indian youth, tall and slightly framed, and not above sixteen or seventeen years of age, at the utmost, polishing, with a shell chisel, the shaft of a long javelin; on the lawn, in front of the cottage, a bright fire was

blazing, and several native females were collected round it, preparing their morning meal, with cakes of the cassava baking among the hot wood embers, and fish broiling on small spits of aromatic wood. But at a little distance to the left of these, at the extreme end of the building, nearest to the steep bank which terminated the forest, outstretched in a light grass hammock, which was suspended at the height of two or three feet from the ground, between two stately palm-trees, and swaying gently to and fro in the light currents of the morning breeze, there lay the loveliest girl that eyes ever looked upon. Her rich, black hair, braided above her brow, and fastened with one string of pearls, was passed behind her ears, whence it fell in a profusion of glossy curls, so wondrously luxuriant, that, had she stood erect, it would have flowed quite downward to her ankles—her eyes, large, dark, and liquid, as those of a Syrian antelope, were curtained by the longest and most silky lashes that ever fringed a human eyelid. Her features, classically regular and even, were redeemed from the charge of insipidity by the sly dimple at the angles of that exquisitely-arched, and rosy mouth, which Aphrodite, fresh from her ocean cradle, might have envied; and by the voluptuous curve of the soft chin. Her complexion was of a warm and sunny hue, half brown, half golden, through which the eloquent blood mantled at every motion, like the last flush of sunset upon the darkening sky. Beautiful, however, as was the countenance, and enchanting the expression of this Indian beauty, it yet was not until the second or third glance, that the eye could stray from the matchless symmetry, the untaught graces, and the voluptuous and wavy motions of her form, to notice the less striking charms of face and feature. Her beautiful arms, bare to the shoulder, were adorned with massy rings of virgin gold, so flexible, from the purity of the metal, that they were twisted and untwisted, with as much ease as though they had been silken cords; the right hung over the edge of the hammock, its small and graceful hand resting upon a little stand or table at her side; while the left, folded beneath her head, was half veiled by her abundant hair—her dress, a single robe of soft, fine muslin, was clasped on the right shoulder by a golden stud, whence it passed under her left arm, leaving her bosom half exposed, and was girt round her slender waist by a cord of gaily-colored cotton, covering the rest of her person down to the tiny feet, although its slight folds clung so closely to the rich contour of her limbs, that not a single charm but wooed the eye of the observer. Such was the scene, and such the occupants of it, into which, darting with a momentary energy that gained convulsive strength from the near presence of her dreaded foes, the hunted hind leaped suddenly. The craggy bank and stream were cleared by one tremendous bound, the level lawn was traversed with speed, that seemed almost miraculous, yet scarce two spears' length from her haunches, the furious blood-hounds followed. Whether it was that her eyes were cast backward toward her dreaded foes, and that her every sense was engrossed by agonizing terror, so that she marked not any thing before her—or whether a strange instinct taught her, that no danger was to be apprehended from that quarter, the

shy and timid creature dashed straight across the meadow, passing within ten paces of the fire, from the vicinity of which the women fled, fearful of the savage hounds, and sank down with a deep, broken-hearted sob, close to the hammock of the Indian beauty. Roused suddenly from the half dozing, dreamy languor, in which she had been so luxuriously indulging, the maiden started from the couch; and without thinking of the peril, by an involuntary impulse, stooped down, and lifting up the head of the dying hind, wiped away the foam from its sobbing lips, and gazed with wistful pity upon its glazing eyes. All this had passed, as it were, with the speed of light, for not ten seconds had intervened between the first appearance of the trembling fugitive, and the compassionate movement of the young girl. It had happened, too, that, as will oftentimes occur, when hounds are running at the utmost of their speed, the blood-hounds, since they had viewed, for the first time, the quarry, had given no tongue, chasing, solely, by the eye—so that, until his attention was called to what was passing by the flight of the terrified and trembling menials, the youth had remained quietly engaged at his occupation, unconscious of the peril to which his sister—for such was the relationship between them—was exposed. Diverted, however, from his occupation, by the tumultuous flight of the girls, he looked up quickly; and, at a glance, beheld the hind fall dying at his sister's feet, the fierce hounds dashing forward to glut their savage instinct in the life-blood of the quarry, and the girl, by her own act, thrown as it were, into the very jaws of the literally blood-thirsty brutes, which, with hair erect and bristling, as if instinct with sentient life and fury, the white foam flying from their tusks, and their eyes glaring with the frantic light of their roused nature, were bounding toward her, scarce three paces distant. At the same point of time, the Spanish cavalier, who had, while they were running mute, lost the direction of the chase, made his appearance at the top of the abrupt ascent; and seeing, as if by intuition, all that was going on, lifted his blooded horse hard with the Moorish bit, on which he rode him, and pricking him, at the same instant, sharply with the spur, undismayed by the sheer fall of the ground, compelled him to take the fearful leap. The horse sprang nobly at it, and, aided by the great fall of the surface, landed his hind feet well upon the level ground beyond the rivulet; but even then he would have fallen, such was the shock of so steep a drop-leap, had he not been met by the quick support of a master hand, so that, recovering himself with a heavy flounder, he dashed on, after scarce a moment's pause. Still, had there been no readier aid than his, the maiden must have perished beneath the fangs of the infuriate blood-hounds; for, though the hunter shouted in the loudest tones of his clear, powerful voice, rating the dogs, and calling them by name, their fierceness was so thoroughly aroused, that they paid not the least regard to his commanding accents, and probably would not have been restrained, had he been interposed, himself, between them and the object of their staunch pursuit, from springing on their master who had fed them, and to whose slightest gesture, under more favorable circumstances, they were implicitly obedient. But

as he saw them, already well nigh darting at her throat, that stripling leaping upon his feet, and snatching from the nearest pillar a bow which fortunately happened to be strung, and two long arrows, in less time than is needed to describe it, notched a shaft on the sinew, drew the tough bowstring to his ear, and drove the whizzing missile, with almost the speed of light, toward the leading dog. It was not till the whistling shaft hurtled close past her ear, that the maid was aware of her own danger; for, engrossed by the faint struggles and waning breath of the poor deer, she had not raised her eyes, till she was startled by the sound of the passing weapon; and now, as she lifted them and met the red glare shot from the angry orbs of the foremost hound, and almost felt the warmth of his quick, panting breath against her brow, hope left her, and her senses yielding to the sudden terror, she sank down upon the body of the dead hind, as helpless and as innocent. But, even as light left her eyes, the well-aimed shaft had reached its mark; directed at the throat of the animal, it flew correctly, and the keen flint head cutting a little way below the ear, clove through and through the neck, piercing the jugular vein—the blood gushed in a torrent from the wound, nor from that, only, but from the throat and nostrils likewise, and with one savage yell, he leaped into the air, and fell quite dead within a yard of the Indian girl, whose snow-white dress was actually sprinkled with large goutts of the crimson gore. Still she was far from safe, for, unchecked and undaunted by their leader's death, the others of the little pack, baying tremendously, were close at hand. Again the bow was raised, and the string drawn to the utmost, but with a jerking and irregular tension, which snapped the tendon of which it was framed; with a sharp twang the bow recoiled, and the shaft fell harmless, close to the archer's feet, but, unarmed, as he was, he bounded forward, and grasping the staff of the unstrung and useless bow, he gallantly bestrode the body of the damsel, and, with a calm and resolute expression in his clear eye and comely features, awaited, fearlessly, the onset of the approaching savages. And now the first was close upon him, and with his bristles all erect, like quills upon the porcupine, and with a deep, stifled growl, dashed at his face. Still he blanched not, but made a desperate lunge with the tough, horn-tipped bow, full at the open mouth and yawning throat of his assailant; and well for him it was, that his eye was true, and his hand steady; for nothing else could have availed, even though now the cavalier was within three strides of the spot, to save his life. The thrust took effect, and though the weapon was but ineffective, and the beast not materially affected by the blow, it still had force enough to check, in some degree, the violence of his assault, and hindered him from using his fangs for the moment. Yet, notwithstanding, such was the weight of his sinewy lythe body, and such the terrible impetuosity of his attack, that, checked and foiled as he was, he still plunged so violently against the breast of his young antagonist, that he dashed him to the ground; and, himself falling, they rolled over and over with a stern grapple and fierce cries, on the ensanguined greensward. But, at this critical moment, a new and more important aider came up, in the young Spaniard;

who, dashing his spurs into the flanks of his Andalusian, with his long, two-edged sword unsheathed and brandished in the air, as he stood upright in his stirrups, purposely galloped over one of the hounds, sending it cowed and howling to a respectful distance; then pulling up his horse close to the confused group, well knowing the tremendous fury of the animal with which he had to deal, when it is thoroughly aroused, he smote the other, which was struggling with the boy, and which had just got free from his gripe, just at the junction of the neck and scull. So true and steady was the blow, and so keen was the temper of that thin, two-edged blade, that it shore right through muscle, bone and sinew, severing, entirely, the head, except where a small portion of the skin remained uninjured, at the farther side; this done, he hastily dismounted, and striking the fourth and last dog, a heavy blow with the flat of his sword, rating him, at the same moment, by his name, succeeded in appeasing his ascendancy over his crest-fallen vassal. The boy had, in the mean time, risen from the ground, still grasping in his hand the bow, which, during all the progress of that tremendous struggle, he never had let go, and gazed, half doubtful of the stranger's purpose, into his eyes—till re-assured by the grave smile which played upon the features of the Spaniard, and by perceiving how effectual had been his aid, when earthly aid seemed hopeless, he suffered the tense muscles of his dark visage to relax, and stretching out his right hand to his preserver, uttered a few words in the Spanish language, not strictly true in the pronunciation, but in a voice of most melodious richness, thanking him for his timely aid. But little heed did the young gallant pay to his addresses, for he had thrown aside his blood-stained weapon, and raising the slight body of the maiden from the earth, for she had not, as yet, recovered from her fainting-fit, bore her, as easily as though she had been but a feather's weight, with her head leaning on his shoulder, and her long tresses flowing in dark luxuriance over his arms, into the sheltered portico. Placing her on one of the low, cotton-cushioned stools, and supporting her against his breast, he called aloud, in the Indian tongue, which he spoke fluently and well, for water, and having received it in a gaily-decorated calabash, sprinkled her lovely face, and set about restoring her with a degree of eagerness that savored not a little of the gallantry of knightly courtship. Nor was it long before his efforts were crowned with complete success, for, in a moment or two, the fringed lashes partially arose, revealing the dark eyes still swimming in unconscious languor. Dazzled by the full light, she once again suffered the lids to fall, and remained, for a few moments, perfectly passive in his arms; although he felt, by the increased pulsation of her heart, which throbbed almost against his own, that life and sense were speedily returning. Again she raised her eyes, and gazed, for an instant, with an air of simple wonderment in his face, then, while the warm blood rushed back in a crimson flush to the pale features, she attempted to start from the half embrace in which he held her.

"Fear nothing, gentle one," he said, in her own liquid tongue, with a calm, placid smile, which did more to re-assure her than the words which fell, half unheard, on her ear, yet confused and giddy, "fear nothing, gentle

one, from me. Not for the wealth of the whole Indies—not to be monarch of Castine, would I work aught of harm to thee or thine!"

While he was speaking, her eye wandered from his face, and falling on the blood-stained group which lay confusedly piled on each other—the lifeless limbs of the dead hind, the fierce hounds, one transfixed by the unerring arrow of the brother, the other, slain by the sharp rapier which yet lay beside them on the turf—the panting charger which stood, although unfastened, perfectly quiet in the cool shade of the palm trees, and the two dogs which had survived their fellows, couched humbly on the grass before the portico, their tongues lolling from their jaws, their sides panting from their late exertion, and their eyes closed listlessly—she saw the truth intuitively, and with a quiet smile, sank back, again, upon his breast, unable yet to rise, and lay there, until her brother had brought forth the females of the household to attend her. Leaning on these, the fair girl left them with a gesture of farewell as dignified, yet easy, as though she had been the lineal scion of an hundred European monarchs. She was not absent long, however, yet she had returned ere the Spaniard had learned from his host, while he was busily employed in wiping and returning to its scabbard his trusty rapier, in picketing his charger, and securing his two hounds, that the girl whom he had so bravely rescued from a terrible and painful death, was, in good truth, of royal birth—a Caribean princess—the niece of that peerless Queen Anaçona, who, though the sister of that most dauntless foeman of the white invaders, the valiant Caonabo, lord of the Golden House, had proved herself from first to last, the friend and patroness of the pale strangers, who, in after days, returned her kindness with ingratitude so base and barbarous. In short, Guarica returned, and thanking her preserver with the most feminine and easy grace, pressed him to stay and share their morning meal—and he, half captivated at the first, by her artless beauty, assented willingly, and lingered there, enchanting the simple mind of the Indian beauty by all the rich stores of his cultivated intellect, and listening, in turn, to the sweet native ballads which she sang to him in her rich, melodious tongue; not till the morning meal alone, was ended, but through the heat of the high noon, and even till the dewy twilight; and when he said adieu, a tear swam in the dark eye of the maiden, and her small hand trembled in his grasp—and he rode pensively away beneath the broad light of a moon, a thousand times more pure and brilliant than that which silvers the skies of his own bright land, bearing along with him, deep in his heart of hearts, deep thoughts, and high, warm feelings, blended with doubts and cares, and the engrossing impulses of interest conflicting with the wilder passions of a hot and impetuous nature. Nor did he leave behind him, in the breast of the young Guarica, sentiments less novel, or feelings less tumultuous; truly, to them, that day was the hinge whereon the doors revolved of future happiness or misery; for, from that day, each dated a new life, fraught with new wishes, and regulated by new destinies—and to each was it the harbinger of many strange adventures, of many joys and many sorrows, and whether for evil or for good, of their doom here, and it may be, hereafter.

*To be continued.*

Original.

## THE BLACK SEAL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty, died,  
The fair meek blossom, that grew up, and faded by my side,  
In the cold, damp earth we laid her, when the spring put forth  
its leaf.

And we sighed, that one so beautiful, should have a lot so brief;  
Yet, not unmeet it was, that one like that sweet friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish "mid the flowers."

It came at last, the letter with its black seal. *She was dead!* How few words are necessary to convey this melancholy truth, and yet, oh God! how many sweet associations, how many regretful remembrances are crowded into those three little words! How mournfully they awaken the heart to a knowledge of its own strong affections! We can never truly feel how dear the living are, till their places are empty, and we call for them, to receive no answer. The dear silver cords, that connect families and friends, become familiar, from their very lightness, and we dream not how closely they are enwoven with our life, till we feel their links shivered and broken, amid the heartstrings they have held together.

It is terrible to feel, that a creature, whom you have loved and cherished as your own life, is sinking daily to an early grave, from which there is no rescue. To watch the fire of death kindle in a beloved eye, and to see the soft damask of a young cheek glow and brighten into a blush for heaven—to witness the chastened soul, gradually fling off its earthly attributes, and become beautiful beneath the finger of death;—but more dreadful is it to know that these things are, and yet to see them not—to feel the hopes wither, one by one at your heart, as each written messenger comes with its freight of sorrowful tidings. Oh, how the heart aches with the intensity of its affections—how it struggles against those bonds which hold it back from the loved, and the suffering, how anxiously it traces the cold, relentless footsteps of the destroyer, mapped out on paper, by friends who tremble to awaken even a distant echo to their own sorrowful apprehensions.

They laid the letter before me, and besought me to bear up under the affliction of a sister's death. To be calm, even though others had stood by her death-bed, and ministered to her wants; though parents, brothers, sisters, friends, all were by, to witness her young spirit, as it grew lovely and trembled from life into eternity—all save one, and that one myself, who had loved her so fervently. Her dying words of love—her last, sweet mournful request was written in that letter, and yet they asked me to read them and be calm. If to sit tearless with unsteady limbs, and a heart trembling beneath the weight of its own desolation be calmness, they had their desire. But the overtasked heart mocks at philosophy—the power of intellect may conceal suffering; but the rush of natural affection will make itself felt, or break the heart that would confine its free course. Hours went by, and then came a sweet gush of tears, and with it, a sad mournful dream of the lost. The night was very still, and a flood of gentle moonbeams came with a silvery and subdued radiance through the window. It was a strange

fancy, but it seemed as if the smiles of the dead were woven in those soft rays, and that evermore, they would beam in brightness about my path. Who shall affirm that this was all a phantasy, or that the dead may not sometimes linger about the living, to guard and to bless them? May they not, come and hover about us in seasons of sorrow and trial, to breathe the music and purity of another world within the soul? Who is there, who has not, at times, felt as if holding communion with the dead? Who, that has seen a beloved object pass through the valley and shadow of death, but feels that he has a deeper and more holy interest in the world to which they have gone—that a part of his own being has passed into eternity, shrouded in the soul of another? How sweet the thought, that the gentle spirits of the departed are folding their wings and weaving the flowers of paradise above us as we sleep—that kindred love, which gives the heart so pure a foretaste of heaven, still lingers amid their ethereal essence, as perfume lingers about a broken vase, long after its incense has been scattered!

This may be a visionary fancy, but it is a harmless one, and sweet as it is harmless—no shadow of evil can arise therefrom, and it flings a beautiful charm of love to link us with the spirit land. Even though it be a delusion, may it not sometimes prove a check upon the wrong impulses of the heart, when we believe that the beloved and the departed—those whom we have revered and cherished, are looking with clear spirit eyes into our innermost thoughts, and are witnessing all that passes there, even as if they were bending over a pool of bright waters? It may be a vain thought, but it is a pure and a tranquilizing one—so beautiful that the mind might almost be forgiven for lending faith to it, even without reason. I could not sleep, but as one in a sad dream, lay pondering upon the past; then as so many pictures, arose the changes which my gentle sister had passed through, on her brief and quiet way to eternity. Enshrined, as it arose in the moonlight, lay an infant, a sweet rosy child, with eyes all sunshine, and lips that smiled to the sound of each household voice, like rose leaves stirred by the wind. The sound of a merry laugh, like the silvery flow of waters, in the violet season, filled the room; two little hands were clapped in concert with the clear shout, and the half-formed lisping accents of infancy mingled with it all.

The infant disappeared, and a little girl, with the blossoms of ten summers, unfolding on her cheeks, stood in its place. The same eyes beamed upon me, but their glance was soft and confiding—looking into the soul, with a love that was innocent. A quantity of bright, golden hair, hung in ringlets down her neck, and her sweet lips parted with a smile, at the praises given to her simple needle-work. She turned away, and with a little work-bag in her hand, went toward the village school-house—she paused a moment within the shadow of an apple-tree, and gathered a cluster of wild-roses for the teacher. As she turned into the meadow path, a kiss was wafted from that little hand, and a smile, such as might dwell on the brow of a pure being like her alone, was sent back to the open window.

Again, the same meek girl appeared, with a downcast

look, and eyes brimming with tears. Her small arms clung fondly to my neck, and her sweet troubled face was buried in my bosom; but, she uttered no farewell, though she was parting from one who loved her with a love as fervent and protecting, as ever linked the heart of one human being to another. The dear word, "sister," was all she breathed, and that was broken with sorrow and tears. Other arms were about me, the tears of a whole household were joined with hers; but she stood out in the picture, with sorrowful distinctness, for the shadows of death have fallen on her alone.

In my dream, as in the reality, years swept by—such years as give a seal to life. Other ties were around my heart—I sat by the fire of a new hearthstone, and gathered my own household gods around it. The cares and sorrows and trials of life crowded upon me, and with them came many stern lessons of wasted friendship, and affections lavished on dust, contrasted with those things which make the glory of human nature, disinterested love, attachments, which time and circumstance have never shaken, and sympathy, such as might keep the heart green, even into the winter of old age. But, amid all the cares and joys of life, there was one dear spot—the smiles of one household, for which my heart panted, as the imprisoned bird for his nest-home in the flowering thickets. After years of anxiety and waiting, the music of home was in my ears; a picture of re-union arose, and took the place of those that had passed before. I stood upon my father's threshold, with a joy that thrilled through my whole being. They were all there, crowding around the newly returned, with voices of eager welcome. While my heart was thrilling with a sense of its entire happiness, a fair girl flung herself upon my bosom, a modest, innocent creature, just in the prime of her sweet girlhood. I lifted her face from its rest, and gazed upon it in the dim twilight. The golden ringlets had deepened to a rich brown—but the pure forehead, and the trusting smile, bore a familiar look, and, half in doubt, I inquired who she was. She clung to me the more closely, and murmured, "your sister." It was a home word, but, save in my dreams, it had been buried music to me for years. My heart expanded to it, as a flower opens its leaves to the south wind. Her voice was the first to greet my return, and it awoke all the fond, imperishable love, which clung around her cradle, and which now lingers sadly over her grave. A whole household was crowded together in this picture. We sat down together, at the same board, after years of separation—parents and children were in their familiar places, a re-united family. It should have been a joyful meeting; but every heart was chastened with a feeling, that we had met, an unbroken band, for the last time on earth. Amid all our rejoicing, there was mingled something of sadness—but little did we think, that the modest, happy girl, who moved among us like a sunbeam, would be the first precious link wrung from that family chain.

Softly, and with a pleasant change, did this picture glide into one of a sick-bed, around which the kind girl was moving, with a step that felt as noiselessly, as the dew on summer flowers. In the artificial twilight, created by her own hand, she smoothed my pillow, and bent over

me with loving, anxious eyes, and lips that smiled to conceal the iniquitude of the loving heart beneath. How sweetly her face brightened day by day, when she saw that her ministering care was rewarded by the convalescence of its object. Oh, could the blessings of the living but reach the dead—could the grateful spirit send a voice beyond the grave, how many benedictions would be given, which now flow back in tears of regret on the heart. One other dear memory comes to my mind, and then, my poor sister! all connected with thee is enveloped in the gloom and shadow of disease, sorrow and death. Even in another world, thou canst not have forgotten that night, when thou wast by my side, for the *last time*. The memory will live in this heart, till it lies cold and pulseless as thine. Didst thou feel on that night, that we were never to rest in each other's arms again? I was not asleep—I could not sleep; so thou need'st not have hushed the sobs, or stifled the grief of that painful hour. True, I did not speak, or weep aloud, for the world has taught me a power of self-control, which thou didst not live to know. But there was no sleep in the heart that beat beneath thy young head—that throbbed back a blessing to each of thy kisses, as if it knew how precious they would become, when the lips that gave them, so timidly, were cold and still. I was awake, long after thou hadst wept thyself to sleep on my bosom.

It was a sad parting which followed on the morrow. We tried to smile, and told each other that it was wrong to be sorrowful—that we should meet again. And so we shall, sister, when my spirit is purified, and made holy as thine. Then I will tell thee, how fondly thy last look has been cherished, among the most holy things of my heart—that look which was tearfully rendered back to mine, as I passed the old beach tree, and turned to gaze once more on the home which we have both left, thou most surely, and I, perhaps, for ever!

Mournfully, and as one treading to the music of a dirge, my heart follows thine, as it went away to the place prepared for it in heaven. This letter tells me how beautiful and tranquil were thy last moments—how, like the incense of a lily, broken at the urn, the innocent life faded from thy forehead. It were wrong to mourn for thee, my sister; we should not grieve that a merciful God has seen fit to gather the blossom from our bosoms, before a stain was upon its leaves, even though it was rooted and entwined deep amid our heartstrings.

Thine is a comfortless resting-place, my sister, amid the damp, green sods of the valley. They may heap marble on thy cold bosom, and register thy name in the living rock—but I would not have it so. My footsteps may never approach thy grave; but, methinks, I should feel how sacred was the spot, even though none should point the way to it. No; chaste as thy life, beautiful as thy death, should be the record of thy brief existence. Even thy dust should mingle only with the most lovely things of earth. Let it cherish the pure white blossoms that flush the sod which now covers thee—let the wild rose drink its blush, and find a sweeter breath in thy mouldering bosom, and thy requiem be the night winds, sighing amid the forest trees. There is a solemn tenderness in the thought, that thy dear body may return to earth in

the gentle flowers, that it may float in perfume upon the breeze, and kindle into new beauty, even where it is now laid. The earth was full of blossoms when thou wast buried, and in them should the record of a young life be written. Why should we send down a name, to those who will read it as an idle dream. Those who loved thee, can never forget. *They* need no other monument than their own hearts.

I may not render an earthly tribute to thy memory, but, when we meet beyond the grave, thou wilt question, and perchance, I can tell of such things as a pure spirit should love to hear. Thou mayest learn, how often thoughts of thee have been exalted into reflections on the attributes of Him, who has taken thee away from us. How much of charity for the sins of others has been awakened in this heart, and how it has striven to become better for thy sake.

Farewell, my sister! These lips will seldom speak thy name, and those who deem happiness always to exist beneath smiles, may think thee forgotten. But, often in the silent night, this heart, which hoards its memories as a treasure too precious for aught but solitude, will be shaken with such thoughts as are wringing tears from it, even now.

Original.

#### THE AUCTIONEER.

ELOQUENCE, true, stirring eloquence, is as necessary an attribute of a successful auctioneer, as of a counsellor a clergyman, or a politician. As the counsellor must watch the current of feeling in the jury he is addressing, and range "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," to achieve the most for his client; as the clergyman must adapt his exhortations to the character of his convertite, pouring forth the voice of terrible warning to the soul yet halting between the broad and the narrow path, and whispering in hopeful, cheering, and soothing tones to the abject and despairing; as the politician must touch the chords that surer thrill upon the sense of popular feeling, and, now denunciatory of his foes, now urgent with his listeners, propel the wrapt and fettered crowd to the grand climax of self-abandonment, when the sway of thousands is yielded to the dominion of the voice; so the auctioneer must garnish the stereotyped phrases of his vocation, by soft flattery of his audience, by judicious praise of the article under the hammer—judicious we say, for the attribution of unreal merits unskillfully made, is a vain and disgusting drawback—and by an appeal in the nick of time, to him, whose perplexed and anxious countenance proclaims him to be halting between doubt and desire to make a second bid. Oh, how sales drag, and bids hang heavily, with him who is not gifted with a fluent tongue—whose vocabulary ventures no farther than a tiresome repetition of the last bid, alternate with an everlasting "going," and interlarded with an occasional "say no more!" And, on the other hand, how brisk is the bidding, with him who is rich in anecdote and humor, and knows how to beguile tedium and weariness, and make his listeners bid in very spite of their convictions and their purses!

A rich specimen of this latter class, is BELL, whose red flag flutters in the breeze a few doors above our

office, in Fulton street. We have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but have no doubt he has often railed at us for an unprofitable subject; for we delight to forget fatigue or ennui in listening to his sales. It is as good, as the country people say, as going to the play-house. Two or three specimens of his powers linger in our memory, and "i'faith, we'll prent 'em!"

A sofa was under the hammer, on which sat a pretty boy. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I now offer to you a sofa, No. 43, fresh from the maker's hand. We do not warrant it, as nothing was said to us about that, no doubt through an entire oversight in the manufacturer when he brought it here; but this I will venture to say, on my own responsibility; that if it shouldn't answer the expectations of the purchaser, he has but to come here again, and we shall undoubtedly have a sofa on hand, which we shall be happy to sell to him at the lowest current auction prices; and will also thank him for the opportunity to sell the unfortunate article for him at the usual commission, to some less fastidious customer. What is bid to start it at? Eighteen dollars—nineteen—twenty—Don't flatter yourselves that the cherub upon it is to be included in the sale. Oh, no! were those blue and radiant eyes, those ruddy cheeks, and that smiling mouth purchasable, I myself would out bid you all;—I would not be deterred by the suspension of a thousand banks, from the possession of so charming a bud, that should flourish under my fostering care! I congratulate its happy mother. Going, at twenty dollars—twenty-one—and a half—all done—all done—gone!—to Mr. —; and a shameful sacrifice of property it is! I cannot get as much for new sofas as second hand ones. I'll fix it. Gentlemen, here is another entirely new sofa, warranted second-hand!"

A piano was up—"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I beg your serious attention for a few moments. If you look on the front of this piano, you will find it to have been made by Osborne—the lamented Osborne. It is seldom that an instrument of his valued make is offered for sale, and I therefore expect a brisk competition for the one before us. You all know Osborne's melancholy fate. He killed himself—and I will tell you how it was. He was continually exercising his genius in plans for the improvement of his instruments; and one night, a glorious vision flashed upon him all at once, of something so unique, so magnificent, that it would be a wonder to the world—yes, sounds were to be produced by this new arrangement, so heavenly in their melodious softness, that the angels in heaven would all throw down their golden harps in disgust, and play upon Osborne's pianos as an accompaniment to their celestial songs! Overcome by the overwhelming enthusiasm of the thought, unable to support the ecstasy of the idea, he leaped from a third-story window, and, as you may suppose, made pianos no more! The verdict of the jury should have been, 'Died of too much music!' Ah, Mr. —, I'm glad to see you! You are one of those who can delight the soul by the concord of sweet sounds. Now just sit down at this piano, and illustrate a little upon its tone, that its excellence may be appreciated, and you will have the delicious satisfaction that you have not spent the day in vain! There, isn't that superb? Now, what is bid?"

Original.

## LIFE AND POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.\*

BY E. B. THATCHER.

It is by no means necessary, for determining the credit which belongs to the works of Mrs. Hemans, to settle the precise *rank* she sustains in the poetical world. We would not compare her genius to that of Milton, or Shakspeare, or to any of the humbler members of the brotherhood of bards. There is no need, especially, of discussing the differences between her mind, as a woman's, and any other mind as a man's. Enough, for us, that she undertook what she was suited for; and that she persevered and succeeded. What she achieved, the world well knows, and it appears more abundantly, again, from the volumes before us. *How* she was enabled to do so is another question; and, considering how important the labor was, how rarely attempted, and how still more rarely made available by those who have attempted it, a question of no inconsiderable interest. The inspiration of religion, which so much sustained her, especially in her later days, does not, *alone*, furnish the explanation. She could not have succeeded, in *her* sphere, without this; but this was not enough. This was the soul of her art, but not the body. It was the *tone* of the harp of poetry,

"The old, victorious tone of prophet years," which she sought for, but not the harp itself, nor the "rekindled chords" which gave that "buried tone back to immortal words."†

We shall not undertake, however, to analyze her intellect. Genius—a genius for the department, which, wisely following its own strong instinct, she engaged in, was indisputably hers. How far and how it was peculiarly what we understand by a *female* genius, so to speak—in what respects it was, especially what we should call a genius of *feeling*—it might interest some to inquire. An exquisite electric sensibility, certainly, was a part of it. A vast energy of enthusiasm was another. It is not all that feel quickly, who feel deeply also. The volume of responding fervor, in *her* heart, was equal to the tremulous aspen delicacy of its susceptibilities. These qualities were enough to make hers the poetry of feeling, as it was. Without them, her imagination was active and daring enough to have made it ideal; but this faculty was disciplined and countervailed, as it was, to act the part of a kindred counsellor, more than of either a haughty master, or a reckless or rebellious slave. It added richness, variety, splendor, dignity, when wanted—as wanted, to what was true, pure and warm before.

But the point to which we wish, principally, to call attention here, is the science and skill of Mrs. Hemans, as a poetess. She made a business of her art, and made herself conversant with it. We do not settle the absolute amount, or the comparative respectability of her original powers, in general; but she used and magnified whatever she had. Her professional proficiency was adequate to her high religious principle. Indeed, in no

small degree, it was the effect of that principle. She appreciated, as Milton did, the demand which her glorious mystery made upon her for the utmost use of her best faculties; and conscientiously, and with set end and aim, like his, she undertook to qualify herself for doing, with all her might, what her hands might find to do. She not only wrote religiously, but *religiously prepared herself to write*. She thought, read, studied, practiced, suffered, with that view.

We apprehend she may not universally have received, in this particular, the honor she deserves; and it is no such trivial or usual one, as to be past over with a word. The great error of literary genius, has been, to trust in genius. It has not only lacked moral principle, but intellectual principle, business principle, also. It has disparaged labor, skill, science;—all that a sound *education* implies; perhaps despised them; neglected them, at all events. Milton knew better, and practiced accordingly. He labored and loaded himself down, till, (as Haslitt somewhere says,) any ordinary genius would have been crushed under the enormous burthen. His was more than ordinary, and it was extraordinary in scarcely any thing more than in its prodigious power of application and appropriation. How much he owed to it, and how much the world owes, we need not say.

Milton knew better; but how few of the moderns have followed his example. How few of these have the power of perseverance;—and *have* persevered;—and *have lived* to do so. How few, too, who devote themselves to literature, have devoted themselves to this branch of it alone. No other woman, to our knowledge, has done so, but Mrs. Hemans, to any considerable extent. Of her it may truly be said, that she lived and died for her profession. How much she was indebted, in the outset, to her Italian extraction, on the mother's side, for a poetical temperament, we cannot say. Her propensities, however, were early nurtured, and her habits of industry well established. The years of her infancy and youth were passed in the midst of the most beautiful scenery of Wales; and the free gratification and culture of her love of "nature, in its visible forms," under these circumstances, combined with her other studies, rapidly advanced her intellect, to what, in some situations, would have been considered a precocious maturity. The influence of these earliest associations was permanent, and gave a color to her life. "The spirit of the solitude," she says, in one of her latest sonnets—

"Fell solemnly upon my infant heart,  
Though then I prayed not; but deep thoughts have pressed  
Into my being since it breathed that air."

The domestic education was fortunately in unison with the rest; judicious, tender, and devotional. This, too, may be gathered from her own declarations, and a solemn lesson do they furnish to mothers of the value of the first instruction they bestow. "Her accents, gravely mild"—we read in her sonnet to the old Family Bible, which was destined to contribute so essentially to the spirit and success of her future efforts—

"Breathe out thy love—whilst I, a dreaming child,  
Wander'd on breeze-like fancies, oft away,  
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,  
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,  
Some secret nest;—yet would the solemn word,

\* Complete works of Mrs. Hemans. With a memoir of her life, by her sister. Edinburg: William Blackwood: 1839.

† Devotional Sonnets.



*At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,  
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be  
A seed not lost;—for which, in after years,  
Oh book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,  
Heart-blessings on the holy dead and thee!"*

Numerous allusions throughout her poems and more particularly several of them which our readers will remember as expressly suggested by juvenile attachments—as well as the spirit of her work, universally, in no small degree—attest the openness with which her childish mind received the influences that surrounded it, and the deep and ineffaceable traces which they left behind them. We might easily confirm this view of the subject more definitely, and at large, from a little volume of her effusions, written between the ages of *eight* and *thirteen*, mentioned, but not included in the edition before us, which was published, now not far from thirty years since, at Liverpool, by a very liberal subscription. It was much admired at the time, and was judged to be, as it was, indicative of a mind remarkably poetical, though, of course, yet juvenile. Not many copies of it, we presume, are now extant, the authoress having subsequently made an effort to suppress it;—a feeling which we feel bound, at present, to regard.

The perseverance with which she latterly followed out this beginning, when left to her own resources more exclusively—for she was, from the first, to a considerable degree, *self-educated*—will best be learned from the result, as it appears in her productions. The mere *amount* of her poetry, itself—considering only its general excellence, finish, and variety—when we bear in mind the long period of abstinence which succeeded her first publication—the ordinary cares of a married life, for a mother, in no opulent condition—and, finally, the fact, that she died, at last, in the very bloom of her maturity (a little over forty years of age)—the mere amount of her compositions, we say, speaks in behalf of her wonderful application. She wrote, at last, with great facility, indeed. Six of her songs, for example, comprised in the Volume of National Lyrics, we have been recently informed by good authority, she composed *one morning before rising*. Every day, she sometimes declared, in the last years, she wrote more easily, though with more *pain*. But this circumstance does not derogate from the merit of her labor. If she did not need to work so hard as some, to do better than they could—and to come off, indeed, with no small credit—it was so much the more laudable in her, that she did not yield, as such writers are commonly ruined by doing, to the temptation of facility itself. The truth is, however, that this was an acquisition in a great degree. Her constant advance in her art, from first to last, shows how much it was so. She *did* need to work, and did work; and one of the legitimate results of her application was a gradually gathered principal (so to speak) of accumulated and always available power, on the *interest* of which, she could sometimes well, and wisely live. Persons who choose to call this an extemporaneous faculty—the inspiration, or the improvisation of *genius*—may do so if they will. Call it what they will, however, it is the result of education and exertion. The only necessary difference between such an investment of industry and an ordinary

one, are, first, that genius will be industrious to a better purpose, generally, than mere mind without it can be, for there is as much room for the play of genius, in the effort we call industry, as in most others: and secondly, that whereas the labor, in one case, immediately precedes the effect, in the other, it precedes it at more or less of an interval, perhaps, of years, and gaining, thereby, also, some incidental advantages in the *establishment* of tracks of thought, and the seasoning of materials, and habits, which depend, essentially, on the lapse of time. But who would think of citing such an intellect, as an instance of the success of genius without its labor? Who would argue that a large property was a mere matter of accident, because the owner, after working for forty years to collect a fortune, is able to *live* on the interest of his money? Was Mr. Webster's great speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, in the memorable debate upon Foote's Resolution, an *extempore* speech? Or were the materials so, which gave it value? Would it, or they, have been so, had the notice been but an hour? Certainly not. Mr. Webster could not, and cannot make a speech substantially extemporaneous—an argument, certainly not—upon such a subject. His mind is essentially as ready for it at one time as another. It is filled with the data, and disciplined to use them. And this is the result of labor. It is the object of labor. It should be its highest praise; and, intellectually, the highest praise of genius. It was so with Mrs. Hemans; and here is an excellence, which some of her admirers, we fear, will be slow to emulate, of prime importance as it is. They must make up their minds, however, to delve. There is no other way. It is not, only, as Degerando maintains, a virtue, and a harmony, in the great concert of life, which fills the temple of the world, but a necessity, also. Happy is it for those who learn early that it is so, and who labor as they learn.

Look, again, at the express evidences of her reading. The Latin and French she was partly taught—in addition, of course, to the Welsh and English. The Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, and German, she taught herself, and that, thoroughly, as her translations are sufficient to indicate; to say nothing of the spirit of the literature of these languages visible in her works, or of the vast aid she derived from them, and especially the German, in the improvement of her splendid powers of expression. The Swedish, also, if not some other tongues, she began to study in later days, and was, for some time, in the habit of exchanging works with a distinguished correspondent, in that country, with the same view. Her general reading must obviously have been immensely extensive. Her poems are full of it, but more especially they show her intimacy with history, biography and poetry. To American literature, she was, by no means, a stranger, but the circumstance of a favorite sister,\* of a temperament much like her own, having travelled and lived a good deal in Germany, led her to be more particularly interested in the German authors; next to which she delighted in the old Moorish and Spanish legends of

\* Miss Browne that was—(the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans,) now Mrs. Hughes, of Wales, the same so well known to the musical world. She is the author of the memoir before us.

the chivalrous ages. Something of this appears in her *Songs of the Cid*, a character whose noble qualities she admired so much as to be accustomed to call him, familiarly, "her Cid." Schiller, we believe, was her German, and Dante her Italian favorite. In her own language, we are inclined to believe that Shakespeare was, more than any other classic, her text-book. In early years, at least, it was so, and pleasant anecdotes are told, still, by those who remember her at that period, of her romantic devotedness to his pages. A favorite apple-tree might still be found, where was established an eyry of hers, resorted to for this purpose, at an age quite juvenile enough to make such a sally excusable, even in the eyes of those who are content to ponder the subtle wisdom of the Bard of Avon in a more commonplace and dignified position. Milton, particularly, we think there is intrinsic evidence to show, she made a study of, at an after period.

The German music, also, she was passionately fond of, and, indeed, her enthusiasm for all harmony, was unbounded. We have heard she used to say, it was "a part of her life." She played the piano, and was taught the harp also, by an old Welch minstrel, but generally, did not care to be versed in the *science*, and was not; so that, although she composed a good deal of music, and, we believe, some portion of that to which her lyrics have been attached, it seemed to come to her by inspiration almost, and was arranged into bars by a friend, more skilful than herself.

Some persons may be interested to know, that another of her practices was the keeping a sort of common-place book, upon principles, however, of her own, in which she had extracts of such passages, in all her reading, as particularly arrested her attention. The quantity as well as kind of this literature, which she thus collected, was one of the most striking indications of her habits of intelligent and indefatigable application. Not to dwell on the subject, however, more minutely, what an admirable spectacle do we here behold, of a most sensitive, tender, enthusiastic mind, resolutely bent on a laborious system of self-discipline, such as she knew to be indispensable to that success in her profession, with which alone, an ambition or a conscience like hers could be content. A noble ambition it was, and worthy of all imitation as well as praise;—an ambition, not so much for present popularity or excitement of any sort, as for the approbation of the good and "the judicious," come when or whence it might; and this most of all, not for its own sake so much as for the evidence it should furnish of pleasure imparted, and benefit rendered to her race. "Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath," was the poet's *living* as well as her *dying* Hymn—

"Not for a place mid kingly minstrels dead,  
But that perchance, a faint gale of my breath,  
A still, small whisper in my song hath led,  
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,  
Or, but one hope, one prayer;—for this alone  
I bless thee, Oh my God!"

Magnificent ambition! Would that all, as capable as she was of filling it, might with the same spirit, set themselves to do so. Those, of course, who can depend less upon native gifts than she could, should depend upon making the best of what they have, still more.

A word on another point of importance, as it seems to us, not often sufficiently considered;—we mean the individual, circumstantial experience of Mrs. Hemans, as a part of her poetical education. This is a delicate subject, we are aware. Most of it was only known, in any practical sense, to herself, and most of the rest of it—such as we allude to—concerns any body else but little, excepting for the illustration it furnishes, in the connection referred to above. It may be proper, however, to advance the opinion, that the poetry of Mrs. Hemans is not only the poetry of a female mind,—for we believe in the doctrine of sexes in minds;—but, that it is much more than this. It is the poetry of a *woman*—a mature woman; and still farther, of one who had fully and rightly sustained her share, in the active and passive practical duties, the *female* as well as the *human* duties, of the sex. She was a wife, a mother, the educator of her own children; and in these capacities, and because of these, as well as *out* of them, and in others, she had done and suffered her share at least, and her nature was legitimately developed and disclosed in consequence, and in just proportion. Those circumstances, it seems to us, were a most essential part of her *poetical education*. They enabled her, not only to write more truly, more feelingly, which is the same thing—the particular experience of the characters she *lived* herself; but to write better upon all subjects, to imbibe them all with a *spirit of experience*. She was aware of it, we doubt not, and meant that they should be so; and ever rejoiced, it would hardly be too much to say—rejoiced with a more than religious resignation, in some of the trials, that, met as they were meant to be, tended not less to her professional ability, than to her personal improvement at large.

We will not follow out this notion with details, which happen to be within our knowledge. This is no place for it. Her works are full of the evidence of it, and not unfrequently in them indeed, are express allusions to the fact. That beautiful piece, the *Diver*, founded upon the text, which she quotes from Shelley,—"we learn in suffering what we teach in song"—is an instance in point. The "Dying Hymn" is another. The "Vespers of Palermo," might be studied for a complete theory on the subject of that *strength*,

"Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck  
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced  
Its fragile dwelling."

The three leading characteristics, then, of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, in general terms, are her pure religious *enthusiasm*; the discipline which made her an *accomplished* writer (in her own department); and the spirit of vivid *reality* which her own experience of what she wrote upon, imparted to her style. These remarks, of course, do not equally apply to all her compositions; but in proportion as she so selected her subjects, and so treated them, as to give a natural scope for the application of these qualifications, in that proportion she will be found to have *succeeded*—as that term is popularly understood, at least in the greatest perfection. Her youthful productions, as might be expected, including, not only her first volume, but a considerable part of those of some maturer years,—most of which have been formerly re-published (or first published) in this country,

under the title of "Earlier Poems"—are least characterized by the peculiarities we refer to. They exhibit enthusiasm, which was constitutional with her; but it is rather the enthusiasm of youthful genius, than of mature principle. The imagination breaks out also, more unrestrained than afterwards; whether by the taste which study and practice refine, or the chastening experience of external life. Great improvement in all respects, indeed, is observable, as the result of an enlightened and energetic effort to improve; one of the circumstances in Mrs. Hemans' career, as we have noticed it already under another form, most worthy of attention and of praise. In later days, also, she had come to know better what she was fitted to do best. Self-study taught her as much *what* to endeavor to achieve, as other studies taught her *how* to achieve it. And she had, for the most part, the self-denial to limit herself within those certain boundaries of her best ascertained abilities. She wasted something, as every body must, in *experiments*—which it would be no difficult matter to point out; but not so much as most people, who have written as much; and scarcely any thing, after having maturely decided, as she finally did, the strong bias of her mind. It is one of the circumstances, most calculated to aggravate the regret which is felt already, at the loss of one so endeared to the reading public—to aggravate, especially the regret of reflection; and the more so, as we remember the rarity of poetical principle like hers, that just, it would seem, as she had thoroughly matured this self-examination, and satisfactorily shown that she had, (as especially in the scenes and Hymns of life,) she was destined, in the inscrutable wisdom of the Spirit, to whom her harp was freshly consecrated,\* to

"Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,  
Fainting beneath the burden of the day."†

But she has not lived in vain. It is no sufficient eulogy, if it be a true one, to say of her as has been said, that she wrote no line which, dying, she might wish to blot. That is both a desirable praise, indeed, and a rare one; but only negative, after all, in its popular meaning. The merits of these compositions are positive. They are adapted to promote happiness, to do good; and to accomplish both objects permanently, and by pure means. The benefit derived, and to be derived from them, is, and will be all income, so to speak, "clear gain." No sensibility will be wasted upon unworthy subjects; no interest excited for an unworthy cause; no time or feeling worse than lost, in wading through deserts of pathless abstractions, the metaphysics of morality on one hand, or the more alluring regions, (and the more fatal, in proportion as they are so,) of voluptuous or even gratuitous excitement of any sort, on the other. Many a time has the light of genius, in our day, proved but a "Jack-of-the-lantern," in a land of bogs. No safeguard, even to its owner has it been; far less "a torch-light for the race"—a light for storm and shade,—so fed within, indeed,

"That passing storms have only fanned the fire,  
Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire."

A lesson, too, will remain to be gathered from the *hiss*

\* Devotional Sonnets.

† Prayer of a lonely student.

*tory* of her poetry, though that itself should be forgotten. It will show not only what genius, but what labor can accomplish; the labor of genius—the genius of labor, we might have said. It will show the value of indefatigable literary education, in the widest sense; of self-education not the least;—of a thoroughly informed and justly balanced mind at large, as distinguished from the exclusive or undue indulgence of sensibility, or imagination, or other divisions of the aggregate poetical power, which is too often understood to suffice, and even to be most serviceable, as a *poetical* education. It will show the value of practical experience, according to the course of Providence, of suffering, especially, and that upon the same principle of an equable development and training of the whole constitution—ay, of the body and the mind. It will show, above all, the value of religion to the poet, the energy, the enthusiasm, the dignity, the truth it pours, like a torrent of life-blood, into the statuary forms of genius, and the hollow systems of heathen study, all coldly perfect as they are. This, then, we repeat, is her crowning glory: she has given back to poetry its high vocation. She did not devote it to passion, to popularity, to fame; but to religion, virtue, truth. She did not make it, like the Pagan Heaven she complains of, for pride, and power, and rank; where warriors, kings and seers, might find a place. "They of the sword"—

"Whose praise,  
With the bright wine at nation's feast, went round:  
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays,  
Forth on the winds, have sent their mighty sound,  
And in all regions found  
Their echoes midst the mountains;  
They of the daring thought!—  
Daring, yet powerful, and to dust allied—  
Whose flight thro' stars, and seas, and depths had sought,  
The soul's far birth-place."

She knew the claims of these, but she thought also, of "the nameless martyrs:"—

"Where sleep they, Earth?" she asks:]  
—"By no proud stone,  
Their narrow couch of rest is known;  
Hallows no birth-place unto fame;  
No—not a tree the record bears  
Of their deep thought and lonely prayers."

She thought of *these*; and she knew that

"The most loved are they  
Of whom fame speaks, not with her clarion voice."

She thought of the peasant at his door; and of

"The slave, whose very tears  
Are a forbidden luxury;"

and of the mother in her lonely home,

"With the fair creature from her bosom gone,  
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,  
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,  
That in its clear eye shone."

She thought, in a word, of all that suffer, and all that strive. She wrote for them; for those whom others have forgotten; and with them she will live for ever.

•  
READ not to contradict and confute, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man  
—Lord Bacon.

Original.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE EARTH.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

## CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.—The proposition; popular errors exploded; the world not made of nothing; Atheists, the fabled Titans and modern Infidels; the invocation; the great egg of the universe; its parturition; birth of the seven planets; the orrery, a lyre of seven strings; description of the solar system.

I SING earth's origin—a vestal theme,  
Of which few ancient bards presumed to dream;  
And the first step we take in search of truth,  
Should crush the errors planted in our youth;  
And this is one—that this terraqueous ball  
Was made of *nothing*—so our teachers all  
In terms maintain'd; and so we all believed,  
And acted on the falsehood thus received.  
He who created *all things*, had no need  
To form a world of *nothing*—'tis a creed  
Unauthorized by Scripture—stranger far,  
Than the wild dreams of Epicurus are,\*  
God works by *means* which he himself creates,  
“He spake and it was done!” the Scripture states,  
And reason and philosophy, indeed,  
Both say—from *nothing*, nothing can proceed.  
By His creative word were all things made,  
And all subsist dependant on his aid.

But this is innocent, compared with those  
Pernicious *upas* brambles, which oppose  
The sovereignty of Heaven, those germs of hell,  
Which human nature knew not till it fell.  
For there 'tis thus recorded in the Word,  
The earth became corrupt before the Lord,  
And fill'd with violence and wicked ways;  
And there were giants, also, in those days,  
For impious atheists first existed then,  
Those impious demons in the shape of men,  
Who dared assault Jehovah on his throne,  
As ancient poets have, in legends shown;  
It is no fable what these legends tell,  
Of Jove assailed by giants—fiends of hell,  
But a *prediction* of that holy war  
Which wrought redemption—when the Saviour “saw  
Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven,” for then  
The powers of darkness lost their hold on men,  
And human freedom was at last restored;  
For man *could be* converted to the Lord.

But a new race of Titans, in our day,†  
Assail high Heaven in a more covert way,  
And, by condemning marriage, clearly show  
That they, at virtue, aim the deadliest blow,  
And, in the specious name of *science*, are  
Recruiting levies for the unholy war;  
Those prisoners of Satan's restless host,  
Self-rendered illegitimates, who boast  
They have no Father, yet, with craven dread,  
Shrink from his justice on a dying bed;

Trembling in heart, at what their lips deny,  
The Being whom they flout at and defy.  
Moral abortions from the womb of chance,  
Licked into shape by hoodwink'd *circumstance*;  
Whose toad-like lips dispense corroding bane,  
With no redeeming jewel in the brain.‡  
Cursed with a doubt no reasoning can control,  
The ague, plague, and palsy of the soul;  
Heirs to the plagues Pandora's Box contains,||  
Without the balm of Hope to ease their pains.

Our Father, in the heavens, now to thee,  
In humble reverence, I bend the knee,  
To ask for light—for I the word believe  
Which thou hast uttered—“Ask ye, and receive.”  
Illumine my darkened mind with wisdom's rays,  
Thou First and Last, and thine shall be the praise.  
Teach me to venerate thy holy name,  
In faith and love, in word and deed, the same;  
Thy kingdom come within my heart and soul,  
And reign thou there, supreme in thy control;  
Thy will be done in action as in thought,  
As in thy Word thou hast divinely taught.  
Oh, free my soul from every *selfish* aim,  
The love of mammon, and the love of fame;  
From such temptations, save me Lord, I pray,  
And every evil that besets my way;  
Inspire my heart with love of thee alone,  
And a desire to make thy glory known.  
So shall thy heavenly blessing crown my task,  
With usefulness to man—'tis all I ask.

In the beginning, when the Eternal One  
Had spoken into life the glorious sun,  
An image of himself, whose heart and light,  
Like Love and Wisdom, banished ancient Night  
From this high-arch'd, illimitable space,  
And in its centre, still retains his place;  
Bright exhalations, from his orb dispensed,  
Shot into space, and so became condensed;  
When, hurried back by his attractive power,  
They thick enshrined him in a vapory bower,  
Thus constituting, as old legends tell,  
“The soul of nature” in its secret cell;  
Whose opaque walls no solar ray could pierce;  
The teeming egg of this vast universe;  
Which latent heat occasioned soon to swell,  
Until the egg, exploding, burst its spell,  
And thus, at once, excluded into birth  
The planetary system with the earth;  
A goodly offspring, who the sun revere  
As their great common parent, ever dear;  
For all, alike, his fostering bounty share,  
And each confesses his paternal care.  
He cheers them with his life-imparting heat,  
And yearly gives them, too, a birth-day treat  
Of rich attire—and nourishment supplies,  
To feed their tenants as each planet flies.  
Their great progenitor the whole surveys,  
As his own children fostered by his rays;  
As every being its existence owes§  
To the same source whence its subsistence flows.

Huge, shapeless masses, in their first escape, ¶  
Each without form, till nourished into shape;  
Devoid of motion, on Sol's verge they pressed,  
All fondly clinging round the parent's breast;  
Who, presently expanding all his pores,  
Opened, for egress into space, the doors,  
Through which, swift, fiery emanations found  
A passage out, and wheeled the planets round;  
This first impetus to his offspring given,  
Attends them still through all the vault of heaven.  
Hence ether rose—widely diffused around  
About the sun, throughout the arch profound;  
A subtle fluid, clear transparent sea,  
In which the planets floated, light and free;  
Each molten yet, by solar heat dissolved,  
Now on its centre equipoised revolved;  
And swift projected, in a spiral course, \*\*  
Around its parent, with relentless force,  
Enlarging, still, its narrow orbit's size,  
As circling now, it wheel'd along the skies;  
Assuming, as through space they rolled afar,  
More perfect forms, compact and globular.

Our earth was, for a while, content to run,  
In a small orbit, close around the sun—  
Perhaps the same where Mercury now appears,  
And hence the shortness of its early years; ††  
For Noah's grandsire, says the book divine,  
Lived till he told nine hundred sixty-nine.  
Terra, within her own small orbit, soon  
Received her fond attendant, called the moon,  
Who serves her still with the soft, mellow light  
She borrows from bright Phœbus in her flight.

'Tis thus the solar system sprang to life,  
With gravitation and attraction rife;  
'Twas thus the heavenly lyre, by Phœbus strung  
With seven sonorous chords, as bards have sung  
In classic strains, the boast of other years,  
And hence the far-famed music of the spheres.  
For seven bright spheres, the sun thus caused to roll  
Around himself, their sire, their life and soul;  
Each, in his movement, like an angel, sings  
His grateful homage to the King of kings.

But think not vainly that the human race  
Is limited to such contracted space;  
Dream not that those bright orbs were set on high  
To run their various courses through the sky  
For ornaments alone; ignoble thought!  
To reason listen, and be better taught;  
Know that Eternal Love conceived the plan,  
And love eternal rests, at last, on man;  
For each effect its energies produce,  
Is wrought by wisdom, and its end is use;  
Hence learn that every moving, twinkling light,  
That decks the azure vault of heaven at night,  
Is round a central sun resistless hurled,  
Itself a pond'rous globe, a peopled world;  
A world, perhaps, unstained by crime or blood,  
Where social love prefers its neighbor's good;  
Where every joy derives its sweetest zest  
From the fond wish of making others blest;

Where heaven-born Charity exerts her powers—  
A world of bliss—as man might render ours.  
Such peopled orbs, in countless numbers fly,  
In never-varying order through the sky;  
And all, with one accordant voice, proclaim  
The power which made, and still supports their frame.

Presumptuous atheist! if such wretch exist,  
Can thy vain reasoning proof like this resist?  
Say, can these planets, in harmonious dance,  
Perform their revolutions thus by chance?  
Perish the thought! Rouse from thy native sod,  
Renounce thy error, and confess a God!  
For though with every mortal honor clad,  
"An undevout astronomer is mad."  
Conviction seals thy lips—presume no more!  
But in mute wonder, tremble and adore!

\* The wild dreams of Epicurus.

This philosopher taught that the universe consisted of atoms, or puscles of various forms, magnitudes, and weights, which having been dispersed at random, through the immense space, fortuitously concurred into innumerable systems.

† But a new race of Titans in our day,  
Assail high heaven in a more covert way.

The wars of the Titans against the gods, are very celebrated in mythology. They were all of a gigantic stature, and endowed with proportionable strength.

‡ With no redeeming jewel in the brain.

Sweet are th' usos of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet, a precious jewel in his head.—SHAKESPEARE.

§ Heirs to the plagues Pandora's Box contains.

According to the opinion of the ancient poet, Hesiod, Pandora was the first mortal female that ever lived. She was made of clay, by Vulcan, at the request of Jupiter, who wished to punish the impiety and an artifice of Prometheus, by giving him a wife. She derived her name, Pandora, from the charms with which the gods endowed her. Jupiter, after this, gave her a beautiful box, which she was ordered to present to the man who married her; and by the commission of the god, Mercury conducted her to Prometheus. The artful mortal was sensible of the deceit, and as he had always distrusted Jupiter, as well as the rest of the Gods, since he had stolen fire away from the sun to animate his man of clay, he sent away Pandora without suffering himself to be captivated with her charms. His brother Epimetheus was not possessed of the same prudence and sagacity. He married Pandora, and when he opened the box, which she presented to him, there issued from it, a multitude of evils and distempers, which dispersed themselves all over the world, and which, from that fatal moment, have never ceased to afflict the human race. Hope was the only one which remained at the bottom of the box.

§ For every being its existence owes  
To the same source whence its existence flows.

In the Swedish philosopher's treatise on the *Worship and Love of God*, he says, "Every effect is a continuity of causes from the first cause; and the cause by which any thing subsists, is continued to the cause by which it exists, since subsistence is a kind of perpetual existence."—*L. & W. of God*, No. 7.

¶ Huge shapeless masses, in their first escape  
Each without form till nourished into shape.  
See Genesis, 1. 2.

\*\* And swift projected in a spiral course.

When these masses were now carried round the sun, into their first periods, and by hasty and short circuits, accomplished their annual spaces, according to the perpetual gyrations of the heavenly bodies, in the manner of a running spiral or winding line, they also cast themselves outward, into new circumferences; and thus, by excursions resembling a spiral, removed themselves from the centre, and at the same time, from the very heated bosom of their parent, but slowly, and by degrees; thus being, as it were, weaned, they began to move in another direction.—*L. & W. of God*, No. 11 & 12.

†† And hence the shortness of its early years

Its years, at first, if measured by the periods of our time, would scarcely equal as many months.—*L. & W. of God*, No. 11.

Original.

## THE FUNERAL OF A MOTH.

A CHILD'S VISION.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

A LITTLE child had been amusing itself at the feet of its mother, kicking and rolling about, and playing all sorts of antics, when it espied a moth disengage itself from the fibres of the carpet, and poise its small wing with a short, wavering flight. The child stopped its noisy song, rolled over upon all fours, and commenced a scramble for the poor insect, slapping its clumsy hand upon the carpet in the hope of striking it down. It did so at last—the moth fell upon its side, quivered slightly, and was still.

The child would have taken it in his hand, but suddenly there was a sound as of innumerable tiny bells tolling, and very low, sad music. He laid his cheek upon his arm, the bright curls falling all about the carpet, and his little feet stretched out, and crossed one over the other, the disarranged tunic revealing, liberally, his round white limbs, indolently exposed. Thus the child lay, listening to the music, that seemed to say—

"Alas, for death is amongst us."

It could not tell what was meant, but it saw that the beautiful moth stirred not, and it felt something very sad must have happened. At length a large black beetle was seen to move slowly along, and look at the little insect, and then, while the eyes of the child were fixed intently to see what would come of it, the beetle seemed a little small old woman, much wrinkled, and dressed in black. She moved about quite briskly, and the child could scarce forbear a smile to see such an alert, diminutive thing. His mother's little gold thimble had fallen from her basket, and now stood upon the carpet beside the dead moth, and the child observed that the little woman in black was not as tall as the thimble. She took a robe, made of the fibres of a rose-leaf, from her pocket, and shrouded the moth, singing all the time,

"Alas, for the gladsome wing  
Shall never more be spread—  
When cheerful voices ring,  
They may not wake the dead."

Then a grasshopper came in with a slow, sepulchral tread, bearing upon his thigh the severed pericarp of the balsam, (*Impatiens*), lined with gossamer, and having tassels hanging from the pall. He had no sooner approached the dead moth, than he appeared a grave and venerable undertaker, bearing the coffin, into which he and the little old woman put the poor insect, and covered it with the pall of gossamer, singing, all the time, in a sweet, sad voice.

Then an immense procession of moths, (they were of that kind called death's head, undoubtedly a class designed to officiate exclusively at funerals,) followed the undertaker as he bore out the body—but as they moved on, they were little men and women, dressed in drab, each with a sad, pale face, and now and then one of the younger, with a handkerchief pressed to the eyes; while all sang in chorus the following words—

"Rest thee, rest thee, blighted one,  
Sunshine may not come to thee;  
When our joyous wings are spread,  
Thine in death shall folded be.  
Rest thee; and sad and early call'd  
From our pleasant haunts away,  
Where we meet in sunset revels  
At the close of summer day."

The child heard the hum of their voices when he had ceased to distinguish the words. Then he arose, and laying his head upon his mother's lap, wept bitterly, telling her what he had heard and seen, and asking what death meant. She talked long upon the sad but pleasant subject, telling of that land where death is not, till the heart of the little child grew joyous within him, and he called that land his home. Had the child been less young, or less innocent, the visions of the moth's funeral had not been vouchsafed. But he never, from that time, wantonly destroyed the humblest creature made by the wisdom, the goodness, and love of our Heavenly Father. He saw there was room enough in the great world, and in the pleasant sunshine, for him and them; and he remembered that a better land had been promised to man only; therefore he would not abridge the few days of happiness granted the little insect. The child daily grew gentle and loving, for the exercise of kindness, even in one simple instance, had fixed the principle in his young heart, till it expanded so that it embraced all the creatures made by our great and good Parent. It was thus that he learned, not only to love worthily the good and loving, but even those in whom the image of God, stamped upon the human soul, had become marred and effaced by sin. He loved, and prayed even for these, and the blessedness of such prayers returned upon his own head. Thus did the child learn a lesson of wisdom, and of goodness, from the Funeral of the Moth.

Original.

## SONNET.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

"Forth in the flowery spring  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love!"—THOMSON.

SWEET is the voice of Spring, o'er flowery fields  
Uprising, in its jocund tones: its gales  
Seem vocal with the inspiring song that yields  
A rich and pleasurable delight: the vales  
New fragrance throw upon the breeze that o'er them  
sails.

Here will I stop—and while, beneath my feet,  
I hear the rivulet slowly gurgling by,  
Giving a response to the zephyr's sigh,  
Gladly I'll throw me on yon verdant seat,  
In contemplation rapt; and "fancy free,"  
New and delicious dreams indulge of thee:  
So will the whispering breeze more lovely be,  
On silken wings, wafting upon mine ear  
Notes, that so softly breathe of one to memory dear!

Original.  
THE DESERTER'S GRAVE.

DEAR—

We have often discussed and disagreed upon the peculiarities of the Irish peasantry; the *pure* Irish I mean, whose blood is unmingled with the cold and regulated stream, that flows through Scottish veins; for, admitting that the two races may improve each, in a worldly sense, and make more useful and more amiable members of society, it also, undoubtedly, destroys the poetic fervor, the passionate enthusiasm, the singular romance of the "*more* Irish," continually developed, even in the most humble stations, and according to the force of circumstances, tending to extremes, whether of good or evil.

An instance of rare and unmerited fidelity, tinged with the chivalrous character of an earlier day, and a nobler race, I shall relate to you. Let not your fastidious taste be alarmed, when I promise, the hero of the sketch was the servant of a farmer.

LESLIE.

In a small snug cottage, beside a trim, well-swept hearth, on which a bright turf fire was blazing, sat two persons, one cold, rainy, November evening. The elder, an infirm rheumatic woman, was propped up in her wicker chair, near the low clean-looking bed she was that moment thinking of occupying; her sleep-inviting thoughts being sometimes interrupted by anxious glances at a very handsome girl, sitting in the opposite corner, whose fair cheek was varied by deep flushes and deadly paleness, and her spinning-wheel unconsciously turned with a slow or rapid whirl, as the emotions which agitated her bosom communicated their fluctuations to her head. At length the thread dropped from her fingers, and smoothing back the nicely combed hair from her white forehead, she listened with intense eagerness, as the tones of a man's voice were heard, singing a plaintive air, of which the words could soon be distinguished, as the vocalist walked up the path to the cottage door. It was a rich melodious voice, sufficient to have made a fortune for the possessor, had it been cultivated for public exhibition; but as it warbled the tender cadences of the old ballad—

"Tis there ye would see the small birds courting,  
The dove and partridge is there deserted,  
And every morning the lambskins sporting,  
Along by the banks of Blackwater side."

The effect seemed to be anything but pleasurable on the girl, who once more resumed her task, and turned the flying rim with an impetuosity considerably alarming to the delicate and nervous mother, who gently said,

"Rose, dear, its Hughie Reilly, dear; set a stool for him, the cratur, this wet night comin' to see us, lonesome as we are."

But Rose spun on, and Hugh, opening the door, entered with his "God save all here," unresponded to, but by the mother. "An' how are ye this night, Mistress Breen? An' how is the pains? Very bad weather for the likes o' you, ma'am. Oh, thank ye, I'm not wet to signify—only a taste on my coat, jist, an' a brave one it is, the master brought me from Dublin. I'll draw in to the fire well, any how. An' Rosie, how is it with ye, why ye're busy at the wheel the night, dear?—ye can't hear a body spakin to ye?"

He looked fondly but timidly at her clouded brow, as she replied, "When its little time I have to be spakin, more need to make up the spangles" for the fair, than to be goethorin with runners."

\* Spangles—four banks or skeins of linen yarn, are called a *spangle* in the north of Ireland.

"Hughie, dear," said the gentle mother, "the water's fallin out o' thim black curls o' yours in a strame—give him a cloth, Rosie, to dry himself. I'm afeard ye'll have a great cowl'd after this; an' very sorry I'd be, for whatever ill wud befall ye."

"Then I believe yer the only one, Mistress Breen, barrin my own poor mother, would have a kind thought about me. I might walk night and day, in rain or sunshine, before thim I think most about would throw a civil word to me."

"An' myself thinks that's right," said the saucy Rose, "for you should only consider the people that care for ye; an' if that's *my* mother and your own, why keep to thim, and let other ones alone."

"Well, so I do, Rosie," he answered, smiling, "havn't I come to see your mother this dismal night?"

"Ye might have put it off till the morrow, whin I'll be at the fair, an' she'll be lonesome, then yer company might be more agreeable."

"Oh, Rosie! Rosie! but the young girls has sharp tongues in their heads, by what they had in my day; I niver spoke uncivil to a boy in my life, nor iver had occasion."

"But mother, may be the boys wern't so mane spirited then—they could take a hint, without waitin' for a dash o' cowl'd warther in their faces."

"Well, Rosie," said Hugh, "I'll wait for the cowl'd warther. Ye was oncet agreeable enough to my comin'; an' 'the woman's prone to changin,' as the song says, so who knows but ye'll be pleasant again, for there's a virtue in patience."

"Ay," she retorted, whirling the spindle with increased velocity, "for the cure o' diseases, but none for findin' what was niver lost—d'ye min' that, Mither Reilly?"

"Why then, Rosie, I ask ye before yer mother here, had you not *oncet*, even *more* than a kindness for me? and has'n't something or somebody come betwixt you an' me to put it astray?"

"I like yer impudence! as if iver I tuk more notice to you than any other neighbor boy; faith, I hope I've got a better fancy!"

"An' who is yer fancy, Rosy Breen, who is yer fancy? That you did oncet care for me, I know to be true, bates it down now as ye may. We have played together, whin we were childher—we've gathered primroses and daisies in the spring—an' strawberries in summer—an' nuts among the brown hazles—and haws when the snow was fallin' among the thorns; an' I've been iver an' iver by your side, an' helped you to the sweetest an' the ripest, an' the rarest; an' since we were girl an' boy, we've danced on May Eve, an' St. John's Eve together, an' worked in the fields pleasantly and lovingly; an' gone to fairs an' wakes, tin miles roun' in company; an' did the rain iver wet ye, if I could help it? Did the road iver tire ye, while I could carry ye? Did the cowl'd iver shake ye while I had a coat to keep ye warm? An' is it now whin the country side, as well as yer own actions gev ye to me, that ye begin to tell me ye niver had more

thought of me than another neighbor boy? Rosie Brean, before the mother, the kind mother that loves me better than you do, God knows! I ask ye the manin' of this?"

"Then I wish ye'd keep yer questions, where I'd like to see yerself, *at home*. I niver promised to ye!—make much of the rest, if ye please; childher's foolish, an' girl's not over wise; but woman, I'd have ye to know, can pick an' choose. It's a good joke, to hear a sarviat boy, without shade or shelter, or an acre o' ground for a *piaty* garden, bein' lookin' after—"

She stopped, and had the grace to blush, at what her vanity was going to utter; but the mortified lover concluded for her. "The beauty of the country, Rosie, is'n't that it? 'The angel,' as ye've been called by the boys of all the parishes round. Well, I acknowledge myself, it was great presumption, Rosie, but it grew by degrees, Rosie; it came at first, when I did'n't understand it—an' it won't go away now when I do; an' yerself, Rosie—but I won't reproach—I won't cast up ould times; ye turned from the heart that loved you, before it knew there was such a word in the world, to the passin' fancy of strangers. I know who yer thinking about, and may be ye'll repent, when I'm far away. Mother, dear, for mother ye war to me, farewell to ye!—I must go—I can't stay, and see what I know must happen; but Rosie Brean—Rosie, darlin', take care of yerself—take care for the love of Jasus and the mother, though not uv me;—don't trust any man too far, darlin'—an' my last words is, there's white blood in the heart of Ring Hamilton."

He rushed out of the cottage, they heard his rapid steps plashing through the mud for a few moments; and then the grieved and bewildered mother asked her daughter for an explanation of what had passed. Little could be elicited; but that little was too much. Ring Hamilton, a protestant, a rather dashing young farmer, (who had lately settled in the neighborhood as a sort of agent for a gentleman in another county,) had been attracted by the beauty of "the angel," met her at different merry-makings, flattered her vanity, and turned her head. For him she had shown disdain to her early love—for him, she had begun to display insolence towards all her former companions; and for him, it was to be feared, she would soon renounce her duty to her mother, her ancient faith—or still more deplorable, the modest honors of a spotless name.

Sorrow steeped the mother's pillow with bitter tears that night, while the girl slept soundly beside her, and rose next morning, bright with the flush of pride and passion, to fulfil her appointment at the fair of B—, with Ring Hamilton. The discarded lover was there also. He saw her, who had so unfeelingly deserted him, hanging with smiling courtesy, on the arm of her new admirer. A recruiting party was parading the street; it stopped beside the stall where they were standing; several young men, half intoxicated, went forward to the sergeant. Behind them, pale, determined and sober, came Hugh Reilly; he spoke low, he wished to enlist. His fine athletic form, and handsome face; his composed manner, and quaint address, evidently pleased and surprised the sergeant—he was immediately engaged, the cockade

pinned to his hat—his fate decided. As he followed his new comrades to the rendezvous, he turned to take a farewell look of "the angel." She, with her tall white-faced, lank-haired adorer, were laughing in mockery at the awkwardness of the new recruits, and Reilly, biting his lip till the blood started, was thankful to the friendly walls of the public house, that covered him from the scornful eyes of the perfidious Rosie Brean.

A soft autumnal wind was bearing the last faint odors of dying flowers, and the sad but soothing sounds of a wandering mountain stream to fair Rosy Brean, as, pale, humbled and sorrow-smitten, she sat on the low bench by her cottage door, watching the crimson clouds fading in the west, and lulling a delicate babe to sleep, with the mournful ballad fond lips had murmured to her in her innocent childhood. Suddenly she started—a slight scream—she clasped the infant more closely to her bosom, and attempted to run into the cabin, but was arrested by the hand of him who had caused the alarm. His utterance was choked—he tried in vain to speak; at length he flung the slouching old hat from his matted hair, threw back the rough coat in which he was wrapped, and gasped rather than spoke "Rosie Brean!"

"Heavenly Father! is it you, Hughie Reilly? In the name o' the Vargin, what has brought you here, man? Let me go—I'm not goin' to run away from ye now, I know you—but yer not on furlough, and surely ye havn't deserted a second time, Hughie Reilly?"

"Surely I have, Rosie Brean, dear; the first time cost me sore pain to my heart, when you sent me from you, with a mock and a jeer—sore pain when they cut fifty-five lashes in my bleeding back; but sorer than all, that I had disgraced myself, my mother's son, and my father's name, for nothing. Rosie Brean, you've been the dear sight to me from first to last; for here I've come again, ready to die a dog's death, so that I might get one word, one pitiful look, before I leave the world for ever." He dashed away the tears with his hand, and tried to take hers, but she drew it back contemptuously.

"Are ye a fool entirely, Hughie Reilly? Did ye iver know a girl won by fawnin' an' whingin' after them like you? Hut, man, if I wouldn't look at ye when there was neither blot nor blemish on ye, is it now I'd notice ye with the hangman's mark on yer back. I'd thank ye to quit the place—I'm a lone girl, an' it may be a misfortune to one; but for all that's come and gone, too good to take up with a deserter from King and country!"

"What have you to say to King or country?" he asked fiercely, "I understand ye, Rosie, though the villain whose baby ye nurse, brought yer mother's grey head to the grave in shame, ye cling to him yet, even while he's trampling on yer heart, and making game of your disgraces."

"Ye lie, ye mane cratur, he niver made game of me!"

"Did'n't he?—did'n't he?—whin three months ago, before that poor thing came into this sorrowful world—war tuk down on a sick bed, and niver halted night or day, through all yer craziness, singin', 'He drack the ladies' health all round, but slighted Barbarie Allan;'



because he trated you in the same way at a wake ye wur at."

"Who tould ye that fine story? What spies ye have in the country, to fetch an' carry a pack o' lies, to plase ye."

"No lies, Rosie—no lies, Rosie. One tould me, would'nt sully her mouth with an untrue word; it came to me in a letter from my mother—and," he continued, lowering his voice, and drawing nearer, "the same night—the same blessed night, with my blood boilin' like the everlastin' fire, I run out to look at the cowl'd clear stars, to see if they would charm away the fever in my brain. The very first I saw, was the one we used to watch, many is the long summer evenin' together—many is the sweet time, when we sat in the very spot we're stannin' now, with the black mark of sin an' shame on both of us. It was then, I swore to revenge ye, an' I forgot all—I left all behind, that same minute, but love of you, and niver endin' hate of him."

"An' its now ye come to tell me; greatly obleeged to ye, sir, for yer kindness; but as I've no fancy to be any fool's death, I would ha' thanked ye all the same, or more if ye'd staid in yer duty. Nayther him nor me wants interfarers; we can quarrel may be, sometimes; but we ax nobody to make it up betune us—if I am plased, who has business to be displaced. As for makin' game of me, when ye prove it, I'll belave it."

"Listen—it is six weeks since I deserted. I have lain concealed among the mountains since then; only oncet, I ventured to a place where I knew he would be. I hung about there for a while; some recollected me well enough; but it wasn't in the boys of the Cross-Kays to meddle with an ould comrade. There was plenty of drink, and he took more than plenty;—they began funzin' about the girls of the country-side, an' when he spoke your name he laughed—ay, woman—he laughed his white laugh! An' many cried, shame—an' some halloed him away; but I said nothin'—no Rosie, I said nothin', dear; but I followed. He had a brave horse under him; no matter, I've larned quick march, an' I was in the mill-glen as soon as him. I spoke, he knew me—he threatened me, the informer! I grappled at his throat—I pulled him down—he shouted—he roared—he prayed as his tongue never prayed before, for one hour's marcy."

"An' ye gev it—ye did not murder him, Hughie Reilly;—ye didn't—ye couldn't murder the father of my baby."

"No! I did not murder him; but I left him lyin' there, nearer to death than I was when carried into the hospital after the floggin'. They gev me fifty-five, though I didn't deserve one; but I made it up on his base, brutal, loathsome body, a bloody hundred!"

"Oh!" shrieked the wretched, sorrow-stricken girl, "he'll die, he'll die! Where was it—where was it? Where did ye lave him, ye black-hearted murderer?"

"Whist, woman, whist! I sent them to him that will take care of him. I did'nt understand the business well

—so niver fear; he won't die just yet. But it was all for your sake, Rosie Brean, and before the arm of justice reaches me, as I know it will before another sun sets, say one kind word—say even, ye forgive me; say only, 'Hughie Reilly, for ould time's sake, farewell!'"

"May my tongue burn in darkness, if I give the kind or marcfiful word to ye! Ye may kill me, as ye've done him—ay, and this innocent cratur too; but I've the spirit to withstand ye! I have, I have, ye foul black villain! Go hide yer head, deserter as ye are—ashamed to show yer face among honest men in open day! Go, ye coward, ye white-livered coward, go! I hate ye—I spit on ye—an' I defy ye! May ye live in fear, an' die in shame! May yer last hour be bloody, an' the hand of the stranger point to the deserter's grave! There's yer reward for revenging the cause of Rosie Brean!"

She went into her cottage, closed and barred the door. The deserter stood for a long time gazing on its humble walls, and low-browed roof. He listened to the heavy sobs and loud wailing prayers she uttered, mingled at intervals with awful imprecations. He stifled the sighs bursting from his breaking heart,—he turned away, slowly retracing a path, he knew he should never tread again; and before the morrow dawned, he had delivered himself up to a party of the — regiment, stationed in a neighboring town.

—  
"Through life a stranger,  
A way-worn ranger,  
In every danger  
My course I've run;  
And death befriending,  
His last aid lending,  
My cares are done;  
No more a rover or hapless lover.  
My griefs are over, and my glass runs low."

The struggling rays of the sinking sun were faintly illumining the ragged edges of rainy clouds, and shedding a mournful gleam on the broad and bloody field of Waterloo; still were flying squadrons followed by the wearied, but unshrinking troops of Britain. The flower of the Island lying in dense and bleeding heaps around, even when crushed by the feet of the cavalry, as they slipped and plunged through the gory masses, uttered faint halloos, and died with the national war-cry on their lips. On a green bank, not much trampled by the multitudes who had fought and fallen on that memorable day, near the verge of a wood, and shaded by a close hazel hedge twined with sweet-briar, whose delicious fragrance breathed tender memories to those beneath its shelter, lay two Irish soldiers, one having a leg shot off, the other mortally wounded in the breast—the dark blood welling out with every gasp, and every word he murmured.

"I'm dyin' fast, John Lone—I'm dyin' fast, comrade; if yer able for the pain, hear my last words, and carry them to the ould place, John, dear, where we'll niver meet on the green sod again, nor taste the cowl'd, pleasant waters of our own sweet river."

"Say on, Hughie—say on—the pain's bad, for sartain, but by my sowl, I'm man enough to bear it. What'll I say, Hughie, dear? wako yer sowl, my poor boy, for ye hav'n't long to breathe in this world, I'm dreadin'!"

"I know it John, but this word's near to me as my

own sowl—ye mind 'the angel.' Och, it's many's the long day I've fought by yer side, an' we niver changed words about her before, John—and now, on my dying bed, thank ye for that, John. 'Twas kind of ye, not to be 'mindin' me of her, for I couldn't a bore it—but it's all over now, John, an' I bid ye carry her my forgiveness an' yer blessin', if she'll take it—and more, I've heard the scoundrel left her to beggary, and that she's walkin' the world with the poor object she got by him. I have saved my pay, John, and ye know, I have something more of honest earnin's, though it may be called plunder, with the pay-master. Here's my will, John; this bit o' paper—see, it's stained with my heart's blood, too—I writ it long ago for fear of accidents, and get what's belongin' to me, and carry it to her. The ould woman's dead—there's none to have a wet eye for me; if she refuses it, give it to the priest for the poor; they may put up a prayer for my sowl, if they please, but I'm asy, John, about it. Since I was nineteen, Heaven has laid a heavy hand on me, and surely ten years of broken-heartedness, hardship, and danger, will give me a fair chance whin the muster-roll's called above." He gasped.

"True for ye, Hughie dear; this leg 'ill be the ruin iv me, an' be damned to the ball that sent it off me—but still they'll put me home a pisioner, I suppose, an' if some pray for yer sowl, my boy, I'll drink to ye whinever this June-day comes roun' agin—for a dacenter, kindlier, soberer, open-hearteder comrade, niver cried 'Hurrah for ould Ireland,' beside me—but it's dyin' ye are, dear. Oh, for the love o' God, my good boy," he cried to a young fellow passing hastily along, "give this poor Christian a drop o' wather to cool his mouth; he's dyin', I tell ye; oh, bad luck to ye, if the leg was stickin' to me, it's not that way yed be trampin'." Hughie, darlin'—halloo, woman, if woman ye be, len' us the canteen I see in yer hand; yer gone, ye divil. Och, och, Hughie darlin', can ye spake at all? Oh, for one drap iv the bonnie spring well in ould Hamill's apple-orchard."

The dying soldier opened his eyes again. He breathed deep—ay, the blood gurgled forth.

"John—ould comrade, my eyes are dim—take my hand—tell her I blessed her dying—tell her I died an honorable death, and was laid in a brave soldier's grave."

"Och, och, Anie!—och, an' its gone, ye are, my boy, an' brave ye was, my poor lad, as a lion of the forest!—och, she was the black sighs to ye—my curse be upon the Lord save us! his spirit won't like me to say that—but it's enough I'll say yet—an' let the kind hearts know that the lash niver touched yer white back but the oncet, Hugie, darlin'—and that there niver fought a braver man in our own gallant Ninety-fourth, than the enlisted desarter."

John Lone, as he anticipated, was returned to his native hamlet, a pensioner. He married happily, and when pay-day came round, over his cheering glass of mountain dew, the most favorite reminiscence was Rosie Brian's late remorse, and humble acceptance of the soldier's bequest—of the sorrowful sunset on the field of Waterloo, and the fair green grave under that tall hazel hedge, where rest the bones of the brave Hugh O'Reilly.

Original.

LINEs,

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A MOTHER OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

DAUGHTER, your mother fell asleep,  
This long warm summer's day—  
You need not thus, your tender watch to keep,  
With finger on your lip, so silently,  
And love's sweet care upon your brow;  
Fear not to wake her now,  
The slumber is too deep.

You will not shrink again, to hear  
That racking cough, with pain severe,  
Which bow'd her gentle form so low;  
Nor the long, gasping strife for breath, that wore  
Her wasting flesh away,  
As the light wreath of snow,  
Molts in an April day—  
'Tis o'er!—'Tis o'er!

Come hither, little one;  
Come lift the veil  
O'er yon white pillow thrown—  
"How cold she is!—how pale!  
How still her cold, thin hands rest  
On the unheaving breast,—  
The smooth hair parted o'er her placid brow,  
She starts not on her bed,  
Though strangers near her tread;—  
"Ah!" do they whispering say, "our darling  
mother's dead!"

Child, child,—your mother's gone,  
Above this clouded sky,  
Where round the Everlasting Throne,  
The bright-wing'd seraphs fly—  
Where oft she wish'd to be,  
From pain and sorrow free,  
There is her home, on high.

The weary clay must rest, where grass and flowers  
are spread;  
But the sweet spirit, warm and true,  
That breath'd such holy words to you,  
Bidding you kneel and pray  
At dewy morn, and the soft hush of day,  
Daughter, that is not dead!

Dear mourning flock, who weep  
A sainted mother fled;  
Think of her tender lessons, soft and deep,  
Beside each little bed,  
To do your Heavenly Father's will,—  
A Savior's dying love to prize;  
And let the tear-drop keep  
Those memories fresh and green,  
Aiding your souls, by faith to rise,  
To yon celestial scene,  
From whence her pure eyes, mark you still,  
This vale of flesh between.

Original.  
 "TIS VERY POSSIBLE."

FROM THE GERMAN OF ISCHOKKE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE late Minister Stryk was wont to quote, on every occasion, the saying, "Tis very possible." The words were sometimes accompanied with a meaning smile, even when the affair was a serious one; as if he chuckled within himself, like too many people, at the weakness of others.

Nevertheless, was Stryk a distinguished and an estimable man. The different princes who, in succession, governed the land, valued and employed his talents; for his adroitness and experience rendered him capable of performing important service. Every one acknowledged him a learned man, and a man of tact, as people choose to call a knowledge of human nature, which he knew how to turn to the best account. Nay, there were those who esteemed him more learned, more cunning, than he really was; several sage statesmen felt for him not only esteem and reverence, but a species of dread—a homage rendered to his superior sagacity. Yet was he thoroughly an honest, open, conscientious person, against whom nothing evil could be said. Even his purity of reputation passed, however, for an additional proof of his consummate art. He was regarded as the most far-sighted politician of his day; nay, for a veritable prophet. And all was owing to his habit of remarking—"Tis very possible!"

It may not be displeasing to our readers to learn something of the history of this remarkable man. I am indebted to the kindness of one of his kinsmen, that I am enabled to relate something of him. To him, with others, he bequeathed a journal, written several years before his death.

The saying he so often quoted, exercised great influence over his disposition, his actions and his destiny. Though it sometimes escaped him without consideration, he never uttered it in levity, but pondered deeply on the consequence, and thus decided or corrected his views of matters, and determined his course of conduct. It was scarcely credible how completely he, a man of sense and observation, was governed thereby. And yet—"it was very possible."

Not only was he firmly attached to these four little words, but was very desirous that his only son should deeply weigh their import. The young man, after the manner of young people in general, oft indulged in freaks of speculation, and fancied himself, in many things, much wiser than his old father; so that he thought prudence and caution, in his own case, quite unnecessary.

"People readily pardon a little eccentricity in you, dear father," he observed; "but in me, it would be looked on as quite ridiculous; because it would be palpable imitation, and affectation of a peculiar mode of expression."

"That is very possible, dear Fritz," answered the minister; "but what of that, if having this little proverb always in mind will bring you self-possession, equanimity,

peace—good fortune? Much is to be won. Even if you speak not those words aloud, for fear of the derision of others, I pray you, my son, utter them in your inmost bosom upon every occurrence."

"But wherefore, dear father? Your partiality, to a wise enough phrase, goes, methinks, rather too far!"

"Child, I am not so partial to the expression, as desirous of your happiness. For this reason, I would make you heir of *that*—as of my content—my peace of mind. Think you it was accident, alone, led me to adopt the phrase you deprecate? No! it was done intentionally, and with profound consideration. To it I owe all that I have—all that I am."

"And what induced you, first, to adopt this singularity?"

"The misfortunes of early life—despair! By what I learned from those bitter lessons, have I raised myself from the dust again—have I become mine own master. Your grandparents were excellent, pious people, but they possessed not much of this world's goods. What I received from them, sufficed to complete my education, respectably, at the high school, and to support me a few years after. I was young and unsophisticated; accomplished in all that youth is expected to know; and virtuous, for I had lived in contemplation of the highest and the noblest. As I came to mingle in society, and grew acquainted with the world, it seemed to me peopled, now with angels, now with devils."

"That is just the case with me even now," observed Fritz.

"Tis very possible," replied the statesman; "for a young man, who falls not into such an error, proves himself never to have possessed a pure nor a warm heart! We must once be deceived. To proceed—I was compelled to work long without reward, till I obtained a dignity, and a place with a slender salary. That was the course of things; I was obliged to submit. I suffered no one to know how poor I was; For I was aware that such a discovery would sink me much lower in the estimation of those around me, than I deserved to stand. I went, accordingly, extremely well clothed, and passed, for what is now termed, an elegant young person. I lodged in handsome rooms; I appeared in the best society. I made little pleasure-parties from time to time, which cost me no inconsiderable sum. I kept myself free from vice, and that said much among the young gentry for the respectability of my birth and station. I was looked upon as in better circumstances than I really was. All this goodly appearance I put on with little money. Nobody knew that the whole year long, I lived more miserable than a galley-slave; that bread and salt, and watered milk, constituted my only diet. With all that, I was very happy, because my heart was full of joy—for duties fulfilled—in youthful hopes of a golden future. I was every where welcomed and beloved. The women were pleased with me; among the men, I was well received. But of all men, I had one chosen and tried friend—a certain Advocate Schneemuller. We were of one heart and one spirit. In the school, he had once nearly sacrificed himself, in a duel, on my account. We were sworn brothers in weal or woe."

"Among the young maidens of my acquaintance, was one whose society was most delightful to me. She was the daughter of General Van Tyten; her name was Phillippa. I loved her many months in silence, without knowing the strength of my own feelings. They grew even to idolatry; my whole life was consecrated by my love. None guessed what I felt, for I revealed my sentiments to none. That which the heart cherishes as most holy, is profaned even by the purest language of the lips. Thus youth hides from all eyes the flame of his first passion—it is, itself, a religion to the soul."

"Did you not make a confidant of your bosom friend?"

"Not even of him; for, in my poverty—destitute of lucrative employment—unable to boast of high birth, I dared not aspire, seriously, to the rich daughter of so distinguished a family. I learned, first, from Schneemuller, what I would never have ventured to hope, that common report assigned me the heart of my Phillippa; that she loved me with romantic enthusiasm; and that strife had arisen between her and her mother, on my account. What I scarce credited from the assurances of Schneemuller, I was convinced of, some months after, when chance brought Phillippa and me together—and revealed our mutual secret. As usually happens in such cases, we vowed eternal love, and swore to suffer death, rather than prove inconstant. I now felt as if I was in paradise. Fortune seemed in a mood unusually amiable, and showered her favors upon me. I was promoted to be counsellor of Finances to the widowed Duchess, and enjoyed a large and regular income. The difference was now removed between Phillippa and me. The general sought my friendship, and treated me cordially, and his lady had no more obstacles to throw in the way of her daughter's regard for me. Soon after, a relation dying in Batavia, left me a handsome property. I was to take possession of it in Amsterdam, after the proper legal measures had been taken. I was happy, not for the sake of the money, but for Phillippa's sake. Just then, a young and elegant man, a Count, a favorite of the reigning prince, sued for her hand. She repulsed him. She laughed at my fears and jealousies, and playfully stopped my mouth when I spoke of them. She, herself, urged me to ask her of her parents. I was anxious to do so; but previously, I must go to Amsterdam. The idea of that journey was hateful to me, partly because I could not bear to think of so long a separation from my beloved; partly, because she, herself, opposed my going in person; partly, because I was uneasy with respect to the Count, who was too rich, too handsome, too importunate not to be regarded as a formidable rival. How delighted was I at last, when my friend Schneemuller offered to undertake the journey in my stead. I readily furnished him with all the necessary papers, and with full authority to act as my representative in Amsterdam."

"You never before," said Fritz, "mentioned to me the name of this friend."

"My reasons will soon be evident," observed the father; and proceeded in his narrative. "Days—weeks passed; my friend and agent never wrote to me, though I persecuted him with letters. The thought pressed upon me—he is ill—he must be ill. Friendship

got the better of Love, for the time; I hastened to Amsterdam. Phillippa was distracted with grief at my departure. As I left her, she swooned in her mother's arms. On the way, I asked repeatedly after Schneemuller. His name was in all the post-books. I arrived at Amsterdam. He had been there; had collected the monies due to me, had got some changed into gold and bank notes, and had made disposition of the rest. I could find him no where; I thought it very strange; but my astonishment was unbounded when I learned that a man, exactly answering my description of him, had sailed in an American vessel, two months ago—immediately after receiving my legacy. 'It is impossible!' I cried at once. But I soon discovered that it was too true. My friend—my best friend had deceived me!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed the young man.

"I went back with lacerated heart. I should have grieved for the loss of the gold, but the perfidy of my bosom friend afflicted me yet more deeply. He had deprived me of all confidence in man. When I returned to our city, I felt inclined to fly, at once, to Van Tyten—to my beloved, for I had communicated to them the news of my misfortune by letter, and I longed to receive their sympathy. But it was too late that night. My landlord greeted me cordially. 'What is the news with you?' I asked of him. 'Nothing particular,' he replied, 'at present. You are, of course, aware that Mademoiselle Van Tyten has been married these four weeks?' 'Impossible! Impossible! Married? Who? The daughter of General Van Tyten—with the Count? Impossible!' I exclaimed. 'Exactly so!' he repeated, and forthwith quietly detailed the whole circumstances to me, wherein it clearly appeared that Phillippa had not opposed the wishes of her parents, to bestow her hand on the rich and distinguished Count, so soon as he became urgent in claiming it. This happened shortly after the receipt of my letter which I had written the General from Amsterdam, on the discovery of Schneemuller's treachery. Still I could not bring myself to believe the narrative of my host, but still continued protesting, 'It is impossible.' I remained incredulous all that night; but the next morning—alas! found the story confirmed by every one else, and by the General himself."

"Most horrible!" cried Fritz, and pressed his hand forcibly on his heart, as if he would keep it from bursting.

The old minister went on. "Thus deceived on all sides, I had faith in nothing more on earth—nor in the love of woman—nor in the truth of man—nor in the constancy of fate. What seemed impossible, had happened to me. I now held all things for possible, except the stability of man and his destiny. When told of things the most amazing, I would answer, 'Tis very possible!' In that sentence, lay thence the result of my life's experience. I found, therefore, consolation for the depth of my wretchedness. That sentence preserved me from despair. I learned to reckon on nothing, save myself. Can I, I often reflected—can I again be happy in this world? 'Tis very possible,' was ever my refrain, and the truth was established. The most lavish favors of fortune no more intoxicated me: I thought of her mutability, and of impending disaster. I had no greater joy

than on the day of your birth, dear Fritz. But my delight was tempered by the thought that you might be snatched away by death, or become an undutiful child. Soberly I prepared myself for all possible evil."

"God be thanked, my father, that neither the one nor the other has happened!"

"Even so, my son. Since I have adopted my favorite maxim, I take each hour of pleasure as a gift from Heaven, without expecting its continuance; I am surprised by no calamity, for I am prepared, and know that it, likewise, must be temporary. I therefore counsel you, follow my example. But this truth must pervade your whole being, and influence all your actions, else it is useless, and you are characterless."

"All of us men," he resumed, "both in our important and unimportant affairs and actions, are apt to be turned—perhaps led, by momentary impulse—the offspring of fleeting circumstance. So much is this the case, that men oft find it difficult, afterwards, to give account of the motive that directed them in that decisive moment. The ignorant, hence, believe in divine inspiration or infernal promptings. Few men can stand who are thus the bond-slaves of chance; for in the shock of destiny, they are stunned, confounded, and the soul loses its firmness—I would say, the very skeleton of its spiritual frame—the strong superior sense—the power that looks beyond earthly things, to discern the ever true—the ever good. On the other hand—do we now and then lose—what matters it? we dwell, habitually, in our better nature—in familiarity with the highest and the truest. Hence, gain we strength and firmness. My son, profit by my counsel. To you it is possible!"

Stryk had justice with all his strength and his firmness; yet his phrase often occasioned him much vexation, or what would have been vexation to other men. His temper was not easily ruffled.

He was, one day, in the ministerial assembly, where the Elector was present. It was the time of the French Revolution. They spoke, in that august assembly, of the late occurrences in Paris, in Strausburg, in Lyons—of the change that had come over the French nation—of their former idolatry—of their sovereigns, and of their present read exultation over the fall of the throne.

"Tis the most villainous people on the face of the earth!" cried the Elector. "No other people could act so. Look at my subjects, for example. Never could they be seized with such a vertigo—to bow the knee before other rulers! What think you, Stryk?"

The minister, at the moment, was thinking of something else, and only half heard the question of his sovereign. He gave an embarrassed shrug, and answered as usual—"Tis very possible."

The prince started. "What do you mean?" cried he. "Think you, really, the hour may come in which my subjects will rejoice in my downfall?"

"Tis very possible," replied Stryk, thoughtfully. "We can know nothing of the future. Nothing is more uncertain than a nation; for a nation is composed of men, each of whom loves himself better than his prince. A new order of things brings new hopes; and new hopes

are ever more enticing than good already possessed. Much as your Highness is beloved by all your subjects, and much as you deserve their love; nevertheless, I would not take my oath, that under different circumstances, this people would not forget your benefits, and hold feasts and illuminations in honor of a republic, or of another sovereign; nay, that they would not tear down and insult the Electoral arms. Oh, yes! 'tis very possible!"

"You are beside yourself!" exclaimed the Prince, hastily and turning his back; Stryk fell into disgrace. Every body then said Stryk was a fool.

Some years after, the victorious French crossed the Rhine. The Elector fled with his court. They shouted after him the praises of freedom and equality, and held feasts and illuminations, tearing down every where the Electoral arms.

Stryk, as an experienced, useful man, was appointed to a place under the new government; the more readily, as it was well known for what reason he had fallen into disgrace with the banished prince. He was looked upon, as in a certain manner a victim to despotism. The new government gained strength, and the activity and skill of the minister contributed not a little to its firm establishment.

Spite of his natural impetuosity, he never suffered himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm. He never united himself to a party; thus he laid himself open to the suspicions of each party. The Jacobins called him a disguised Royalist; the Royalists called him a disguised Jacobin. He laughed at both titles and did his duty.

One day in the midst of a large and brilliant assemblage of guests, when toasts were eagerly drank in honor of the freedom of the world, the rights of the people, and the Republic, a commissary of the government, turning to Stryk, exclaimed, "My wonder is only, that monarchs yet venture to oppose us; they but hasten their own destruction. Revolution strides over the earth. What are they hoping for? Do they dream of vanquishing the great nation and bringing back the Bourbons? The fools! Sooner will all Europe bow her neck. What think you, citizen! can a reasonable man imagine that a throne will ever again be erected in France?"

"It is, indeed, improbable," answered Stryk; but 'tis very possible."

"How! very possible?" cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder—echoed by the whole company. "He who doubts of the endurance of freedom, loves her not; I am grieved that one of her first officers should nourish such sentiments. How can you excuse yourself?"

"Excuse?" repeated Stryk, calmly, "It is very possible. Free Athens first accustomed herself to a Pericles, then to a King of Macedon. Rome had first her Triumvirate; then her Cæsar; and at last her Nero. England slew her king—had her Cromwell, and afterwards another monarch."

"Away with your Rome, your Athens and your England!" cried the commissary, "What of these wretched characterless nations, worthy to wear their chains! You will not set them in comparison with the

French? But I pardon your crooked vision; you are no born Frenchman!"

It appeared the official was not sincere in his pardon; for Stryk soon after lost his place. Nay, his unfortunate speech exposed him to imprisonment and a vexatious trial.

Ere long, Bonaparte became First Consul; at first for ten years—then for life. Afterwards he became Emperor, for his sagacity and uprightness; and particularly, because he was named "The Moderate." Stryk was again elevated to office and dignity. He now enjoyed a higher reputation than ever: so many of his predictions had come to pass! They looked upon him as a political seer.

Napoleon changed the face of the world and bestowed crowns. Men were no longer republicans: all bowed to the new master. Not only was there no talk of republicanism; but it was reckoned the deepest shame not to be a good loyalist.

"I think it no shame," observed Stryk, between whom and some of his intimate friends had passed some warm words on the subject; "I opine, that while the epidemic was going, you all had your share of it. And should the like come again, you might find it contagious as before. It is very possible."

"Ha! you think us then so fickle?" cried they all together. "In truth, I for one," protested each—"am not so easily led astray by the fever of fashion!"

"You remind me," said Stryk, "of the Sultan of Egypt, whose story is told in Addison's Spectator. He laughed at the account in the Koran, of Mahomet's visit to the seven heavens, and his ninety thousand interviews with the Deity, while his bed remained warm, and the water had not flowed out of the pitcher he had overset. But when the Dervise ordered him to plunge his head in the tub of water, and he did so, and went through a series of marvellous adventures, that apparently occupied many years; and on drawing out his head, discovered that he had in reality merely immersed it for an instant, he was compelled to acknowledge his error. You, gentlemen, are all in the same case. Had any one told you before the Revolution, what you would do while it lasted, you would have been incredulous. Now your heads are out of the tub, and all you then thought and felt, and acted passed for a dream. Should the exiled Bourbons ever return to France, I will venture my life, you will look on all that has passed since 1789, as a vision, and stand once more like the Sultan of Egypt, in your right senses before the tub, wondering at the past illusions."

They all smiled. "Well, well," said one, "in many things my lord is quite right; but can any one in earnest suppose that the poor Bourbons will ever return? That surely belongs to the empire of impossibilities!"

"Hem! 'tis very possible," said Stryk.

It seemed that the possible change was a thing not to be dreaded by Stryk; for he had already incurred the displeasure of the imperial government. It was said that his political predictions had come to the ears of Napoleon. Shortly before the departure of the Emperor on the expedition into Russia, one of his generals went to the minister, and asked him seriously, what he thought

of the undertaking. Surprised at the question, Stryk refused to answer. The general wished the more to learn his opinion. "I think," said he "we shall celebrate our Christmas in Petersburg; but it seems you apprehend an evil issue to the enterprise?" The minister, after his usual fashion, shrugged his shoulders with a "'tis very possible." He suffered for that remark. People said, "He is a fool," when his name suddenly vanished from the list of those in office. But when the allied armies marched into France, and the imperial forces were every where subdued; the saying was changed to, "Stryk is a prophet." Thus it is ever with wise men.

His disgrace under the administration of the usurper, (for that appellation was suddenly, by universal consent, bestowed on the banished Emperor,) procured him the favor of the legitimate monarch. Yet, the use of his maxim was destined once more to work him ill.

The king one day, in company with the minister, observed, that he passed among many for a time-serving courtier; for that, in all the recent changes of government, he had ever kept himself up; so that it was impossible he could have meant honestly with every sovereign. The aged statesman answered dryly as usual, "'Tis very possible; but—" he added quickly "I have ever been a true servant of the state,"

"Nay, that is a palpable contradiction," cried the monarch. "How can you call yourself a true servant of the state, when you pay court to-day to a legitimate, to-morrow to an illegitimate sovereign?"

"Even, because I ever studied, Sire, to be the servant, not of the monarch, but of the state. Under an unlawful or an unjust king, it is the duty of every honest friend to his country, to assist the State."

"Nay," replied the sovereign impatiently, "I speak of the Government. Do you look upon *that* as separate from the State?"

"No, most gracious Sire; but the person who governs I separate from the government."

The king frowned upon the minister, as he replied, "This is the language of revolution, and will not do in these days. Mark you this—I and the State are the same. You are not the State's servant, but *my* servant for the state."

The minister bowed in silence. Shortly after, on account of his advanced age, he was dismissed from public duty, but permitted to retain his salary.

In his retirement, he still took an interest in public affairs, and retained his reputation for political sagacity. Every mutation, he had according to popular belief, unerringly foreseen and foretold; so that he was resorted to with a species of superstition, and his opinion often asked respecting the future.

In reply to one of the frequent compliments paid him on this account, he observed—scarce refraining from laughter—

"Among a people who are resolved to be quite blind folded, it is very easy to attain to the dignity of a sage and a seer. Sound common sense and cool blood can see very far, when all the rest of the world are running

belter-skelter against one another, and shut their eyes to things as they really are."

"Can you impart to us the secret of your wisdom?" said one of his admirers.

"It is very possible!" was the reply. "To discern the future, one must look, not forwards, but *backwards*—backwards to the past! There hangs the mirror of true prophecy. Our leaders are not willing to do this; besides, their eyes are spoiled by reading too many petitions, eulogiums, and diplomatic communications."

"And what say you of the present time?"

"It cannot remain always as it is. Nothing can controvert this assertion," answered the old man.

"Then you think disquietude and change will never be at an end? and yet the evil spirit is shut up with the rats in St. Helena. Whence shall trouble come again? Or, think you, he or his like will again appear, to play the devil?"

The ex-minister shrugged his shoulders. "It is very possible. *That* evil spirit did not stir up the South American, nor the French Revolution. He but accelerated, and pressed into his service the human impulse that strives against Truth, against Improvement, against Freedom and Equity—not only in France, but among all other nations. Now they will make peace again, with force of arms—with severe laws—with inquisitions—with censures—and with the myriad toys, and pageants that dazzle the people. Thus it was in the time of Davoust and Palm—in the age of the Bastille—in the time of Franklin and Washington. The same causes will ever produce the self-same effects. Rely upon that."

*Columbia, S. C.*

Original.

### THE MAIDEN'S MISTAKE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THAT his eyebrows were false—that his hair  
Was assumed, I was fully aware;  
I knew his moustache of a barber was bought,  
And that Cartwright provided his teeth;—but I thought  
That his *heart* was, at least, true and fair!

I saw that the exquisite glow,  
Spreading over the cheek of my beau,  
From a carmine-shell came;—and I often was told,  
That his "*gras de la jambe*," by the tailor was sold;  
I dreamed not his *love* was but show!

I was sure, I could easily tell,  
That the form, which deluded each belle,  
Was made over his own;—but I could not believe,  
That his flattering *tongue*, too, was taught to deceive;  
That his fortune was humbug, as well!

I had made up my mind to dispense  
With a figure, hair, teeth, heart and sense—  
"La jambe" I'd o'erlook, were it ever so small!  
But to think that he is not a *Count*, after all,  
*That's* a not-to-be-pardoned offence!

Original.

### THE GIPSY MOTHER.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

"From the worst turmoil  
Sweet feelings will spring up like flowers  
Born on a rugged soil."

THE mother watched her child—her rosy child—  
He slept in peace; her cloak was o'er him laid,  
And her black tresses, from their knot unbound,  
Fell o'er her neck, a wild and scanty veil.  
It was a noon in spring—the trees were yet  
Scarce covered with young leaves—and the sunbeams  
Came thro' the smooth, straight stems; the mountain ash  
Had not lost all its berries, and the pine  
Wore yet its dark green robe. The mother sat  
And watched her child: she was of that strange tribe—  
The Egyptian wanderers; her dark eye was full  
Of softened light—her features were not fair,  
But now they had the grace of tenderness.  
The hand that idly lay upon her knee,  
Tho' dark, was delicate and small, and smooth;  
No cheerful household toil had hallowed it  
With sign of usefulness. A mat lay near  
Of twisted straw, entwined with ivy—there,  
Perhaps, wound by the fingers of the boy  
Who slept before her. I stood still and gazed,  
And saw this was the noontide of her heart—  
Its hour of happiness. Her passions fierce,  
Perhaps, at times, were sleeping like the winds  
Cradled in the soft grass. Her soul had lost  
Its guile and worldliness, and she was but  
A woman and a mother, and nought else,  
In that calm hour. She looked upon the boy  
With earnest gaze—upon that babe her wild  
And wandering thoughts were resting, like a bird  
In some fair tree, whose leaves shut out the view  
Of all the outer world. At length she stretched  
Her hand unto a little knot of flowers,  
(The wild-wood violet,) and she gathered one,  
And, stooping, held it o'er the boy's fair face,  
Resting it, for an instant, o'er his lips,  
As if with natural instinct of the rich  
Contrast its color made, with the deep rose  
That blossomed there; then with a quiet smile  
Of playfulness, (such as will sometimes come  
From every mother's heart in its delight,)  
She passed it lightly o'er his eyelids, till  
The boy awakened, and stretched out his arms  
With a bright smile. She lifted him, and turned,  
And saw me standing near, and tenderness  
And sunny smile, and love's pure gracefulness  
Were gone. Her brow was dark and full of woe,  
Her footsteps tottering with well-feigned disease.  
She stood a houseless, worthless vagrant there,  
With outstretched hand, and whine, and studied tale  
Upon her lips. I turned away from her,  
And yet returned and gave her a small boon  
Even for the touch of womanhood that still  
Could live unscathed 'midst such a wilderness  
Of sin and sorrow as the gipsy's lot.  
*Liverpool, England.*

Original.  
LYING IN STATE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"*Sub tegmini fag, I'*"—I fag in the shadow.—VIRGIL.

AMONG all the different kinds of lying, for which our friends over sea are so greatly distinguished, there is none more characteristic, than that of *lying in state*. Although it is a part of education there, to lie gracefully and plausibly; although men are bred to it from their youth up—making a profession of it, as in law, in politics, in business, and in literature; and although most persons lie, now on this side and now on that, and not unfrequently on both sides, within the course of a single hour, as among the auctioneers, the old bachelors, the horse-dealers, the hack-writers, and attorneys; these, after all, are but plebeian accomplishments compared with those of the upper ranks, who are allowed to lie in state. From the lowliest of those who hawk patent medicines, Warren's blacking, or Hunt's roasted coffee about the streets, or chalk advertisements on the garden walls, in letters three feet high, for thirty miles out of London—up to the reporters of Parliamentary speeches, and the getters-up of British Travellers in America; there is nothing to be compared with the dignity and importance of what they call lying in state. Liars by trade, though they are—lying on paper, and lying off—all their lives a lie—their death a lie, and their very epitaphs a lie, there are multitudes of the great, who reserve themselves to the last, when the breath is out of their bodies, for lying the whole world out of countenance; and this they call *lying in state*.

Go to Bartlemy fair, and circulate awhile among the booths; and then take up a newspaper, an English History, or a book about any other people on the face of the earth, and judge for yourself. "Here's a wild Indian! here's a North American! white Indians, all alive! a penny a-piece, all alive! Two white Indian boys, from St. Kitts—one a Circassian! Walk in, gentlemen! walk in! Here's the Spanish sisters, and the Chinese lady, with silver hair! penny a-piece, gentlemen, all alive! Walk in ladies, walk in!" What are all these but humbler imitations of "*Just published*, a new work, by the author of little King Pepin, Jacob Faithful, Miss Martineau's Notions of America, or Jack, the giant-killer! *In the press*, a new novel! astonishing production!—eloquence! poetry!—passion!—truth!—graphic delineations! and characters from fashionable life, with a key!—Here's a poem of three and twenty lines, by the Right Honorable the Marchioness of Cock-a-doodle-do; supposed to be founded on a recent transaction at Timbuctoo, and to refer to the well known A, B, C,—X, Y, Z, & J."—And again, why not acknowledge, that the fellow who stands on the platform of a travelling menagerie, about the size of a baggage wagon, with the portrait of a white bear on one side, which he calls a catamount, and a pair of elk's horns on the other, which he is ready to swear, grew on his grandmother's cow—shouting at the top of his voice to all that come near, "Walk in ladies! walk in! here they are!—live mermaids, white elephants, and whales a hundred and fifty feet long! Here they are!—

Here's a lion worth having!—big as a cart-horse—mouth like a turnpike gate—every tooth like a mile-stone—every hair as big as a broomstick! etc. etc." Why not acknowledge this fellow to be just as respectable in his way, and full as trust-worthy, as ninety nine hundredths of the Trollopes, Fidlers, and Fearons, and Aahs, and Kembles, and Marryats, and Hamiltons, and Martineaus, who run about the world, hawking their wares after a similar fashion, with just about as much regard for the truth?

You may tell us, to be sure, that we take things too seriously: that among a people, where lying is but another name for adroitness, genius and thriftiness—where none but fools, madmen and children are ever supposed to speak the truth—where even the state papers and histories are lies, to say nothing of the caricatures, the sea-songs, the police reports, the parliamentary speeches, the novels, the poems, and the newspapers—but different names, after all, for the same thing, or different preparations of that which the people of England are fed with, from the cradle to the grave: that where the countenances of men, their looks, their tones, their whole intercourse with one another, are a lie, that we are to be pitied for expecting the truth, under any circumstances, even upon the threshold of another world: that, in a country and among a people, where, to speak the truth is looked upon as unequivocal evidence, not of simplicity only, but of a neglected education and a want of acquaintance with the usages of society; where to be frank and open, to talk as you think, and to think as you talk, is to be *ungentel*; when to be natural and true, is to be ill-bred; where the tone must be subdued, the step qualified, the countenance forged, the heart quelled, the whole bearing of a man cast off, and the whole nature of a woman changed, or they are looked upon as little better than barbarians—nobody is fool enough to put faith in any thing he sees or hears, however solemnly published or pompously authenticated; and that in point of fact, nobody is deceived even by that loftiest of all manifestations, which we have chosen to regard as a national pastime, the lying in state. And what then? Does that change the character of the transaction, or help that of the people?

A monarch, or a prince, nay, even a peer, has but to give up the ghost, in purple and fine linen—to stretch himself out, after a profligate and shameless life, and a brutal death, amid the gorgeous blazonry of rank, and let himself be seen of the multitude, with sconces and wax lights about him, and cumbersome drapery darkened with the shadow of Death—and mutes and muffled hangings, and pictures and looking-glasses, turned to the wall; and hearses and plumes, and all the pomp of heraldry; he has but to lie stiff and stark within the hollow of a vast chamber, like the nude effigies on the tombs of Westminster Abbey; to have all his doings on earth forgotten and forgiven; his virtues abundantly magnified, and all his vices buried, for a month or so, and himself canonized until the next change of the moon—in other words, he has but to *lie in state*, after death; and the ten thousand times ten thousand, who may have cursed and hated him while he lived, are all agog with admiration, and overflowing with charity.



But, then, he must lie like a prince. There must be no paltriness, no shabbiness in the arrangements, or the people have no sympathy with him; and his brethren, who have held themselves aloof, while star after star was dropping from his coronet, will be sure to pass by on the other side.

Take an example; and that we may not be charged with hatred of royalty, let us have nothing to do with that household of princes, who have gone down to their graves, one after another, from the throne of the British Empire, with such frightful unexpectedness, within the last fifteen or twenty years. Let us betake ourselves to one, who for a season was what may be truly called, a man of the world—the foremost man of all the world in fact, after the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. For many years he stood like a pyramid among the monuments of a buried nation. The past, the present, and the future did homage to him. The greatest of earth stood fixed and motionless in the worship—like so many sculptured sovereigns about his rocky pedestal. He overtopped the mightiest—he overshadowed the most glorious, even as Napoleon Bonaparte himself, overtopped and overshadowed the towering sovereignties of earth, when kings thronged his anti-chamber, and nations prostrated themselves in his path. Well—he died. And when he was dead and gone; dead as a door-nail, his worshippers waked up, and beginning to rub their eyes and look about them, found out that he was only George Gordon—Lord Byron, after all. And so they washed themselves, one by one, of his iniquities; and picked up the crumbs, which they had been casting at his feet, and gathering their robes about them, and clearing their skirts from the dust of the retiring multitude, they marched off with a regenerated look, a haughty step, and a Scotch bag-pipe droning in their ears—wondering as they went, how they could have been so much mistaken.

Yes, he died—died just when the great and good public had come to the knowledge that he was poor; that after abusing Walter Scott for making poetry to order, at half a crown a line, he had been obliged to make poetry, himself, for about the same price;—to abandon the immutabilities, and wreaths, and crowns of inextinguishable fire, and a harp that thundered like a tempest among the mountains—for pounds shillings and pence, and the echoes of Albermarle Street; nay, worse—much worse—that he had already begun to write for nothing—and for a *newspaper*! and that Murray had been obliged to cast him off. Poor Byron!—poor, dear Byron! Well, and so, although he had been their idol so long as he wrote mysteriously and afar off, without the inspiration of “half a crown a line;” and while they, in their hearts, believed him to be one of the greatest scoundrels on earth, and the original of every cut-throat he had painted; and although he had now the reputation of being, at least, an altered man, having forsworn poetry, and devoted himself to the war that Greece had been waging, as with lighted thunderbolts, against the “gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire,” that were mustered along her borders—yet, the moment he was dead—the moment it was all over with him, and it was known that he died poor, and that his heart had been bequeathed to his country—the “altar

and the god sank together in the dust!” And although he *lay in state*—few, indeed; were they “so poor to do him reverence.”

A motley crowd—just such as you may see at the opening of parliament, by the Lord Chancellor in person, being furnished with tickets, poured into the house day after day, and being informed by the chief personage in attendance, that “his *lordship had been saluted down two days before*,” walked round the chamber where he lay, flourished their pocket handkerchiefs, examined the furniture, lifted the bangings (rather unluckily in one case; for a friend of mine assured me that he saw, with his own eyes, one of the mourners lunching there, with a pile of bread and cheese before him, and a pot of beer,) let them fall in a hurry—walked out, dropped the shilling or the half-crown, as the case might be, and returned to their homes, all the better for having wiped off a long score—discharged a solemn duty without much loss of time, and got their money’s worth; and not a few, perhaps, to look into Lara, Beppo, Don Juan or Childe Harold, for the first time. Was not this lying in state—and lying to some purpose?

The body—or, as the newspapers had it—his *Lordship* lay in Sir Edward Knatchbull, M. P., in George Street. There was rather a pressure for two or three days. But of the many that I saw, by far the greater number appeared to be quite as much taken with the furniture, the crimson and gold drapery, the coronet lying upon the coffin—the room hung with black, and the candles burning dimly enough—as with the presence itself, and the awful inscription upon the urn, which held the heart, brains, etc. Some wondered at the plainness of the show—some at the tawdry coronet and escutcheons—which, sooth to say, were strangely of a piece with the counterfeit melo-dramatic representations at a trumpery theatre. Others were greatly moved that he should have come into the world in January, 1788; and there were two or three ugly women, evidently crying for effect. They were all of a size—hideously alike, with red noses and goggle eyes. They made a business of it; walking about like a family of old maids gone to seed, and sopping their faces with their handkerchiefs, like so many hired mourners. Perhaps they were a part of the “*performance*”—furnished mourners in a country where such things are done by the job, and the sign of a regular undertaker is—“*Funerals performed here*.” Why not—“*Funerals perpetrated here*?”

Judging by the funeral that followed, the latter were a much more suitable sign. There were mutes, and two or three—I forget how many—shabby pages—Oliver Twistish looking boys, chartered by the lump; a small procession a-foot; an old grey-headed man with a white wig, bearing a coronet on a crimson velvet cushion; a stately black charger richly caparisoned—mourning-coaches with six horses each, a very few private carriages, and half a score of empty hacks. And this was the end of George Gordon—Lord Byron! this! in the very heart of the British Empire! in the very midst of millions, who had looked upon him, but a little time before, as the glory of their age, and the pride of their country!

What was their homage in his hour of meridian strength? A lie! What—when he lay outstretched for exhibition, to which the multitude gathered as to the Lord mayor's show? Another. And what was the procession that followed him on the way to his long home? What but another and more shameful one—the reproach whereof, ought to abide, and will abide, for ever and ever, upon the false-hearted nation that forsook him in a body, even upon the bed of death, and on his way to the grave—upon the whole troop of his brother bards who turned their backs upon him the moment they were able to do so with safety. Oh, shame! shame! that these should be numbered among the national pastimes of old England!

Original.

### THE SNOW-DROP.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

ERE the scowl of winter dies,  
Ere golden cloudlets throng the skies,  
Ere the brook has burst its chains,  
Ere the snow-shroud leaves the plains,  
Little flowret, thou art seen,  
In thy robes of emerald green—  
Waving in the bitter storm  
Thy snowy sweets of tassell'd form.  
When through the gloom of winter's sky,  
The morning peeps with cheerless eye;  
Thou, white gem, art first to greet  
His glance upon thy bosom sweet;—  
Harbinger of life thou art,  
Type of Nature's teeming heart!  
Thou com'st through storm to seek the smiles  
Of sunny skies and sunny isles;—  
And wave thy white flag o'er the earth,  
Nursling of Spring and Summer birth!  
Elves that love the moon and stars,  
Form of thee their tiny cars,  
At thy sight, the Robin red,  
Quits his eave-thatch'd winter bed;  
Sings to thee his matin lay,  
Thinks again of summer's day.  
E'en the bee that haps to roam,  
From his honey-treasured home,  
Lured by stray beam of the sky,  
Casts on thee his drowsy eye;  
And lighting on thy silver lip,  
Essays his draught of sweets to sip.  
Little flowret, beauteous gem,  
Pearl of summer's diadem!  
Virgin of the young born year,  
Spring's first, limpid, joyous tear!  
Type of man in childhood's hour—  
Fare-thee-well! sweet modest flower;  
Haply ere the summer's sun,  
Has his course of glory run;  
Friends that now around me stand,  
May have sought the spirit land,  
And I too, in the dark grave rest  
While thou dost bloom above my breast.

Original.

### A VALEDICTION.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

OLD Time steals on :  
Hairs silvery white, are mingling with the brown,  
And heavy burdens weigh my spirit down ;  
And they are gone—  
The fresh, young joys that were for ever springing,  
And flown the birds, that were for ever singing.

Still to my love,  
My earliest, fondest, though my lost, I turn,  
Like one who weeps above a funeral urn ;  
And, like a dove,  
Plaining for his sweet mate, alone I grieve,  
'Mid the deep shadows of this starry eve.

Where is my home?  
O'er the wide world, like an autumnal leaf,  
I'm tossed and driven by the wind of grief;  
I would not roam—  
And yet for me there is no household spot,  
Where in new joys, past memories are forgot.

This deep midnight,  
This holy hush, this undisturbed repose;  
Or yon large star, that in the zenith glows,  
Brings no delight;  
For thus of yore, its beams were wont to shine,  
When thy dear eyes were upward turned to mine.

Another now  
Lists to the music of thy low, soft tone,  
Another folds thee to his heart alone;  
And that fair brow,  
That sunny cheek, which I so purely pressed,  
Another's lips in passion have caressed.

Avails it not,  
That I should sorrow, that my dreams should be  
Filled with bright angels, who resemble thee ;  
For I must blot  
Thine image from my soul, and dash away,  
The golden colors of my love's young day.

Ever, farewell!  
Bend thou and listen to my latest word,  
And let the fountains of thy heart be stirred,  
While my sad abell,  
Breathes its faint murmurs; for they must recall,  
When, as thou wast to me, I was thine all.

On many a shrine,  
I've cast the offerings of a careless hour,  
Since from my heart I plucked its deathless flower,  
And made it thine;  
But gave, I worship deep, and pure, and true—  
To her alone, who feels this last adieu!

Original.  
THE FAT COCKNEY.

A STEAMBOAT ADVENTURE.

BY H. F. HARRINGTON.

I WAS bound for New-York from Boston; and it was of a Friday afternoon, in the month of March, that I took the steamer at Providence. The day had been chilly and blustering, with the wind due east—chilly, so as to pierce, like needles, to the very vitals—while the ‘mackerel’-clouds that had been gathering over the sky, portended, with an almost absolute certainty, the near approach of one of those driving and blue-devil storms, in which no quarter of the world can proclaim itself New-England’s counterpart. Even as I stepped on board—shivering, and buttoning my over-coat close about me, the big drops of rain and sleet dashed against my face, and chequered the deck.

Being a man of curiosity, and unwilling to burrow, like the hundreds of other passengers who were on board, in the close cabin, I stationed myself to the leeward of one of the smoke-pipes on the upper deck, that I might derive some consolation from its genial warmth, and lifting my umbrella—although the wind threatened, every moment, to tear it from my grasp, or rend it piece meal, for my temerity in braving its fury—I busied myself in noting the process of casting loose and getting under way. The big bell tolled—the voice of the mate echoed “All ashore!” the little bell of the engineer tinkled, and the wheels splashed in the water, while the huge bulk of the steamer yielded to their force, and moved majestically along the pier. Just then, a carriage which I had noticed and heard whirling and creaking along the road by the water side, with the horses at full speed, was halted at the head of the pier—the door was hastily opened—and a tall, burly man, with a very protuberant abdomen, and little eyes, half hidden by his cheeks, bundled himself out, and ran down the pier fast as his legs could carry him, screaming as he came, in a soft voice, singularly inconsistent with his size,

“Ere, you cap’n! ‘Old hon! ‘Old hon! ‘Ere’s a passenger vot’s left! ‘Old hon! ‘old hon! Oh, my, it’s too late!”

If the officers of steamboats were accustomed to stop their engines for every laggard who would get on board, they would never leave the wharf. Our captain, in the present instance, enconced in the wheel-house, into which, notwithstanding that the windows were all up, and the now fast falling rain pattered merrily against them, the voice of the petitioner penetrated, only turned his face towards him, and unmoved by his imploring accents, gave no command to stop. But the few porters and coachmen on the wharf, were more considerate—whether through a perception that here was rich game for a joke, or through real pity of the mischance of the anxious cockney, I cannot determine. Whispering a moment with each other, they sprung towards him, and without explanation, or so much as “By your leave,” seized him by his arms and legs, overturned him to a horizontal position, hurried him to the corner of the pier, round which the boat was swaying, and after two or

three preliminary swings, backward and forward, to obtain a sufficient impetus, while others threw in his luggage, let him go—to land wherever his good or evil fortune might dispose of him. As good luck would have it, the tide was very low, and the deck on which I stood, nearly on a level with the pier. The cockney struck fair and plump beside the wheel-house very near me, and, in his horror and amazement, would have floundered into the water, from the inclining as well as wet and slippery deck, had I not sprung to him and afforded him assistance.

I got him shortly to his feet, though I lost my umbrella in the effort; for the wind that had been striving with me so long, took advantage of my humanity, and while I was engrossed by my good offices, struck it from my hand, and launched it in the water, an eighth of a mile distant, whirling it over and over in its triumph. In spite of this misfortune, I could scarcely restrain my laughter at his ridiculous appearance. The dirt upon the deck had, of course, adhered to, and the water saturated every part of him that had come in contact with it, which included every prominent portion of his system, and his hat, which had come violently in collision with a beam, was ludicrously curtailed of its fair proportions by the condensing jam.

“Vell, hif this ‘ere hisn’t,” said he, dolefully, lifting either arm successively, and surveying himself before and behind—“‘Ows’ever, I’m werry much hobleeed to ye, for ‘elpin’ me, mister. Oh, my, ‘ow it pours! I’m werry vet, and I’ll ‘urry below. Oh, my, vot a state I am hin!”

Some servants of the boat had, by this time, removed his luggage to place it under shelter, and I followed him into the cabin, wherein a bright Lehigh fire, in a tall Nott’s stove, communicated a gratifying warmth to my half torpid frame. My cockney friend speedily disappeared behind the berth-curtains with a travelling-bag, and joined me after a short time, with his sorry appearance materially renovated.

“Hare you werry sure this ‘ere cap’n’s a careful man?” he asked, as we seated ourselves by a table in conversation. “I ‘as a mortal ‘orror o’ these ‘ere steam wessels; acause the cap’in’s him this ‘ere country is so werry wenterosome.”

I assured him that he had no cause of fear, and all went well until we reached Newport, where it had been concluded by the officers to lie, at least until after midnight, as the storm was too violent to excuse a venture round Point Judith. The thundering sound which accompanies the blowing off of the steam, made our cockney start to his feet and turn wofully pale, as he faintly gasped, “Oh, my, vot’s to pay now? Isn’t ve blowin’ hup?” and justified his previous admission of the fear which he entertained. My explanations calmed his perturbation, and we re-commenced our conversation, which lasted until bed-time; in the course of which, I learned that his name was John Todsley, of the Strand, London, haberdasher; on a tour of pleasure in the United States.

Bidding him adieu for the night, I “turned in” to my berth, which was in the middle range, and directly

abreast of the stove. After an examination of his number, and a search among the berths, my friend Todsley found his two-and-a-half-by-six receptacle to be directly beneath my own. With a remark, intended to be very facetious, upon the fates which brought us together, he divested himself of his coat only, donned a white night-cap, and clumsily laid himself down. He was not destined, however, to obtain repose so easily. A moment or two brought the steward and a brace of servants to his side.

"Hello, my friend," cried the steward, "you must rouse out!"

"Vy, vot's to pay?" cried Todsley, thrusting the night-cap out of the berth with his head in it.

"Come out, and I'll tell ye," replied the steward.

"Vell now, this 'ere's werry hunreasonable conduct, sir, to disturb a gemman harter 'e's laid down, hand give no hexplanation vot bit's for—werry, hindeed! I sha'nt do no such a thing, sir!" and thereupon, Todsley pulled in his night-cap, and placed his head on the pillow in extreme indignation.

At this, a servant held up to his vision, a framed placard, to the effect that "Gentlemen are requested not to get into their berths with their boots on."

"Look at this, and I guess you'll know what you must get out for," cried the steward.

Again the night-cap was protruded. "I've read that 'ere, sir, an' it haint nothin' to do vith me, hany 'ow, acause I vears shoes!" and Todsley thrust out one leg, to the extremity of which, covered, indeed, by a shoe, he appealed in proof of his exemption from the requisition of the placard. A laugh from the neighboring berths, which greeted his reply, somewhat vexed the steward, who seized the offending shoes, and pulled them off without consulting Mr. Todsley's views upon such summary conduct. Todsley offered no resistance, however, and contented himself, after the retirement of his tormentors, by muttering himself to sleep.

I was awakened, at what hour of the night, I know not, by the preparations for departure. The disturbing sounds had evidently alarmed Todsley, for a faint "Oh, my!" frequently issued from his berth, and now and then the white night-cap bobbed up, as its owner took a survey of the premises. The ringing of the bell and splash of the wheels, in starting, discomposed him sufficiently to make him leap to the floor, but finding all still in the cabin, he "turned in" again. There was no sleeping more. The increased rolling of the boat heralded our approach to the point; and finally, the guards were plunged in the water with every fierce wave, while the timbers creaked ominously. Todsley was evidently growing desperate with fear. The night-cap bobbed out and bobbed in again every two minutes, and I heard him talking to himself all the time; although I could not distinguish what he said. At length, a desperate lurch threw several sleepers from their berths, on the opposite side, and terrified all. I started up, and as I was about to descend to the floor, a second careening proved too violent for the gravity of the tall stove, which slid along some feet towards us, all glowing hot as it was, and then was falling directly upon us! Todsley had got well out, with

the exception of one leg; and with more self-possession than I should have given him credit for, he grasped the poker which lay by him, and thrusting it against the stove, using his leg for a brace, upheld it by main force. Then his terror found free vent.

"Illo, 'ere! 'Elp! 'elp! Vy doesn't ye come? Ve're burnin' hup! 'Elp! 'elp!"

The rolling of the boat after the wave had passed, restored the stove to a perpendicular position, and Todsley, dropping the poker, grasped his coat and shoes, and hastened to a securer situation, which example I was by no means negligent to imitate. Hurrying on my clothes, I ascended to the deck, where all who were not prostrate with sickness, had congregated. It appeared that the boat had broached round into the trough of the sea, and that our danger had been imminent. The aspect of the waters was terrible to look upon, and while I gazed in awe and admiration on the huge and white-crested waves, a shaking hand was laid upon my arm. I turned, and lo! there was Todsley, livid, and quaking with horror, the white night-cap, which he had forgotten to dislodge, still surmounting his globular cranium.

"Ve is lost now!" he cried, in a hardly audible voice, half interrogatory, half exclamatory. I could not offer him much consolation, for my own fears were excited; and shortly after, descended to the cabin. Todsley followed, and through the remainder of the night, adhered to my side with almost childish trust in my companionship. His misery was too intense to be any longer a source of amusement. He seemed, at times, to be devoting thoughts which he presumed to be last ones, to his distant friends, for I heard him, now and then, utter a name, with endearing epithets. Every frequent plunge of the guards, in the meantime, elicited an "Oh, my!" of agony, and sometimes a stifled sob.

Day dawned, and we were in smoother water, off Stonington, to which, the nearest harbor, our course had been directed for security. We lay therein until the afternoon, and then an attempt was made to resume our course. We braved the violence of wind and wave until into the night, but the courage of the officers became exhausted, as well as the stock of wood—forcing them to put about into New London, to reach which, required the consumption, as fire-wood, of every practicable article. We reached that port somewhat before daylight, on Sunday morning.

Sunrise brought a change of wind, and a cessation to the storm, and by nine o'clock, with a replenished stock of wood, we once more turned our prow New-York-ward. Todsley had all this time said very little. He showed the strongest symptoms of the continued possession of his faculties, when he discovered, on Saturday afternoon, some fifteen or twenty life-preservers strung upon a pole.

"Vots them 'ere," he asked, forgetting his anxiety in a spasm of curiosity. I explained to him the intent of those articles, so interesting to the drowning man. A smile of satisfaction lighted up his countenance at the information; and somewhat composed in mind at the propinquity of this resource in case of danger, he went to his berth, to refresh his nature, exhausted by long

watching and mental distress. The majority of the passengers, equally wearied, were sunk in the oblivion of sleep.

For myself, being acquainted with the Captain, I went to the wheel-house, and while engaged in conversation with him, a clergyman, a passenger, came to the door, and suggested that as there might be those on board who would be pleased to attend divine services, if they knew that a clergyman was among them, desired that notice might be given to that effect. The Captain readily complied, and gave orders to the steward, to arrange accordingly. I stood on the cabin stairs with him, as he merrily jingled his bell, and shouted "Divine services will now be attended in the saloon!" The effect of this announcement had not been anticipated. But this one idea seemed to possess all simultaneously, that we had sprang a leak, or burst the boiler, or that some mischance of equal devastation had occurred, and that these divine services were in the light of "extreme unction"—prayers that Heaven would have mercy on their souls, halting on the verge of eternity! The words had no sooner left the steward's mouth, than from every berth jumped a miserable wretch, and without a thought of his lack of attire, in his extremity of fear, rushed amid shrieks and yells, to the stairs. I instantly appreciated the terrible error, and escaped to the deck; but the poor steward, dumb and riveted to the spot with amazement, was knocked over and trampled upon by the eager throng. Attaining the deck, some ran wildly to and fro; while others, possessing a degree of self-possession, dashed into the ladies' cabin, shouting aloud the name of wife, sister, or child. The alarm was thus communicated to the females, of whom there were a goodly number, and who, rendered equally careless in the abandonment of fear, poured out upon the deck in night attire, their countenances blanched with affright. I was too much disconcerted for a time, by the general phrenzy, to explain matters; and when I recovered myself, and was about to speak to those around me, a sight struck upon my eyes, that made me laugh outright. There was Todaley, with every one of the fifteen or twenty life-preservers girded about him, and not a solitary one of them inflated, skulking in a corner for fear of being seen and robbed of his treasures. But his precaution was vain. The negro wench, who officiated as chamber-maid, and who was of enormous bulk, espied him, and darting upon him, commenced a direful struggle. Encumbered with the life-preservers, Todaley could not offer effectual resistance, and soon measured his length upon the deck, the negress falling plump upon him. There they lay, rolling over and over in the continued conflict, Todaley holding fast upon his possessions and kicking and thumping, while the black pulled, scratched and tore.

The smiling faces, and explanatory words of the crew and myself, who now mingled with the half-naked crowd, gradually brought them to their senses; and as they severally detected their semi-nudity, and the peculiar intermingling of the sexes, males and females retreated blushing to their cabins. I could not persuade Todaley to divest himself of his life-preservers under half an hour. It was all irresistibly ludicrous.

I know not what has become of Todaley. Perhaps he has safely regained his native land, and is now pursuing his vocation, exulting over his "air-breadth 'scapes, and 'orrid ventures." Wherever he is, success to him, for the remembrance of him has been to me a never-ending fund of amusement.

Original.  
THE STAR.

—  
BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"What thou wast, my fancy made thee,  
What thou art, I know too late."—BYRON.

A STAR is beaming through that cloud,  
That dark and gloomy cloud,  
Like a good heart that yieldeth not,  
When sorrows nearest crowd.  
Its soft and mellow radiance falls,  
Down to each leaf and flower,  
Which thy kind hand, my gentle friend,  
Has lavished on this bower.

There pale and all alone it shines,  
In the autumnal sky;  
A world, a paradise perchance,  
But still a mystery;  
And here in this my chosen rest,  
Through the lone, stillly night,  
I ponder with a thrill of awe,  
Upon that world of light.

When death shall come with icy grasp,  
As come full soon he will;  
When this full heart, with all its faults,  
Is lying cold and still;  
When the damp, green sod is over me,  
And friends forgetful are,  
Then wilt thou come, my gentle friend,  
And gaze upon that star?

Come with thy pure and holy thoughts,  
To this sweet place of flowers,  
And think of her whose home will be  
In the eternal bowers  
Of that pale star, which shineth out,  
So beautiful and lone,  
Like the radiance of a vestal's lamp,  
Above an altar-stone.

A prayer is stealing from my heart—  
A sad and mournful prayer—  
That when God calls my spirit hence,  
Its haven may be there,  
With tuneful birds, and leafy trees,  
And flowers of sunny birth,  
And those dear friends, my heart has loved  
So fervently on earth.

Deprived of these, that far, bright world  
Would be no place of bliss.  
My heart would turn with lingering love  
To those it left in this.

## Original.

## TO AN ELM.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

BRAVELY thy old arms fling  
Their countless pennons to the fields of air,  
And like a sylvan king,  
Their panoply of green still proudly wear.

As some rude tower of old,  
Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,  
With limbs of giant mould,  
To battle sternly with the winter storm.

In Nature's mighty fane,  
Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky;  
How long the pilgrim train,  
That with a benison have passed thee by!

Lone patriarch of the wood!  
Like a true spirit thou doth freely rise,  
Of fresh and dauntless mood,  
Spreading thy branches to the open skies.

The locust knows thee well,  
And when the summer days his notes prolong,  
Hid in some leafy cell,  
Pours from thy world of leaves his drowsy song.

Oft on a morn in spring,  
The yellow-bird will seek thy waving spray,  
And there securely swing,  
To whet his beak, and breathe his jocund lay.

How bursts thy monarch wail,  
When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life,  
And bared to meet the gale,  
Wave thy old branches eager for the strife!

The sunset often weaves  
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendor rare,  
While the fresh-murmuring leaves  
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green  
To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free,  
Gay youth and age serene,  
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

Oh, hither should we roam,  
To hear Truth's herald in the lofty shade,  
Beneath thy emerald dome  
Might Freedom's champion fitly draw his blade.

With blessings at thy feet,  
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest,  
Thy verdant, calm retreat,  
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

When at the twilight hour,  
Plays through thy tressil crown, the sun's last gleam,  
Under thy ancient bower  
The school-boy comes to sport, the bard to dream.

And when the moonbeams fall  
Through thy broad canopy upon the grass,  
Making a fairy hall,  
As o'er the sward the fitting shadows pass.

Then lovers haste to thee,  
With hearts that tremble like that shifting light,  
To them, oh, brave old tree,  
Thou art joy's shrine—a temple of delight!

## Original.

## LINES TO A PRAIRIE LARK.

SWEET bird! thou'rt first to sip the early dew,  
And carol forth thy grateful morning song;  
Who taught thee this short lesson, all so true?  
"Rise, breathe the dewy air, and life prolong."  
Ah! instinct hath the precious truth instill'd,  
With more than human vigor thou art fill'd.

Did instinct teach thee, too, sweet singing one,  
To come and cheer the stranger's lonely hours—  
And breathe a hearty welcome in thy tone,  
Of friendly greeting to thy home of flowers?  
Oh! never, then, depart—let thy sweet song  
Still warble on my ear—it cannot trill too long.

Yes, daily light upon my cottage roof,  
And I will rouse me from my reverie,  
And feel that e'en thy lonely song's a proof  
This world is not all desolate to me.  
Oh! never, gentle one, breathe in my ear  
Thy farewell note—a tale too sad to hear.

S. D. G.

## Original.

## SONNET.—DEMOCRACY.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

DEMOCRACY! a word to cheat the mass,  
Beneath its banners thousands congregate,  
Deceiving and deceived, and then they pass,  
While mingling man to man and mate to mate,  
To league and strengthen in a foolish hate,  
To blast the purity and worth they see,  
The fair palladium of true liberty,  
The actions of the true, and good and great.  
Why will not men such loathsome cheats abate,  
And view things as they are? Democracy  
Is but the soul of goodness, constantly  
The firm Protector of a Nation's fate;  
Yet artful men will steal its winning name,  
Which Anarchy receives to hide its shame,

## COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME.

## BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY EDWIN RANSFORD.

**MODERATO.**

*sf* *sf* **FINE.**

Oh! come, my love, the moon shines bright A-cross yon rippling sea; Come, let thy heart be

*p*

gay and light, And has-ten, love, wi' me: 'Tis mony a night sin' first we met Be-

neath the greenwood tree; Then let thy heart be lighter yet, Come, gang a - wa' wi'

me! 'Tis mony a night sin' first we met Be - neath the greenwood

tree: Then let thy heart be lighter yet, Come, gang a - wa' wi' me.

SECOND VERSE.

Oh! tarry not, my only love,  
 I've pledged myself to thee;  
 And by yon stars that shine above,  
 For ever thine I'll be!  
 'Tis mony a night sin' first we met,  
 Beneath the greenwood tree;  
 Then say, ere yonder stars are set,  
 Thou'lt gang awa' wi' me!  
 'Tis mony a night, &c

THIRD VERSE.

Thy features are so fair, my love,  
 Thy mind is ever free;  
 Oh! let thy willing heart still prove  
 The love thou bear'st to me:  
 'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
 Beneath the greenwood tree;  
 Then say, ere yonder stars are set  
 I'll gang awa' wi' ye!  
 'Tis mony a night, &c.



Original.

THE SONG OF HEZEKIAH, THE YANKEE.  
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FARCE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

LADY! where the sunset glows,  
With the diamond's splendor,  
And the forest-foliage shows,  
Hues as rich and tender.

Where the cataract thunders down,  
An embodied storm, love,  
Where the mountain's heaven-kissed crown,  
Woes the sunlight warm, love.

Where the giant river laves,  
Broad and fair savannahs,  
Where the proud magnolia waves  
Wide its snowy banners.

Where the steam-boat hisses by,  
Like a streak o' lightning—  
And the golden pumpkins lie,  
In the sunshine bright'ning.

There I'd bear my southern flower,  
Nothing I'd deny her,  
Say thou'lt bless my mountain bower,  
Bride of Hezekiah!

Original.

## THE LAST GREEN LEAF.

BY HORATIO GATES.

THE last green leaf is trembling on the topmost forest bough,  
The verdant pride that by its side once grew, where is it now?  
The thousand buds that put them forth, to twinkle in the sun,  
Are all bereft, and none is left, save this unfaded one;  
And fluttering on the frosty breath of autumn's coldest breeze,  
It hangs alone, and adds its moan to the sighings of the trees.

Day after day has snatched away its mates from every stem,  
And while they wrestle in the path, this leaf addresseth them:  
"I was the first green one that burst the tender bud of May—  
I am the last to face the blast of autumn's frosty day;  
Why may I not enjoy the lot of those who early fell,  
And now repose beneath the boughs, where they all slept so  
well?"

"I do not sigh that none but I now meet the wintry blast;  
I do not sicken that my mates have dropt so soon—so fast:  
Their share was less of bitterness, that they so early died;  
And fain would I have followed when they vanished from my  
side;  
But even the frost, it seems, hath lost its power to set me free,  
And I alone am left to moan—the last leaf of the tree.

"If but one leaf could share my grief, as one has shared my  
pride,  
One, like the bright and tender one that sprang up by my side;  
If he was here who was so near in all my spring of joy,  
I would not bow my head as now that frost cannot destroy;  
But kinder fate hath chilled my mate with coldness beyond  
grief,  
And I alone am left to moan, the Autumn's last green leaf!"  
Buffalo, 1839.

Original.

## LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

WHERE is the eye that hath not gladly gazed,  
In proud delight on thee, most "peerless boy!"  
Where the young mother but, with heart upraised,  
Hath prayed that she might share *thy* mother's joy,  
And in the features of her offspring trace,  
Some distant semblance of thy lovelier face?

For not alone doth beauty triumph here,  
Or the high bearing of ennobled blood;  
No! it commingles all that can endear  
Young innocence and virtue to the good,  
With that deep-seated thought—that manly mind,  
Where Intellect and Genius are enshrined.

All, *all* are vanished! unrelenting Death,  
Still dost thou haste to blight the fairest flower;  
As if the glowing tint, the perfumed breath,  
The boon of Nature in her kindest dower,  
Were given to expedite the hour of doom,  
And for the worthiest ope the earliest tomb.

Lamented youth! whose pictured form hath drawn,  
Unconscious tear-drops from a stranger's eye,  
Though quenched the glory of thy splendid dawn,  
Though admiration heralds grief's warm sigh.  
Yes, long shall memory hold thee as a spell,  
On which to linger, mourn, and fondly dwell.

It may not be e'en sympathy should press  
Too near that sacred fount, thy parent's woe;  
Yet who but feels their exquisite distress,  
That marks thy open mien, thy lofty brow?  
And what can rank, fame, wealth and power impart,  
To soothe the pangs of a bereaved heart.

Enough to know "thou wert, and wert most dear;"  
To Faith and Hope alone, the power is given,  
To stem the anguish of this blow severe,  
And lead the sufferers to consoling heaven;  
Where love, the *tenderest* love will learn to see  
Earth's brightest joys are well exchanged to *thee*.  
London, England, 1839.

Original.

## SONNET.—LIBERTY.

THE name of tyrant, is a spell to raise  
Within the soul a lightning, which will dart  
Swift upward to the patriot's eye and blaze,  
A fire upon the altar of the heart!  
And then the crowd will bow—be worshippers,  
Make vows to strive and live for liberty,  
And while along their maddened pulses stir,  
Thy joy, oh, Freedom! they will all be free;  
But when the altar-fire is quenched, they sink,  
They lose of liberty the very hope,  
And, falling down, they slide unto the brink  
Of dooming sloth, and never heed the slope  
On which they hasten to the slimy sea,  
Where perishes at once, the breath of liberty.

I. C. F.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

**MORTON'S HOPE:** *Harper & Brothers.*—This work of fiction—for we know not what distinctive term to bestow upon it, since it is neither a novel nor a romance, but an autobiography, after the style of Vivian Gray—was first published in London, and received much praise, but not more than it deserved. The author is a man of undoubted genius, and that of no common order; his style is vigorous, though peculiar, his thoughts often original and brilliant, his sketches of character strongly marked, while he possesses, at the same time, a great degree of genuine humor. The title of the work is derived from the nondescript seat of Joshua Morton, the uncle of the hero, some ten miles from Boston, and the opening scene laid at a period a short time anterior to the Revolution. At the "Hope," and in its vicinity, the reader is made acquainted with several personages, and when he is becoming somewhat interested in their fortunes, the locale of the narrative suddenly changes to Germany; and a large portion of the succeeding pages is devoted to a description of the vagaries of students in the universities of that country. Again, the scene jumps to America, to the camp of the Americans, at Stillwater, previous to the battle of Saratoga. The anti-Germanic chapters are respectable—the post-Germanic, a comparative failure—having no legitimate connection with what precedes, and not so happy in any respect. It is in the Germanic portion that the great merit of the work is concentrated. These chapters are certainly admirable, and intensely interesting. The style, as we have said, is peculiar. Its distinguishing characteristic, is a division into minute sentences, which, while in animated description it is a merit, in calm narration, is a fault; destroying all repose, where repose is most desirable. But it is a grand foundation to improve upon. There is a faint glimmering of a plot; that is, the first and last portions are brought together, but it is badly managed, and is accomplished by unnecessary improbabilities; and had the author been contented with the Germanic portion alone, altogether distinct, as it is, from the rest, and offered himself to criticism in a single volume, although it had been a less ambitious entree, he would have produced a more powerful effect; but as it is, he has given evidence of powers of a superior order, and seated himself, at once, in the ranks of fame.

**THE COURTIER:** *Harper & Brothers.*—"The Courtier" is the largest of several tales by Mrs. Gore, which the volumes contain. They are all well written, and interesting, some peculiarly so. Mrs. Gore is never guilty of any thing outré in style or thought, and rarely renders herself the mark for severe criticism. "The Courtier," which, on the whole, is the best tale, as it is the longest, is somewhat tedious and rambling in the first part, but is delightful when the pith of the plot is entered upon. The loose morals and thoughtless gaiety of the Court of Charles II. are strikingly displayed, and with such truthfulness, as to combine storing instruction with amusement. More vivid impressions of days of old may be obtained from a spirited tale than from huge tomes of history.

**WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS:** *By Frances S. Osgood: Weeks, Jordan & Co.*—A volume of the splendid London edition of the poems of this lady, whom we have the gratification of announcing to our readers, in our present number, as a future associate with us in the editorial department of our magazine, lies on our table. Mrs. Osgood accompanied her husband to London, in the autumn of 1835, whither he went for a broader field of exercise to the powers essential to his profession, than can be afforded by the collections of pictorial art in our own land. She had been well appreciated in her own country, before her departure, as a poetess, whose numbers were the unfettered effusions of true inspiration, guided by a heart all love and kindness. But it was reserved for the kindred minds who greeted her in her new home in a strange land, to give full and just credit to her powers. With scarce a friend to mingle sympathies with her, on her arrival at the great metropolis of the world, the publication of two or three pieces, in various magazines, called to her side many of the advanced guard

of literature, eager to take her by the hand and pioneer her way to the victory her merit was deserving to achieve. We find her soon in intimacy with such as Rogers, Campbell, Knowles and others in the van of poetic literature in England; and under the editorial supervision of Rev. Hobart Caunter, her works were collected and published with marked success. Anticipating an early return to America, she caused an extra edition to be prepared for this country, which has been issued by Weeks, Jordan & Co., of Boston, and is now for sale at the bookstores.

A tragedy named "Elfrida," occupies the first third of the volume. This play is founded on a historical fact, adhering, in its general features, to the truth of the occurrence. It contains many passages of superior beauty, in no portion, however, comparing with some of the authoress' less pretending efforts; and, as a whole, it must be pronounced an unfair criterion of her abilities. It lacks, to a degree, unity and compactness of design—individuality of character, and is abrupt in climax, especially in the denouement. We do not wonder at the comparative failure of our authoress in this department of literature. Had she added lustre, by it, to her crowning wreath, she had been inconsistent with herself, and the most enticing charms of her muse. The prominent and excellent characteristics of her pen, are softness, delicacy, gentleness, smoothness and feeling; and when such artists attempt to portray the fierceness and wild madness of the passions—harsh, discordant, repulsive as they are, will not—must not the colors lack in natural intensity, and the rugged truth be softened from its asperity? Can the lamb imitate the roar of the lion? Can Love portray the startling fierceness of Revenge?

Mrs. Osgood's excellence is the unfettered outgushing of inborn genius. The conception and the execution are alike impulsive. Her flowers are dyed in no artificial hues, but are adorned with the garb of nature. She cannot bow to art; and hence a fault, a carelessness, at times observable—not of thought so much as of expression and of metre—for her thoughts and fancies are singularly apt and original. We regret the omission of rigid correction, in this respect; and also that the selection for publication had not excluded some of the pieces in the volume, as not of sufficient merit to add to the reputation of the authoress; which, since fame depends on quality, not quantity, should be the measure of fitness. We are proud, however, to declare that there are many jewels from the pure diamond-mine of poetry. One star more is added to the constellation of American poetesses, and that of the first magnitude; shining with no hazy light, but bright and lustrous in the heaven of American literature. Of the hundred, thirty-six pieces the volume contains, there might be selected some sixty or seventy, enough of themselves, to confer on our authoress an earthly immortality.

**THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER:** *Weeks, Jordan & Co.*—Our literary ladies, while engaged in enlightening the reason and gratifying the imagination, have evinced, also, a laudable determination to communicate all possible knowledge upon that truly important art—the art of eating. Mrs. Childs first gives us "The Frugal Housewife," full of all sorts of directions and receipts—Miss Leslie, "The Cook's Oracle," equally adorned with precepts in the culinary branches; and now Mrs. Hale treads in their footsteps with "The Good Housekeeper." We only cry "God speed!" for so the books be good, there cannot be too many of them. Mrs. Hale's little work certainly contains much that is supremely useful. We can make no comparison, for we have no distinct memory of the "Good Housekeeper's" predecessors; but we have an impression that there are many receipts, and considerable necessary information, not contained in them. In addition, there are some fallacies, some inconsistencies, and, now and then, arbitrary dicta for conclusive arguments. The first chapter, upon the use of meats, would scarcely satisfy a Grahamite; the deduction, that the more excitable passions of the torrid zones are to be attributed to the neglect of animal food, being novel, at least. We have ever imagined that meat was highly stimulating, and that the passions are less active *calentris paribus*, when little of it is used. Equally novel, although amounting to the same thing, is the attribution

of the superior intellect of the temperate zones to the use of meat. A little more reflection will convince Mrs. Hale that *climate* has every thing to do with diet; that the languid bodily powers of the torrid zone render meat out of the question—that as we advance to the pole, animal food becomes more and more desirable and necessary—and that at the poles, *nothing but animal food*, to speak in general terms, is endurable. The voyages of Captains Parry and Back, give conclusive evidence on this point. At both extremes, the intellect is stunted in growth.

The "Good Housekeeper" consults health; therefore all recipes for meat-pies are excluded—but we have full directions for the manufacture of pastry, preserves, stews, etc., than which nothing can be more deleterious. But notwithstanding the defects that may be discoverable, the book as we have said, is a very valuable one. It may be well to mention that the use of distilled spirits is sedulously excluded from its receipts.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR: *Carey & Hart*.—This annual, is edited by Mr. W. E. Burton, the celebrated comedian, who, in conjunction with Mr. C. W. Thomson, of Philadelphia, has furnished the entire matter for its pages—the former contributing the prose, the latter, the poetry. Mr. Burton has succeeded with his task. Some of his sketches are exceedingly well done, whether attempting the pathetic or humorous, while none are below mediocrity. We cannot express so favorable an opinion of Mr. Thomson's poetry. Unless we have omitted some pieces in our examination and perusal of the book, the whole number, with perhaps one exception, is sadly commonplace or prosaic; and of poetry, as has been well remarked, there is no such thing as *middling* goodness. "One might as well say middling good eggs." The engravings, thirteen in number, are, the most of them, very interesting, and finely executed. The letter press is clear, the paper good, and the binding very beautiful.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

CANONS OF GOOD BREEDING: *Carey & Blanchard*. A little book, whose title proclaims its design. We have looked over it, and have found it well written, and some of the inculcations sound and valuable; many especially so. But some, too, are very questionable. There is a kind of apology for swearing. Setting aside the moral point of view, we doubt if swearing will ever be a particular specimen of good breeding. Neither do we fully like the remarks upon duelling.

THE TOKEN: *Otis, Broaders & Co.*—The limited space to which we were necessitated to confine our notice of this annual in our last number, has hardly done justice to its merits; and since the "Gift" and "Souvenir" receive attention in our pages this month, we again introduce the Token to our readers in their company. Its literary merits considered in relation to its competitors are very superior. Miss Sedgwick has contributed a tale which is a gem in itself; and which the newspapers are eagerly copying. Rev. R. C. Waterston, a gentleman who is ever exerting himself with devoted philanthropy to the good of mankind, and whose writings are pure as they are beautiful, has several pieces in it. There are articles by Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Browne, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mr. Mellen, Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Tuckerman, Mr. Clinch, whose writings our readers are acquainted with from their frequent contributions to our own pages. Of the plates. The vignette on the title-page is exquisite. The Nibble, the Politician, the Haunts of the Sea fowl, and the Fairies, are also beautiful. Some others do not so well please our fancy. The binding is unexceptionable.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS: *Lea & Blanchard*.—This work comes to us in three volumes. It is an attempt to portray the social life of the great Shakespeare—a daring and venturesome effort, making failure or success more signal. We have not had time to peruse more than enough pages to get interested in it—not enough to express a critical opinion. It is some time since it was published in England, and it was there lauded as an admirable composition. It is dedicated "To the admirers of 'honie-tong'd Shakespeare,' and of the other illustrious spirits of the golden age of England."

MAN ABOUT TOWN: *Carey & Hart*.—A couple of London volumes, made up by Cornelius Webbe, Esq.—of humorous sketches—at least, intended so to be—with frequent attempts at wit. The wit is a dead failure, although there is considerable humor. But there is manifest effort—of all things, most deprecatory in a humorous attempt. Every sentence is twisted, and every page interlarded with quotations, and queer words lugged in, so that, on the whole, the volumes are not very readable. The mind becomes fatigued with the everlasting sameness.

NAN DARRELL: *Carey & Hart*.—This is a novel without talent of any description to recommend it. The plot is commonplace, the incidents, though many, hackneyed or preposterous, the style weak and barren in the extreme degree, the characters, with one or two exceptions, either miserably insipid, or ridiculously absurd, and the dialogue "flat, stale and unprofitable." Yet the incidents, worn out as they are, are so numerous, that a considerable degree of interest is excited; enough to induce one to wade through the volumes to the end—angry with himself, at the same time, for doing so.

THE GIFT: *Carey & Hart*.—The number of the Gift, for the present year, presents attractions equal, if not superior to those of any annual which we have ever seen issued from an American press. The binding is chaste and superb, and the engravings, nine in number, are without a single exception, of the highest finish and beauty, while some are surpassingly fine. We cannot express this unqualified praise of the literary contents, although many of the articles are well written and interesting. Mr. Burton, humorous as he usually is, has scarcely succeeded in a long tale called the "Bird of Paradise," while "Deacon Amos," by Miss Stowe, is very pretty; as, also, "A Venetian Incident," by Mr. Walsh, and "The Lazy Crow," by Simms. There is some very fine poetry by Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss Lealie, Mrs. Embury, Miss Waterman, Park Benjamin, and A. B. Street, and some passable, indifferent—and worse than indifferent by other writers.

BEAUTIES OF WEBSTER: *Edward Walker*.—This volume embraces a very judicious selection of the more brilliant gems of thought and eloquence, scattered through the writings of the great statesman. A critical essay on his "genius and writings" of great merit, by James Keese, accompanies the volume; which is worthy of the success it meets with, this being the third edition. The portrait of Webster, however, does his bold features injustice.

## THEATRICALS.

PARK.—We deem it but justice to pass by in silence the efforts of the vocalists at this establishment, in the operas produced after "Fidelio." Mrs. Martyn and Mr. Manvers were prevented by illness from appearing, on several occasions, when their names had been announced, and on others, from displaying, by any fair criterion, the abilities they possess. "Cinderella" was, therefore, offered with Madame Otto as Cinderella, who sung the music respectably; and "La Sonnambula," with Miss Poole as Amina, in which she obtained great applause, although but few days had been devoted to preparation in the part. This young lady's voice, as we have before remarked, is clear and powerful, and most of her tones very sweet. It is, however, rather destitute of flexibility, and does her most credit when she confines herself to the simple music of what she may be singing.

Mrs. Fitzwilliams, formerly Miss Copeland, of the Surrey Theatre, London, commenced an engagement after the departure of the vocalists. A very full house assembled to greet her; although her name has been little trumpeted on this side of the Atlantic, and her powers, with the majority, were in supposition. She selected, for her debüt, "Peggy," in "The Country Girl," one of the old school of comedies, pruned, by Garrick, of its *ad libitums*, and rendered fit for modern ears, without losing the spice of humor and wit with which it abounded. The part has always been a favorite one with the English public. Mrs. Jordan frequently appeared in it, and the celebrated Miss Kelly offered

it as a portion of the entertainment at her farewell benefit on quitting the stage. Mrs. Fitzwilliams displayed in it the possession of genuine comic power. Without a very good figure or personal charms, her sprightliness, archness and vivacity excited much mirth, and repeated and warm applause. We should assign her a station above Mrs. Keeley, and below Madame Vestris. She is, in all things, superior to the one, while she lacks some of the qualifications of the other. In the after-piece, called "Widow Wiggins," in which she sustained six characters, her extraordinary versatility was eminently conspicuous. She surprised the audience by the celerity of her changes of attire and of identity. The transformations were complete. First, she was the motherly Widow Wiggins, in the prime of life; next, and in a moment, "Miss Totterly Rosebud," an ancient maiden, of sixty-two, with a cracked voice, piping a childish treble; and her song in this character; "To-day I'm sixty-two," was irresistible. Her third metamorphosis was into a Savoyard minstrel, with his hand-organ, playing to obtain money to support "his poor moder." Into this she infused rich pathos, and almost made the listener forget that it was but acting, with her broken English and mournful tones. Fourthly, a lively French girl, she dissipated the impressions communicated by the Savoyard, and made all laugh again. Her imitation of the ballad-singing in the streets of Paris, was inimitable, and called forth a unanimous encore. Mr. Jackey Wiggins next showed himself, an overgrown boy of thirteen or fourteen—screaming through his nose for "Mamma," and beating his shilling drum. The lipping Miss Hobbs was the sixth and last; in which a version of "Jim Crow" was given. It was a striking compliment to the taste of our audiences, that the song should have been prepared for two encores, and a justification of that compliment, that the preparation should not have been disappointed!

Mrs. Fitzwilliams has since played in various comedies and farces, calculated to display her talents, and has maintained the good impression conveyed by her first appearance. The stock company have supported her with great success. She has been succeeded by Mons. Alexandre, a celebrated ventriloquist, upon whom we shall comment hereafter.

**NATIONAL.**—The conflagration of the National Theatre has resulted, as we expressed a conviction in our last issue it would do, in a general rally of the friends of Mr. Wallack in his behalf; and notwithstanding the unprecedented oppression in the money market, a theatre is to be erected and placed under his management, that will do honor to the city. The ground selected for its site, is that upon Broadway, between Reade and Chamber Streets, now covered by the Washington Hotel and other buildings. Their demolition is to be immediately undertaken; and by August next, the theatre will be completed, unrivalled in this country in its situation and commodiousness, as we presume it will be in its architectural beauty.

In the mean time, Mr. Wallack has leased Niblo's theatre, and comfortably prepared it for the accommodation of a large audience; which, from the peculiar construction of the building, consists of but two divisions; the dress circle occupying the whole of the lower part, divided into boxes and parquet, and those who frequent the upper boxes, at half price. We must express the extreme and peculiar gratification we have enjoyed in the performances under this new arrangement; arising from the adventitious circumstance we have explained. There being none present save those who go expressly to enjoy the entertainments, there is a delightful stillness and propriety on every side, rendering it more like the invited attendance of a circle of friends, than a promiscuous gathering; and we have been led to make the query, are those excrescences which are here dispensed with, and which form the only tangible theme of attack to some classes of the community, indispensable to the success of a regularly appointed theatre?

The season, at Niblo's, opened with Mr. Vandenhoff, in Hamlet. The unsurpassed performances of this gentleman were discussed at length in our pages, during his former visit to this country; and the high estimate we placed upon his talents has been enhanced by his personations in the engagement he has lately

concluded. He played Hamlet on the occasion referred to, under very peculiar and interesting circumstances. Mr. Forrest and Mr. Kean had immediately preceded him, each personating Hamlet during their several engagements, and thus the powers of the three tragedians of the greatest pretension upon our boards, might be estimated and compared by one and the same standard. Suffice it to say in reference to the comparative enactment of the character, that the palm has been indisputably and triumphantly awarded to Mr. Vandenhoff. It would be a pleasant labor to analyze his Hamlet, and dwell at length upon those masterly touches which evince his possession of the grasp of intellect to appreciate every where, and cope with and display in glowing lights, the philosophy of the great conception of the drama's sovereign; but justice to another who has since been presented to the public under his auspices, forbids.

Miss Charlotte Vandenhoff opened in Julia in the Hunchback, to a crowded and eager audience. The ordeal she was about to pass, was a severe and un pitying one. The broad and diversified scope which the part affords, had been but recently testified to by the talents of a *Kemble* and a *Trec*, the remembrance of whose various excellences is yet fresh, and exerts a constant influence. This was arrayed against her, and by this, she was to stand or fall. The first eager gaze of curiosity when she entered, was gratified by the appearance of a young lady yet in the very spring time of youth, with a fine form—graceful carriage and an expressive and beautiful countenance. As she proceeded, in a clear and pleasant voice, with the most distinct enunciation and the discreetest emphasis, it was manifest that the impression she was making, was by no means an unfortunate one.

The first act, whose quiet tone does not admit of the display of any novel excellences of acting, passed by without any peculiar effect, although, as we have said, the sympathies of the audience were strongly excited in her favor during its continuance. But from her entrance in the second to the very close of the piece, her acting was characterised by a power and a truthfulness, a correctness and an abandonment, that carried every heart to the extreme of enthusiasm; and at the fall of the curtain the loud, long, and reiterated bursts of applause testified that she had passed the ordeal unscathed, herself the brighter for the trial she had endured. A repetition increased the favorable decision attendant upon the first: and it is the most sterling proof that her talents had taken the town by storm, that the attendance upon her representation of Julia authorised the repetition of that part six times out of but nine appearances. One of the greatest charms of Miss Vandenhoff's Julia was its *freshness*. Those who have seen the character often repeated, have witnessed with admiration the great points of the leading actresses of the day, and have been wearied with the imitations of them by lesser lights, until they have thought that every emphasis, gesture, inflection, that could possibly be given to word letter and line, were stereotyped on their memories, have been astonished at the absolute novelty of her conception and performance of many portions. In her dialogue with Helen, in the second act, beginning

"So Monday week will say, good morn to thee  
A maid, and bid good night a sober wife."

her engrossment by the peculiarities of Helen's dress to the exclusion of Sir Thomas—"I'd rather talk with thee about the lace," "Thy feather's just the height I like a feather," &c.—did not exhibit, as in almost, if not every previous instance, a heartless levity and contempt for him, but a mere thoughtlessness, the result of circumstances, not a perversion of the heart. Indeed, the whole scene—her dialogue just commented upon—her proud dignity when reproached by Clifford—her revulsion of feeling when he leaves her,—was most admirable. The scene with Clifford in the fourth act was performed with an intensity of feeling, that robbed illusion of its deceit, and made the spectator seem indeed in the presence of a heart-broken and despairing girl. The "Do it!" scene, so termed, developed the possession of unsurpassed physical power, and an ability to portray the wildest phrenzy of passion. Herein she achieved her greatest triumph. Instead of slurring the most of the speech,

and concentrating all her force upon "Do it" she made every line a "Do it!" and every sentence glowed upon her lips. So carried away were the audience, that she was interrupted by bursts of applause in that one speech, on her first night, no less than five several times.

Such was her Julia—and it set the seal upon her fame. She played besides it, during her engagement, only two characters, Mrs. Haller and Mariana; upon which we have only space to remark, that they severally served to establish her claims to reign the bright queen of the ascendant.

We must not omit to particularize the acting of Mr. Vandenhoff, in supporting his daughter, as Master Walter, The Stranger, and St. Pierre. Of a different cast from the line in which he had won his exalted fame in this country, he was yet a master-hand even here; and as in his loftier tragic efforts, will admit no competitor to stand beside him.

The operatic corps of the National succeeded; and Miss Shirreff, Wilson, and Seguin, were welcomed by a crowd of friends in the charming *Amille*. *La Sonnambula* followed; and that gave place to "Gustavus," one of the most glorious operas ever presented to the public; and got up with a perfection of every necessary qualification, that left no drawback to intense delight. Its music is sparkling with gems. There is expression in every note; and two of its delicious chorusses have never been suffered to pass without an encore. The eminent vocalists who have appeared in it—a combination of talent in opera never before offered to an American audience—gave each unbounded satisfaction. Miss Sherriff's naive and gracefulness as the Page, and Mr. Seguin's acting as Ankerstrom deserve peculiar mention. The scenery was very splendid, and the costumes and properties rich and appropriate.

A word of the orchestra. We reluctantly feel compelled to remark that this department of the theatre is not under that degree of control, which is requisite to unity of action and the satisfaction of the audiences. Every gentleman seems to be in the enjoyment of absolute independence, and setting aside the deficiencies in time and tune which sometimes occur, there is a degree of loud intercourse—laughing, talking, nut-eating, etc. particularly annoying and improper. It must be looked to.

Mr. Charles Kean has followed the opera: alternating with Madame Lecompte and her newly imported Corps de Ballet. Criticism upon him and them must be deferred to the ensuing month.

**BOWERY.**—The chief object of attraction at the Bowery, since our last, has been a new play entitled the "Roman Captive;" upon which every advantage of scenery and decoration has been lavished. The original draft of the play, which, in its literary tone and dramatic situations, possessed nothing particularly novel, or of superior merit, was submitted to Park Benjamin, Esq. who elaborated two or three of the more prominent characters. We thought we could detect where Mr. Benjamin's pen had been brought in requisition, for the play is very unequal, and as a play, inferior. Mr. Hamblin made the most of Caius Silius, the hero, who is rather of the boastful class, and tells of more what he has done and means to do, than what he is seen to do. Mrs. Shaw also, achieved as much as possible with Florna. It is but justice to say that some of the poetry is of too delicate and refined a character to tell well, in theatric phrase.

The Lady of the Lake, is now on the tapis, with Hamblin as Roderick Dhu, and Barry as Fitz-James—a very strong cast, and most splendid scenery.

**CHATHAM.**—Since the reduction of prices, this very neat theatre has been doing well. Mr. Dinneford has been complimented with a benefit within a fortnight, which was well attended. Miss Hildreth, a promising young American actress appeared in the fifth act of "Ion," and though surrounded by perplexing circumstances, and with a no very favorable scope for the exhibition of power, displayed talents, which, with cultivation, may render her eminent. Mr. Finn, the humorous and eccentric comedian, has succeeded Mr. J. R. Scott, and has been playing to full houses; for his "Paul Pry," "Paul Shack," etc., are treats too rare and valuable to be disregarded.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR TWELFTH VOLUME!—The progress of the "Ladies' Companion," during the later years of its publication, has, probably no counterpart in the history of magazine literature. One year since, our issue was *six thousand, five hundred* copies; in May last, at the commencement of the eleventh volume, it was found necessary to extend the edition to *thirteen thousand* copies; and the steady yet undiminished increase of patronage which it has been greeted with during the past summer, require a further addition of upwards of four thousand copies. Of this present number, there will be issued *seventeen thousand, two hundred and fifty* copies!

It is not in a spirit of vain glory or braggadocio that we enter into the above statistics; it is rather from a feeling of elated determination, and honest pride. As we remarked in closing our last volume, we are proudly conscious, that however strong the promises we have made, we have fulfilled every one of them; and that we have satisfactorily done so, our present prosperity evinces; and that this prosperity is not assumed or illusory, the great expenditure which we evidently bestow upon the magazine, is ample testimony; for nothing but ample success would justify such a course.

Did we now simply assert that we would maintain the work in its present state, we are sure that no more would be expected of us. Its typography has been unexceptionable, its embellishments of the highest degree of art and beauty, the paper we have used, of the finest quality, and the talent which has adorned our pages, in every department, of the most superior order attainable. But our course is onward. So long as new qualifications may be added, we shall eagerly grasp them. Acting under this resolve, we have the pleasure to announce, that we have entered into arrangements with *Mrs. Frances S. Osgood*, to lend her aid to the already superior talent engaged on the editorial department. Her contributions to our pages will be constant. We have not to regret the loss of a single contributor, who has heretofore assisted to render the "Companion" interesting and valuable. *Madames Sigourney, Embury, Ellet, Smith, Hoiland; Misses Browne, H. F. Gould, Orne; Messrs. Herbert, Neal, Ingraham, Benjamin, Seba Smith, Thatcher, Hamilton, Pray*, with others who have assisted us, as also, the Editors, *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*, and *Mr. Harrington*, will still contribute regularly to the work. In addition, we have the extreme pleasure of announcing, that *Mr. Fitz-Greene Halleck* has authorized us to anticipate some of the beautiful and finished numbers of his pen, so soon as his engagements will permit. *Mr. H. T. Tuckerman*, author of the "*Italian Sketch-Book*," and "*Isabel*," and *C. F. Hoffman, Esq.* author of "*Scenes in the West*," *Samuel Woodworth, Esq.* author of the "*Iron bound Bucket*," with other prominent writers, with whom we are negotiating, will also contribute to our pages.

The space devoted to editorial remarks, will hereafter be extended to four pages; and the independence of opinion in reviews and theatrical notices, which has given, we believe, unqualified satisfaction, will still be preserved; and it may be well to remark more particularly, that no decision is made upon the merits of a book in the "Companion," unless the book has been carefully perused. *Mr. Dick*, the talented and skilful artist, will still prepare the embellishments expressly for the work, and to gratify all tastes, we shall give alternately, a sketch from *American Scenery*, and a Poetical subject. One of the latter class, of the most exquisite beauty, is in the engraver's hands for December. Our Fashion plates will be continued in the same finished style of engraving as heretofore, since they have been received with universal favor, and no competition with their superiority has thus far been attempted in the country.

In fine, we triumphantly renew our pledge "to make the 'Ladies' Companion' distinguished for the beauty and accuracy of its typography—the variety and high tone of its literary articles—the quality and value of its music—the unequalled splendor of its pictorial embellishments—and the truth, finish and taste of its quarterly fashions!"



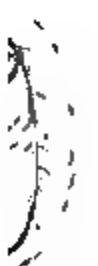
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THE SECRETARY

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# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1839.

## Original. THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

In the days of the glory of the great city of Bagdad, after the wisdom and goodness of the renowned Haroun al Raschid in the administration of the Caliphate, had extended its boundaries, confirmed its dominions, enriched its inhabitants, and embellished its confines with every decoration that art and taste, incited and sustained by wealth, are able to bestow, a Caliph succeeded to the government, by the name of Hafiz al Veshnib. He was in all things the contrary of Haroun, his illustrious predecessor. He was rapacious, selfish, unjust and licentious; yet he was emulous of those habits of Haroun, by which that prince had made himself acquainted with the wants of his people, and was thus enabled to deal justice more signally and effectually. Like him he was accustomed at sundry times, by night or by day, to assume a lowly garb, and with the Vizier or some other high officer, to perambulate the city, entering by plausible pretenses into whatever dwelling had excited his curiosity. But he went not, like Haroun, to seek out and protect oppressed virtue, to comfort the suffering, to strip the mask from hypocrisy, to overthrow injustice, to humble the proud, to elevate retiring humility; he sought rather to discover the oppressor, that he might share with him the spoils, and to gaze on the cheek of modest beauty, that he might sacrifice it to his passion.

There lived at a distance from the palace, a wealthy citizen, whose life flowed calmly away. He was in early manhood, and his appearance was strikingly majestic. He was tall, and of remarkable symmetry of figure; his countenance was wonderfully expressive—his eye black and piercing, and his raven hair descended in flowing locks over his shoulders. Wherever he went, the passers by stopped short in their progress to gaze upon him; yet he seldom appeared abroad.

"Selim," said the Caliph one evening, to his Vizier, as, habited like Dervishes, they passed along the street in which the house of this youth was situated—"who is the occupant of this exquisite mansion? It is strange that it has never before caught my eye. How tasteful are all its ornaments and arrangements! Pray answer, whose may it be?"

"It is the home of Hamet, the son of Alnarib, whose grandsire was an especial favorite of the great Haroun, and who was himself, as your highness knows, confided in by your uncle, of glorious memory. This Hamet, an only son, half secludes himself from the world, and in his paradise there—for indeed, it seems a paradise within—he glides smoothly down the stream of time."

"Is it so, my Selim," cried the Caliph—"I must converse with him, and fathom his motives for retirement.

It had required little effort for him to maintain under me, the rank that his ancestors enjoyed under my predecessors. This indifference to elevation is mysterious and unusual. I must see him."

The Vizier hated Hamet. He had been chosen to fill the post he occupied, not for his wisdom in governing, his prudence in advice—but rather that he made little account of his conscience in his master's service. He could be blind or keen-eyed, as might be; and he was willing to bear on his shoulders the odium of many a foul deed commanded by the Caliph. He hated Hamet, for he knew that he had shut himself up in seclusion, because he was disgusted and vexed with the tyranny of Hafiz, his master. Therefore the suggestion of the Caliph pleased him; and together they sought the abode of Hamet.

Hamet received them courteously, and tendered his hearty hospitalities. While they quaffed their sherbet out of golden cups, the Caliph surveyed with admiration and surprise, the evidences of wealth and taste which were every where about him. Not all the splendor of the palace could impart so pleasing a sensation to the soul, as the elegance yet simplicity of the home of Hamet. So the Caliph swelled with envy; and before scarce a word had been spoken, he was the foe of his noble host. The Vizier saw the workings of his master's countenance, and chuckled with delight.

The Caliph questioned his free-hearted host respecting his pursuits; and gathered from his unguarded replies, that it was the conduct of the government that had induced him to resign the chances of preferment that were in his favor, and to seek for happiness in himself, and the comforts which his vast wealth could procure.

"But I am well recompensed for my choice," he continued. "This dwelling was the dwelling of my sire, and of his sire before him. I love it for that it has thus been the home of my ancestors. The evidences of their taste are around me, and render it sacred in my eyes. Here will I pass my life—comforts are here, the gatherings of years, which a life could never replace. I am humble—I have no ambition to be great—I am happy." His smile betrayed that he spoke the truth.

The disguised rulers left him with protestations of gratitude. But no sooner had they reached the street, than the spleen of the Caliph found vent; and with his characteristic cruelty, he gave full license to Selim, to ruin the contented and unoffending Hamet. The commission was delightful to the Vizier, and he set about it. Before many days, a tyrannical edict was passed, that robbed Hamet of some of his dearest enjoyments. Then it was declared to be necessary to cut a new street directly through his premises. He saw his cherished home ruthlessly levelled with the ground, and with a sigh, was forced to bid adieu to his hopes of peaceful happiness.

But his sorrows did not end here. Men that he had never seen nor heard of, came forward with false titles to his wealth. His protestations and proofs were disregarded; and he was beggared. To crown his misery, allegations of dishonesty in the execution of the offices entrusted to them, were brought forward against his departed father and grandfather, and their memories were overwhelmed with infamy!

Hamet finally found a retreat from his sorrows and misfortunes, in a miserable abode in the suburbs of the city, where his degradation sheltered him from further pursuit; for his powerful enemies, exulting in his utter prostration, dismissed him from their memories. There he lived on the pittance that he had preserved from the wreck of all, and endeavored to find calmness in philosophy.

One night, when three months had passed away, as he slept on his lowly pillow, visions that seemed to him but pleasant dreams, flitted across his mind. A countenance, too fair for earth—such as a Hourî might wear in the regions of the blest, hovered over him—smiled sweetly upon him, and in silvery accents bidding him to hope, vanished away. When he awoke, he could not dismiss the blissful illusion from his thought. All day he dwelt upon it, and at night resigned himself to sleep, longing to sleep for ever, if but that face might gladden his repose. It came again!—again it bade him hope, and then it whispered, "Hie to the fairy glen, on Tigris' banks—I will be there." When morning came and he arose, the tone, the words, yet lingered in his memory. How weary were the hours of sunlight! Darkness was day to Hamet, for darkness brought those charming features, that beamed more brightly than the sun on him. It came at last, and again he slept. Once more, oh, Mahomet, once more, those dark and lustrous, yet gentle eyes—those ruby lips—that glowing cheek—that heavenly smile were before him! Once more, too, that voice, like tinkling bells in its sweetness, whispered, "Hie to the fairy glen on Tigris' banks—I will be there."

Were it but the vanity of a heated imagination, it would not harm him to, seek the fairy glen; and he went. That glen was fair to the sight—a bright stream murmured through it, with sparkling waters—flowers in richest blazonry of hue, fringed its verdant banks; and the soft breathing of the breeze wafted perfumes to the senses. He paused by the side of the streamlet and gazed around him. Oh, was that vision false? No! no! There was it, in shadowy outline, hovering before him, and gracefully beckoning him to follow! Hamet clasped his hands in delight and obeyed. It led him up the glen, keeping ever by the bank of the rivulet, and turning at intervals to encourage him, until he had climbed a steep acclivity of rocks, down which the waters poured from ledge to ledge, lashing its tiny current into snowy foam; and stood beside a lake, by a scene of beauty too exquisite for sense. A thousand peaks, whose projecting crags gleamed with imbedded gems of richest lustre, lifted themselves upwards. The waters of the lake were clear as crystal, and above its mirror-like surface, a radiant iris spanned from side to side. All was silence; but anon, low music stole softly upon him, pleasant yet

mournful; a thin mist rose slowly from the bosom of the waters, and shrouded by it as with a veil, appeared his charming vision. Flowers were wreathed in her flowing hair, and a light robe hung from her shoulder, down her graceful form. Hamet stood entranced in ecstasy.

"Hamet," said the vision, "if thou wouldst have me stand beside thee palpable as well to touch as to sight, make thou this sign; and if there be no evil in thy soul, theech arm will fail not."

As she spoke she extended her hands, and performed a mystic sign. Hamet eagerly gazed, and without one misgiving of fear—for why should the pure heart fear?—he repeated it after her. Upon the instant, that music swelled into bold and animated notes—a film came over the vision of Hamet—and when it passed away, there, kneeling at his side, clothed like a maiden of Bagdad, and looking up into his face with a tearful expression of ardent love, was the beautiful vision. Enraptured, he lifted her from her recumbent posture, clasped her to his heart; and while he did so, felt her's beating against his own—and he pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips.

"Hamet," said she, "I am a guardian spirit of the good. I have seen thy unbending virtue, and have loved thee. It is permitted to me to take this earthly frame, and dwell with thee and serve thee, so long as no evil stains thy soul. If thou prizest me, oh, remember this! When thou dost hesitate between the right and the wrong, then danger will assail me; and if thou faltest, I am lost to thee for ever! Never again can I speak of this to thee; but shouldst thou pause in thy dalliance with vice, and find me on the brink of ruin, let virtue illumine thy soul once more; make thou the magic sign, and I shall be thine again!"

She ceased, and Hamet poured out his soul to her in gratitude and devotion. Together they returned to the city, to his lowly cottage. Hamet took immediate means for the solemnization of their marriage, and Selima was his wife!

The absorbing strength of her love for him, far transcending frail, earthly passion, may be easily imagined. A happy spirit, she had left her ethereal home and assumed a mortal frame, to be perplexed with mortal ills, and to weep in mortal sorrow. She had done this, too, not to dwell in the glittering palace, but the humble cottage; not to share the glory of a prince, which one so sweet, so beautiful might have done, but to pillow her head upon the breast of poverty and disappointment. But she cared not for all this. Her devotion cheered the privations of poverty and dispelled disappointment's gloom—and Hamet was contented in his bliss with her.

Thus passed a year; and then the wicked Caliph desired to achieve an infamous design. A good man was to be ruined as Hamet had been ruined. But this new victim was wary and watchful, and not to be easily overcome. The people too had begun to look with eyes askance upon their unjust ruler, and whenever he went abroad, he felt that the fires of hate were spreading, and he dared not persecute another now, so openly as he had persecuted the unfortunate Hamet. There was need of a cunning brain, a ready wit, to film injustice with sophistry, and deceive the argus eyes of prying foes. The

Caliph consulted in careful secrecy, with that pander to his wickedness, Selim, the Vizier. No one could be thought of for a long time. At length the Caliph called to mind the long-forgotten Hamet. He started at the thought, and named him to Selim, as one to serve their purpose, could he be bribed to undertake the task.

"Hasten, Selim," said he; "hasten and inquire if he be yet alive; and if he can be found, let him be speedily conveyed hither that I may treat with him. Gold is potent with the poor, and my offer shall be unstinted. Go, at once!"

It needed but little inquiry among the thousand spies of the government, to discover the home of Hamet; and immediately the Grand Vizier sent his trustiest confidant to summon him to the palace. Hamet was reclining on an ottoman of the meanest materials, and Selima was sitting on a cushion at his feet, looking into his eyes, clasping his hand, and soothing him by words of love, when the messenger entered. Hamet received his communication in wonder; but professed his readiness to obey—for, to hesitate at the Caliph's command, had been speedy death; and imprinting a fervent kiss on Selima's lips, he followed his guide to the palace.

When the Caliph knew that they had come, he sent for the messenger first, that he might inquire in what condition he had found Hamet, in order that he might suit his offers to his fortunes.

"I found him, your Highness," said the messenger "steeped in poverty; but there was with him a creature, more beautiful than ever before greeted and dazzled my sight! Her hair is like virgin gold, her skin of pearly whiteness, and oh, her eyes are softly bright, and her smile of sweetness, such as illumines no other face among Bagdad's fairest daughters."

These few words so fired the Caliph, that he sprung up in an ecstasy, and commanding the Vizier to make to Hamet whatever proposition might be necessary, and to detain him until his return, he donned a disguise, and hurried with the messenger to Hamet's house.

He reached the door, just as Selim, the Vizier, pronounced to Hamet the work that was desired of him; and he gazed in rapture on Selima, and resolved that before the morrow she should be his, just as Hamet, bewildered by the munificence of the bribe that was offered to him, hesitated to reject it. Poor Selima! She felt that evil was impending; but when Hamet came, with abstracted air, and, wrapt in himself, did not respond as he had been wont to her fond endearments, she could not remind him of the fearful stake that would be the penalty of his lapse from virtue; her destiny and his forbade. But she more assiduously testified her love, and tried by tears, by smiles, by caresses, by protestations, to win him from his abstraction—beguile him to look upon her, and thus be recalled to himself again. It was in vain!

When evening came, Hamet left Selima, to walk abroad and meditate. A palace to dwell in—coffers swelling with gold—honors unnumbered—office, dignity and favor—all that could gratify ambition, taste, or desire, were within his grasp; would he but accomplish one end! And what was that? To plunge another in misery

as he had been plunged—and why not? After all, it was to swell but by one name alone, the huge catalogue of woe—it was but to heave a load from his own shoulders upon those of another. But the guilt! Alas, goodness, as he had learned from sad experience, was no guaranty against misfortune in this world—how was he sure that it would be smiled upon in the next? Thus he reasoned, and while he so reasoned, the minions of the Caliph, who had watched his absence, seized the shrieking Selima, covered by the darkness, and bore her to the palace. Hamet returned to his home—no Selima was there—it was an unusual circumstance; but so wrapt was he in his mental struggle, that he scarcely noticed it. He sat down. The sight of his miserable furniture rendered more vivid the vision of greatness and wealth; and then—just then, the Caliph was proffering to Selima, his hateful love; and she was calling in sweet, yet sorrowful tones of anguish on Hamet, her beloved, to save her! Alas, he was faltering in virtue, and she tottered on the brink of destruction!

Hamet rose—he clenched his hands—he beat his fore head. It was but an effort to resolve to do what the Caliph would have him do, and all would be over. That resolve was half made—he folded his robe about him, and crossed the threshold with hesitating step, to seek the Vizier; and then, even then, Selima, alone with the Caliph and in his power, felt his grasp upon her to force her to his wishes—and her own strength wasting fast! But as he crossed his threshold to depart, and turned habitually to bid farewell, and smile upon his wife—for else he never parted from her—it rushed to Hamet's soul that it was the dead of night, and she away! Where was she? At once her warning flashed upon him! Cold drops came out upon his forehead. "Lost—lost!" he cried, and staggering back, fell at his length upon the floor. In the gush of horror, he forgot the magic sign that would restore her again; and as he lay there, fearfully sighing from his overburdened bosom, Selima, as if new strength had been given to her, tore herself from the Caliph's grasp, awed him by her lofty dignity and virtue, and he stood gazing in wonder upon her, not daring to molest her!

Hamet sprang after some moments, to his feet, resolved in despair, on self-destruction. But as he did so, he remembered with a shriek of joy the magic spell; and he hastily made the sign! As he had sprung, so had the Caliph rushed upon Selima, inspired by her charms to renewed effort; but when he would have clasped her, there was nothingness in his embrace, and Selima, panting, was nestling, at home, in Hamet's bosom.

Hamet resolved that very night to revenge his injuries on the Caliph. He knew how the populace hated him; and, assembling them together, he spoke to them of the oppression of their master. Maddened by his eloquence, they armed themselves and followed him to the palace. The guards were stricken down in a moment—the Caliph and the Vizier were seized as they fled, pale and trembling. Hamet was placed upon the throne;—and, omnipotent in virtue, ruled long and happily, blest in the love of his Spirit Bride!

Original.

## ANDREA DAL CASTAGNO.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I WILL work no longer," exclaimed Andrea, throwing down his pencil, "I will not be compelled to see every fool pointing out the difference between your figures and mine; finish the picture yourself, Domenico, I will never touch it again!"

"Nay, Andrea, this is injustice to yourself," said Domenico; "few but those who look with a painter's eye could see the difference which to you seems so evident."

"Look," replied the impetuous Andrea, and the livid hue of envy overspread his face as he spoke, "look at that group—they are figures of wax compared with the almost living, breathing forms, which grow beneath your pencil." A benignant smile lit up the placid countenance of Domenico as he approached the side of the church where Andrea was employed, and with his own pencil gave a few light touches to the face and hands of one of the figures. "See!" cried Andrea, "am I not right? here have I been laboring three days to give the coloring of life to that flesh, and you have done it in three minutes; I will not be so disgraced—never will I touch pencil again until you teach me the secret of your art!"

Nothing could be more smilingly contrasted than were the faces of the two painters, as they stood together, gazing at Andrea's picture. The mild and saint-like countenance of Domenico, seemed the index of a mind too pure and gentle to have any communion with the dark spirit that betrayed itself in the sullen brow and heavy features of Andrea. But they were, in truth, warm friends, and though Domenico, with all a painter's jealous love of fame, hesitated to betray the grand secret of his art, he yet longed to behold his beloved Andrea sharing the honors which were so lavishly bestowed upon himself. The rapidly waning light warned them to lay aside their employment for the day, and leaning on the arm of his friend, Domenico sought the quiet of his own studio. Throwing down the implements of his art as he entered, he took down the lute which hung by the casement, and began a light and graceful melody. "Come Andrea," said he, when he had finished the air, "come, let us to the window of the fair sisters; the gentle Marennetta will wonder why she hears not Andrea's evening song; and it may be that the bright-eyed Lisa waits to hear the lute of Domenico."

"No!" returned Andrea, sullenly, "I am in no mood for fooling. Since boyhood have I been laboring for fame and fortune, and am yet as far from them as ever. You are confident of success—you have reaped the reward of your labors—fortune has been your friend and discovered to you a secret which will make you immortal; you can afford to play the lover—for me nothing remains but to return to the humble village where I first drew this hated breath, and again become a keeper of flocks and herds."

"Andrea, friend of my soul," said Domenico, "it grieves me to see you thus cast down; compare your works with those of other masters of the art, and can you not triumph in your own superiority? Why waste your

life in unavailing regret, because I am possessed of a secret which to you is unknown?"

"Call me not your friend," exclaimed Andrea, impetuously, "I spurn the worthless name—a word from you could give me fortune, and happiness and fame, yet you will not utter it!"

"Andrea," replied Domenico, "you well know what a costly sacrifice you ask; you well know that the sacrifice of life is nothing compared with the voluntary relinquishment of never-dying fame. Your own thirst for glory may teach you what that friend deserves, who unlocks to you the fountain of immortality, and gives you to drink of those waters which might be all his own; but you shall be gratified—to-morrow you shall know all that art has taught Domenico."

"To-morrow!" cried the impatient artist, "to-morrow! and why not to-night? To-morrow you may think otherwise—may hesitate—"

"Andrea, did I ever fail in a promise?" was the calm reply of Domenico. "What I have said shall be done! To-morrow when we resume our employment in the church, you shall know all."

Transported with joy, Andrea could scarcely restrain his impatience until morning. Rousing Domenico at early dawn, they repaired to the church of Santa Marie Nuova, which they had been employed to adorn with paintings, and there Domenico disclosed his secret. This was no other than the art of painting in oil. At that period painters usually laid on their colors by means of various glutinous substances, and this mode, while it rendered pictures extremely liable to injure from heat and damp, very much diminished the brilliancy of the coloring. The invention of painting in oil has been disputed by so many, that it would be difficult now to determine who is best entitled to the honor. The probability is, that like many other inventions which were the offspring of necessity, it was discovered by several artists at nearly the same period, when the gradual advancement of the art and the increased demand for fine pictures had called forth the talents of painting in every part of Italy. It is well known, however, that Domenico Veneziano was one of the first who employed oil in painting; and to this he was indebted for the great reputation which he so rapidly acquired. Carefully did he now instruct Andrea in the principles of that art which had been almost exclusively his own, and by the most unwearied diligence, Andrea soon mastered its difficulties. But in his heart the spirit of generous emulation could not exist. Envy, base envy, was the only feeling which he was capable of cherishing, and the dislike with which Domenico's superiority had long since inspired him, was gradually ripening into a deep and deadly hatred.

They had nearly finished the decorations of the church during the progress of Andrea's instruction in the new manner of painting, and as only one picture remained to be completed, it was agreed that each should paint a portion of it. But this work was destined to remain unfinished.

One day as Andrea stood contemplating one of his earliest paintings, in the church, and exulting in his improvement as he compared it with those he had since

executed under the direction of Domenico, two of the most celebrated connoisseurs in Florence entered. Not observing the painter, they commenced making remarks upon the pictures, and after praising the productions of Domenico's pencil, proceeded to ridicule without mercy the early paintings of Andrea. The poor artist, concealing himself behind a column, anxiously waited till they should approach the later efforts of his art, not doubting that he should then be gratified by their praises; but what were his feelings, when after a careless glance at his labors, they merely remarked that Andrea's style was much improved; but that he must ever remain in the shade, when his works were placed beside those of Domenico. Fixed as a statue, Andrea remained in the very spot where he had first placed himself, until the unconscious critics quitted the church, then, rushing home and locking himself in his apartment, he gave way to all the agonies of envy and disappointment. The gentleness of Domenico's character, the purity of his life, the generous friendship which he had shown him, all were powerless to check the tide of passion in Andrea's bosom. The demon-like malice of his evil nature was aroused—he thought of Domenico not as the friend who had shared with him the master secret of his art, but as the hated object who stood between himself and fortune.

There is no tempest so fearful as the tempest of passion; no whirlwind so devastating as the whirlwind of evil thoughts. Hour after hour did Andrea sit brooding over his dark and half-imagined scheme of guilt, unconscious of the lapse of time, when the voice of Domenico, summoning him to his usual evening walk, aroused him. He hastily answered that he was engaged in designing and could not be disturbed. Domenico, accustomed to the wayward moods of his friend, bade him good-night, and departed.

As the sound of Domenico's footsteps struck upon his ear, Andrea arose and throwing open the window, looked out upon the tranquil beauty of the summer evening landscape. The fresh breeze played about his burning temples, and opening his vest as if to cool the fire that was raging in his bosom, he stood leaning against the casement until he suddenly perceived Domenico, with his lute in his hand, slowly taking the way to a romantic valley, at a short distance. The fiendish spirit which had gained possession of Andrea immediately suggested a horrible plan. Snatching up a heavy leaden weight which lay in his apartment, and stealing with an assassin's step after his unconscious friend, he stationed himself behind a clump of low trees in a narrow part of the path through which he knew Domenico would return. He had not waited long, when he heard the sound of Domenico's lute. He was singing the vesper hymn. The music, mellowed by the clear evening air, came upon the ear of the miserable Andrea like angel tones, and his heart sunk as he listened to the closing words of the hymn.

"Mother of God!

Whose melancholy brow and drooping eye,  
Tell of the thorny path thy feet have trod,  
Oh, look upon us from thy throne on high.

By that sweet name,

The holiest one our hearts have ever known,  
Mother, sweet mother! lo, thine aid we claim,  
Mother, sweet mother, still watch o'er thine own.

In the dark hour,  
When Death o'er shadows us with his mighty wing,  
Oh, be thou near us with thy gentle power,  
And to our souls the balm of healing bring."

The music ceased, and as if the demon that tortured him was suddenly released from a spell, the same wild and horrible thoughts again arose in the bosom of Andrea. There was no time for deliberation—Domenico was rapidly approaching—one step more and he would be beyond his reach. Raising the heavy mass of lead with all the strength of his muscular arm, it crushed at once the lute and the breast of his unhappy friend. Then hastily giving him a violent blow on the head, he ran with all speed to his own apartment, and appeared deeply engaged in finishing a chalk drawing, which lay on his table. A brief interval of time elapsed, when a servant burst into the room with tidings of the dreadful event which had befallen Domenico. Feigning the utmost grief, Andrea hastened to the spot. There breaking out into the most violent lamentations, he threw himself on the earth beside the body of his friend, and the murdered Domenico actually breathed his last sigh upon the bosom of his assassin.

Years passed on. Not a breath of suspicion had ever tarnished the name of Andrea dal Castagno; but from the hour when the blood of Domenico stained his hand, his pencil had lost its power. He was in possession of the secret for which he had perilled his soul, but it was of no use to him. The merest dauber that ever attempted the art could excel him. The weight of blood was on his spirit—his mind was benumbed, his hand palsied, and after a life rendered miserable by his restless and envious passions, he died, confessing on his death-bed that he was the murderer of Domenico Veneziano. But even in his latest hour no remorse mingled with his confession. He died as he had lived, hardened and vindictive to the last, and by a singular fortune, his body was interred in the church of Santa Marie Nuova, the very church which he and Domenico had been employed to decorate, and beside the very spot where, nearly thirty years before, the victim of his perfidy had found repose.

NOTE.—Andrea dal Castagno di Mugello, was born A. D. 1406, in a little village not far from Florence, called Il Castagno, from which he derived his name. Having been left an orphan at an early age, he was compelled to earn a scanty subsistence by tending flocks. But his genius for the art in which he afterwards excelled, soon showed itself, and he was continually sketching figures upon the walls with charcoal, or tracing them with the point of a knife. A Florentine gentleman named Benedetto de' Medici, accidentally learned the boy's talents, and becoming strongly interested in him, sent him to Florence to pursue the study of painting. His progress was rapid and he soon established a reputation as an artist. He was associated with Baldoviddetti and Domenico Veneziano, in the decoration of the church of Santa Marie Nuova. Domenico had become possessed of the secret of painting in oils, an art which by some writers he is said to have invented—or according to others, to have learned of Antonello di Messina. His pictures of course possessed a brilliancy of coloring which none of his contemporaries could equal, and Andrea, jealous of his success, determined to discover the secret. The close friendship which subsisted between himself and Domenico, rendered this no difficult task. He succeeded, and the manner in which he repaid the unsuspecting generosity of his unsuspecting friend is related in the foregoing tale, the incidents of which are strictly historical.

Andrea was fond of painting scenes of cruelty, such as martyrdoms and executions. He was therefore chosen to depict the execution of the Chiefs of the Pazzi conspiracy, and the horrible accuracy of the picture procured him the title of "*Andrea del P' Impeccati*." He died A. D. 1480, at the age of seventy-four, and the picture upon which he and Domenico had been engaged in the church of Santa Marie Nuova remains unfinished to this day.—*Vide Vasari, Vita de Pittori, etc.*

Original.  
THE CHARIB BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF HISPANIOLA.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.  
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CHAPTER II.

DAYS, months and seasons held their course; yet there was no change in the deep azure of the glowing skies—no alteration in the green luxuriance of the forest—no falling of the woods "into the sea—the yellow leaf"—no fast-succeeding variation from the young floweriness of springtide, to the deep flush of gorgeous summer, or thence to the mature but melancholy autumn—to the grim tyrant, winter. In that delicious island, nature had lavished on the earth, in her most generous mood, the mingled attributes of every clime and region. The tender greenery of the young budding leaf was blent at one and the same moment—and that moment, as it seemed, eternal—with the broad verdant foliage—the smiling bud, the odoriferous and full-blown flower, the rich fruit might be seen side by side on the same tree—the same bough. Nothing was there to mark the flight of time—the gradual advance of the destroyer over that lovely land. Nothing to warn the charmed spectator that, for him, too, as for the glowing landscape, maturity but leads to decay—decay which ends in death! Verily, but it is a paradise for the unthinking.

And who were more unthinking than the young Spaniard and his Indian love—who were more happy? Morn after morn beheld Hernando de Leon, threading the pathless forest—now with horse, horn and hound, sweeping the tangled thickets, now skirting in pursuit of his fleet falcon, over the watery vegas, and now, with keen, observant eye, and cat-like pace, wandering, arbalest in hand, in silent search after the timid deer—but still in one direction, and still with one intent to join the fair Guarica! Day after day they loitered, side by side, among the cool shades of the mighty woods, while the fierce sun was scourging the clear champaign with intolerable heat; or sat reclined by the cold head of some streamlet, fuller, to them, of inspiration and of love, than were those fabled founts of Gadara, whence Eros rose of yore, twin-born with the dark Anteros, to greet the rapt eyes of Iamblichus. The powerful mind of the young soldier had been cultured, from his earliest youth, to skill, in all those liberal arts and high accomplishments, by which the gallant cavaliers of Spain had gained such honorable eminence above the ruder aristocracy of every other land—to his hands, no less familiar were the harp and gittern, than the toledo or the lance; to his well-tutored voice, the high heroic ballads of his native land, the plaintive elegies of Moorish Spain, the wild musical *areytos* of the Indian tongue were equally adapted—nor did its accents sound less joyously in the clear hunting hollow, less fearfully in the shrill war-shout, that it was oft attuned to the peaceful cadences of a lady's lute—his foot firm in the stirrup, whether in the warlike tilt, in the swift race, or in the perilous leap, was no less graceful in the rapid dance, or agile in the wrestler's struggle on the greensward. He was, in short, a gentleman of singular accomplishment, of a

mind well and deeply trained, shrewd, polished, courteous, yet keen and energetical, withal, and brave as his own trusty weapon. Like every dweller of a mountain land, he possessed that high and romantic adoration of the charms of nature, that exquisite appreciation of the picturesque and beautiful—whether embodied in the mute creations of wood and wild and water, or in the animated dwellers of earth's surface, which, in the breasts of others, is rather an acquired taste, nurtured by delicate and liberal education, than an intuitive and innate sense. Handsome, moreover, eloquent and young, it would have been no great marvel had the brightest lady of the proudest European court selected Don Hernando as the ennobled object of a fresh heart's holiest aspirations. What wonder, then, that the untutored Indian girl, princess, although she was, revered almost to adoration by her own simple people, secluded, from her earliest childhood, from aught of mean or low association, removed from any contact with the debasing influences of the corrupt and contaminating world, secured from any need of grovelling and sordid labor—voluptuous and luxurious as the soft climate of her native isle, yet pure as the bright skies that overhang it—romantic and poetical, as it would seem, by necessity arising from her lonely musings—what wonder that Guarica should have surrendered, almost on the instant—to one who seemed to her artless fancy, not merely one of a superior mortal race, but as a god in wisdom, worth, and beauty—a heart which had been sought in vain by the most valiant and most proud of her nation's young nobility. His grace, his delicate and courteous bearing, so different from the coarse wooing of her Charib lovers, who seemed to fancy that they were conferring, rather than imploring an honor, when they sought her hand—his eloquent and glowing conversation—these would alone have been sufficient to secure the wondering admiration of the forest maiden—but when, to these, were added the deep claim which he now possessed to her gratitude, by the swift aid which he had borne to her when in extremity of peril—and the respectful earnestness of pure and self-denying love which he displayed toward her, it would, in truth, have been well nigh miraculous, had she resisted the impression of her youthful fancy.

Nor were these unions between the dusky maidens of the west, and the hidalgos of old Spain, by any means unfrequent or surprising among the earliest of those bold adventurers who had been sharers—in his first and second voyages—of the great toils and mighty perils which had been undergone by that wise navigator, who, in the quaint parlance of the day, gave a new world to Leon and Castile. On the contrary, it was rather the policy of that great and good discoverer, who, in almost all his dealings with the rude natives, showed higher sentiments of justice and of honor than could have been expected from the fierce and turbulent age in which he lived—to encourage such permanent and indissoluble alliances between the best and bravest of his own followers, and the daughters of the Caciques and nobles of the land, as would assuredly tend, more than any other means, to bind, in real amity, the jarring races brought into close and intimate contact by his discoveries and conquests.

There was therefore not any thing to deter Guarica from lavishing her heart's gem on the handsome cavalier, who had so singularly introduced himself to her favor, and who, so eagerly—nay, devotedly—followed up that chance-formed acquaintance. For several months, despite the ancient adage, the course of true-love did, in their case, run smooth. No day, however stormy—for heavy falls of rain, accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, with thunder-claps, and the broad fearful lightning of the tropics, were, by no means, unfrequent—prevented the adventurous lover from threading the tangled brake, scaling the steep precipitous ascent, fording the swollen river, straight as the bird flies to his distant nest. No turn of duty hindered him—the imposed task performed—from hurrying through the hot glare of noon, or through the moonless night, to visit his beloved. At first, his well-known ardor in the chase, accounted to his comrades for his protracted and continual absences from their assemblies, whether convened for woodland sports, or wild adventure—but when it was observed that, though he never went abroad save with the hawk and hound, or arbalest and bird-bolts, he brooked, no longer, any comrade in his sportive labors—that, though renowned above all his compeers for skill and courage in the mimicry of war, he often now returned, jaded, indeed, and overspent with toil, but either altogether empty-handed, or, at least, so ill-provided with the objects of his unwearying pursuit, that it was utterly impossible to suppose that a hunter, so renowned, could have, indeed, spent so much toil and time, all to so little purpose. This, for a short space, the point of many a light jest, many a merry surmise, gradually grew to be the subject of grave wonder and deliberation; for it was now remarked by all, even by his superiors, that Hernando—who, of yore, had been the keenest volunteer to offer—nay, to urge his services, when any foray was proposed against the daring tribe of Caonabo, the bold Cacique of the Charibs, who now, alone, of the five hereditary monarchs, who held sway in Hispaniola, dared to wage war against the white invaders of his native fastnesses—no longer sought to be employed on such occasions—nay! that he even had refused, as it appeared to those who had solicited his aid, on slight and feigned excuses, to join their perilous excursions. Whispers increased among his comrades, and, ere long, grew to be dark murmurs—rumor said that no hunter ever saw the form of Don Hernando backing his fiery Andalusian, or heard the furious bay of his staunch blood-hounds in any of those haunts where strayed most frequently, and in the greatest plenty, the quarry which he feigned to chase—fame said, and for once truly, that though the best scouts of the Spaniards had been urged, by curiosity, to play the spy upon his movements, their utmost skill had availed nothing! that whether in broad day, or in the noon of night, they never could keep him in view beyond the margin of one belt of forest land; or track the foot-prints of his charger—although the soil was deep and loomy—into its dark recesses! that, in whatever course he turned his horse's head, or bent his footsteps, on departing from the fortress of his friends, he ever reached, by devious turns and secret byepaths, that same almost impenetrable thicket,

and there vanished. It was an age of credulous fear—of dark fanatical superstition! He, who a few short months before had been the idol of his countryman, the soul of their convivial meetings, the foremost and the blithest in their bold hunting-matches, the best lance in their forays, was now the object of distrust, of doubt, of actual fear, and almost actual hatred. Some said that he had cast by his allegiance to his country and his king—that he had wedded with an Indian girl, and joined himself to her people, heart and hand—that he kept up this hollow show of amity with his betrayed, forsaken countrymen, only that he might gain some sure and fatal opportunity of yielding them, at once, to the implacable resentment of the Charib Caonabo. Others, more credulous still, averred, in secret, that he had leagued himself—more desperately yet, and yet more guiltily—with creatures of another world!—that mystic sounds, and voices, not as of human beings, had been heard by the neighbors of his barrack-chamber! and one—he who had scouted him the farthest and most closely—swore that, on more than one occasion, he had beheld a grim and dusky form rise suddenly, as if from out the earth, and join him in the wildest of those woodlands, through which he loved to wander.

Thus did the time pass onward—Hernando and Guarica becoming, every day, more fond and more confiding, and, if that could be, more inseparable—and at the same time, suspicion, enmity, distrust, becoming more and more apparent at every hour, between him and his Spanish kinsmen.

"It will be but a little while," he said, one lovely evening as they sat by the verge of their favorite streamlet, with the cold round moon soaring slowly through the immeasurable azure, and the dews rustling gently on the rich foliage, "it will be but a little while, beloved, before the good and great Columbus shall return; and then, then, sweet one, there will be an end to all your doubts, anxieties, and fears. He is the best, the noblest, the most just of men—he is my friend, too, and a tried one. He once returned—I will avow at once, to him, my love for my Guarica; his consent it is meet that we should have, before our union—and of it, I am certain! Then—then, thou shalt be mine for ever—mine in the sight of men—as thou art now in the sight of Heaven and all its angels!"

"My own Hernando!" was her sole answer—for her heart swelled as she spoke, and her soul was too full for words, and two large diamond tears collected slowly on the long silky fringes of her eyelids, and hanging there like dewdrops on the violet's petals, slid slowly down her soft transparent cheeks.

Tears—tears, Guarica!" cried the lover, half reproachfully—"and wherefore? Can it be—can it be that thou doubttest me?—me, who have never asked the slightest freedom—never assayed the smallest and most innocent familiarity—me, who would rather die—die, not on earth only, but for all eternity—than call up one chaste blush upon those maiden cheeks—than wake one doubt in that pure heart—than print one stain upon the whiteness of that virgin mind! Can it be?"

"No! No!" exclaimed the girl, panting with eager-



ness to interrupt him, for he had spoken, hitherto, with such impetuous haste, that she had vainly sought to answer him. "No! no! Sooner could I doubt Heaven than thee, Hernando. They were tears not of sorrow, nor of doubt—but of pure, heart-felt joy! I know thou art the very soul of honor—I know thou would'st ask nothing of thy Guarica, that it would not be her pride, her joy, her duty, to bestow. It was but joy, dear, dear Hernando, to think that we so soon should be united, beyond the power of man to part us."

Even as she spoke, while her cheek almost touched the face of her young lover, for, in the intense excitement of the moment, she had leaned forward, clasping Hernando's hand in both her own, and watering it with her tears—a sharp, keen twang, mixed with a clash as if of steel, was heard behind them—a long dark streak seemed to glance through the narrow space between their heads with a loud whizzing sound, and on the instant a bolt or arrow stood quivering, buried almost to the feather, in the stem of a palm-tree opposite.

To spring upon his feet, to whirl his long two-edged toledo from the scabbard—to dash, with a loud shout, into the thicket, calling upon his trusty hounds, which, quite unconscious of the vicinity of any peril, were slumbering at Guarica's feet, to whom they had become familiar guardians—was but an instant's work to the young and fiery Hidalgo. For, at the least ten minutes' space he was absent from the Indian maiden, who, trembling with apprehension for the safety of him whom she had learned to love far more than life itself, with every tinge of color banished by mortal terror from her features, awaited his return. With every sense on the alert, eye, ear, and spirit, on the watch, she stood in terrible excitement. She heard him crashing through the tangled brake, she heard his loud voice cheering the eager bloodhounds to track out the footsteps of his hidden foe, but no bay of the sagacious animals, no clash of steel, or answering defiance fell on her anxious ear. His search was vain—his anxious labor fruitless—no fraying of the interlaced and thorny branches showed where the dastardly assassin had forced a passage for his retreating footsteps—no print in the clayey soil revealed where he had trodden—and, stranger yet, the keen scent of the sagacious dogs detected not the slightest taint upon the earth, or on the dewy herbage, although they quested to and fro, three hundred yards, at least, in circuit, around the tree wherein the well-aimed arrow stood—meest evidence of the murderer's intent. He returned, balked and disappointed, to Guarica, big drops of icy perspiration standing, like bubbles, on his high, clear forehead, and his whole frame trembling with the agitation of strong excitement.

"By him who made me," he exclaimed, as he returned to her, "this is most marvellous! there is not, nor hath been, within two hundred yards of us, a human being since we have sat here—if I may trust on mine own eyes, or, what is truer far, the scent of my good hounds! Yet here," he added, as he tore, from the stem of the tall palm-tree, the short massive bolt, with its four-cornered barbed steel head, "here is the evidence that one—and that, too, a Spaniard—hath been, or now is close

beside us. Come, dearest, come, let us leave this perilous spot. By Heaven! but it is wondrous strange!"

In silence—for the girl was too full of terror, the cavalier of dark and anxious thought, to enter into any converse—he led her homeward. Across the bright savannah gleaming in the moonlight, they reached rapidly the portico of her loved home—and there, after a tender parting, Hernando vaulted into the saddle of his fiery Andalusian—whistled his faithful bloodhounds to his heel, and dashed away, at a furious gallop, toward the fortress of his unfriendly countrymen. Eager still to discover, if so it might be, something of him who had so ruthlessly aimed the murderer's shaft that night, Hernando rode directly to the spot where he had sat with Guarica when the fell missile was discharged—he saw the grass betraying, by its bruised and prostrate blades, the very spot on which they had been sitting—but all was still and lonely. Onward he went across the very ground which he had searched so carefully, scarce half an hour before, and ere he had traversed fifty paces, both bloodhounds challenged fiercely. Calling them instantly to heel, the cavalier alighted, bound his hot war-horse to a tree, and eagerly scanned the soil. At the first glance, deep printed in the yielding mould, he found the clear print of a Spanish buskin, furnished with a long knightly spur. To follow the trace backward was his first impulse, and scarce three minutes were consumed, before he had tracked it to a tall and shadowy oak, the bark of which, scarred and defaced, showed that some person had not long before both climbed it and descended.

"Ha!" he exclaimed striking his breast with his clenched hand, "Ha! idiot that I was, who thought not of this. It matters not, however. By God! it matters not, for right soon will I have him! Forward, good hounds," he added, "forward, hark. Halloo, ho! Hark, forward!" and the vexed woodlands rang to the tremendous baying of the deep-mouthed dogs, and the hard gallop of the hunter. They reached the open ground, a league of forest having been already passed, and the hounds, for a moment, were at fault.

Springing again to earth, Hernando easily discovered by the prints in the soil, that here the fugitive had taken horse, having, it would seem, left his charger under the keeping of a menial, while prosecuting his foul enterprise. For, henceforth, two broad horse-tracks might be seen running distinctly over the bare savannah, homeward. Laying the hounds upon the horse-track, the cavalier again remounted, and the fresh dew aiding the scent, away they drove at a pace almost unexampled, through brake and bush, over the open plain, athwart the murky covert—hill and hollow vanished beneath their fiery speed—rock and tree glanced by and disappeared, so furious was their pace—the deepest torrent barred him not, nor the most perilous leap deterred him—for the most fiery, the most constant, the most pervading of all human passions—deadly revenge was burning his heart's core, turning the healthful currents of his blood to streams of fiery lava.

The deadest hour of night had long been passed already, when he dashed forth upon that desperate race

—the pale, cold light of morning was streaming, broad but still, over the palisaded ditch and moated ramparts of the Spanish fortress, when Don Hernando de Leon pulled up his foaming steed before the drawbridge. Early, however, and untimely as was the hour, men were abroad already—a mounted servitor, in liveries of Isabel and silver, riding a coal-black jennet, and leading, by the bridle-rein, a tall bay charger, trapped and housed richly with the same colors, was retiring from the gates, which were just closing toward the barrack-stables—toward this steed, jaded and spent with toil, and all embossed with sweat and foam-flakes, and galled and bleeding at the flanks from cruel and incessant spurring, the savage bloodhounds, still in full cry, dashed, without check or stint; and would have pulled the bay horse down, had not the stern voice of their master checked them. He rode up to the groom, and in a deep voice, calm, slow, and perfectly unmoved, demanded—"Whose charger?"

Without reply, the servitor was hastening away, when he asked once again, in fiercer tones, drawing his dagger as he spoke, "Whose charger, dog? Speak, or thou diest! Whose charger, and who hath now dismounted from him? Not that I need thy voice to tell me what I already know, but that I choose to hear my knowledge confirmed by human words. Whose charger?"

"Don Guzman de Herreiro's," replied the faltering menial. He hath even now gone in—the bridge is not yet lifted!"

"Excellent well!" replied the cavalier, "excellent well! mine ancient comrade—excellent well! my fellow-soldier, whose life I have thrice saved—once from the Moors, amid the mountain glens of Malaga—once from the surf, among the dread Antilles—and once here in this isle of Hispaniola, from the venomous arrow of the Charib. Excellent well, Don Guzman!"

In the mean time, dismounting at the gates, he gave his charger and his hounds to the care of a favorite domestic, who awaited him; and with a firm, slow step, crossing the drawbridge, stopped, for a moment, to address the sentinel.

"So!" he said, "old Gaspar—thou keepest good watch—when went Don Guzman forth?"

"After we set the watch yestrene, fair sir!" replied the old Castilian, presenting, as he spoke, his partizan. "Now I bethink me, it was scarce five minutes after thou didst ride forth into the forest!"

"And he hath now returned?"

"But now!"

No farther words were interchanged—the young knight slowly passed across the court-yard, entered the vaulted passage which led toward the chambers of Don Guzman—paused at the door, and without one word, struck on the panel one strong blow—a stern voice from within cried, "Enter!" and he did enter, and closed the door behind him, and locked and double-locked it, and though strange sounds were heard, and fearful voices, above three hours passed ere any one came forth!

THE mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will, of itself, shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

Original.

## THE SONG OF THE OCEAN SPIRIT.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"May we not imagine that our world is but one of the innumerable gems dropped from the coronet of Nature, and once inhabited by an anterior race of beings, rich in the bloom of beauty and of blossom?"—MOORE.

ONE morning, from my shallop, I beheld,  
An unknown world spring from the eastern wave;  
Brightly and beauteous it to glory swelled,  
While golden gleams did all its pathway lave.  
Upon my ear broke sounds of music brave,  
Flung from a thousand lyres unseen to view;  
While Echo caught them in her airy cave,  
And rolled them o'er our boundless plains of blue,  
That mirrored back the sphere in Glory's radiant hue.

Forms, which before had never met my gaze,  
Rose all around, from Beauty's glowing mould;—  
Rivers and streamlets held their fairy maze—  
Waved the green forests—towered the Alpines bold,  
All marked that world, in freshest splendor rolled  
By some convulsive throes from Nature's womb;  
While, to the heart, its silent grandeur told  
The might and mystery of the Eternal's doom,  
Whose smile is Life—whose frown is dark Destruction's tomb.

When, fashioned into form of loveliness,  
Breathing with life in all its colors bland;—  
Like a young maiden 'neath the pure impress  
Of Virtue's lip—blushed the young, beauteous strand,  
Then Innocence with Love, walked hand in hand  
Around this isle of beauty, for, secure  
From Discord's reckless, devastating brand,  
They deemed their reign for ever might endure,  
Unmarred by Hate, and crowned with Pleasure's  
wreath, all pure.

Swift o'er the waters, to this new-sprung isle,  
I steered my bark to where a smiling bay,  
With sparkling sands, gleamed 'neath the golden smile  
Of the clear sun, in majesty of day.  
I entered, and in beauty's rich array  
I saw—I felt the soil all teeming bright  
With Nature's bounties, redolently gay;—  
Yea, every charm that could the sense delight,  
In dazzling glory burst upon my wondering sight!

For Nature's mantle, in its richest sheen,  
Enwrapped this virgin island—every hue,  
Wove in the loom of Fancy, there was seen,  
Sparkling in brilliance of the first wept dew,  
Which lay like diamonds, dazzling to the view,  
Upon the turf, and in each floweret's bell;—  
While in the sky, the feathered minstrels flew  
On flitting wings; and music's mellow swell  
Upon my ear, in strains of love enchanting fell.

The low, deep moan, borne on the viewless breeze—  
Like to the music of some hallowed pile—  
Came from the murmuring of the sunny seas  
That heaved around this new-created isle;

I paused, as Happiness, with golden smile  
 Sunned on my cheek, and sparkled in mine eye;  
 For then unknown was the dark demon, Guile!  
 Then Pain was not—nor Sorrow lent a sigh,  
 But over all was spread Love's cloudless, glowing sky!

There Freedom's banner woo'd the holy breath,  
 Of winds whose wings in balmy slumber lay;  
 Peace spread his olive arms in joy beneath,  
 Smiling at fair creation's virgin day;  
 Naught bore the emblem of this life's decay;  
 All was one beauteous breast of summer bloom.  
 Then stern dominion, and despotic sway,  
 Were slumbering in Oblivion's unop'd tomb—  
 Woe to the fatal hour when man first sealed his doom!

When Sin his banner flung upon the breeze,  
 Then death and havoc followed in his train;  
 Groans rent the air, and purple-glowing seas  
 Of human blood rolled o'er creation's plain—  
 Triumphed Ambition, Pride, and galling Pain!  
 Then Innocence her snowy ensign furled,  
 Bound was her fair form in Oppression's chain,  
 Enslaved to Power, that Demon of the world—  
 God of the just, oh! to the dust his throne be hurled!

Spirit of Freedom! whither art thou fled?  
 What region claims thy thunderbolts of might?  
 Art in the realms of air, or Ocean's bed?  
 Awake! Arise! Speed on thy vengeful flight,  
 Roll on thy car, and with thy vengeance smite  
 The slave, who breathes beneath Oppression's reign;  
 And with thy sword of meteoric light,  
 Sever the links that form his damned chain—  
 Giving each despot lord to Scorn's eternal pain.

Yes! such for ever be the tyrant's fate—  
 Or, if his dust a monument should find,  
 Be it a mark where falls the world's deep hate—  
 An altar where the curses of mankind  
 Loudly do rise; and in each freeman's mind,  
 Spurned be his deeds—and o'er his pompous bier,  
 Let no eye weep—but on the wings of wind  
 Scatter his ashes:—in creation's ear  
 Howl out his hated name, in accents deep and drear!

Oh! I have seen the tempest and the storm  
 Level that nation, whose all-conquering power  
 Has laughed in mockery, and reared its form,  
 And dared to scoff at Time's avenging hour!  
 Yes, I have seen dark Desolation lower  
 Its withering cloud, and pall an empire bright;  
 And as the pride of some gay summer flower,  
 Is scattered by Destruction's wings of blight,  
 So have the domes of power been strewn before my sight.

The mighty conqueror whose triumphant sword  
 Has waved a sceptre over earth afar—  
 Who, amidst kings, was undisputed lord,  
 And chief of warriors in the storm of war—  
 I've seen to vanish, like a shrouded star,  
 And perish in his mightiness supreme;—  
 And others mount Ambition's gory car;

Then, swift as snow-flakes, or a passing dream—  
 Like him, sink in the waves of dull Oblivion's stream!

But thou, old Time, hast ever held thy course,  
 Unheeding Nature and her changeful spheres,  
 Smiling serene at Ruin's ruthless force.  
 Thou hoary monarch of unnumbered years,  
 'Fore thee have rolled seas of Destruction's tears!  
 Around thee oft has swelled dread Havoc's cry!  
 But Havoc's shrieks, and Horror's maddening fears,  
 Ne'er pierce thy heart; nor close thy sleepless eye!  
 No barrier stops thy march, Sire of eternity!

Thus glowing in the robes of beauty bright,  
 Sprang the fair isle from the Eternal's hand:  
 Then in my bosom lingered wishes light,  
 To reign, sole goddess of this beauteous strand:  
 But 'fore my eyes our world did all expand  
 Its emerald isles and bowers of radiant hue;  
 Its coral hills, and plains of sparkling sand,  
 All to my heart in strong affection flew,  
 Till fervor swelled my heart, and filled mine eyes with dew.

Plains of the blue waves, then, be ye my home,  
 With ye, for ever, be my heart imbued,  
 O'er thy free billows let me ever roam,  
 In tempest stern, or voiceless solitude.  
 Earth, with its baleful passions, stern and rude,  
 Can on thy breast no impress ever make,  
 On thee walks Freedom, in her chainless mood,  
 No strength thy giant arm can ever break,  
 But at thy voice, Earth's kings and mighty rulers quake.

Yes, Ocean! thou art Freedom's spotless breast,  
 No tyrant links thy form can e'er entwine  
 In sweet, calm beauty—or when the white crest  
 Of storm doth on thy weltering billows shine—  
 Oh! then to me thou'rt lovely and divine.  
 The earth, in flowery pride and cunning art,  
 Glowing in brilliance 'neath the golden shrine  
 Of the bright sun—no joy can e'er impart  
 Like thee, blue Queen, dear goddess of my spirit heart!

#### W O M A N .

THE prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform—to entertain, when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manner is its associate; united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature.—  
*Dr. Blair.*

Original.

"OUR DOCTOR."

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I HAVE had a delicious dream, in which I have lived over a few hours of pleasure. With it was combined much of the poetry of sickness—much to make the heart thankful. There was pain, too, but it did not seem as such, for the sufferings of childhood may pass for the pleasures of riper age. The atmosphere was no longer moist with the morning dew, and the old oak cast its shadow along the front of our house, darkening the thick rose-bushes, and forming a cool nook for my sister's play-house, while the sun fell brightly through its outer branches and quivered over the short grass in the foreground, like threads of flexible silver weaving themselves into a ground-work of emerald green. A soft breeze was stirring, such as might draw color to the lips of an invalid without chilling his frame, while the river, as it washed its banks, and the green trees, as they swayed gently to the whispering wind, gave out a soft sleepy sound, calculated to soothe even pain to quietness.

My father took me in his arms, and bore me carefully out into the shadow of the oak. I was in the blessed sunlight, for the first time, after six long, long weeks of illness. Oh, how deliciously the bland air came up from the river, and swept over my languid temples! What a blissful tremor ran through my form, as I was placed in the easy-chair which my mother had carefully arranged for me! A sensation of new life thrilled every nerve. I was as one lifted up from the grave into the beautiful light of heaven, the first breath of pure air came to my cheek with so sweet a touch. It seemed as if a cloud of invisible spirits were fanning me with their wings. The sluggish blood started in my veins, and thrilled me with a sensation of exquisite pleasure. The atmosphere seemed imbued with a new and more subtle property. My brain quickened—my senses drank in the perfume of the flowers that flushed the river's bank, and responded to the hum of the summer insects which haunted the rose-thickets and the honeysuckle vines, with a capacity for enjoyment which I had never experienced before. My mother carefully folded me in a cloak, and kissing me, exclaimed—"See, how the color is coming to her poor, thin cheeks."

My father met her glance of congratulation, and smiling a happy, grateful smile, looked affectionately upon me, and well he might, if he loved his child; for while yet scarcely entering into my girlhood, I had been stricken down with a violent and dangerous illness, which had desolated many a neighboring hearthstone. For weeks. I had trembled on the brink of the grave, a long feverish dream, full of delirium and pain, had been before me, and I was but just recovering from it. With gladome faces and half uttered blessings, my parents left me to the enjoyment of the scene. I looked eagerly abroad upon the valley. The green, heavy foliage of the pine grove across the way, shivered and thrilled to the morning air, and a whispering melody stole out, low and sad, as if the dying flowers were breathing a requiem underneath the trees. Above was the blue sky, but to my

feeble vision, it seemed an ocean of silvery billows floating in dazzling masses far overhead. The brightness pained me, and I turned my eyes to the earth again. How refreshingly green it was!—and the noise of the waterfall near—how cool and melodious was its splashing music! Strange that its monotony should so have pained me during my fever!

My sisters brought out their playthings, and heaped them on the grass before me, all the while laughing and chatting so happily as they assorted them, congratulating themselves over and over that I was well enough to come out with them once more! Now and then they would look up from their playthings, dwell anxiously on my face, and ask if I were tired, or if they should play something else; then one would insist on raising the pillow a little, and would smooth my hair so kindly, while the other ran out among the rose-bushes, and tearing off the great blossoms with merciless prodigality, brought them for me to look upon. Dear sister, she little knew how faint and strengthless I was; the very roses were oppressive as they lay breathing out odor and unfolding their damask hearts in my lap.

On the opposite side of the river, a little up the rugged bank, was rooted a slender ash, and on one of the topmost boughs, was just distinguishable, among the delicate leaves, a dark object which I knew to be one of the purse-like, hanging nests, built by the English robin. The owner birds were fluttering about the tree with their brilliant plumage flashing in the sunlight like a pair of tiger lilies adrift on the wind. They are scarce and beautiful birds, the very gems of the air—these English robins. I am not ornithologist enough to know if they have any other name. Their plumage is of a vivid scarlet, changing now and then, in a strong sunlight, to a flower-like tint, as if the feathers were tipped with powdered gold.

There was a spot, just beneath the tree, on which my eyes dwelt with longing intensity. It was one of those cool little hollows which we often see on a broken hill-side; the grass, to a little distance around, was delightfully green, and I could just distinguish the sparkle of waters as they leaped from a little rocky basin, and trickled down the bank, giving freshness and life to the herbage in their pathway. It was for that bright water which I thirsted with an absorbing desire. There it was, leaping and flashing, as if in mockery before my eyes; I could almost hear it murmuring under the grass with that soft liquid flow which seems almost to quench thirst with its very melody, and yet it was forbidden to me. Our doctor was a man of much knowledge—a successful practitioner, but, possessed of inveterate prejudices, he strictly prohibited water in all cases of fever. He was as stubborn a water-hater as Mr. Willis' Tomaso; one would have thought that like him, he suspected, that "since the world was drowned in it, it has tasted of sinners," and that his patients might be tainted with it. Be this as it may, he would as soon have administered a dose of prussic acid, as a spoonful of the pure element to one suffering under the disease that was ravaging our neighborhood. Through six long weeks of parching fever, I had tasted water only once. That once—it almost

makes me smile to think of it—the girl, in her haste to obey a summons from my sick room, had placed a brimming ewer on the carpet. All day I had been praying for water. One drop—one little drop was all I asked, but it was denied to me. I was alone, burning with thirst, restless with feverish pain, and there, a few yards from me, stood the forgotten ewer, with the coveted moisture dripping drop by drop over its sides. In the phrensy of desire I crept from my bed and dragged myself along the floor till the delicious beverage was gained. I lifted my reeling head, seized the vessel, and drank—oh, with what intoxicating delight! Could I have coined each drop into a diamond at the moment, I would not have thus enriched myself. I remember it all as a dream, but it was a moment of delicious pleasure. I would almost suffer the same privation to taste such happiness again. When the servant returned, she found me lying satiated and asleep—asleep by the half empty ewer, with my night-clothes lying wet about me, and the carpet under my head saturated with the water, spilt in my eagerness to drink. The poor girl was dreadfully frightened; a sound rating from "The Doctor," and perhaps a trial for manslaughter, were the most gentle consequences her imagination taught her to expect from her negligence. After sobbing and wringing her hands most tragically for a season, she changed my clothes, placed me in bed again, and like a wise girl, resolved to keep her own council in the affair. That night she was a faithful watcher, and I had a long, refreshing sleep. The next morning found me much better, which the good doctor pronounced as the result of some half dozen powders which *were* to have been taken in roasted apple during the night.

From the day of my stolen indulgence, to the time when they carried me into the open air for the first time, water had been carefully excluded from my room. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the "Rock Spring," with its bright grass and pure waters, should be the first object to fix my attention? My second sister followed the direction of my eyes, and understood their longing expression.

"You may have some—you shall. I will run and ask mother," she exclaimed, pushing a heap of muslin and silk pieces—an elder-wood pin-case, and a half-dressed doll out of her lap, and jumping up, ran into the house. Directly she appeared with her pink sun-bonnet on, and a pitcher in her hand.

"You may have some drink—mother says you may. I am going after it. I'll dip it out of the very coldest part of the basin, and bring a lot of peppermint and sweet flag-root with it!—her cheerful voice was lost on the air as she darted through the gate and over the old wooden bridge toward the "Rock Spring."

A few moments, and she came running back with her bonnet hanging to her neck by the strings, her generous, bright face all in a glow, and the water dashing over her hands at each bounding step.

"Here, drink, drink!" she said, eagerly, holding the pitcher to my mouth—"drink quick—quick! for the doctor is coming!"

A few drops from the offered vessel were enough to

satisfy my cravings. The fever had left me, and it was rather from a wish for the taste of water, than from any unnatural thirst, that I had so desired a draught from the spring.

The tramp of a horse, steady and sedate in his movements, was heard on the bridge.

"There he comes! there he comes!" cried my kind sister, half frightened out of her wits, and snatching the pitcher from my lips, she darted into the house. I, too, started forward in my chair, and would have followed her, but the effort overcome my feeble strength. I fell back faint and panting for breath. Tramp—tramp—tramp, came the sound of hoofs over the bridge, then the noise was broken by the gravel at the end, and just underneath the boughs of the old chestnut, which stood there like a veteran sentinel, guarding the pass, appeared "our doctor."

Our doctor was a character odd and droll as a character ought to be. He and his horse had grown old with the village. For ten miles around, he reigned a perfect medical despot. There was not a child in the neighborhood who would not run away and hide itself like a frightened partridge at the very sight of his saddle-bags. One might well have judged of his character as he, emerging from under the chestnut, mounted on a piece of living antiquity in the shape of a venerable horse, whose gaunt frame looked as if it had been fed on its master's refuse medicines. The poor beast had been a patriarch of the plough, and like many wiser animals, never could forget his old vocation. His propensities were always earthward; every thing about him drooped, from the grisly hair hanging over his hoofs, to the long foretop, which streamed like an Indian's scalp over his meagre face and bleary eye. I must except his mane, for that could not be said to have any particular propensity. It was so matted together with burs, that it was difficult to guess of what material it was formed. Nothing could have harmonized better than the horse and his accoutrements. The bridle had been stiffened with rain and sunshine till it rattled against the poor beast's neck at every footfall; the saddle was old—worn and discolored; while the leathern saddle-bags, which contained half the contents of an apothecary's-shop, seemed a part and parcel of the beast, so admirably did they correspond with his sides, which had lost most of their hairy coating in the agricultural service before mentioned. But the doctor—I cannot say that he looked exactly like his horse, though, in some things, there certainly was a resemblance. The doctor was about forty, very lean, and crippled in both his legs. His horse, if we may judge from appearances, was nearly the same age, blind of one eye, with a form guiltless of more flesh than was absolutely necessary to hold his rickety joints together. The doctor always affirmed that his beast, though rather rough in the exterior, knew more than most men; while every body said that his master was as odd as odd could be, and as ugly in face and person as a man might reasonably wish to be, had his ambition in that line been ever so great, but that there was not a physician in the county could compete with him in medical skill. It would be unjust to draw a parallel between the doctor

and his horse, farther than the corporeal portion of man and beast was concerned, for notwithstanding his antipathy to cold water, the doctor was uncommonly skilful in his profession, had received an unexceptionable diploma from the medical board in New-Haven, and was, moreover, a man of vast general knowledge; but I never could learn that the horse had ever been honored with a diploma, or was, in any way, remarkable for scientific remark. Let this be as it may, it cannot be denied that master and beast could not be more completely created for each other, than were the doctor as we have described him, in his ill-made clothes and huge bear-skin cap, which gave his head much the appearance of a black wasp's-nest, and the ugly animal on which he usually appeared, with his crutches crossed on his saddle-bow, and his withered legs dangling over the store of medicines packed in his saddle-bags.

I know that it is very uncivil to leave the learned physician so long under the chestnut, but it would be an aggravation of the offence had the character of so important a functionary been left to conjecture. Well, he rode majestically toward the house, and after dismounting with some difficulty, placed his saddle-bags over one arm, and his crutches under both, and advanced into the yard. When he saw me sitting in the easy-chair, with my sister's playthings scattered about me, he stopped short, and planting his crutches deep in the grass, called out—

"Halloo, you young chatterbox—how came you here; does that obstinate woman want to kill you?"

I stammered out something about my parents having brought me there.

"More fools they. You'll catch cold, and if you do you'll die, I can tell them that, but it'll serve them right—for what business had they to let you come out till they had asked me, I should like to know? But you'll die, and I shan't pity them—a pack of fools!"

A cold chill crept over me at his repetition of the words "You will die." The tears started to my eyes in spite of a strong effort to prevent them, and shuddering with fear, I closed my eyes on the beautiful green earth with a feeling of painful and sudden dread—the dread of death; oh, what a host of terrible and tender feelings are intermingled in that fear! The doctor raised his crutches and hobbled a step nearer than he was, doubtless, softened by the sudden palor that settled on my face.

"Don't cry, little chatterbox, he said patting my head with his little bony hand, "don't cry, we shall raise you yet, I rather guess, but I wouldn't have given fourpence for you, three weeks ago. There, there, you little fool, don't sob so; you'll make yourself sick again. I did not mean to frighten you, but here shall be no neglect: I"—

He broke off suddenly, drew back the hand with which he had been patting my head, and passing it over his eyes, muttering—

"My poor Therese. If I had given half as much care to her as I have to you, she would have been alive now."

I looked up; the doctor's face was eloquent with grief, and a tear stood on his lean cheek. Poor man! though

odd and eccentric, he had a heart. Therese was his eldest child—a sweet, gentle and most loving creature. A few weeks previous to my illness, she had complained of headache and dullness for several days in succession. Her father, who was more than commonly engaged in his profession, considered her indisposition as light, and neglected the first symptoms of fever till they gained a strength that baffled even his great skill. His first born died—died by her father's negligence. The poor man felt it to his heart's core. No wonder that the tears started to his eyes when he contrasted my convalescence with her death.

The doctor was, by far, too odd a man to indulge in genuine feeling for more than a moment. Wiping his eyes, he resumed his usual half comic expression, and called for my mother in a voice that brought all the inmates of the house rushing to the door, for they supposed that I must have fainted, or died, perhaps, in my chair.

"Take that young-one into the house!" vociferated he, pointing to the door with his crutch, "take her up and put her in bed; ten chances to one she has caught her death by your folly, and if she escapes, there'll be no thanks to you for it, I can tell you."

My mother strove in vain to convince him that she acted by his orders in conveying me into the air, which, indeed, was true. Nothing would pacify him, but he insisted that I must be carried to bed; so I was taken, terrified and weak from apprehensions excited by the physician, and carried to my sick room again. The doctor left me some quieting-drops, and departed. I felt a sensation of relief when the solemn tramp of his old horse again struck on my ear as he stalked over the bridge; and when the noon passed without bringing any of the unfavorable symptoms which would have been the effect of a sudden cold, the apprehensions which had chilled my heart died away, and I slept.

When I awoke, the purple glow of sunset filled my room, the windows of which opened towards Tall's Hill. The curtains were drawn back, and the hill, with its taper steeple and white houses, embedded and half concealed by numerous trees, lay before me, mellowing in the crimson haze of a warm sunset. A soft misty gloom lay along the ground, and in the bosom of the trees, while the church-window seemed burnished into sheet gold, so strongly did they reflect the dying light. A few still, melancholy moments, and the purple gloom had darkened the whole picture, save where the flashing sunbeams played brightly around the glittering charch-vane and slowly disappeared. Then night came on. One lone, bright star stole out, and trembled over my mother's grave. I knew that it was her resting-place on which the light slept, for I could distinguish the marble slabs, embedded as they were in the gathering gloom. Oh, how solemn and melancholy were my feelings, as I lay with my eyes fixed on that bright star, shedding its purple tranquil light over the place of the dead—it was so pure, so heavenly! The tears rolled over my cheeks as I gazed, and sweet, mysterious thoughts came thronging my brain, one after another, till my heart grew faint

with the excess of its own sensations. Another and another star came out, till the whole firmament glowed as with a shower of brilliants. Slowly they seemed melting one into another—that lone, beautiful star and all—and I was asleep again.

My next waking was deep in the night. The room was dark, and I felt a sensation of fatigue and pain, which instantly convinced me that I had taken cold. The doctor's words came to my mind; my heart died within me, and I cowered beneath the bed-clothes in a painful fit of coughing. The darkness was appalling; my cough became more and more violent, and I felt as if the hand of death was already upon me. My thoughts became strangely solemn, and I murmured to myself as one in a dream, "And must I die so young, when life is so very sweet? Must I close my eyes for ever on the bright and beautiful earth, when but just returned to it from the portals of the tomb? Will that pale star rise year after year and tremble over my grave also, when I shall be laid beside my mother in the cold, damp charnel-house of nature—that mother who died in my early infancy, and left me to the generous care of one who had cherished me even as if I had been her own child." These were sad bitter thoughts, but I could not escape them; the doctor's words rung in my ears like the denunciations of a prophet. "If you catch cold." I felt that I had caught cold, and that I must die. Slow and solemn thoughts of dissolution passed by me like spectres treading to the music of a dirge. My funeral seemed to pass in mournful review. The little coffin with its velvet pall, and myself lying pale and cold in the snow-white shroud, as I had seen poor Therese, with all the habiliments of mourning, marshalled themselves in my excited brain. The darkness around seemed an immense curtain of black, enveloping me in its folds, and shutting me out from the earth for ever. Death! death! Oh, what a chill came over me as I whispered the dread word again and again in the agony of my fear. Then came more tender thoughts—thoughts of my sisters and of their grief when they should see me cold and dead. I could almost hear them weeping and mourning over me; then appeared the pale faces of my father and of my dear step-mother; they were full of settled grief. The dark picture was too distinct for my excited imagination. I thought my heart was breaking, and sobbed and wept in my bed, till I lay strengthless and utterly exhausted, with my face buried in the damp pillow, and my trembling limbs bathed in the dew of mingled weakness and agony.

I know not whether I fainted or slept; but there was a time of oblivion, and then a strain of sweet, wild music came floating through the room, and I felt the light of a new day steal over my closed eyelids. I lay thus, a moment, between wakefulness and slumber, then a shadow broke the imperfect light, and a soft kiss was pressed on my forehead. It was my mother; she had stolen to my bed-side at the first dawn of day, to inquire how I had rested. Her cheerful face brought new hope to my heart, and I was ashamed to inform her how much I had suffered during the night. She drew back the curtains and raised me up that I might look out on the dewy earth. The rosy light was kissing every green

thing into new beauty, and the old oak waved its boughs, and rustled cheerfully in the morning breeze.

"There, do you hear that?" said my mother, as the bird, whose music had disturbed me, sent forth a succession of wild, sweet notes from the bosom of the tree. "You shall go out again to-day, when the grass is dry."

I looked anxiously in her face, and ventured to say, "But, mother, are you sure that I have not taken cold? I coughed very badly in the night."

"Cold, no, dear. You will be all the better for a little fresh air. You were tired, that was all."

My heart leaped; I felt as if snatched from the coffin, and flinging my arms about my mother's neck, I wept, and told her all. She pitied and soothed me in her own kind way, bade me try to sleep again, and promised that I should go out to play with my sisters, notwithstanding the doctor's predictions, and so I did, that day and the next—and the next again. Our doctor growled and scolded, and flourished his crutch most magnificently when he came to visit me, but my mother took it all very quietly; she was a woman—and women will have their way—when they can.

Original.

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

YEs! I will do thy bidding.

When yonder sun has set  
For ever from the heaven you love,  
Then, dearest, I'll forget!

When the dove's winnowing winglet  
No longer seeks its nest—  
When stars forget to smile in heaven,  
And ocean is at rest,

And glowing summer boasts no more  
Her radiant roses birth,  
And bloom and light and loveliness  
Have vanished from the earth,

Then cold and calm Indifference  
Shall smile at fond Regret,  
And lost to Love and Hope and Truth,  
My passions I'll forget.

But while the sunlight still recalls  
The glorious hours we met  
On upland slope, in woody glade,  
Ah! how may I forget?

While every pure and lovely thing,  
Some semblance bears to thee—  
While the rose wears thy virgin blush,  
Thy floating grace, the sea—

While in the stars thy blessed smile  
Looks fondly on me yet,  
And the fond dove thy truth portrays,  
Ah! how may I forget?

## Original.

## ALFRED, THE GIPSY.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

NEAR the close of a London season, four years after the events related in the last chapter, a party of visitors were one morning lounging listlessly through the magnificent rooms of the Royal Academy, when they came to a group of persons who were commenting in the highest terms of encomium, on a picture before which they stood.

"What truth of coloring!"

"What exquisite finish to that hand, laid over the bosom!"

"And those uplifted eyes, are they not eloquent with prayer and love?"

"'Tis a Titian, I think, by the manner," remarked a fourth person.

"A copy only, sir. I know who the painter is," said an old connoisseur, decidedly.

"Who is it?" inquired several voices.

"He is called Alfred, and is said to be a gipsy," was the reply.

"What, the same extraordinary youth, with whose praise all London is ringing?" asked an amateur. "Well he deserves the praises that are lavished upon him."

The party just spoken of, consisting of the Earl of Linton and his daughter, Lady Cadwallader and others, now came near this group, and arrested by their conversation, stopped to survey the picture. It was the Madonna that they had seen on the student's easel, years before in Rome. Lady Laura Linton cast but a simple glance at the painting, when with a cry of joy she threw herself on her father's shoulder, and burst into tears. Lord Linton recognized the picture, and with a quick penetration, divined her emotion, while Lady Eleanor Cadwallader said pointedly,

"Was I not right, uncle, when I said that this picture was the cause of cousin Laura's pale cheek and drooping health?"

The group about the picture were too much occupied with it to notice this by-scene, or were so well-bred, as to affect not to perceive it.

"Laura, my dear, we will descend to the carriage," said the Earl tenderly, as she raised her head, and dashed the tears away from her eyes.

The maiden, instead of replying, suddenly seized his hand and directed it towards a picture, a little to the right of the Madonna. He started at beholding a vivid representation of the scene in Rome—the portrait of Laura in the chariot was not to be mistaken, so faithfully had the painter done his work; while the likeness of the student at the horse's head was drawn to the life.

"He remembers me then," murmured the gentle invalid, as she suffered herself to be led away by the Earl, who made no other comment than a frown at this new discovery.

## CHAPTER V.

Early the ensuing morning, the Earl of Linton drove to the Academy, and demanded of the keeper, the name and address of the painter of the two pieces, which he indicated.

"He is called Alfred, the Gipsy, my lord."

"He who has made so much noise in the world, for his picture of Cain?"

"The same, your lordship."

"Is he now in London?"

"He is, my lord."

"I will take his address."

In twenty minutes afterwards, the carriage of the nobleman drew up at the entrance of a narrow court, where he alighted, and after descending a few steps, came to a door, which, by a flight of carpeted stairs communicated with a spacious room on the first floor. In this room, which was plainly hung with green cloth, relumed by a few valuable old pictures and one or two more recent works, stood at his easel a fine looking young man, with an exceedingly dark complexion, on whose features dwelt a cloud of settled melancholy. It was the young painter of Rome, known as "Alfred, the Gipsy," who, after three years wandering in Italy, had opened a studio in London, and already, by the unaided efforts of his own genius and industry, placed his name with honorable mention, in the mouths of all men. The picture before him was the Madonna of Titian, not the copy, but the original, of which, before leaving Italy he had succeeded in getting possession. He was gazing on it with a look between that of a reverential worshipper and an adoring lover. Suddenly he heard a footstep in his room, and looking up, he beheld and recognized the nobleman, so intimately connected with her who at that moment shared his thoughts. The recognition was mutual.

In a few courteous words, Lord Linton expressed his regret at the long interval he had suffered to elapse before the opportunity, which now presented itself had been met with, to thank him for the service he had rendered himself and family in rescuing his child from a dreadful death; and informed him of the numerous inquiries that had been made after him in Rome to no purpose; "and," he added, "having a few days since returned to England, after a long residence in the south of Europe, I accidentally met with a picture in the Royal Academy, which is so closely associated with yourself, that, confident you must be in London, I obtained your address and hastened at once hither that I might finally release myself from the debt of gratitude your gallantry has imposed on me. Permit me, sir, with my expressions of thanks, to offer you at the same time, not as a compensation or reward, but as a further proof of my grateful consideration, the enclosed check for £1000."

The young painter bowed, while he said respectfully, "My life is not bought, my lord. I need no reward. I never gaze on this picture that I am not thanked; and each hour of my existence I am blessed with the consciousness that the lovely personification of this prophetic picture of Titian's before me lives and is happy."

The old noble walked to the front of the easel to look at the picture, and his face glowed as he beheld the

\* Concluded from page 7.



miraculous likeness of his daughter. His aristocratic pride could not endure that one so humble should possess, too plainly as fuel to his daring passion, the picture of his high-born child, and this feeling overcoming his gratitude, he resolved to possess the portrait.

"Young man, you presume too far on the power your art gives you, and take, methinks, undue advantage of an accidental resemblance, found in this copy from an old painting. It is prostrating your god-like art to the lowest uses. The possession of this picture under the circumstances connected with it, is a moral theft—a sort of forgery that no honorable man will uphold—no honest man be guilty of. You will oblige me by either destroying this picture, or placing it in my keeping. I will become its purchaser at your own price."

"My lord, it is not to be bought. It is dear to me as life!" he replied with animation.

"How, sir! Remember, young painter, it is a portrait of my daughter—of Lady Laura Linton, you speak! Beware, sir Gipsy!"

"Hear me, my lord," said the young man, addressing the offended noble in a voice so respectful in its tone, yet so earnest, that he could not refuse to listen, "hear me and then judge me! I am a painter—a *gipsy* if you will—but in my bosom throbs a heart warm as that which beats in the breast of his majesty. That heart is noble—its feelings noble—its hopes, wishes, all that constitute it, I feel is noble—it is a *human* heart, my lord! in a word it is a man's heart, and as a man I love. The object of my passion is your daughter."

"Ha!"

"Patiently, my lord! I have but thrice seen her and have never yet spoken with her—yet I love her, for she is a woman, though an Earl's daughter. But the canons of social order place her as far above me, as the Madonna before me. I have, therefore, chastened my deep love, and wedded it to my faith, and worship a heavenly and earthly divinity both at the same time in this seraphic face. Be not offended, my lord; my thoughts are not less holy, whether I see in it for the moment, Lady Laura Linton, or Mary, the Virgin. In fine, my lord, vain love has grown into a religion, and in the likeness of your daughter I behold only a divinity. Ask me not, then, to part with it, my lord. Let me not be denied the happiness of adoring afar off, her I may not love present. Let me be blessed with the ideal presence of her whom birth and fortune have placed for ever beyond my possession. It can give no offence to thee—she will never know of my humble love! Refuse me not this prayer, my lord!"

He stood before the Earl, with a look so eloquently pleading—so modest, yet so earnest, that the nobleman, already moved by this singular appeal to his feelings, suddenly grasped him by the hand and was about to speak, when, as if emotion had overcome him, and he feared to trust his voice, he signed towards the picture with a gesture of assent. For a few seconds afterwards he paced in silence, and then turning to the painter, said,

"I know not what to make of you, young sir! We have so often and so singularly met—your strange appellation—your genius, courage, ambition and romantic character—all mark you as no ordinary person. You

speaking English like a native: yet in your pronunciation of some words, there is something, I know not what, that is foreign—and your complexion, too! Are you English or Italian?"

"I am a Gipsy, my lord!"

"Ah, true! An English Gipsy. This accounts for your swarthy hue!"

"Yet I believe, my lord, that I am an Englishman by birth."

"How!"

"It is my impression, from the early passages in my memory, that I must have been stolen from my parents!"

"Indeed. You interest me! What do you remember?"

"Though almost all of the recollections are of gipsy life, I feel very confident of having once lived in another sphere. But until my fifteenth year, excepting a very hasty period of childhood, I was a gipsy. At this age, a bachelor gentleman in Sussex, taking a fancy to me, as we were encamped near his house, enticed me from the tribe, and put me to school. Three years afterwards he was thrown from his horse and killed; and there being no provision left for me, he having made no will, I was cast upon my fortunes. I sought London, and having had from boyhood, a taste for rude sketching, I offered my services to a portrait painter, who, finding I exhibited some talent, offered to become my master, while his instructions I was to repay, by doing the drudge work of the profession. I remained with him nearly two years, when, inspired with a desire to visit the great school of art in Italy, I left England with only a few guineas in my pocket, and on foot travelled from Calais to Rome, where, in the gallery of the Cardinals you soon afterwards met me."

"What recollection have you of a horrid prison to your gipsy associations?" asked the Earl, after a few moments' reflection.

"An impression, like the relics of a pleasant dream, dwells upon my earliest memory, (but I cannot say that I may not readily have dreamed it all,) of costly furniture and gorgeous halls, and servants in liveries of gold and blue, among which my infancy seems to have been passed. I certainly remember the face of a lovely and elegant female, bent close to mine; and to this moment, her image is never revived, without bringing with it, the impulse to say "mother." If, my lord, I were to represent on canvass the ideal of "mother"—a pictorial hieroglyphic of the word, I should instinctively paint that face as the symbol."

"Do you recollect it then, so visibly!" Transfer it to canvass if you have the skill to do it, and it may lead to the discovery of your birth."

"Often have I done it on the bark of the beech-tree, with the walnut juice, with which the gipsies dye the skins of those who join them, and with which my face and hands are stained—the rest of my body being fair, a proof that I am not of gipsy blood, my lord!"

"Ah! it is a strong, nay, convincing proof! You must paint the picture."

"I will do it, my lord, but have little hopes of its being useful to me."

A few more unimportant questions were asked by the Earl, who, then rising, expressed the interest his story had awakened, and promising his aid, whenever he should require it, towards ascertaining his parentage, took his leave.

Left alone, the young painter paced his room with a fevered step. His thoughts run into the channel the late conversation had opened for them, and he tasked his memory to its utmost, to bring vividly back to his mind its first impressions.

"If I could yet prove my birth—but no—I may be only a country gentleman's son—and this would not bring me near her! Oh, untoward fate and fortune, thou hast placed my love so high, that even hope cannot reach her."

As he walked, memory went upward to childhood, step by step, and brought before him a scene, which, from a thousand associations, he knew must have been the haunt of his early years. He called to mind an old tower, perched on a wooded hill, with a stone bridge arching a foaming torrent beneath. Beside the bridge was a vine-clad cottage, and, not far below it, a church with a peculiar spire: still farther beyond were the roofs of a village; and towering over all, rose a noble castle, and in the back ground was a chain of blue hills, rising here and there into a peak. The whole he seemed to view from the bridge. Every object in the scene was painted on the retina of early memory, with the distinctness of present vision.

"This, my heart tells me," he said, as he paced the floor, "this is my birth-place! I remember it all! How it all comes back to memory! It was in that cottage I lived. I was a foster child—I had a foster brother, too—I remember it all so vividly! In yonder castle lived my fathers! Oh, memory, blessed memory, I thank thee! I remember it all! I am no outcast!"

For a few seconds he gave wing to the feelings of the moment, and then, as if checked by some startling reflection, he stood still and groaned aloud.

"Alas, alas! what avails this light, which, after years of darkness and of ignorance, Heaven has permitted to break in upon me. I know not in what part of England, if in England at all, (yet it is an English scene,) it is situated. An outcast and nameless, I still am. Wretched, wretched!"

He threw himself on a chair, and burying his face in his hands, remained for a long time, silent and gloomy. All at once he sprang from his seat, placed fresh canvass on the easel—seized his palette and brush, and began to paint with a rapidity and energy, that seemed as if he feared that the image he was transferring from his brain would fleet away, ere he could impress it indelibly upon the canvass. Like magic, a lovely landscape grew beneath his skilful touches, and ere twilight was lost in the darkness of night, he had produced on the canvass, a picture of the scene that memory had painted on his brain.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Have you seen the mysterious painting?" was the salutation with which acquaintances greeted each other, at a fashionable party, a few evenings after the interview

that had taken place between the Earl of Linton, and Alfred, the Gipsy.

"How very odd, isn't it?" said a very dressy lady, fanning herself with a peacock's tail.

"'Tis said he takes this method to learn his birth-place," remarked a spare gentleman near her, who alternately sipped an ice and wiped with a cambric 'brodered handkerchief, his bald forehead.

"And does he really offer five hundred pounds to whomsoever will recognize it, and identify it with any natural scene?" asked a brisk little gentleman in black, with a calculating eye and thin lips.

"Indeed he does," responded the lady with the fan, "and thousands have been to see it already."

"Have you been to see it, Lady Grosse?"

"No," was the reply, with a toss of the head; "I fear they might think I wanted to get the £500."

"Which would not be very far from the truth," whispered a tall, stately old maid, who wanted fine ancestors, to her next neighbor. "Her father was a grocer!"

"Hum!" was the significant reply, and the group separated.

It was true, all London was a-stir with the singular announcement that had been made, the morning after he had completed his picture, by the young painter, "that the sum of £500 sterling should be given to any individual who would identify a landscape painting, to be seen at his rooms, with any known spot in Great Britain, or elsewhere."

Thousands flocked to his studio, and thronged around the painting, which was placed on the easel in the centre of the room, in a position that exposed it to the best light. Day after day brought multitudes of every degree, from the humblest artisan to the noblest in the land; and day after day passed by, without any recognition of the painting. In vain the artist watched for the appearance of the Linton party—not that he looked to them for a discovery; but that, perchance, he might once more see the object of his hallowed love. But the Earl had left for one of his seats in the north, the day following his visit to the studio, and in the retirement of the country knew not of the means taken by the youth to learn the secret of his birth. But not so his daughter and niece. The gossip of the journals which he scarcely glanced at, in seeking political news, was eagerly perused by them, and they were not long in ignorance of the reward offered, and of its object. Lady Laura had heard his story from her father, and it need not be said that her interest in him was strengthened; nor will it surprise the female reader to learn, that a few days afterwards there appeared an additional offer, from an unknown source, of five hundred pounds, making the whole sum one thousand pounds; nor will it be very difficult, though it perplexed the modest young painter to do so, to discover the fair hand from which it originated—which hand, at the same time, enclosed a bill for the additional sum. But success seemed as far off as before.

Finally the patience of the young artist was weakened by disappointment, and he began to prepare his mind,

fortifying it with his best philosophy, to submit to his untoward destiny.

"I will let it remain on the easel for this day longer, and then, with the setting sun, sets my star of hope forever."

Late in the day on which he came to this resolution, he was alone in his studio, standing before the picture which had excited so much curiosity, listlessly touching it here and there with his pencil, adding to different parts as memory suggested, when the door opened and a clown, dressed in a coarse frock and trowsers, with a cart-whip in his hand, thrust in his curly head. After gazing about a few seconds, as if doubtful of his ground, he advanced his shoulders, and then protruded into the room his whole body. The painter watched his motions with amused curiosity, and waited for him to make known his business.

"Be this yo place whar ye grand pictur be?"

"There it is," said the artist, with an impatient gesture, for his patience had often been tried by dull persons of his degree, who, tempted by so large a reward, had in great numbers visited his room.

"I coom'd up to Lon'on with ye wagon, thee sees, measter, and hearin' from John Ostler 'bout this pictur', I thought I'd coom an' take a look on't; for a thousan' pounds beent coom at every day, measter."

"Look and be speedy," he said, hastily; "in five minutes the picture will be removed."

With the air of one cautiously approaching a lion, he walked round in front of the picture, its position on the easel being such as to present its edge to one entering, and placing himself before it with his arms akimbo, began to stare at it with a knowing, consequential air. But scarcely had his eyes taken in the scene, when they opened to their full width, and a beam of intelligence lighted up his florid countenance. He thrust his neck out, then drew it in; approached and retreated; surveyed it to the right and then to the left; looked through his fist at a distance, and then almost touched the canvass with his nose, as if, (it appeared) to be certain of a resemblance that he had detected. At length he seemed to be convinced; for suddenly clapping his hands, and emitting a loud whistle, he stooped down in the attitude of one looking through a telescope, or a key-hole, with a hand, one of which contained his cart-whip, the other his hat, resting on each knee, and in this position began to scan it in detail, and speaking to himself, while growing surprise and delight were visible on every feature.

"There be mither's cottage, by jimini! and there's the old apple-tree above the bridge I've clomb mony a time; and there's the old haunted tower on the hill, and yonder his lordship's castle; and if there beent the stone church whar I was christened, and ayont it, the village whar—"

The young painter who had detected the incipient signs of recognition, and received new life with each word he uttered, stood by him as he was speaking, his palette extended in one hand and his pencil in the other like a statue of surprise, while his fine countenance was illuminated with the radiance of the newly-risen hope.

"Hold! enough!" he cried, dashing his palette to the

floor, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the young countryman; "what tower? what lord? what village, and church?"

"Feck, measter, thee dost put thy questions thick as hedge-berries. Its mither's cottage and the parson's church—don't I know 'em?"

"But the name of the village?"

"Deil a name I knows else."

"Nor that of the castle."

"It's his lordship's, sure."

"But who is his lordship—quickly?"

"It's my lord, he is."

"But his title?"

"Anan."

In vain did he question him closer. The peasant could only tell that the castle belonged to 'his lordship.' He reflected a moment. The evidence of the clown was strong; for it was plain from his countenance, when he made the recognition, that it was without premeditation and perfectly natural, and not a trick to impose upon him. He resolved to act upon it, and instantly his course was taken.

"Do you know the road to this village and castle?"

"That I do, measter, every inch on't."

"When do you go back?"

"In ye mornin', I'm doubtin'."

"With your wagon?"

"Yes, measter."

"Leave your wagon at the inn; I will be chargeable for your horses' keeping. Take post with me to-night, and guide me to the place you seem to have recognized. Do you not know even the county it is in?"

"Summer'tshire."

"And how far?"

"Fifty-five miles, or so."

"Show me the spot, and I will pay you the one thousand pounds."

"Doon," said the clown.

#### CHAPTER VII.

An hour before the sun set on the day he left London, with the young countryman by his side, the painter drew up with smoking horses before the small inn of a pretty hamlet in Somersetshire.

"And this is the village?" he asked his companion, as he alighted.

"It be, zur, and yonder's the lane to mither's, up by the bridge."

"Landlord, the name of this village?"

"Merwin, your honor."

"And yonder castle?"

"The Earl of Cadwallader's seat."

"Thank you. Lead the way to the cottage."

These last words were addressed to the young peasant, who, striding on before, led him through a wooded lane, from which opened an extensive and lovely prospect—a genuine English landscape made up of river and park, castle and village, tower and hamlet. He gave but a single glance and fell on his knees with his face to the earth.

"It is—it is—my own native home!" Before him he beheld spread out, the identical scene—the cottage in the

foreground—the tower, crowning a hill on his right—the lordly pile, which he now knew to be Cadwallader Castle; with the village, river, spire and distant range of blue hills—one and all just as he had painted them.

He rose to his feet, and without speaking, from the fullness of his heart, preceded the peasant along a narrow gravel-walk which led to the cottage, following each winding with a rapid and familiar footstep.

"I remember every stone—every tree, as if I had last seen them only yesterday," he said, as he walked along.

In the door of the cottage sat a respectable elderly dame, knitting. Looking up at his step, she hospitably invited him to enter.

"Walk in, sir, walk in! Ah, son Will, you're home soon, lad," she added, descrying her son behind; "so you have brought a stranger from Lon'on."

"He brought me, mithr. We coom'd in a four horse coach."

"Hoit, ye're crankie, lad. What have the likes of you to do in a four horse coach? Mind your own wagon and think not o' any thing above it."

"My good dame," said the young man, "if there is blame any where it lies with me. Permit me to put a few questions to you?"

"Take a seat, sir, take a seat. Will, give his honor a chair. Yes, sir, I will try and answer them to my best. Well, now."

"Oh, bow memory rushes upon me! Methinks I am at home here. Her voice sounds like one familiar—all I see and hear is associated with my earliest impressions! Her spectacles seem like old friends. Oh, that my wishes and hopes may be realized! Wretched indeed should I be, to be disappointed now!" Such were the thoughts that filled his mind as he asked with a hesitating voice, "Were you ever a foster mother?"

"Alack-a-day! Ah, your honor has come to open an old wound in my poor heart! Indeed I have been, sir."

"To whose child?"

"My lord's!"

"What lord?"

"Cadwallader, who lives in the castle yonder. Poor nobleman he has not smiled since."

"Since when? Speak, I pray you."

"Why, your honor, I had his only son to nurse, and he being delicate, I kept him after he was weaned, till he was five years old; for they liked to have him play about with my boy, Will, here, who was the same age. They wanted to make him hardy, you must know, you know, and so I brought 'em both up alike, letting his young lordship run here and there as he would, just as if he had been his own."

"Well."

"Well, your honor. Ah, woe 's me! One day he went out alone to gather apples from the old tree by the bridge, (for he could climb to its very top, he had got so brave and stout,) and not coming home to his breakfast, I felt anxious about him and went to seek him. But—"

"But from that day to this you have not seen his face!"

"It is the dear truth, your honor. The gentles feared he had fallen from the bridge, and the river was searched in vain. But I thought—"

"What thought you?"

"That the Gipsies had stolen him."

"Should you know him again if he were living?"

"Know him, the dear child! I would know him a hundred years hence—his sweet smile, curly hair and rosy, fat cheeks!"

"But time would soon change these. Had he any natural mark by which he might be recognized?"

"Two of them, your honor."

"What were they?"

"A strawberry and leaf on his neck below the right ear, and the scar of my steel watch-key here, which, having fallen into the grate he drew it out while red hot, and left the print on the palm and inside the fingers of his left hand. He was just four, the day he did it!"

The young painter removed his cravat with a trembling hand and palpitating heart.

"Is that like the strawberry and leaf, good mother; and," he added, spreading open his left hand, "is this the impress of the key?"

As he spoke he displayed the marks she had described; the strawberry on his neck, and the visible shape of a watch-key burned into the skin of his left palm. She looked first at one and then at the other, bewildered between doubt and joy; then gazed a moment scrutinizingly into his features, till by degrees she saw confessed before her, the express image of her foster boy. With a cry of joy she extended her arms—

"It is Alfred, my foster child—God has given him to me again." Thus speaking, she sunk into the embrace that was open to receive her.

#### CONCLUSION.

A few words will finish our story. The proper steps were taken to prove the identity of 'Alfred, the Gipsy,' with the lost heir of Cadwallader, both by the young painter himself, and the Earl of Linton. The chief of the gipsy horde was sought after and found, and confessed having stolen the child, knowing it to be the son of the Earl of Cadwallader, and further, that the painter and that child were one and the same. Notwithstanding Alfred's industry in collecting evidence, his delicacy restrained him from visiting Cadwallader Castle, to seek an interview with its old broken-hearted lord. But now with the proof in his own hand, to which he added the portrait of his mother taken from memory, he was conveyed thither in the carriage of Lord Linton, who accompanied him in person and presented him to the Duke. No sooner had the noble placed his eyes upon him than, waving all other evidences, except those of a father's heart, he rushed towards him, embraced him, and acknowledged him as his son.

"God has written upon his face the lineaments of his mother. My son, my son!"

"My brother!" and the arms of the beautiful and haughty lady Eleanor, were also entwined around him.

In a few months afterwards, Alfred, the Gipsy, now Lord Cadwallader, led to the altar, Laura, the lovely daughter of the proud Earl of Linton; Eleanor Cadwallader being one of the bride's-maids, and so did the love of the noble maiden for the poor painter meet with its due reward.

Original.  
FLORENCE REVISITED.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Florence, beneath the sun  
Of cities, fairest one."—SHELLEY.

WE had been riding all night along the Arno, whose turbid waters were shrunk to half their usual dimensions by the intense heat of midsummer. Dawn was gradually unveiling the heavens, and spreading a soft, silvery light over the landscape, as we drew near the termination of our journey. The vines, by the road-side, stirred cheerfully in the morning breeze, and as one after another of their broad leaves was uplifted, the mossy boughs of the mulberry-trees upon which they are festooned, were momentarily revealed, brightened by the grateful dew. The full grain beneath them, bowed by its own weight, glistened with the same moisture, condensed in crystals upon its bended tops; and to vary the rich carpet so lavishly spread over the earth, a patch of lupens or artichokes, occasionally appeared, from amid which, rose the low, grey olive, or thin poplar of Tuscany. Sometimes a few dwarfed pinos indicated the site of ancient woods, long since extirpated by the genius of Agriculture, or some remnant of an ancient wall marked the old feudal boundaries of the landholders. A still more interesting memorial of those times exists farther back, in the shape of a picturesque tower, celebrated on account of its having been taken by a curious stratagem. Lights were appended to the horns of a flock of goats, which, in the night, appeared like an army, and frightened away the besieged. Early as was the hour, a large group of poor women, spinning flax, were awaiting at the gate of a villa, the customary alms of its proprietor; and not unfrequently a bend in the river brought us in view of several men dragging a heavily-laden barge through its narrow channel. As the day broke, we came in sight of Florence. The mighty dome of its cathedral—that noble monument of the genius of Brunelleschi, and the graceful tower by its side, rose from the mass of dense buildings, like a warrior of the middle ages, and a fair devotee of some more peaceful epoch, standing in the centre, to guard and hallow the city. Far around the walls, spread the hills with a fertile beauty and protecting grace, and through the midst wound the Arno, Gleaming in the morning sun. It is a curious feeling—that with which we revisit an Italian city, familiar and endeared to our memory. There are none of those striking local changes, which startle the absentee on his return to the new world. The outward scene is the same; but what revolutions may not his own feelings have undergone, since he last beheld it! How may experience have subdued enthusiasm, and suffering chastened hope! Will the solemn beauty of the church wherein he was wont to lose himself in holy musing, beguile him, as of old, to meditative joy? Will the picture before which he so often stood, wrapt in admiration, awaken his heart as before? Will the calm beauty of the favorite statue once more soothe his impetuous soul? Will the rich and moving strain for which he has so long thirsted, ever thrill as when it first fell upon his

ear? And "the old, familiar faces"—have a few years passed them by untouched? In such a reverie, I went forth to revive the associations of Florence. The dreamy atmosphere of a warm and cloudy day accorded with the pensive delight with which I retraced scenes unexpectedly revisited. Many botanical specimens were added to the unrivalled wax collection at the museum, and several new tables, bright with chalcedony, amethyst and pearl, were visible at the *pictradura*. The old priest, whose serene temper seemed a charm against the encroachments of age, had lost something of his rotundity of visage, and his hair was blanched to a more snowy whiteness. A shade of care was evident upon the brow of the man of pleasure, and his reckless air and contracted establishment most strikingly indicated the reduced state of his resources. The flower-girl moved with less sprightliness, and the dazzling beauty of the belle was subdued to the calm grace of womanhood. The artist whom I left toiling in obscurity, had received the reward of his self-devotion; fame and fortune had crowned his labors. The beggar at the corner looked as unchanged as a picture, but his moan of supplication had sunk a key lower. The waiter at the Caffè maintained his accustomed swagger, and promotion had cooled the earnest promptitude which distinguished his novice. Three new chain bridges span Arno; being painted white, and supported by massive pillars of granite, surmounted by marble sphinxes, their appearance is very pleasing. The one below the Ponte Vecchio, serves as a fine foreground object in the landscape formed by the adjacent hills; and the other embellishes the vista through which we gaze down the river to the fat-off mountains and woods of the Cascine. Utilitarianism is rapidly penetrating even into Tuscany. Demidoff's elegant villa is transformed into a silk manufactory; and a railroad is projected between Florence and Leghorn. With the same stolid dignity rose the massive walls of the Pitti and Strozzi palaces, wearing as undaunted an aspect as when the standards of the ancient factions floated from the iron rings still riveted to their walls. The lofty firs and oaks of the public walk waved in undiminished luxuriance; and the pheasants flitted as lightly over the lawn. The curious tower of the Palazzo Vecchio was relieved with the same vivid outline in the twilight; and the crowd pressed as confusedly through the narrow limits of the Via Calzole. The throng promenaded as gaily as ever along the river-side, on the evening of a festival—the stately peasant-girl, with her finely-wrought hat—the strutting footman—the dark-robed priest—the cheerful stranger, and the loitering artist. The street-musicians gather little audiences as formerly; and the evening bells invade the air with their wonted chime.

The most interesting of Greenough's recent productions, is an ideal female head—Heloise, illustrative of Pope's well-known lines:—

"Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed  
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed;  
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise  
Where, wing'd with God's, his loved idea lies."

Another American sculptor has recently taken up his residence in Florence, whose labors seem destined to

reflect great honor upon his country. Hiram Powers is one of those artists whose vocation is ordained by native endowments. Amid the vicissitudes of his early life, the faculty, so strong within him, found but occasional and limited development; yet was it never wholly dormant. Powers derives his principles of art directly from the only legitimate source—Nature. His recent busts are instinct with life and reality. They combine the utmost fidelity in detail with the best general effect. They abound in expression and truth. His success in this department, has given accession to so many engagements for busts, that time has scarcely been afforded him for any enterprise of a purely ideal character. He is now about to embody a fine conception from Geuner's Death of Abel. He intends making a statue of Eve at the moment when, after her expulsion from Paradise, the sight of a dead bird first revealed to her the nature of death. "It is I! it is I! Unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! For my sin, these pretty, harmless animals are punished." Her tears redoubled. "What an event! How stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion; its joints no longer bend; its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this death?"

Florence may appear, at a casual view, comparatively deficient in local associations; yet few cities are more impressed by the facts of their history. It was during the middle ages that it rose to power, and that violent era has left its memorials behind. The architecture is more remarkable for strength than elegance, and its beauty is that of simplicity and dignity. Of this, the Pitti and Strozzi palaces are striking examples. In whatever direction one wanders, memorials of departed ages meet the view, less numerous and imposing than at Rome, but still sufficiently to awaken the sweet though melancholy charm of antiquity. Every day, in walking to the Cascine, the stranger passes the house where Amerigo Vespuccio was born; and as he glances at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, he remembers that it was founded by the father of Dante's Beatrice. The sight of Galileo's tower, near the Roman gate, recalls that scene of deep, moral and dramatic interest, when the philosopher, having, on his knee, renounced his theory of the earth's motion, before the tribunal of Rome, suddenly sprung to his feet and exclaimed, "*Eppur si muove!*"—"and yet it moves." The villa of Boccaccio, in the environs, awakens the awful associations of the plague; and a stroll round the walls, by bringing in view the old fortifications, will revive some of the scenes of the celebrated siege of eleven months in 1530. The heroism exhibited by the Florentines at this period of privation and suffering, renders it one of the brightest pages of their annals. Many a maiden cast herself from the balcony to escape the brutal soldiery; and one woman who had been forcibly carried away by an officer, stole from the camp at night, collected all his spoils, and mounting his horse, rode back to Florence, with a new dowry for her husband. Let the stranger who would excite the local associations of the Tuscan capital, stroll into the Piazza Grand Duca on a spring morning. Yonder is a crowd of applicants at the grated

windows of the post office; here a line of venders, vociferating the price of their paltry wares; and there a score of porters at work about the custom-house. In the centre is an eloquent quack, mounted upon an open barouche, and surrounded by vials, plasters and surgical instruments, waving a long string of certificates, and loudly expounding the virtues of his specifics to a group of gaping peasants. At the portal of yonder palace, an English equipage is standing, while its master is negotiating with Fenzi, the banker, within. People are passing and re-passing through the spacious area, or chatting in small groups. In the midst is the bronze, equestrian statue of Cosmo! and near it, the fountain exhibiting a colossal figure of Neptune. This remarkable public square is not less striking as a witness of the past than from its present interest. The irregular design of the Palazzo Vecchio, is attributed to the public animosities of the period of its erection; and the open space which now constitutes the Piazza, was formed by the destruction of the houses of the Uberti family, and others of the same faction, that the palace of the Priors might not stand on what was deemed accursed ground. Another scene associated with one of the most tragic events in the history of Florence, is the Duomo—that huge pile so richly encrusted with black and white marble, which was commenced towards the close of the twelfth century. As one, in any degree susceptible to the influence of superstition, wanders, at twilight, through the vast and dusky precincts of this cathedral, vague and startling fancies will often throng upon his mind. As he slowly paces the marble floor towards the main altar, perhaps some mendicant glides from a dark recess, with a low moan of entreaty, or an aged female form, bowed at one of the shrines, is dimly descried in the gloom. The only light streams through the lofty and richly-painted windows. The few busts of the illustrious of by-gone days, are scarcely discernible; the letters on the sepulchral tablets are blurred in the twilight, and the dust-covered banners, trophies of valor displayed in the Holy Land, hang in shadowy folds. At that pensive hour, in the solitude of so extensive a building, surrounded by the symbols of Death and Religion, how vividly rises to the imagination the sanguinary deed perpetrated before that altar! The conspiracy of the Pazzi forms the subject of one of Alfieri's tragedies; and a very spirited illustration of one of the scenes was recently exhibited at Florence, the production of a promising young artist. It represents the wife of Francesco kneeling at his feet and endeavoring to prevent his leaving the house at the appointed signal. At the head of the plot was Sixtus IV., whose principal agent, Salviati, concerted with the Pazzi to execute their purpose at a dinner given by Lorenzo de Medici, at Fiesole; but in consequence of his brother's absence, the scene of action was transferred to the church. On the 26th of April, 1478, the day appointed, it appears the service commenced without the presence of Giuliano de Medici. Francesco Pazzi and Bandini went in search of him. They not only accompanied him in the most friendly manner to the cathedral, but in order to ascertain if he wore concealed weapons, threw their arms caressingly about him as they walked,

and took their places by his side, before the altar. When the bell rung—the signal agreed upon, and the priest raised the consecrated wafer, as the people bent their heads before it, Bandini plunged a dagger into the breast of Giuliano. Francesco Pazzi then rushed upon him and stabbed him in many places, with such fury that he wounded himself in the struggle. Lorenzo defended himself successfully against the priest who was to have taken his life, and received but a slight wound. His friends rallied around him, and they retreated to the sacristy, where one of the young men, thinking the weapon which had injured Lorenzo might have been poisoned, sucked the wound. The conspirators having so completely failed, were soon identified, and the leaders executed, while Lorenzo's escape was hailed with acclamations by the people. On a calm, summer night, as one walks up the deserted and spacious area of the Via Larga, he may watch the moonbeams as they play upon the beautiful cornice of the Palazzo Ricardi, and recall, as a contrast to the peaceful scene, another bloody deed in the chronicles of the house of Medici. It was to this princely dwelling that the nephew of Alessandro, first Duke of Florence, commonly called Lorenzino, ambitious of power, lured his profligate uncle, and having invited him to repose, and placed his sword with the belt twisted firmly round the hilt, upon the bolster, stole out and brought a *bravo* to despatch him. The assassination, however, proved difficult, and the treacherous relative was obliged, personally, to join in the butchery. He dipped his finger in the blood of his kinsman, and wrote upon the wall of the room, the line from Virgil—

"Vincit Amor Patriæ, laudemque immensa Cupido."

Although the presumptive heir of Alessandro, he fled, and after ten years of exile, fell, himself, beneath an assassin's dagger at Venice.

Among the numerous hills of the Apennine range surrounding Florence, Fiesole is conspicuous from its picturesque appearance. It is surmounted by a row of cypresses, and upon its summit stands an ancient convent. From the green and shady esplanade before this building, is obtainable one of the best views of the city and its environs; and the traveller who possesses any taste for scenery will not regret his three miles walk from the Porta Pinta, or the somewhat precipitous ascent which brings him to so commanding an observatory. Upon this mountain stood a celebrated Etruscan fortress. It was one of Cataline's strong-holds; and the traces of its walls are still discernible. From this spot the founders of Florence descended to the borders of the Arno, and there established their dwellings. Originally, the whole city occupied the right bank of the river, and boasted but one bridge outside the walls, which is still called Ponte Vecchio. It is believed that the abundance of lilies and other flowers (*flori*) which flourished there, gave its name to the metropolis of Tuscany, although Cellini declares it to have been derived from Florentius, a celebrated general. It is remarkable that the first use the people made of arms, was to turn them against the spot of their origin.

The republic was certainly established about the close

of the twelfth century. The population were early devoted to manufactures, particularly of cloth. The first magistrates were denominated consuls; afterwards, the office of mayor was instituted, and it was decreed that the incumbent should be a foreigner, that no ties of relationship might interfere with the impartial discharge of his duties. Another condition was attached to the situation which would scarcely be deemed expedient in our own times—that the mayor should never give nor accept dinners. Subsequently, the title was changed to that of gonfaliere, or standard-bearer, whose functions, at different times, were variously modified. Besides the consuls, there were priors of the arts and trades, senators—ten *buonumini*, etc. The Florentines first learned the art of war in numerous conflicts with feudal lords, who made incursions from neighboring castles located amid the fastnesses of the mountains, and strongly fortified. A civil feud, however, which gave birth to an infinite series of long and bloody animosities, soon succeeded these paltry and irregular enterprises. This fatal discord was excited by female beauty, which seems to have been one of the most prolific occasions of ancient dissensions—as influential, in those troubled times, in nerving the arm of the warrior, as it has been, in every age, in calling forth the richest strains of the bard. The youthful head of the wealthy and powerful family of Buondelmonte had promised to marry a daughter of the house of Amidei, equally renowned and powerful. The charms of another lady, one of the Donati, also one of the first rank, beguiled the accomplished cavalier from his first love; and, unmindful of former vows, he married the object of his new attachment. The family of the deserted bride considered their dignity compromised by this act, and on Easter Sunday, while Buondelmonte, dressed in white, and mounted upon a white horse, was riding from the other side of the Arno, towards the house of the Amidei, passing over the old bridge, they made an attack near the statue of Mars, and killed him. This murder threw the whole city into confusion, and the people, almost immediately, were divided into two parties. The citizens barricaded the roads, and fought in the streets and squares, and from the houses and turrets. Soon after this event, ensued the political warfare between the Guelphs and Ghibbelines, the former attaching themselves to the Buondelmonte, and the latter, to the Uberti—the most powerful family of the party, which became its head, instead of the Amidei. The people constantly vacillating between interest and enmity, alternately fought and made truces, till a quarrel with Pisa, for a time, diverted their arms. This rival colony undertook to stop the goods from Florence, as they came down the river. They were not, however, so good fighters on land as at sea, and were finally defeated by the Florentines, at Castel del Bosco. This war of inroads, however, lasted six years, and was, at length, adjusted by a cardinal. The old, intestine controversy was soon renewed with increased ardor, and when the Ghibbelines remained masters of the city, for want of any better way of wreaking vengeance upon the Guelphs, they razed their dwellings, demolished numerous towers, and even made a barbarous attempt to destroy the temple

of St. John, now called the Baptistery, because their opponents had once held meetings there. A beautiful tower stood at the commencement of the street of the Adimari, and this they endeavored to make fall upon the temple by placing rafters against the opposite part, cutting away the other side, and then setting fire to the props. Happily, however, the tower fell in another direction. For a series of years, the arms of the Florentines were constantly exercised, with various success, in wars against the Pisans, Lucchese, Arentines, etc., but, ever and anon, this original and fierce civil feud usurped all their energies. Its history is one of the remarkable illustrations of the spirit of that age, and, hereafter, as the sounds of warfare and violence die away into the past, before the mild influences of Christianity, it will be reverted to by the philosopher as a fertile source of illustrations. Its consequences and incidental results are numerous and interesting. The Ghibbelines were generally triumphant in Florence. In 1261, when Count Guido Novella was elected mayor, in order to introduce his people more easily from Casentino, into the city and palace, he opened a new gate in the nearest walls, and the avenue leading thence, is still called the street of the Ghibbelines. In the annals of these celebrated factions, we find now one, and now another invoking foreign aid. Sometimes a respite occurs of so long a continuance, as to induce a belief that the demon of discord is at length laid asleep, and anon it breaks forth with tenfold fury. At one moment, the Pope's interposition procures peace, and the next, some incident, trifling in itself, suddenly revives the flame of party rage. After a solemn reconciliation had apparently settled the dissension at Florence, it was again renewed in Pistoia, a few miles off. A certain Ser Cancelliere of that city was the father of a very numerous family, the progeny of two wives, both of whom belonged to noble houses. Between the descendants of these rival mothers, a strong jealousy existed; and under the name of Black and White chancellors, (*Bianci and Neri*) more than a hundred individuals were included in the quarrel, among whom, not less than eighteen, were chevaliers or knights of the golden spur. Some young men of both parties, having quarrelled over their wine, one of the Neri received a blow from Charles Walfred, of the opposite faction. In the evening, the aggrieved individual waylaid the brother of his insulter, and having beaten him, so mutilated one of his hands, that only the forefinger remained. This aggression roused an universal spirit of resentment on the part of the Bianci. The opposite party vainly attempted to make peace; and the inflictor of the injury, on repairing to Walfred's house, to apologize, was seized and taken into the stables, when one of his hands was cut off by way of retaliation, and he was sent back to his partizans. This act rendered all further attempts at treaty vain. Thenceforth, street-broils, of the fiercest character, were of constant occurrence. Some of the most guilty repaired to Florence, and there fomented the old feud, the Bianci inciting the Ghibbelines, and the Neri the Guelphs. In 1301, Charles of Valois, invited by Boniface VIII., into Italy, secretly palced with him the ruin of the Bianci party.

The Neri were then dominant. In consequence of the violence committed under Corso Donati, the Pope had sent one of his cardinals to Florence to bring about peace, but the efforts of the prelate were vain. On Christmas day, the son of Corso Donati, being on horseback in the square of Santa Croce, and seeing Nicholas of the Cerchia family pass by, ran after him out of one of the gates. A contest ensued, in which both were killed, and, in consequence, civil war once more kindled. At length, on the second of April, the remainder of the Bianci party, among whom were Dante and Petruccio of Parengo, the father of Patrach, were banished. The Neri threw fireworks upon the houses and shops of their discomfited opponents, near the Mercato Nuovo, which, taking fire, produced extensive destruction, and reduced many to poverty. In 1310, the New German Emperor, Henry VII., prepared to descend into Italy. Many cities invited him. In Tuscany, Pisa and Arezzo, alone desired his arrival. The following year, Dante, in behalf of the Ghibbeline party, wrote him, earnestly, to come down upon Florence. This letter sealed the poet's fate; and four years after, his exile was again confirmed. Received openly at Pisa, and crowned at Rome, Henry approached and besieged Florence, but after a wearisome delay before the walls, and several fruitless skirmishes, he fell sick, and on the last night of October, 1313, abandoned the attempt to the glory of the city. He soon after died at St. Salvi, and these eras of violence and war were soon succeeded by a brilliant period of literature and art.

*To be continued.*

Original.

## THE FIRST STATUIST.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

It slumbers there, that hidden form  
Of all but breathing life,  
And every moulded outline swells,  
With its own beauty rife.  
Expression lurks within the stone,  
And waits the Master's hand alone.  
Oh, touch it not—thou shouldst not dare  
Creative power to try,  
Or with thy weak, earth-daring hand,  
With God's own skill to vie,  
To wake the form from its long rest,  
Its slumber in the marble's breast.  
Yet go, bring forth the rounded limb,  
The bending grace reveal,  
The form that shrinks within itself  
As if the stone might feel,  
The drooping of the soft fring'd lid,  
The lip where passion's fire is hid.  
Bring all to life, then bow thee down  
In hopelessness of heart,  
And thine Ideal worship thou,  
Thy god-like child of art.  
It lives, it smiles, of thee alone,  
Thy bride is of the chiselled stone.



Original.

## THE VICTIM DAUGHTER.

"SOPHIA, my love, come hither, and be very serious for a while, as I have something important to communicate to you," said Lord Mansfield to his daughter, one afternoon, as he sat reclining in a large fauteuil in the library of his noble mansion.

"What can it be, papa?" said the young and lovely girl as, in eager curiosity, stimulated by the tone in which he had spoken, Lady Sophia drew a footstool near him, and seating herself on it, placed her hand in his and looked anxiously into his face.

Lord Mansfield was about fifty years of age, aristocratic in his appearance, with a countenance which would have been remarkably pleasing, were it not that an excess of pride stamped itself upon his features. The grey hairs thinly and prematurely scattered on his temples, proved him to be a man upon whom heavy cares had fallen. His life had been that of a statesman, spent in filling diplomatic situations, whose weighty and assiduous duties engrossed every thought. One glance sufficed to show that ambition was his ruling passion. He was a widower, having lost a beloved wife at the birth of her only child, since which time he had devoted his life exclusively to politics, not, however, neglecting the education of his daughter, who grew up, all that a father's most ardent wishes could desire. She was beautiful in the extreme, such as the poet's early dream would fancy, and often as the proud father's delighted eyes would wander over her growing charms, more vivid dreams of ambition would flit before his imagination; and visions of power, obtained through the agency of his innocent and lovely child. "Yes," he would say to himself, "such an air and face would grace a throne; and my Sophia shall one day do honor to her father, and compensate for his bitter disappointment, that no son shall inherit his title, and hand his name to posterity." Now, as she sat at his feet, a gratified smile played around his mouth, that his dearest hopes were about to be accomplished.

"Well, papa," said Lady Sophia, "pray begin, for I am all impatience."

"Well, my daughter, it is on a subject, near and dear to your father's heart. You are now seventeen, love, and are old enough to make your entrée on the great stage of life. I am anxious to see you happily married; and have, therefore, accepted proposals from a man in every way worthy of you. One whom, from his great rank, noble fortune, and the high reputation he bears at court, it would be my loftiest desire to connect with my family."

Lady Sophia, amazed at this abrupt announcement, and little expecting that her father's communication would be of so serious a nature, falteringly inquired who the gentleman could be, who had thus so flatteringly distinguished her!

"Lord Mountcharles," replied the father; "who has just returned from India, where he has amassed unequalled wealth."

"What," said Lady Sophia, "the Lord Mountcharles, of whom I have so often heard you speak, as the possessor of Apley Park, that beautiful place in the Isle of Wight?"

Impossible! I have never even seen him, and surely he cannot think of marrying a girl he has not laid his eyes upon!"

"Nay," said her father, "he *has* seen, admired, and fallen desperately in love with you. Do not blush, for I have something to add that will still more surprise you. This evening he will be here to dine, and even now you must prepare to see one, who, in all probability, will be your future husband: so, my sweet Sophy, lose no time, a faire votre toilette, and," he added with an arch smile, "look as fascinating as you did when, on horseback a short time ago, you unknowingly made so brave a conquest. So saying, he kissed her forehead, and she retired to her room, for the first time in her life in a flutter of agitation. She sat down, and fell into a deep reverie, from which she was only roused by the entrance of Mrs. Fleming, her *femme de chambre*. So anxious was she to acquit herself with credit on this great occasion, that never before had Lady Sophia looked so surpassingly lovely. Her long beautiful golden hair was plainly twisted at the back of her head, and fell in a profusion of natural and luxuriant ringlets, whilst a simple white dress showed to advantage the perfect symmetry of her full round figure. When the abigail, with a look of admiration, had turned the last glossy curl through her fingers, Lady Sophia hastened to the conservatory to pluck a bouquet, with the hope that the fresh evening air would remove the flush increasing on her cheek, as the momentous hour drew near. She pulled flower after flower, scarce knowing which she was selecting, when she heard footsteps near, and turning, her face became suffused with the deepest blushes, on seeing a gentleman standing at the entrance of the conservatory, intently gazing upon her. "Surely," thought she, "this is Lord Mountcharles!" He was about five and twenty years of age, with a very tall figure, black curly hair, and dark eyes, rather a pale complexion, and a strikingly interesting expression of countenance. He had mustaches black as the raven's wing, which improved a mouth of remarkable beauty. On finding that he was observed by Lady Sophia, he appeared merely engaged in admiring the exotics, and with a graceful bow was passing on, when, in her extreme confusion, she let fall a large flower-pot, and gave him an opportunity to aid her to recover the lost plant. This being accomplished, after an apology for his apparent intrusion, he retired.

Light as the gazelle's was Lady Sophia's step, as she ran to her dressing-room to take one more look at her mirror, and see if she was fit to make the impression she wished. How changed were now her feelings from what they had been so short a time before! Then, utterly indifferent, she would scarcely take any trouble about her appearance, now, no pains seemed too great. Carefully pinning the geranium, (which had been broken from its stem by the fall,) in her hair, she surveyed herself at full length in a long, swinging glass, and might be pardoned on this occasion, when vanity whispered that no further improvement could be wished. "At least," she said to herself, "my dear father will be pleased;" and at the next moment she was at the drawing-room door.

With a palpitating heart she entered the room where were assembled a few guests. Lord Mansfield imme-

diately led his daughter forward; and, after introducing her to three or four, said: "Now let me introduce you to my particular friend, Lord Mountcharles;" and to Lady Sophia's utter amazement and dismay, she was conducted before a man about thirty-six, who looked at least ten years older, from his face being shrivelled up with the withering effects of a tropical sun. He took her hand, which was put into his by the father, and respectfully kissing it with the air of an old gallant, led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. She heeded him not—her face became alternately pale and red, and she would, from excess of emotion, have burst into tears, had not the announcement of dinner at the moment, relieved her embarrassment.

That night saw Lady Sophia at Lord Mansfield's feet, her eyes bathed in tears—all the eloquence of woman called up to move him, and save her from marrying a man she knew she could not love. It was in vain. The rigid father's word was pledged: and after heart-rending supplications on one side, and inexorable refusals on the other, the wretched girl only obtained the still more agonizing information that the day was decided for the nuptials.

Her doom was fixed, and a month from that period saw her led forth as a sacrifice to the selfish ambition of a heartless father. Flowers strewed her path as she walked to the little chapel in the domain; but thorns rankled in her bosom. The gay and happy throng assembled to witness the ceremony, looked on, some with admiring, some with envious eyes; but well could be applied to her on this occasion, Metastasio's beautiful lines:

"Se a ciascuno l'interno affanno,  
Si legesse in fronte scritto  
Quanti mai che invidia fanno,  
Ci farebbero pietà."

One alone witnessing the ceremony, read plainly within the sacred precincts of her heart that all was not right. This was Captain Douglas, aid-de-camp and cousin to Lord Mountcharles, who was the stranger that had so unfortunately crossed her path the day she first expected to meet her intended husband. Yes, too easily did he see that the hand was given without the heart; and a tear of pity stole over his manly face, as the ceremony concluded, and he beheld the poor victim fall fainting into the arms of her father.

Two years have now elapsed, and we find Lady Mountcharles the centre of a brilliant circle in London. Courtied by all, flattered, admired, and surrounded by every luxury which taste, wealth and refinement can procure. Her husband and father, deeply engaged in political manoeuvres, made her house the rendezvous of ministers, peers, and princes. Her husband, incessantly occupied with court intrigues and state affairs, could devote no time to domestic enjoyments, and conceived that his wife must be perfectly happy, when humored in every caprice and petted like a spoiled child. Could that satisfy the heart of such a being as Sophia? No. Can it therefore, be wondered at, that she sought to find happiness in a perpetual round of dissipation and amusement?

Rumours were afloat that Lady Mountcharles cared

not for her Lord. Some fashionable roués, who had, on this supposition, presumed to offer incense at the shrine of beauty, and to gain that love which they plainly saw was not lavished on her husband, found, to their mortification, that soft, dove-like eyes could emit flashes of scorn and contempt, and that a sweet, angelic mouth, could be curled into an expression of the deepest disdain. Many devoted admirers were thus transformed into bitter enemies, and their jealous eyes were not slow in discovering that the smile dimpled her cheek with more than ordinary sweetness, when she was addressed by one particular individual, and that the languid eye sparkled with unusual vivacity when Captain Douglas was present. True; but unknown to herself, the miserable Sophia cherished for him a deep passion, and unfortunately, the near relationship, and situation he held under her husband, maintained a continued intimacy, which only added fuel to the already kindled fire. She little knew the state of her own heart, until a circumstance revealed it to her in all its horrors.

Returning late one fine evening in summer, to her country seat, from a visit to a friend, Lady Mountcharles was leaning back in the carriage, meditating on the happy scenes in which she had passed her childhood, contrasting that innocent period with the life of excitement she now led, when she was suddenly roused from her reverie by the violent plunging of her horses, and the next moment, to her inconceivable dismay, they took head, and dashed off at their utmost speed. In vain the skilful coachman tried all his strength to arrest their progress; he was himself presently hurled from his seat and dashed to the ground. An agonizing death seemed to threaten the unfortunate lady; when, suddenly, by an heroic effort, a gentleman who was approaching in an opposite direction, arrested the progress of the horses. To open the carriage door and extricate Lady Mountcharles from her perilous situation was the work of an instant; and in a never-to-be-forgotten moment, she found herself in the arms of Charles Douglas! No sooner was she in safety, than her preserver abandoned his hold of her, and staggered to a near tree, against which, pale as marble, he leaned for support. A piercing scream escaped her as the painful surmise that he was seriously hurt, darted through her brain. Perhaps he had sacrificed his life to save hers, and if so, death in its worst form would have been preferable. Soon a faintness came over him, and sinking to the ground, he remained in a state of utter insensibility.

Sophia's alarm and agitation were beyond description. Forgetting, in the wild delirium of her grief, that her vows were pledged to another, she addressed him by every endearing epithet she could think of, beseeching him to answer, and show by some sign that life was not extinct. Presently recovering, he was shocked at witnessing her abandonment of sorrow, and the truth of her love, which he had long suspected, was confirmed. By the assistance of the coachman, who now, having been but slightly injured, came up, he was placed in the carriage, and Lady Mountcharles, placing herself beside him, and reckless of all things but the affection that had gushed forth, and would not be controlled, fondly supported his head. He preserved almost total silence; and when the mansion was reached, was conveyed to a chamber, and a

servant dispatched for surgical aid. He was found to be so injured that a detention of a week was necessary. During this time, Lord Mountcharles being absent in London, Sophia was his nurse—watched his progress—sat by his bedside. A kind of madness seemed to possess her. This infatuation was extremely painful to Captain Douglas, who insisted on departing, so soon as his strength permitted. When he bade farewell to Lady Mountcharles, resolutely opposing her solicitations to remain longer, she turned pale and seemed about to faint; but recovering herself, she lifted her eyes to his; and while the crimson of shame, despite her phrenzy, mounted to her forehead, she wildly exclaimed,

“Douglas, you must have guessed my secret: yet you are cold and indifferent! I love you! From the first moment I saw you, I have loved you. I have been sold by my father to despair! My heart cannot retain longer the agonizing secret! Will you leave me now?”

Captain Douglas could not but pity her for that miserable lot, the result of a father's stern commands, and which certainly modified the guilt of her love. But true to his honor and her own, he replied,

“Lady Sophia, for your own sake I must arrest here, the progress of your affection, by removing myself from you. From this moment strive to forget me. This scene on my part will be buried in oblivion; and let resolution reconcile you to your unhappy lot.”

He shook her hand after these few words, and suddenly left her. In two days he was on his way to France; and for many days she raved in the delirium of a raging fever.

Within six months from the departure of Douglas, Lady Mountcharles arrayed herself in glowing weeds, a wealthy but scarcely disconsolate widow. True to the infatuation which now formed the aliment of her existence, her thoughts centered with intenser earnestness upon the man she loved, after this change in her condition. All at once, now mistress of her own actions, she left her friends, without apprising them of her intentions, and without any male friend to protect her, and hurried to Paris, disguising her name and standing, that she might fulfil her designs without interference. Those designs may be readily guessed. She was in search of Douglas, to learn his present state—to communicate to him her own—to endeavor to arouse in his bosom, a love which now would be innocent in both, and form the happiness of her life.

The excitement in which she was now constantly plunged, preyed upon her health, and weakened her, day by day. But while it undermined her real strength, it supplied false vigor to her frame. She mingled in every scene in Paris, grave or gay, where she might hope to meet Douglas; and at length she was successful. She passed him in the gardens of the Louvre. A dark-featured and beautiful girl was hanging on his arm; and a pang of jealousy shot through her heart as she noticed the appearances of intimacy between them. She followed them carefully, and saw them enter the same hotel. By cautious inquiry she learned that the appearances had not deceived her. A tale was told her of a midnight fire,

in which this girl was exposed to danger, and was saved by Douglas. Love—betrothment was the consequence.

She did not make herself known to Douglas, when this blighting news had come to her ears; but she was ever a shadow in his path.

At the beautiful virgin altar of that fine church, St. Sulpice, which must have been admired by all those who have visited Paris, there stood a couple about to be united: and Captain Douglas was made the happiest of men, by receiving the hand of the lovely Emily Terrara. The ceremony was concluded, and as he bent forward to salute his blushing bride, a wild, piercing shriek reverberated through the vaulted aisles of the church. and a female who had knelt in a corner, enveloped in a large black veil, fell on the ground in a fit. The bride was quickly hurried to her carriage; and Douglas, whose humane and amiable disposition induced him to return and see if proper restoratives had been administered to the lady so suddenly taken ill, entered the Sacrista where she had been conveyed, and to his horror, the ghastly object that met his eyes, was the once beautiful, now emaciated form of Lady Mountcharles, a lifeless corpse. A faithful femme de chambre was vainly using every method to revive her. There she lay, still beautiful in death; her long, fair hair shrouding her face, which now bore the resemblance of a marble statue. There seemed a painful expression across the eyebrows and mouth; but that wore gradually away, and settled into a placid smile, which seemed to say the spirit was at rest.

The following week, at the same altar, about the same hour and with the same parade of invited guests and heartless spectators, that witnessed the bridal scene, stood a dark coffin, with the lighted candles, nodding plumes, and mournful paraphernalia of a funeral. The prayers were read, the service was conducted with the usual pomp and ceremony; and the last remains of the unfortunate Lady Mountcharles were deposited in the tomb.

ALDEBERT.

Original.

F A M E .

DISTINCTION—fame! Oh, they are phantom boons,  
That lure to ruin! They will steal from thee  
All quiet home-born pleasures, that alone  
Yield thee a calm content—they will awake  
Restless ambition, that will make thy life  
One scene of doubting, wasting misery!  
True honour make thee yield, its shadow grasp,  
And stake their all upon the fickle breath  
Of the inconstant crowd—use not thy sense  
By counsel of thy conscience, but thy deeds  
Gauge by a halting policy—ay, make  
A compromise with Heaven to save thy state,  
By peril of thy soul! and all for what!  
By one false step, headlong to fall at last!  
To move, an outcast, 'mid thy careless crowd,  
That but an hour before, did bow them down  
In grov'ling reverence at thy carriage wheels,  
And rend the air with shouting of thy name!  
To whom thou hast surrendered joy for earth,  
It may be, hope for Heaven!

H. F. M.

Original.

## THE PARTING.\*

"A simple tale, and little worth, save that 'twas owre true."  
SCOTCH TALES.

WHAT quiv'ring lip o'er fluttered out "Adieu,"  
What tear-dimmed eye watched, fading from its view,  
The form, that, like some planet bright and lone,  
Had o'er a darken'd path its radiance thrown;  
What Soul, when "Farewell" struck the startled ear,  
But owned that sound thy watchword, stern Despair?  
Ah! light the earthquake-shocks of sudden grief,  
The calm, deep sorrow, tears bring no relief,  
The rod of life-consuming care—the thrill  
Of mortal anguish—all combined ill—  
For these, the heart, uncrushed, may lightly bear,  
If soothe affection's balm'ning hand, or share  
The load—but oh! to stem the storm alone—  
To feel the aching void, illusions gone  
Reveal—to know our tears unquipped must flow,  
That *one* afar, who lethed ev'ry woe!  
'Tis Fate's last stroke! and mis'ry holds no dart  
Deeper to pierce—pangless is Torture's art,  
All horrors centered in those words "To Part!"

THE gallant bark rides proudly o'er the wave!  
The billows foam and swell—each wishful sail  
Spreads its white bosom to the wooing gale,  
And on that wide and thronged deck, what groups  
Are gathered, never more, perchance, to meet;  
What hands, now fondly joined, that ne'er again  
May thrill, each at the other's grasp! those lips  
Invoking blessings, or exchanging vows,  
May henceforth breathe indifference, or hate.  
Who knows what change, thy talismanic touch,  
Fell Time! may work! Those young, impassioned breasts,  
So wildly to each other's pulses now  
Responding, torpid 'neath thy with'ring gripe  
May grow—light, tripping youth may wear the crutch  
Of crippled age—Absence may steal the scroll  
Of Memory, and with slow finger raze  
Her tablets out—or busy Death may freeze  
Eternally, the rosy stream which paints  
The maiden's cheek, or sends the life-blood back  
Curdling around the anguished husband's heart,  
As "Farewell" struggling, dies in utterance!  
Ah! there was *one* amid that throng—madd'ning  
With thoughts like these—

Like sudden music 'mid  
The wail of mourners, hark! what light-toned laugh—  
Half mocking, and half sweet, and joyously  
As rings the eastern Zirelect, † resounds?  
As stars amid a moonless firmament  
Gleam out, those lustrous eyes, through many a wave  
Of darkly-flowing hair, beam, peerless, forth—  
And that bright countenance they gem—no trace  
Of clouding grief obscures—yet hath she left  
This vision of glad youth! her childhood's home!  
Kindred around her press, and friends well tried—  
Many a loving hand meets hers, and tones  
Are in her ear, whose lightest cadence long  
Hath been familiar—wherefore mourns *she* not?  
Whose arm leans she so fondly on? 'tis his  
To whom her first-devoted faith is plighted;

\* The scene which this little poem describes, took place off the harbor of New York in March 1839.

† The song of joy sang by the women of the east on occasions of great merriment.

But few months since a bride—he goes with *her*,  
It is not *home* to leave—where'er they rove,  
He bears her *home* with him—pooples for her  
The desert's waste—makes gay the ocean's gloom—  
What fears she then, or what with him *could* fear?  
Her father clasps her now within his arms,  
Her sisters' tears are, with their kisses, left  
Sparkling upon her cheek—and their warm touch  
Hath waked her soul, until her own gush forth,  
And gently mingle with their kindred flood;  
But see! on him, whose arm around her twines,  
Her fond glance bent—the drops like morning dew,  
By sunbeams lighted—vanish as they flow,  
While soft she murmurs, "'tis with *thee* I go."  
Those words, through *one* scathed heart, ah! what a bolt,  
Waking the dear, the mem'ried, past they shot!  
I heard a whisp'ring voice ask who was she,  
That turned her, shudd'ring, from the happy pair?  
"The sister of that dark-browed girl." Sister!  
'Twas passing wond'rous!—they were most unlike—  
Fair was her long and loose, dishevelled hair,  
And, strangely, with her slight and wasted frame,  
The rounded contour of the other's form  
Contrasted—in her sunk and heavy eye  
No ling'ring lustre shone, save when she roused  
Her slumb'ring faculties, and sternly forced  
The wander'd soul to re-assume its throne.  
For months the rose-tint on her holl'wing cheek  
Had faded slowly—and none knew—ah! none  
*Could* know, the bound'ry of her suff'ring; for  
The fevered flush excitement kindles, burnt  
A slow, consuming fire, that veiled its loss;  
And, well, her nature's unchecked joyousness  
Had mask'd the agony which rack'd her frame.  
A fair and gentle maiden by her side,  
Some few years younger, but most like herself,  
Though brighter in her bloom, stood, with pressed hands,  
Cov'ring her crimsoned and tear-swollen face,  
Weeping convulsively—but when they bade  
Her thence—impetuous round that sister's neck  
Her fond arms flinging—swift her throbbing head  
She pillow'd on her breast—clung to her side—  
And would not—could not part; the elder strove  
To soothe her sorrow, whisp'ring, with choked voice,  
"Those halcyon days—they will return—if here  
Denied—Mary! in Heaven we meet again."  
Sweet Mary! she, for many moons, had been  
The loved companion of her lonely hours;  
They dwelt together—from the self-same page  
Had read—laughed gaily o'er the same light tales,  
Sang the same songs, or *strove*, perchance, to sing,  
For each had more of "music in her soul,"  
And harmony in her love, than melody  
Upon her lips—arm softly linked in arm,  
Each sunny morn had they strolled, loving forth,  
To take, unmarked, their pleasant rambles, through  
The little village where the elder dwelt,  
And where the younger felt her home to be.  
Yet stands she there, so fixed and firm, so cold  
And statue-like, that elder girl! Oh! what  
Her greater grief, that made these pangs so light?

Slowly her aged sire approached; a gloom  
Hung dark'ning round his noble front, where Care  
Had furrowed lines, which *time* could ne'er have scathed.  
In whose deep vales, oh! what a world of woes,  
Of strange mishaps—of pleasures turned to pain,  
Were traced! Yet bore he such a dauntless mien,  
It seemed to mock at Fate, until she tired  
Of her own impotence. Close to his heart  
He folded her, who, erst, of that fond breast  
Had been the pride, the hope, *the favored child!*  
Yet, when he now the fervent benison  
Invoked, and, as he once more pressed her, prayed  
Returning health might give her back—her eye  
Lit with no grateful thanks; no straining nerve  
Writhed with suppressed anguish, as, unmoved,  
She saw the tender guardian of her youth,  
The kind old father, mournfully depart!

And all are gone—save one, who, to and fro  
Paces the deck, with quick and anxious tread;  
Intently, on his face, as though her glance  
Could potent chain, what most it feared to lose,  
She gazes—and each lineament on graves  
More deeply in her soul—she parts with him—  
The husband of her love! what woe is left?  
The thought of that hath overwhelm'd all else.

Till now, each friend she greeted smilingly,  
And rallied ev'ry power—till many thought  
She felt not—and some wondered much, doubting  
The love they ne'er before had dreamt to doubt:  
But who, alas! could tell the mental throes,  
The frightful turning of the wheel within,  
O'er which her spirit broke?

With hurried step  
He hastens to her side—yet still she wears  
That horrid tranquil of the summer's day  
Before the thunder bursts—but see—the light,  
Yet thrilling pressure of that fevered hand,  
Which, trembling, takes her icy one, has sent  
A shudd'ring through her frame—and when he bends  
To press her lip, and his fond eye meets hers,  
She knows—she feels—that 'twill unnerve her soul;  
And turns her head aside, and, silent, prays  
For added strength—then tenders him her cheek,  
A tint more pale—and mirrored, fearfully,  
In her distended eye, the tortured soul  
An instant shone—but, 'twas the lightning's flash  
The placid stream reflects, which ruffles not  
Its waves, and leaves its bosom coldly calm.

He had few ties, few kindred—she, for years,  
Had been his all in all—the one green spot  
Upon his sandy wilderness of life;  
And her whole being was imbued with him;  
If he had faults, she saw them—knew them not:  
Like Hindoo votaries, that on the Sun  
They deify, grow blind with gazing—still  
Its influence feeling, can, no more, the specks  
And clouds, that mar their day—God's radiance, view,  
E'en so she had looked up—had worshipped him,  
Until she saw him as her fancy willed.

But, the deep love she bore, was such, as ne'er  
Sprang up the sickly offspring of a day!  
Trial, and hallowing Time must watch its growth,  
Long years cement the bond, and give it strength,  
Unfold and ripen the young germ—until,  
An evergreen become—it can alike  
The winter of adversity withstand,  
And, far more dang'rous summer of success!

Though they were young, and she was very young,  
The autumn leaves had five times fallen sear,  
Since she became the sunshine of his home.

A sportive child, all life and gladness, flashed  
Her image first across his path—and rail  
Who may at sudden passion in the heart,  
The birth of Love is swift, as was of erst  
Minerva's from her startled father's head;  
He saw—and, quick the sweet conviction felt,  
His eyes could thus upon no other dwell.

From that auspicious hour he watched her growth,  
Guided her thoughts—enriched her dawning mind  
With stores of knowledge—she repaid his care  
With all a sister's love—for, if 'twas more,  
Herself yet knew it not—months, years rolled on,  
The bloom of fifteen springs had tinged her cheek,  
And her young heart, already had it learnt  
To pant, e'en as a frightened bird's, when'er  
His step she heard—he had not wooed in vain—  
And they were wed—she had no doubts, no fears;  
And at the altar's base, even as now,  
Her voice it faltered not—she shed no tear—  
But placed her hand confidently in his,  
And trustfully, unshrinking, breathed the vow.

Years they were blessed with more than happiness,  
The world had not unspiritualized their souls,  
And Love and Hope gave tint to all around;  
Their home a second Zinge,\* where the shades  
Of pain or sorrow never trod—they were  
Too happy—for their earthly Paradise  
Vied with the peaceful joys of Heaven. Alas!

They found it had not Heaven's eternity!  
The serpent in their Eden glided—robed  
In pale Disease's frightful garb—and soon  
The springy step grew slow—extinguished was  
That mirth-betok'ning glance—sparkling, perchance,  
An instant, when *he* came, then fading—still,  
She *could* be gay, and cheated, oft, herself  
Into forgetfulness of inward pain.

Bootless the effort to recount, how long,  
How tender, and how ceaselessly he kept  
His vigil by her side, marked, when she slept,  
The short and hurried breath, and in his arms  
Enshrined her, when the knell-like cough would shake  
Her sinking form, and by devotion strove  
To charm health's with'ring bloom to life—weeks, months,  
Like phantoms fled, and ev'ry coming moon  
Beheld her worse—and those who long had made  
The ills of man their anxious study, said  
That they must part—another clime, and air  
More pure must shed its gentle influence—

\* It is said that the inhabitants of Zinge are never afflicted with care or melancholy.

She heeds them not—"Let me but die with him;  
I do not ask to live; better were death  
Than parting—think—oh! think how we have loved!  
My only prayer is, let me die with him!"  
Thus spoke she ever—but, when sad he came,  
And, with his calm, persuasive voice, implored  
That she would leave him, meekly then her head  
She bent; five years together they had dwelt,  
And ev'ry wish of his, to her had been,  
E'en, as the questionless decrees of Heaven;  
He willed it so—she did not now refuse.

'Tis o'er—on her white lip the burning kiss  
Is pressed—the strained embrace—the last look given—  
And he is gone—the fond wife widowed, and  
The bursting heart alone! she does not shriek,  
She weeps not; trembles not, but her fixed eyes  
Stare wildly on the spot where last he stood,  
As, on the unsubstantial air, his form  
Had left its impress, and she saw it still.  
Gently, but vain, that dark-browed sister strove  
To wake her from her trance—that soft caress,  
She marks it not—those words of soothing love,  
Fall powerless, unmeaning, on her ear;  
He hath exhausted, drained affection's fount,  
And, that voice hushed, all sounds discordant jar.

Now from the noble vessel parts the boat,  
And friends, of those who seek a foreign shore,  
And kindred, bearing—but, the cable loosed,  
Why springs she forward with so wild a bound?  
What hath her young eye caught to fix its gaze,  
As from those wide-spread windows of the soul  
Their spirit would burst forth? Amid the throng  
His form she sees! the loud huzzas and cheers  
Amid, his voice alone distinctly hears.  
And, 'mongst the wave of handkerchiefs, but his,  
Her eye beholds! Then swiftly she returns  
The signal—and her feeble arm on high  
Stretching—long after stronger sinews cease,  
Her banner floats triumphant through the air!  
Like foes, each, from the other bark retires;  
On, on, until the foaming track no more  
The green wave crests, and, but a dark'ning speck,  
Upon the water, seems that boat—and now,  
'Tis gone! but, still to her, absorbed! entranced!  
It rises 'bove the surge, and still that face  
Wistful, and sad, and the white handkerchief  
She sees—a gath'ring mist is o'er her eyes—  
Her heart grows sick—her hot brain whirls—she sinks,  
Half fainting—senseless o'er the vessel's side,  
But, ha! again starts up—list'ning—oh! Heav'n!  
How anxiously—it is his voice she hears—  
Alas! 'twas but the dashing wave—his step—  
Nay, 'twas the echo of a stranger's foot.  
And wond'ring glances scan her wretched face,  
Half curious, and, perchance, half pityingly!  
What matters it! she feels nor shame, nor dread.  
He's gone! and they are parted—'tis no dream:—  
That past—all other sorrows o'er her head,  
Like tempests battling 'gainst the sea-girt rock,  
Unfear'd, unfelt—unmarked, unheeded—break!

CORA.

Original.

## THE SORCERER;

A LEGEND OF THE MEDICAN TIMES.

BY MISS A. F. M. BUCHANAN.

"Thou hast in hand  
A famous artisan."—BYRON.

NEAR the close of a holiday in Rome, when the roads about the city were again thronged after their mid-day rest, with the neighboring peasantry, returning homeward from their devotions and amusements within the walls, a young gallant strolled into the precincts of the field of ruins, which bear the name of Caracalla's Baths. He carried in his hands a fowling-piece, richly and curiously inlaid with silver; and his dress, though in the most tasteful fashion of the day, and evidently arranged to increase the attractions of a remarkably handsome person, was modified for convenience in sporting. Reclining himself, as if for rest, on a pile of broken granite, he examined and loaded his gun, and then rubbing the dust from the smooth surface of one of the blocks that supported him, he carelessly commenced sketching on it an arch at some distance, through whose partial veil of ivy the rays of the setting sun were faintly piercing.

Whilst thus employed, his eye was crossed by what he recognized, with some difficulty, to be a human figure, moving in a stooping posture among the tall weeds and the rubbish of brick and mortar, and then disappearing behind the walls. Resuming his drawing, for a time he forgot the interruption; when again, and much nearer to him, the figure interposed between him and his copy, and he found it that of a female. She was engaged in picking up small fragments of stone, examining and then casting them away, and occasionally digging in the ground with an old trowel, which might have been left by workmen from the city in their almost daily depredations among the ruins. At length, with a slow step she came towards him—a young girl in the costume of the peasants of the Campagna, and having a countenance of such delicacy and beauty as rarely appeared among them. With an expression of the deepest disappointment she seated herself on a little mound almost facing him, and burst into tears. She wept on for several minutes, and then drying her eyes on a corner of the large white 'kerchief that covered her head and shoulders; she leaned her face in her hand, and sadly chanted a popular little love diitty, the burden of which, if it was inaudible to the listener, he easily guessed by the air, one that was seldom coupled with any thing else.

The sportsman, meanwhile, had risen and was about to address her, when, as if on second thought, he noiselessly levelled his gun at a flock of birds quietly resting on a distant wall, and fired. The girl started with a scream at the report, and for the first time observed her neighbor.

"Santa Maria, signor!" she exclaimed, removing her hands from her ears, to which in her fright she had raised them.

"Santa Maria!" he repeated in feigned surprise, and walking towards her, as if he had just entered the walls; "how came you here, pretty maiden?"

"It is easy to guess, signor, seeing how many roads lead hither," answered she.

"Tell me how long you have been here, and I will tell you how you have been passing the time."

"An hour," she returned, smiling.

"An hour? then you have been seeking a treasure, and thinking of your lover."

"You are a sorcerer, signor!" looking at him in some suspicion, though still smiling.

"What led you to think of finding a treasure here?"

"A dream," she replied in a changed tone, and her eyes filling with tears; "a false dream."

"I can read dreams, maiden, and am a good treasure-seeker; tell me more about it, and I perchance, may aid you;" said the gallant, apparently amused at her simplicity.

"There is little to tell, signor. I yesterday saw a *contadina*, humble as myself, return from the city, rich with the coins and gems found in the fields; and last night I dreamed that I, too, should find a treasure by searching among the ruins;" and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Were a treasure to be found, how much would content you?"

"Fifty crowns."

"Fifty crowns, exactly—neither more nor less?"

"It is what I still pray for, signor."

"Why should a damsel like you pray for fifty crowns? I will read your mind again. It is to buy the lover you have just been thinking of."

She smiled again, and blushed deeply.

"You called me a sorcerer, maiden—how know you that there may not be more than a jest in it?" said the sportsman, assuming an expression of stern solemnity and fastening his bright, dark eyes on her face, "tell me truly, is he so sordid as to be won with gold only?"

"Not he! not he!" returned the girl hastily, and starting back from him with something of fear, "it is his father."

"And his father is rich, and will not receive you without a portion?"

"Not rich but proud; his house was once noble, though he is but a peasant now."

"And the son loves you but dares not disobey?—why does he not earn enough to take you without a portion? there are many crafts by which fortunes are made."

"But he will not stoop to common labor, and it takes time before even a livelihood can be earned by the nobler arts."

"Which has he tried?"

"Working in marble at Carrara; but he is now a goldsmith in Rome."

"Know you who is his master?"

"The great master, Benvenuto Cellini."

"Ah!" interjected the gallant, dropping his assumed aspect, and regarding her with additional interest.

"You surely know the young Cellini—him whom every noble in Rome seeks; whom even the Holy Father favors—he is there; but, alas! it may be a life before he gains fame and gold like his master."

"He will win both, damsel."

"You know him, too, signor! nay, forgive me! how should one like you know a goldsmith's apprentice—a peasant's son?"

"Said you not I was a sorcerer?" returned he, resuming his mysterious expression, and fixing his eye on her till she turned pale, and again shrunk back from him; "I will give you another proof; the name of the youth is Martino."

"Signor!"

"And yet another—your name is Paula."

"Santa Maria, signor!" and the poor girl stared at him, and trembled till she could scarcely stand."

"I said I might aid you in finding your treasure, and if you are truly worthy of it. I will. Can you solemnly answer me that you are willing, for Martino's sake, to brave any fatigue, any danger, without the risk of your soul?"

"I think—yes! signor."

"It is well. Now I will work a charm that you shall trust more than words. Do all I command you and fear nothing. Take the kerchief from your head, and spread it on that block of marble."

She obeyed, though her face grew almost as colorless as the linen, while she did so.

"Now, you see yon arch, through which the light falls red on a pile of broken capitals? Go thither and gather three ivy leaves from the vines around it—count them over nine times, then say your prayers and return. But, remember! if once you look back the spell is broken!"

She set off with trembling feet, and the sportsman looking after her, for a moment, with an expression of humorous enjoyment, picked up a little piece of smooth, white marble, and rapidly traced one side of it with a small graver. He then poured a few grains of gun-powder from a chased silver flask at his side, and rubbing them into the stone, a head appeared in black outlines, that of a youth, and an extremely handsome one. With a smile of self-satisfaction at his device, he placed the marble under the kerchief, and before it was time for the girl to have gone through the prescribed forms at the arch, he had regained his former station.

At length she returned. "Have you obeyed without omission?" he asked, sternly.

"I have, signor," she timidly replied.

"Then raise the veil; is there aught under it?"

"Nothing, signor."

"Then you have failed to obey me; look again."

"Nothing but a bit of marble."

"Take it up and examine it."

"Save me! what have I done! it is the image of Martino!" and she let it fall in terror and amazement.

"I told you I would work a charm for you; will you now believe that I can aid in realizing your dream?"

"How can I doubt! and oh, signor, if it be not a sin!"

"If a sin, be it mine; you bind yourself to nothing. The secret art is all my own—you are but to do my bidding. How far live you hence?"

"Full a league."

"And when can you come hither again?"

"I have vowed, should my dream come true, to give

thanks to Maria Popolo in her church once a week, for a year to come."

"Then a week from to-day begin to pay your vow. I promise, by my art, that against then, the treasure shall be found. A week hence, mark, be here before sunrise and you will find me here waiting. Be secret: if you reveal aught that has passed here, or hint at aught to come, even to Martino, the charm is at an end: so, beware!" and again casting on her one of his terrific frowns, now heightened almost to a grimace, through which her fear prevented her from seeing that a smile was half breaking, he disappeared among the ruins, and trembling, yet full of hope, she hastened on her way home.

Mindful of the commands of the mysterious stranger, on the morning appointed, Paula retraced her course among the ruins, while they yet lay faint and picturesque in the curling mist, and found him awaiting her where they had parted. He saluted her with a light and jesting air, in answer to her timid and deferential obeisance, and then, suddenly checking himself, prepared her for the ceremonies that were to follow, by a repetition of his startling scowl, by far the most appalling observance in his rites.

"There is no time to lose," said he; "the sun must never behold the solemnities of the secret arts. Take your kerchief and place it where it was spread before: so, now we must have an altar—this cornice will do: take yon end and assist me to raise it on these blocks; and now," with another scowl, "can you affirm by all you value most, that you have kept your word, to reveal nothing?"

"By all the saints, signor!"

"I am satisfied. Now search around and bring me two leaves of every sort of weed you can find—the wettest with dew will be the most potent. Two leaves, remember, one in the right hand and one in the left; no matter how many sorts there be, pluck the two leaves of each; and when you hear a noise like the sound of firearms, return."

Paula crept away to do his bidding, and the magician produced a small parcel of combustible materials, in which a spark of fire was enclosed, from under a long cloak that gave him a much more formidable appearance than his jaunty attire of the former interview; and kindled a blaze on his altar. Then taking another small package also from under his cloak, he placed it carefully beneath the veil. Meanwhile, he had kept his eye on the girl, and perceiving from her movements that her hands might be filled, he threw a few grains of gunpowder into the fire, and effected the foretold report. In a few minutes, vainly attempting to conceal her dread, Paula returned.

"You have had good success, maiden;" said he, as she opened her hands before him; "drop the leaves in the right hand, one by one, on the centre of the kerchief; now cast the others, in the same manner, into the fire on the altar. Hold! not another till the last has begun to wither; now another—another—another—are they all in?"

She held out her empty hand, which shook as if palsied.

"Now, kneel beside the altar."

She knelt accordingly, and he made her repeat after him, a couplet at a time, a few trivial rhymes, something like the following, which evidently he improvised:

"Spirits mighty! spirits three,  
That for ever watching be;  
Riches, Love and Constancy!  
If the maid upon her knee  
Truly loves, and loves but one,  
And shall love till life be done—  
And if gold and gold alone  
May try and chain him for her own,  
By the spell our lips shall speak,  
Yield the treasure that we seek!"

"Rise now," he continued, "and walk seven times round the altar, and every time you come opposite to me, repeat after me the spell I shall teach you. If you fail in pronouncing a single sound, we have been laboring in vain. Now, attend!" and again frowning, he articulated in a loud tone, half a dozen syllables, as uncouth and dissonant as could well be uttered. Paula went through her part correctly, though with a tremulous voice, that grew weaker and weaker till the last round, when it was scarcely audible, and her companion hid his face in his mantle to conceal an irrepressible laugh at her simple credulity.

"Bravely done!" said he, at length looking up, "we are now almost through. Throw this powder on the embers," and he put a little gunpowder into her hand. She obeyed, and as it flashed up towards her face, she sunk shrieking and half fainting to the ground. The magician hastened to raise her, and with kind and soothing language to restore her. At length she lifted her head, and burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

"Come, pretty Paula, it is all over," said he, gently stroking her long black locks; "your courage and constancy are now to be rewarded. Still weeping! still afraid! Shame! is it not all for Martino?—come, the treasure is at hand!" and leading her to where the kerchief was lying, he removed it and placed the package before her.

With cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling with joy, Paula laid her hand on the mysterious parcel. It consisted of something hard and heavy, enclosed in a wrapper of parchment, which was scrawled over with incomprehensible hieroglyphics.

"Why do you not read the inscription?" asked the magician.

"How should I, signor? I can scarcely read my own language."

"I did but jest with you. I alone can understand these characters. Now we will unlock the treasure," and unfolding the parchment, he took out a glittering gold medal. It was bordered in relief, and its face engraved with most exquisite workmanship.

Paula gazed at it for a moment in delight. "What a beautiful little angel!" she exclaimed, and then, laying it hurriedly down, she added, "but, oh! look, signor, at that terrible head!"

"What think you the device means?" the magician asked, smiling.

"An angel mocking the Evil One; what else could it be, signor?"

"Bah! girl, it is a Cupid, one of the spirits you in-



voked, sporting before the Medusa's head—Love laughing at danger! Now tell me, what will you do with the treasure to receive your portion?"

"Sell it to the jewellers or goldsmiths; it is what our country people do with every thing precious they find."

"The goldsmiths!—no! a thing like that must never touch their griping fingers. They would make light of it, and give you a very trifle, and then boast of it as a work of their own skill, and sell it to help their own fame and fortunes. None but a noble must have it from your hands."

"How should I find my way to the great, signor?—yet, I remember me, I have a kinswoman who tends the children of one of the Cæsarini."

"Nay, it must go to a Florentine, and to one who will understand it. Ipolito of Medici is now in Rome, and to him it must be offered. I will direct you to his palace."

"A Medici! a kinsman of the Pope! I could never dare to look in his face!"

"You must yet obey me, girl; after what I have done for you, have you still so little faith as to refuse? Beware, or the treasure may vanish! Go, as I said, to the Medici palace, and ask to be admitted to the Signor Ipolito; he is a friend to the people, and often receives the poor. If you be refused, wait and ask again—before night you may find some one to favor you. Should you still fail, I will meet you here at this hour to-morrow. But stay, do not forget your vow," and pointing to her the direction she was to take, he left her, though not until he had given her, over his shoulder, another of his magic frowns to enforce his injunctions.

With her fortune securely wrapped in the parchment, and placed in her bosom, Paula hastened to the church, and after faithfully performing her devotions there, presented herself, as soon as it was likely she might be admitted, before the palace, which, since its first elevation, had borne the name of the Medici. It was now temporarily occupied by Signor, afterwards Cardinal, Ipolito, the last, perhaps, of the line possessed of qualities to support the proud dignity of his family. From his rank and liberality, and influence with the Pope, his near relation; together with his political and military talents, his arrival in Rome was an incident of no little consequence, and his presence was sought by all orders, eager to pay their court or to solicit favors. Accordingly, there might now have been recognized, crossing the portico, nobles, priests, citizens, soldiers and artists, all seeking the apartments of the future prelate. Paula timidly passed among the attendants of the visitors into a retired corner of the entrance hall, and petitioned of every domestic that approached, to know when she might have audience of their lord. By some she was pettishly repulsed, by some laughed at, and by others heard unnoticed. Thus, hour after hour went round, yet still confiding in the efficacy of her prayers and the promises of her mysterious benefactor, she waited on. But at last, as evening appeared, and the lamps began to flash in the long galleries, her heart failed her, and wiping away a tear of disappointment, she rose from a step, on which, half hidden by a pillar, she had been seated, to set out for

home. Just then a priest presented himself, and, encouraged by his countenance, she repeated to him her question, "When may I see the Signor Ipolito?"

"Scarcely to-night, daughter," he answered, with a glance of surprise, and passed on.

Her tones caught the attention of a gaily, though rather carelessly dressed man, who stood near her examining a new picture by a brilliant lamp light. "What can you want with the Signor Ipolito, pretty one?" asked he, rapidly scanning her from head to foot, with an eye almost as piercing as that of her magician.

"To sell him a treasure, signor."

"A treasure! where came you by a treasure?"

"Among the ruins."

"Ah! I understand: a coin or a cameo 'is it? you will scarcely find a market here; the time of his highness is precious. Take it to a shop; the city has mongers enough of such wares. Yet hold; I will buy it myself, if only for your sake;" and, before she had thought, he took the packet from her hands, in which she had been folding it, to give her hope and patience during her time of suspense.

"No! no!" she gasped, expecting nothing else than to see it vanish into air from his hands, and hastily snatching it from him; "I am ruined if any touch it but his highness!"

"Fie, damsel! think you I meant to steal your treasure?" said the stranger, laughing; "come, I will bargain with you. I am a painter, and want a face, pretty like your own, for a picture; promise to let me paint you, and I will take you to the Signor Ipolito."

Paulo joyfully assented, and followed the stranger, who, led her, as if well accustomed to the way, into a spacious apartment, of which, as she stopped frightened near the door, she had no farther impression than that it was dazzling with light, and glittering with steel and gilded ornaments, all to her, seeming pure silver and gold. The next moment she started to hear her companion answer the cordial greeting of several voices, to a name her Martino had often lauded, that of Giulio Romano.

"I have ventured to intrude upon your goodness with a client, my lord," said he, leading Paula forward by the arm, and whispered that his highness was before her.

"What is it you would ask of me, maiden?" demanded Signor Ipolito.

She speechlessly held out her parcel.

"What means this? these characters are surely not of any known tongue," said he, vainly attempting to decipher the superscription of the parchment. "Signor Giulio, you are known to be a man of humor; have you brought us a relic from the stores of Marco Polo?"

"If I understand rightly, it contains an antique, the damsel offers to sell," replied the painter.

He opened the wrapper, and looking for a moment at the medal with expressions of surprise and admiration, inquired of her by whom it had been sent.

Paula had not been prepared for this question, and feared to answer.

"It is a prize;" continued Signor Ipolito, "saw you ever workmanship like this, gentlemen? Why do you

not answer, maiden, by whom was it sent? Signor Giulio, speak for your client."

The painter received the medal in turn, from the group that had gathered around, and looked at it with astonishment. "There is but one man in Rome," said he, "with ability for a work like this, and that is the young Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini. Why have you not answered his highness, little one? Where did you obtain it?"

"Among the ruins, Signor?" again said the trembling girl.

"Tush! it is fresh from the artist's hand; the wind has never blown upon it! You look not like one to be suspected; yet this could not have been picked up like an old copper. From whom did you receive it?"

"From—from a sorcerer;" at last replied Paula, terrified at her own words.

"That but makes the story worse; it is safest to speak the truth, whatever that may be," said Giulio Romano, and continued, on her remaining silent; "I still affirm it to be the work of Cellini; the singularity of its style—the freedom, yet delicacy of execution; that head—all bespeak it, mark, signors, the Medusa; is not the expression wonderful for so small a compass? It seems to expand before the eye and look the terrible thing it was fabled; it is most strange, most powerful! and that Cupid, is it not exquisite in its grace and beauty? The ornaments alone would win repute for any other artist, and by them only, if by nothing else, I would have known it to be his—that foliage is his own design, no other has ever attempted it. Signor Laurenzino, it far surpasses yours, by Carradossa, though he has been called the first workman in Italy;" pointing to a medal on the hat of the gallant, where it was worn according to the fashion of the day; "nay, it cannot be here by fair means," he continued; "see, maiden, of what you may be suspected, and answer truly how it came into your hands."

Overcome by the severe tones and searching gaze of the painter, and the expressions of the many strange countenances around her, Paula fell on her knees, and gave the story of her dream, and the scenes among the ruins.

"And this youth, this lover, you say, works with Cellini? Marked you that, Signor Ipolito? This silly damsel must, in truth, be innocent, but it would be blindness not to see what share he may have had in the mummery," said the painter, who had closely interrogated her during her narration, to make it the more intelligible. "Benvenuto is my friend, and it would become me little to see a masterpiece of his lost to him without trial. It doubtless was made for fame, and it would be unlike his wont to give it up without exhibition. Have I your leave, my lord, to summon this Martino hither? for now, I remember me, he has an apprentice so named—a bold, ingenious youth, whom he trusts wholly; and, also, Benvenuto with him;" and at the orders of Signor Ipolito, an attendant was despatched to the shop of the goldsmith.

The medal, again, was passed round among the noble party, each striving to discover in it some new point of merit, and the most liberally to calculate its value, while poor Paula, seated on a cushioned stool which the

painter had compassionately handed to her, now conscious of the nature of the suspicion that had fallen on her lover, awaited with sickening anxiety for his appearance, and repented heartily of the sin—her aiding in magic, which she believed to be the cause of her present trouble.

"Here is the youth; I know his face well," said Giulio Romano, at last, and Paula, as she looked towards the entrance and beheld her lover, sprang to meet him. Signor Ipolito beckoned him, and he came forward with a free step, and a countenance unembarrassed, though expressive of surprise, which heightened to wonder when he beheld Paula.

"I already see that the maiden at your side is no stranger to you," said Signor Ipolito, after Martino had made a reverential obeisance. "Is the tale true that she tells, of being your betrothed?"

The youth colored and bowed, stepping still closer to Paula.

"Know you aught of this medal?"

"It is my master Benvenuto's work, signor; he has given me more than one lesson on it."

"By whom was it purchased from him?"

"I know nought of its having been sold. I saw it in his hands but yesterday, and as he is proud of it, as well he may be, I think he would not have parted with it secretly."

"Then how came it in possession of this girl?"

"Hers!—Paula's!—I know not, signor!"

"You look and speak like an honest man, yet how are you to be proven so? Your connexion with the girl, and the artful manner by which it was conveyed to her, with your situation in Cellini's shop, all point you out as one concerned in it."

"I be guilty of theft! I rob my master!" exclaimed Martino, fearlessly, and his eyes flashing with indignation; "were one who knows me to say it, I would kill him on the spot!"

"Be calm, young man; we are ready to believe you, but you must be acquitted by your master."

"The Sorcerer!—oh, signor!—Martino—it is he!" cried Paula, abruptly, and bounding towards the entrance, at which, indeed, her magician had appeared, she grasped his arm, ejaculating, "Save him! oh, save Martino, signor! It was you who brought us to this, and for the love of the Virgin, have pity on us!" The stranger gently turned her aside, and as he advanced, a laugh from Giulio Romano, and exclamations of "Signor Benvenuto!" "The goldsmith himself!" from two or three young nobles present, changed the aspect of the scene.

"May it please your highness," said Benvenuto to Signor Ipolito, interrupting the rapid explanations of the painter, as soon as he had gathered the principal points; "the Sorcerer of the maiden's story was, indeed, no other than I. It shames me not a little that the matter of my charlatany should have gone so far before you, but, in a few words, I can give my reasons for enacting it. This youth, Martino, I have valued, ever since he came into my shop, for his talents, fidelity, and many other good qualities, and I long waited for an occasion to do him a service that might be of some importance to him. The

tale I happened to draw from the damsel, here, which agreed with what he, himself, had told me of his concerns, seemed to offer me this, and at the moment, I conceived a fancy to use it for my own diversion as well as for his benefit. Hence, I carried out the part of magician, which, by chance, I had half assumed.

"It was, also, I confess, by my directions that she sought admittance here. I knew of no one to whom she might have access, that would deal as generously by her, as your highness; and, besides, I aspired to see the work in your possession. I had tried my utmost skill and ingenuity upon it, and was vain enough to believe that it would not be unworthy the acceptance of even an illustrious Medici, and one who judges of the arts as a master. Had it not been for this adventure, I would have offered it myself. If I have acted too boldly, I can but crave pardon with all humility."

"Bravo! Master Benvenuto!" cried a voice, familiar to him, that of young Laurenzino, of Medici; "if my Cousin, Ipolito, gives you not his hand through love of the arts, you are welcome to mine, through your genius for a joke. I give you a title to claim my patronage, whenever again you may be disposed to play the sorcerer!"

"Signor Benvenuto has higher claims to our favor," said Ipolito, courteously. "Your fame, my young friend, has reached me before now, nor is this the first evidence I have met, of your ability. The generosity you have just displayed in rewarding merit, enhances your right to our regard. See me again to-morrow, and we will pursue this matter farther. Meanwhile, this pretty damsel must not be forgotten; the fifty crowns are ready for her, and as the medal is judged, by the company present, to be worth, at least, double that sum, this purse contains full the remainder for your own share. Your industry must not be so much taxed, to your own loss."

"Many thanks, signor," returned the goldsmith, with an air of pride, though in a respectful tone; "when the work passed out of my hands, I had no thought to reclaim it. Whatever it may be worth, let it go to its true owners, Paula and Martino; I am fully paid for my labor by the approbation your highness is pleased to bestow upon it."

"Be it so; here, gentle maiden, is the whole for your portion, and you, my good youth, see to making it, indeed, a treasure to her."

In a few days Benvenuto attended the marriage of the young pair at the altar of their patroness, Santa Maria del Popolo, and, in course of time, he saw his pupil attain to fortune and reputation, if not, indeed, equal to his own, yet sufficient for his happiness and that of Paula, whose face is yet living from the pencil of Giulio Romano.

*Baltimore, Maryland.*

MAN.—Every physician knows, though metaphysicians know little about it, that the laws which govern the animal machine are as certain and invariable, as those which guide the planetary system; and are as little within the control of the human being who is subject to them.—*Priestley.*

Original.

## TO A SISTER.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

BY MELZAR GARDNER.

MY sister dear—the thoughts I bring,  
As flowers, to deck this spotless page,  
Perchance may seem like those that spring  
From roots that feel the blight of age;—  
But at the mention of that word—  
*My Sister!*—youth awakes again,  
And pleasant memories are stirred,  
Of days unmarked by care or pain.

Fond, faded hopes—the venom'd breath  
Of calumny—the blight of care—  
These mark, as with the touch of Death,  
Some of the later "hours that were;"—  
But back, beyond that darksome sea  
Of pain, and care, and Sorrow's tears,  
I find when Memory turns to thee,  
The buried Joys of Childhood's years.

And though in other lands I roam—  
Though other ties my fondness prove—  
Though here I find another home,  
And wife, and children, share my love;—  
Though "*husband!*" "*father!*"—have a sound  
As sweet as "*brother!*" used to be,—  
Yet in my heart will aye be found,  
Room—my dear sister—*room for thee!*

And, Mary—my most fervent prayer  
Is, that thy life may ever be  
As calm as when the summer air  
Is sleeping on a moonlit sea;—  
Bright as the day-god's earliest glance—  
Sweet as a song at midnight heard—  
And glad some as the ripple's dance,  
When by the soft-winged zephyrs stirred!

Should Pain or Sorrow ever shroud  
The blessed light of thy young years,  
May Hope's effulgence, through the cloud,  
Beam on thine heart, though seen through tears;  
May Faith the dark illusions break,  
And love wipe off each tear that flows,  
As morning breezes gently shake  
The glistening dew-drop from the rose!

May purity's white robe be spread,  
In ample fullness round thy form;—  
Earth's choicest joys on thee be shed!  
Life's sunshine thine, without the storm!—  
And when the things of time and sense,  
Shall fade, as stars when day is dawning,  
Oh, may thy soul soar gladly hence,  
To bask in Heaven's eternal morning!  
*Hartford, 1839.*

Original.

LINE S TO BOSTON .

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Oh, Northern Athens, and Trimontane Queen !  
 Thou art before me as of olden time—  
 I see thee sitting thy grey hills between,  
 And shading with thy pride, the Sea's abyme—  
 I see thy palaces, thy suburbs green—  
 Thy votaries of lucre and of rhyme,  
 I hear thy church-bells ring their merry peal—  
 I see thy old and famous Faneuil.

And I have many fine remembrances,  
 Of thee and of thy children, mother mine !  
 Of environs shaded by gorgeous trees,  
 Where I have lain of summer days, lang syne ;  
 Of luxury and happiness and ease,  
 Of pleasant suppers and delicious wine—  
 Of busy streets, and of secluded places—  
 And ancient friends, smiling with joyous faces.

Thy Athenæum, with its kingly store  
 Of priceless paintings, sculptures and rare books,  
 Thy angel women that I bowed before,  
 Drinking deep inspiration from their looks—  
 Thy students with their rich and varied lore—  
 Thy gas-lights and thy never-dying smokes—  
 Thy theatres with all their merry din,  
 Where I have thrilled at Cæsar, laughed with Finn.

Since then, indifferently I have sped,  
 And Fate has given me a fatiguing dance—  
 Through many a scene my weary way has led,  
 In regions whose existence seems romance—  
 The ground, for many a month, has been my bed—  
 Black eyes have on me cast their burning glance—  
 And many tongues have wooed me—not in vain,—  
 With love-words in the language of old Spain.

And I have starved a day or two, and thirsted  
 At sundry times—and eaten horsemeat too—  
 Nor ever, while I gnawed and gnawed, have curs'd it—  
 For hunger tames us all, Gentile or Jew ;  
 Drunken from sands with Glauber's salts encrusted—  
 And on the tops of mountains, high and blue,  
 Have waded, to my middle, in the snow—  
 But that was close upon New Mexico.

\* \* \* \* \*

And yet these vermine claim the title "free!"  
 They call us brethren—the same gallant bird  
 Scream o'er their banner—floats above their sea !  
 Ay, these are they whose cry for help was heard,  
 And well responded to—and they talk with glee  
 Of liberty, nor know what means the word—  
 If *they* are free, give me the bondman cell,  
 And slavery's galling, golden manacle.

Look on them ! Any chief may chain *their* souls—  
 They reck not who, so that he pay them well,  
 Or tread them in the dust, and heap the coals  
 Of slavery on their heads—then, from their cell,  
 The trampled worms crawl out, and while on rolls  
 The car of conquest, they his praise will sing

Who crushed, insulted, and degraded them,  
 And tore their bud of freedom from its stem.

Look on them, and take heed ! Let not our race  
 Be like to theirs, God of the inmost Heaven !  
 It was thy mighty and benignant grace  
 By which fair Liberty to us was given ;  
 Let usurpation not our name erase  
 From Freedom's scroll ! Let not our stars be riven  
 From heaven, and sunk into the deepest hell,  
 Where only fettered serfs and menials dwell !

I thank thee, mother city ! that thy voice  
 Hath been upraised, and rightly : I behold  
 The ancient spirit in thy noble choice  
 'Twixt honor and dishonor : In my cold,  
 Monotonous loneliness, do I rejoice  
 In thee and thine ! Magnanimous and old,  
 Full nobly thus hast thou redeemed thy pledge,  
 And kept thy children's steps from sacrilege.

And, Webster, if a poet's voice may reach  
 Thine ear, receive it ! 'tis no flattery :  
 Stand firmly in thy path, that thou mayst teach  
 Thy foes how true, how noble man can be :  
 Still stand thou, boldly, in the yawning breach !  
 Still sail as ever on the perilous sea,  
 Unerring, in thy ever changeless course,  
 While Envy's dogs around bay low and hoarse.

Keep thy true course, and let the golden star  
 Which glitters in the Constitution's front,  
 Be thy sole guide ! Oh, when it shone afar,  
 As did that watch-tower on the Hellespont,  
 Our fathers worshipped it, as 'twere the car  
 Of God's Divinity ; it was the font  
 In which young Freedom was baptised—and now  
 Be its defender, champion, guardian, thou !

Boston ! I reverence thee, and here I fling  
 My offerings at thy feet ; they are but small :  
 A love of poetry that yet *will* cling  
 Within the heart—a tear that waits to fall,  
 A broken harp—a solitary string—  
 A rugged rhyme or two—and that is all ;  
 Take it ! Whate'er of wo may fall upon  
 My heart, I still am proud to be thy son !

For aye my heart hath turned to thee, old mother !  
 And now I seem again with thee and thine :  
 No city ever will seem homelike, other  
 Than thou, my birth-place. I am infantine  
 Where'er I turn my worn heart there—the rather,  
 That thou hast never ravaged aught of mine—  
 My hopes, my prospects—as hath been the case  
 With some, whom I shall yet meet face to face,

And trample them, if Heaven shall give me power,  
 Into the dust. I never can forget—  
 Can I forgive—unless the eternal shower  
 Of sorrow quench the memory, and set  
 The seal to all ! The thunder-storms which lower  
 About my head, were waked into their fret,  
 And fire by them—theirs are the hands which tore  
 Away my home, my heart to ashes wore.

Original.  
THE FEMALE SPY;

A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

—  
BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.  
—

AFTER the battle of Long Island, and the abandonment of the city of New-York to the victorious enemy, the American army met with numerous disasters. Forts Washington and Lee, on the banks of the Hudson, soon capitulated to the British; and the Americans were compelled to retreat across the Jerseys, closely pursued by the victorious enemy; "so closely," says the historian, "that the rear of the army, pulling down bridges, was often in sight, and exposed to the shot of the van of the other, building them up."

In the midst of these stirring incidents, in the month of September, 1776, a well-mounted equestrian was seen leisurely passing along in a willow-shaded avenue, in the vicinity of a smiling little village, which has since grown into a city, in the county of Essex, New-Jersey. From the richness of his costume, and the housings of the noble animal which he bestrode with all the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier, any one acquainted with such matters, would not have hesitated to pronounce him an officer of rank in the Continental army; though the tardiness of his present movements did not correspond with the haste and activity which was, at that moment, a few leagues farther north, hurrying forward the main body of fugitives, who were flying before a victorious enemy flushed with victory, and hot in pursuit.

Our traveller was evidently awaiting the return of some expected messenger, whom he had probably sent forward to procure intelligence, as he was soon joined by another gentleman, who approached from the south, dressed in a similar costume, and nearly equally well-mounted, with whom he held a short colloquy in a subdued tone. In reply to some observation of the new comer, our first traveller exclaimed—

"A female, colonel?"

"Yes, sir; and one whom, I think, will be found admirably adapted to our purpose; I left her at the General Wolf Tavern, which is just at hand, the landlord of which gave me her history in a few words, which he shall repeat in your own hearing, before I proceed."

"Well," replied the other, who might have been about fifty years of age, "a little rest and refreshments will not come amiss, after our hard day's march. So please you lead the way." And they proceeded, in a brisk trot, along the road which the colonel had just quitted.

"How far is it to Trenton?" asked the first speaker.

"About forty miles," answered the colonel, with a sigh. "But we shall see it full as soon as we wish to."

"*Nil desperandum!*" ejaculated the other. "Should we reach the farthest parts of Penn's peace-loving colony, will the inhabitants, think you, rally in our support?"

"That, perhaps, will depend upon contingencies," replied the other. "If the lower counties of Pennsylvania should be subdued, and given up to the enemy, the back counties will doubtless do the same."

By this time, our travellers had reached the tavern, and paused under the effigy of General Wolf, which was

suspended from the limb of a large sycamore, which grew in front of the house. The first speaker paused, and passing his hand across his throat, said with a good-humored smile—

"My neck does not feel as if it was made for a halter! But courage, man; my own native Virginia will receive us with open arms, and hearts that never fail. We must repair to Augusta County, in the old colony. There, many will be obliged to fly to us for safety and protection, and we must try what we can do in carrying on a predatory war; and if overpowered, we must cross the Alleghany Mountains, and try our fortunes in the distant west."

As the speaker uttered this sentence, in an animated tone, the conversation was suddenly interrupted by the interposition of a third voice, which said, or rather sung—for it was uttered in a chaunting tone, terminating with a falling cadence—

"David therefore departed thence, and escaped to the cave, Adullam; and when his brethren and all his father's house heard of it, they went down thither to him; and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men."

"Heard you that, colonel?" asked our principal traveller. "This is not the first time that I have had my *cue* given me from the good book! In the language of Shakspeare—'thou marshall'st me the way that I was going, and such an instrument I was to use.' David, then, shall be my model in this emergency. You know that he, also, fled from the persecution of a royal tyrant, when he escaped to the cave you have just heard named. There are many such secret retreats in old Virginia; and plenty of such adventurers to join us."

The landlord had, by this time, made his appearance, and received the travellers with his customary courtesy; then, turning to a wooden settle which stood near the entrance of his house, he exclaimed, with some degree of asperity in his tone, addressing an old woman who was its present occupant—

"How now! Mother Derby! Why do you still linger here? Have I not told you that we have no room for vagrants. I expect to have many calls for refreshments by the officers of the Continental army as they pass; and I do not wish them to be annoyed by such a rusty-looking old Jezebel; not one of them will wish their fortunes told; for I'll be sworn that each of them can read his own future destiny in this hasty retreat. Come, mistress, be off at once; bag and baggage!"

"Bad luck to you! for an unmannerly churl!" answered the individual thus addressed, with a broad Hibernian brogue. "Were the original of yonder picture here, himself; or the brave major who fell at his side, on the Plains of Abraham, before the walls of Quebec, you would not dare thus to ill treat a poor, lone woman, whose only crime is her poverty—"

"And her supercilious pride," rejoined the landlord. "Come, old woman, we have no room for Queens or Duchesses, or any such trash. For here, in the Jerseys, we are all plain, hard-working farmers, and earn our

bread by the sweat of our brows. What says the book from which you are always preaching? 'They that will not work, shall not eat;' and you have wheedled me out of several meals already. But you must not think to ride a free horse to death. Why have you left the Clove, in the Shawangunk Mountains? Does not fortune-telling succeed as well as usual? Do not the milk-maids of Orange County pry into futurity as much as ever? The book of magic from which you divine, is now in your hand, and were you in Salem, you had long ago been hanged for a witch. Come, old woman, give up your book of magic—black art—divination—witchcraft. I will take it as a small compensation for the meals you owe me."

As the host finished this courteous speech, he seized the book which she held in her hand, which she clung to with all her might; while she exclaimed, or rather shrieked out in a tone of the most sovereign contempt—

"Magic! Black art! Divination! Witchcraft! Poor, stupid wretch! The book from which I utter all my predictions, is the Book of Life—the Word of God, which cannot lie. Hear one of them. 'They devour widows, houses, and for a pretence, make long prayers. They shall receive the greater damnation.'"

"Add her bill to mine," said the colonel, "and it shall be paid."

"God bless your honor!" exclaimed the old woman, "for you are not of his class. Long life to your honor, for you deserve the widow's blessing. And as for your chief, let his hand be strengthened, and fear not, for he shall be delivered from the hand of the tyrant. The Lord hath departed from Saul. The king's advisers are all men of Belial, with Old North at their head. God hath departed from him, and answereth him no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams; so that the tyrant asks counsel of those who have dealings with familiar spirits, and of Old North, who is head devil of them all. But I will bless the Lord at all times. To North will I sing this psalm of David: when Doeg, the Edomite, came and told Saul that David had come to the house of Ahimelech—

'Why boastest thou thyself, in mischief, oh, mighty man!'"

and thus she went on, chanting the whole of the fifty-second psalm.

By this time our two military officers began to manifest considerable interest in the singular being before them, for, among her other eccentricities, her costume was not the least peculiar and striking. She wore a surtout or great-coat, the original color of which it was hard to determine, amid its numerous darns and patches, but probably it might have been drab. Beneath this was a thick, quilted, red petticoat, which showed itself some inches below the garment just mentioned, which was buckled round her waist by a leather belt, in which were stuck a pair of horseman's pistols, and a naked weapon, which has since received the appellation of a Bowie-knife. A little mob-cap, tied under the chin, vainly endeavored to confine a profusion of long black hair, not so fine as to deserve the name of raven, but somewhat more resembling a horse's tail, many tuant locks of which were streaming in the breeze. Over the

whole was placed a broad-brimmed man's hat, with a little crown that fitted close to the head, like a skull-cap. The two military gentlemen, now drawing the landlord aside, attempted to learn some account of this singular being.

"She is an original," said he, "as you doubtless perceive, gentlemen. From all I can learn, she is a native of Ireland; and you must have been struck with the rich, mellow brogue of her tongue. She professes to have come of a respectable family, and according to her own account, is the widow of as brave an officer as accompanied the immortal Wolf to the siege of Quebec. He fell by the side of that hero, on the Plains of Abraham, leaving his wife and two little sons, with a small pension, wholly inadequate to the support of a family, in the style to which she had been accustomed. In about a year after this afflicting bereavement, she yielded to the solicitations of her brother, a wealthy farmer, in the colony of New-York, and with her two children, emigrated to America, where the present trouble with the mother country soon caused the suspension of her income from the British government. And what was still worse for her, she found, on her arrival, that all the fair promises held out to her by her brother, were never intended to be fulfilled, except on conditions that appeared too degrading to a woman of her lofty spirit and family pride. The idea of making farmers or mechanics of the sons of *Major Derby*, was what she could not bend her mind to endure; and the expression of this sentiment, in a tone too independent or imperious for her present circumstances, produced a rupture with her brother, which remained unhealed until his death, which occurred about six months since, leaving the object of your inquiries more destitute than ever. Proud as she is, however, she has since found herself compelled to waive some of her lofty pretensions; and as her sons advanced in age and strength, to seek their situations, as apprentices, to some respectable artisans. The oldest, whose name is William, has been bound to a blacksmith; and his brother to a shoemaker, both of whom reside in Orange County, in the province of New-York, near, or in the town of Goshen. William, who is a smart, high-spirited fellow, has, I understand, lately fell into some difficulties of a political nature, which has much distressed his mother. In one word, he has been suspected of leaning to the British interest. He was, accordingly, proceeded against, in the usual summary manner. He was taken from his bed, at the dead of night, and after suffering a variety of personal injuries, unnecessary to detail, he returned to his almost distracted mother, arrayed in a coat of tar and feathers. Stung to the soul by such unmerited indignity, he swore a terrible revenge, in terms so daring and unqualified, as subjected him to imprisonment in the county jail, where he still is; and his fate is yet undecided.

"His mother has strove hard to remove the suspicions that exist against him, but in vain. Her eccentric character, and the peculiarities of her manners, have, probably, operated more strongly against him, than all she could say in his favor, for she has rendered herself notorious as a fortune-teller; and her pretensions to the art

of foretelling future events from the Bible, has drawn upon her the imputation of witchcraft, and most persons believe that she has, actually, dealings with the devil. For the last eighteen or twenty months, she has resided in a miserable hovel, in a gorge of the Shawangunk Mountains, known by the name of Blagge's Clove, in the town of Blooming-Grove, where she has established herself as a fortune-teller, and her costume is always the same that she now wears. She is every where known as "the Witch of Blagge's Clove." She has now been here these three days, and came in consequence of my former intimacy with her brother; and though I have given her frequent warnings that her room would be preferred to her company, I cannot get rid of her. But I perceive that she is about giving us a sing-song from her book. Listen, if you have the patience."

The landlord here paused in his narrative, while the old Sybil commenced a new chant, in the following words:

"And he took up his parable and said, Baalak, the King of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, curse me, Jacob; and come, defy Israel. How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy whom the Lord hath not defied? For, from the tops of the rocks, I behold him; lo! the people shall dwell alone." And she went on in the same strain through the twenty-third and the twenty-fourth chapters of Numbers, dwelling with peculiar *emphasis* on the Blessing which Baalim pronounced on the Children of Israel; with whom she seemed, by a prophetic kind of instinct, to identify the Americans.

The two military gentlemen now held a brief consultation together, at the conclusion of which, the principal mounted his horse, and after thanking the landlord for the communication with which he had entertained them, proceeded on the road to the south.

That very night Mother Derby entered the city of New-York, with a basket of eggs, in one of which her dispatches were ingeniously concealed. She landed near the Bear Market, and soon learned where the agent resided to whose protection she was recommended by Colonel Read, the officer above mentioned. Though fully aware of the danger to which her new undertaking would inevitably expose her, yet this very extraordinary woman had readily acceded to the colonel's proposition, in order, as she expressed it, to make some atonement for her son William's recent offence, and contemplated *treason* to the American cause. I say she knew the risk she encountered, for the recent execution of Hale, who suffered as a spy, by order of Sir William Howe, on Long Island, was freely commented on by every one, and was urged by Colonel Read, to dissuade Mother Derby from engaging in her perilous enterprise. But the old woman appeared to be actuated by no common motives. The country of her adoption had become dear to her, and its present embarrassments had rendered it enthusiastically so. She knew that Washington wanted such an emissary as herself, and she felt confident that she was better adapted to the service than any man could be, as suspicion would not be likely to fall on her, or it could be readily averted by her sybil-like habits and manners; and

if not, she *felt* that she could never suffer in a cause more glorious than that of America, whose persecutions had been freely discussed by her countrymen, before her leaving Ireland.

She, therefore, agreeably to her instructions, made arrangements for a permanent residence in the city; where, the better to veil her real character and designs, she resumed her former business of fortune-telling; by which means, she so far succeeded in disguising her ulterior designs, that she finally contrived to obtain a counter commission from Sir Henry Clinton, and thus became a double spy; thus "doubly armed," with perpetual passports from both parties, she went and came at pleasure; and had the courage and address to perform many important services for Washington, without once exciting the suspicions of Clinton, or any of his subordinate agents. But we will not anticipate.

She had not been long in the city, before she encountered one of her former neighbors and pimps, in Blooming-Grove, who gave her some further information respecting her sons, which distressed her more than ever. It seems that the youngest, John, who had been apprenticed to a shoemaker, had eloped from his master and gone, no one knew whither. He had always been considered as a good-natured, whimsical, careless sort of a boy; with no firmness or stability of character, but little pride, and still less industry. Very different from his brother William, who was considered a fine-spirited fellow; and, consequently, the favorite of his mother, who beheld, in him, the miniature representative of her heroic husband, whose memory she cherished with a religious veneration.

William had continued, for some time, in "durance vile," with a reckless gang, who had been imprisoned under similar circumstances. When news reached them of the disastrous battle of Long Island, and of the subsequent possession of New-York by the British, these hopeful youths concerted plans for effecting their escape from the Goshen jail, with the avowed purpose of joining the victorious army in New-York; and had so far succeeded as to divest themselves of their hand-cuffs, when they were again secured by the vigilant jailor. As young Derby was considered the most daring and hardened of the conspirators, the sheriff took particular precautions with respect to his security, and led him to the very shop of his former master, where he was soon loaded with more substantial irons, by the master's own hands, to whom he whispered sufficiently loud to be heard by the by-standers—"Blow about is fair play, master. It will be my turn next!"

A new accusation was now brought against this unfortunate young man; viz: that he had conveyed intelligence to the enemy in the city of New-York. It was useless to deny the charge, however ridiculous, and he was accordingly taken to Fort Montgomery to undergo a military examination.

From the character of William, his mother had no doubt that this information was all true, and it furnished her with much food for bitter reflection.

Bereft of her husband—reduced to want in a strange land!—one son, if living, a truant, and, perhaps, a vaga-

bond—the other, a *traitor*—the name of Derby dishonored! It was too much. Former misfortunes had bewildered her brain and embittered the genial fluids of her heart. But this last “unkindest cut of all,” well nigh drove her mad. Her uncommon strength of mind, uniting with a vigorous and healthful constitution, resisted the attack of insanity; and though a spirit of gloomy misanthropy seemed to take possession of her soul, her reasoning faculties remained unimpaired.

Mrs. Derby’s residence in the city was an old house built in the Dutch style of architecture, situated in New Street, a little south of Wall Street, and was one of those old-fashioned stone edifices, which had escaped the flames in the recent, general conflagration, with which the city was devastated after being taken possession of by the British army. To beguile an idle hour, in the evening, many of the young officers of the royal army, when off duty, were in the habit of frequenting the habitation of Crazy Peg, (the only name by which she was designated in the city,) to listen to her auguries, consult their own fortunes, and regale on many rural luxuries, which she, alone, could procure. Among these gay, volatile loungers, she had the address often to acquire items of important information, which she regularly communicated to those whom it most concerned to know them.

On one occasion, the name of William Derby was introduced in a manner calculated to awaken the most lively interest and curiosity of the anxious mother, who, by a series of artful interrogatories, elicited the following facts from her visitors. It appears that the young man’s trial, or rather examination at Fort Montgomery, had resulted in his acquittal, as no overt act of treasonable practice could be proved against him; and that he had been restored to liberty by the rebels, on condition that he would accept a sergeant’s warrant, and recruit a company for the rebel service, with which condition he had affected to comply with most cheerful alacrity; but found pretexts for remaining at the fort a sufficient time to take complete drawings of the works, and to make himself master of every information that might prove serviceable to the British. Thus supplied with the means of vengeance, he had returned to Goshen as a recruiting sergeant, and having enlisted many of his former comrades, he had succeeded in conducting them to New-York, and surrendering them to the direction of Sir Henry Clinton, at the same time offering his services to that officer to lead a detachment of the royal army against Fort Montgomery. After closely examining this daring young traitor, and inspecting the plans and drawings which he furnished, Sir Henry agreed to accept his services in the contemplated enterprise; and in case he led the detachment by the proposed route, which was one through which the garrison would never expect an enemy, and the enterprise should be crowned with success, young Derby’s reward was to be two hundred guineas, and a captain’s commission.

What a tale was here for the ears of the patriotic mother! And how was she to prevent the consummation of the contemplated treason, but by exposing a darling son to certain destruction! Her duty to Washington, however, she considered paramount to all others,

and she immediately wrote a letter to Colonel Read, informing him that a secret expedition was about being sent against Fort Montgomery, but without mentioning the name of her son. Had this letter reached its destination, a disastrous event would have doubtless been averted. But we will not anticipate. As it was, she had the proud satisfaction of knowing that she had discharged a duty to her country without endangering the safety of her son. This letter was couched in the following terms:—

“Now the British and Hessians had fought against New-York, and had taken it, and smitten it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire: and afterwards, the children of Judah, in Heath’s division, went out to fight the Canaanites that dwell in the mountains or Highlands; and Clinton said, he that smiteth Fort Montgomery and taketh it, to him will I give two hundred shekels of gold, and he shall be a captain in my host. And a certain man has agreed to conduct a royal detachment against that fortress. See that this conspiracy be defeated.”

DEBORAH.

Mother Derby had been in her new employment more than a year, when the consummation of the son’s treasonable project was finally achieved, by his leading a detachment of the royal army, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, in person, aided and assisted by General Vaughan, to make an assault on Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the western banks of the Hudson, a few miles below West Point. The works were pretty good on the side next the river, but were in an unfinished state on the back side. Of this fact, young Derby had rendered himself aware, during his former stay at the fortress, after his acquittal, and had frequently explored the intricate path, which led to the weak and unfinished part of the fortifications. Thinking themselves invincible in front, the garrison did not dream of treachery in the rear; and young Derby was the first to mount the parapets, and wounded the first man he encountered, which happened to be a sergeant, formerly a school-fellow of his own, by the name of Trueman. This fortress was commanded, and bravely defended by General George Clinton, and his brother, General James Clinton, uncles to the late Dewitt Clinton. The garrison consisted of undisciplined militia; a force greatly inadequate to the defence of the works. General James Clinton received a bayonet wound in his thigh; but he and his brother, with a part of the garrison, made their escape, leaving about two hundred and fifty men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. The royal army, however, suffered a severe loss on this occasion; having three field officers killed, and their dead and wounded was estimated at about three hundred. With wanton cruelty, the victors set fire to the buildings of every description, and spread ruin and devastation to the extent of their power.

General Burgoyne was, at this time, at the head of a formidable army, endeavoring to open a communication, and establish a line of military posts, between Upper Canada and the Hudson river; in which endeavor, had he been successful, the result would doubtless have proved fatal to the American cause. Sir Henry Clinton was well aware of the importance of this measure, and knew that by the reduction of Fort Montgomery, and the possession of West Point, at almost any sacrifice, the grand object might be attained. It is supposed by many that Sir Henry was, at this very time, planning the scheme which Arnold afterwards came so near consumma-



ting. But, in the mean time, the reduction of Fort Montgomery was deemed of primary importance, as, while it remained in the hands of the Americans, it must greatly annoy the British shipping, in all their anticipated operations, in aiding the Canadian project.

No wonder, then, that Sir Henry eagerly caught at the treacherous proposition of young Derby; being always ready to take advantage of the defection of an enemy, and knowing that, in the art of war, as much had heretofore been effected by art and stratagem, as had been accomplished by wisdom and valor. He had promised Burgoyne to make a diversion in his favor; and the last intelligence he had received from that officer, was in a letter, dated, September 28, 1777, which left him in a very perilous situation, having just lost five hundred men, in the battle of Stillwater, at Saratoga, while his Indian auxiliaries were deserting him daily; his army was limited to half of its usual allowance of provisions; and his stock of forage was nearly exhausted! In this precarious situation, he applied to Sir Henry for advice and assistance. But Sir Henry could afford him neither.

After the capture of Fort Montgomery, Sir Henry Clinton despatched a messenger, by the name of Daniel Taylor, to Burgoyne with the intelligence. Fortunately for the Americans, Taylor was taken as a spy, and finding himself in danger, he was seen to turn aside, and take something from his pocket and swallow it. General Georgn Clinton, into whose hands he had fallen, ordered a severe dose of *tartar emetic* to be administered. This produced the desired effect. He discharged a small silver bullet, which, being unscrewed, was found to enclose a letter from Sir Henry Clinton to Burgoyne. "Out of thy own mouth shalt thou be condemned." The spy was tried, convicted, and executed. The following is an exact copy of the letter enclosed:

FORT MONTGOMERY, October 8, 1777.

"Nous voici—and nothing between us but *Gates*. I sincerely hope this little success may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th September, by C. C. I shall not presume to order or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success. Faithfully yours.

To General Burgoyne.

H. CLINTON.

General Washington, in the meantime, had, through the instrumentality of Mother Derby, ascertained that it was the great object of the British to possess themselves of the city of Philadelphia, at that time the seat of government of the United Colonies, and put in requisition every effort in his power, to counteract the measures taken by Sir William Howe to effect this purpose. Washington's force during the whole campaign, was considerably inferior to that of Sir William Howe. Battles and skirmishings of more or less importance, had been frequent, though not always decisive. The battles of Trenton and Princeton, however, form an exception to this remark, as they occurred at the darkest hour of the contest, and revived the hopes and confidence of the Americans, who had begun to apprehend that their cause was deserted by the God of battles. After the battle of Princeton, the militia of Jersey, immediately on their being liberated from the control of the British, flew to arms, exasperated and stimulated by a recollection of their sufferings, and became their most bitter and determined enemies; and were afterwards very active and vigilant in harrassing

them on all occasions, keeping a continual watch, and cutting off small parties, whenever opportunities offered.

The Americans had erected several forts and redoubts on the banks of the Delaware river, and on Mud Island, to guard against the passage of the British fleet up this river, to Philadelphia. In one of these forts, at a place called Red Bank, Colonel Greene, of Rhode-Island, was posted, with about four hundred men. General Howe, perceiving the great importance of reducing these works, detached Count Donop, an officer held in high estimation in the royal army, with twelve or fifteen hundred Hessian troops, well supplied with artillery, to take possession of it. Having arrived near the redoubts, he summoned the commander to surrender: to which he resolutely replied, "He would defend the place to the last extremity." This fort being originally constructed on a large scale, it was found necessary to run a line across the middle, and divide it into two, so that the external part was left without defence. The Hessian commander ordered his troops to advance, under cover of the smoke of his cannon to storm the redoubt. They soon gained the unoccupied part with loud huzzas on their supposed victory; but on approaching the lines within, where the Americans were stationed, the brave men poured on them such a hot and well-directed fire, for about forty minutes, that they were completely overpowered, and fled in every direction. Donop, their commander, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, and more than one hundred were killed on the spot, and a greater number wounded and taken prisoners. The Hessians retreated with great precipitation, leaving many of their wounded on the road, and returned to General Howe, with the loss of half their party.

*To be continued.*

#### PUNISHMENT FOR THEFT.

ONE day, when I was dining with the Reverend Prelate, John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury there was at table, an English lawyer, who took occasion to run out into a high commendation of the severe execution of justice upon thieves, who, (as he said,) were then hanged so fast, that there were sometimes twenty on one gibbet: and upon that he said, he could not wonder enough how it came to pass, that since so few escaped there were yet so many thieves left, who were still robbing in all places. Upon this, I said there was no reason to wonder at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves, was neither just in itself, nor good for the public; for, as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual—simple theft not being so great a crime, that it ought to cost a man his life; and no punishment, how severe soever, being able to restrain those from robbing, who can find out no other way of livelihood: and in this, said I, not only you in England, but a great part of the world, imitate some ill masters, that are readier to chastise their scholars than to teach them. There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make such good provisions, as that every man might be put in a method how to live, and so be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing, and of dying for it.—*Sir Thomas More.*

## Original.

## JUDICIAL ANECDOTES.

THE Courts of Vermont have been celebrated, for many years, for the wit and amusing peculiarities of several of their Justices. Anecdotes are rife respecting them, from the rough and coarse humor of Harrington, to the more polished scintillations of his successors of later times. Nothing can be more racy than the following, which we are confident are new to the majority of our readers.

Judge — had effected a settlement of accounts with one of his neighbors, a very parsimonious man, and it was found impossible to make correct change within *three cents*, which the Judge said he would hand to the other at any subsequent period. Some days after, while the Judge was upon the bench, and in the midst of a cause, the avaricious neighbor, whose brains could not rest while the three cents were absent from his pocket, appeared in the court-room, and with slight ceremony, beckoned to his debtor to grant him an interview. The Judge, who was so unfortunate as to stutter somewhat, appreciated instantly the purpose of the applicant, and arrested the progress of the case, with, "at-stop, a f-few moments, unt-until I sp-speak to m-m-my neighbor P." He thereupon descended from the bench, and accompanied neighbor P. to a private room, and, as he expected, received a demand for the delinquent three cents. He paid it, obtained a receipt, and returned to the court-room, convulsing every one present with laughter, by the following remark: "Th-they s-say, that at th-the m-moment an-any one d-dies another is b-b-born, and th-the soul of th-the one th-that dies g-g-goes into the b-body of th-the one that's b-born. N-now when neigh-neighbor P. w-was born, n-no-nobody died!"

Previous to the last war, when Judge Chase, a senator from New Hampshire, was on his way to Congress, before the session when the preliminary measures for hostilities were expected, he passed the first night of his journey at Windsor, in Vermont: and an Irishman took occasion to purloin his boots. The thief was apprehended and imprisoned, to await his trial, which did not take place until the following summer. The evidence against him was conclusive, "guilty" was rendered, and Judge E. proceeded to deliver the sentence of the court, to the following effect—

"Tim Flannagan, you are found guilty of stealing a pair of boots. You stole them in the fall of the year, which aggravates the offence, for, had you stolen them in the heat of summer, and the sufferer by your rascality had been unable to procure any others, he could have walked abroad, barefooted, without serious inconvenience; but had such been the case in winter, he would have been obliged to confine himself to his dwelling—he would have been unable to pursue his ordinary occupation, and an indigent, interesting and virtuous family might have been reduced to the extremity of suffering—yes, sir—might have expired in the agonies of starvation, in consequence of the loss of a pair of boots, through your wickedness. All this is within the bounds of probability. But the case is worse than this. You stole the boots from a great man, Judge Chase—and not only from

Judge Chase, but from a Senator in the great American Congress; and that, too, previous to the commencement of an important session—a momentous period, when it was expected, on every side, that war against Great Britain was to be declared. See, and stand aghast at the results which might have ensued from your nefarious act. The Judge might have been disposed to cast his vote against the war; and from the even division of the remaining members upon the question, his vote might have been the turning point of the matter. By the loss of his boots, he might have been delayed several days in obtaining others; and, in the meantime, the awful question of war or no war, might have been brought up. In consequence of his absence, the decision might have been in favor of war; and thus, upon you—yes, upon you, sir, would have rested the whole responsibility of that terrible event. You, and you only would be accountable for the immense expenditure of treasure, resulting from a conflict: for the blood of thousands, spilled on the field of battle—for all the horrors of victory and defeat—for plunderings and burnings—for massacres and carnage—for our wives and daughters butchered, or violated—for the tears and agony of widows and orphans! Yes, sir, all this would have rested upon you; and in consideration of the heinousness of your offence, in view of these dreadful consequences, which might have resulted from your act, the court sentences you to six months imprisonment in the common jail."

Judge E. delivered this without a smile; and the Irishman, seeing whom he had to deal with, thus addressed him in turn.

"May it please yer honor, its an asy sentence, be shure, for sich a dade, as yer honor says; but I'd be afther puttin' it to yer honor's conscience, if six months be'n't a very unfortunat period to sit me doon for. I'll be coomin' oot o' jail jist as winther is coomin' on, an' may be I wont be able to be gittin' work, and then I'll be deprived o' boots to me fate, an' vittles to me mouth. If yer honor, noo, wud be kind an' jontale enough to sit me three or nine months, it'ud be more considerate in yer honor, intirely."

"Very good, Mr. Prisoner;" replied the Judge, still perfectly composed in countenance; "the Court, in consideration of the validity of your plea, reduces the term to three months. Take him away!" H. F. H.

## INFLUENCE OF CUSTOM IN EDUCATION.

THE methods of our education are governed by custom. It is custom, and not reason, that sends every body to learn the Roman poets, and begin a little acquaintance with Greek, before he is bound apprentice to a soap boiler or a leather seller. It is custom alone that teaches us Latin by the rules of a Latin grammar; a tedious and absurd method. And what is it but custom, that has for the past centuries, confined the brightest geniuses even of the highest rank, in the female world, to the employment of the needle only, and secluded them most unmercifully from the pleasures of knowledge and the divine improvement of reason? But we begin to break all these chains, and reason begins to dictate the education of youth.—*Watts.*

Original.  
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

—  
BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY.

"Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright,  
My heart's chain wove!—MOORE.

If there is a moment in our transitory existence, that might be truly called happy—if there is one bright and hallowed scene in our past life, on which we can look back with pleasure, it is to that bright and sunny hour when we first felt the power of true and devoted love, and confessed it to the object of our earthly adoration. There are but few who have arrived at years of manhood, who have not experienced this tender and susceptible passion, and such are hardened and calloused to the better feelings of our nature. Their hearts are cold and selfish, or they could never withstand sweet woman's smiles and tears. Indeed, I hold it a certain—a sure indication of a mind, noble and intelligent, that it can truly appreciate her worth. To such a man—to such a heart I would say, "May you never love in vain—may your disinterested affection meet with its adequate reward!"

I once did love. Not with a gross and earthly affection, but with a pure, ethereal passion, deep, fervent and lasting. But I lov'd in vain! I believed the object worthy—I believed her every thing lovely, pure and angelic. I surrendered up my first—my tenderest love, to one who was destined to render me for ever miserable! She taught me to believe that my affection was returned—she sighed—she smiled and sung. But it was the voice of the Syren that allures her votaries to destruction! Oh, those days of unalloyed happiness and joy! How beautifully and how truly has Moore said:—

"Though the bard to a purer fame may soar  
When wild youth's past;  
Though he win the wise that frowned before,  
To smile at last;  
He'll never meet a joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he lipt in woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame!"

The time flew sweetly and swiftly by. I believed myself beloved, and in that belief was happy. But the brightest—the sunniest day may be succeeded by the darkest night, and the calm by the raging tempest. Stern necessity drove me from all I held most dear, and the waves of the stormy ocean soon rolled between us. Would that it had separated us for ever; I should then have been spared the anguish—the bitterness of an hour, on which I can never look back without weeping at the frailty of human nature!

Distant climes were visited; duty—stern and rigid duty detained me from one, who, of all on earth, I prized the most, and I had not even the means of corresponding with her. In the mean time, flattered and caressed by all, she soon forgot to cherish love for me—soon gave her plighted vows to another!

Burning with impatience, I once more landed in America—the land of freedom! With an ardor which true love only can feel, I hastened once more to the city that contained the being that had never been absent from my thoughts.

I arrived, and was treated with coldness and contempt! Need I portray my feelings? Need I paint my agony and distress at being thus received by one whom I had loved almost to adoration?

My first impulse was to leave her without once broaching the subject;—but it is hard—it is bitter to separate without one last farewell! Besides, her coldness and indifference might be affected. I resolved to obtain an interview, but this was no easy matter, for she studiously avoided me. As a last resort, I wrote a note, in which I intimated my desire to converse with her in private. I received an invitation to her room. I shall never forget the bitterness of that moment! She was seated in a pensive attitude; her beautiful features lit up with a smile of satisfaction at having me so completely in her power. Alas! that one so lovely should be so cold and heartless! I first opened the conversation. Much as I had seen of her scorn and irony, I was not prepared for such an exhibition of utter and heartless cruelty!

"Mr. ———, I shall ever be your friend, but nothing more; and I think you can but admire the *frankness* with which I tell you so!"

My heart is cold. I shall never see her more, but I can never cease to love her, for it was a first passion, and never can I forget the days of Love's Young Dream!

C. A. P.

Original.  
SONNET. — MUSIC.

—  
BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh, music, music comes to my sad soul,  
Like the remembrance of my infant years—  
Bringing back boyhood, and the sweet, sweet time  
When I could mingle smiles of mirth with tears—  
Tears not of sorrow, but such tears as roll  
Like the free fountains of that pleasant clime,  
Which Winter blights not, or the cloudy day!  
Stay with me, strains of sweetness, stay, oh, stay!  
Alas! your murmuring measures melt away,  
And I am left, as one without the ray  
That sheds fair beauty all his paths around—  
And oh, more lovely than the dawning light,  
Or the star-glories of the blue midnight,  
Is the entralling witchery of sound!

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PRINCIPLES.—If men's actions are an effect of their principles, that is, of their notions, their belief, their persuasions, it must be admitted, that principles *early* sown in the mind, are the *seeds* which produce fruit and harvest in the ripe state of manhood. How lightly soever some men may speak of notions, yet so long as the soul governs the body, men's notions *must* influence their actions, more or less, as they are stronger or weaker: and to good or evil, as they are better or worse.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

Original.

## IS NOT HOPE A MOCKERY?

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for we know not what a day  
may bring forth!"

HER cheek was warm—her eye was bright,  
Her graceful footsteps free and light;  
And dimples played with every word  
That breathed her glowing lips apart;  
For *Hope*, like some sweet, restless bird,  
Made merry music in her heart,  
Soft warbling to Affection's ear,  
The glad return of one most dear—  
A youthful wanderer on the main.

"To-morrow he will come again—  
My only brother!"—as she said,  
She gaily raised her graceful head,  
And buoyant in the beaming wealth  
Of Youth and Genius, Joy and Health,  
She went her way. The morrow rose—  
The maiden woke from deep repose,  
A helpless thing—of speech bereft—  
And scarce the power of motion left!

Those smiling lips of late so warm—  
So bright, were pale—distorted now!  
And weak the once elastic form—  
And cold and wan the glowing brow!  
That voice, whose rich and plaintive power  
Had thrilled my heart in idle hour,  
Till charmed to tears—I half forgot,  
Myself—that eloquent voice *was not*!

And he, for whose return the while,  
Her cheek had worn its rosy smile,  
He came—that very morn he came,  
In youth's impetuous, fearless joy!—  
He found—ah! words are all too tame  
To paint the feelings of the boy!  
On foreign shores for years to roam,  
In childhood he had gone from home,  
And left his playmate sister there  
With frolic step and floating hair!—  
That image warm within his breast,  
Young Fancy fondly drew the rest.

He came to clasp a being bright,  
In girlhood's pride of bloom and light;  
He found an almost senseless form—  
A blossom blighted by the storm!  
No word of welcome breathed for him  
From those loved lips; no seeming glance  
Of rapture woke; her eyes were dim  
As if in Death's unconscious trance!  
Ah! is not *Hope* a mockery wild,  
And *Joy*, the vision of a child?

Original.

## VISIT TO AN ANCIENT VILLAGE.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

VERDANT and beautiful! How fair thy vales!  
With what a smile thy gentle river glides;  
While thro' the vale of interwoven boughs  
Thy peaceful dwellings pleasantly look forth.  
—Yon hallow'd temple, crown'd with snowy spire,  
Casts a lone shadow o'er the sacred spot  
Where sleeps the white-haired shepherd 'mid his flock—  
The lov'd of God and man. The statesman's head  
With all its gather'd mass of curious lore,  
Locked up in marble—and the soldier's arm,  
Strong for his country, in her hour of need,  
Are here, too, 'neath the turf. And there, amid  
The lawns and gardens which their hands had drest,  
The ancient fathers, with their numerous race  
Securely dwelt.

Yon mansion hath a voice  
Of other days. Through the dim lapse of years,  
And rule of strangers, still around its halls,  
Flit cherished images of good old times,  
When Hospitality, with grasp sincere;  
Led to her board the unexpected guest,  
And careless of the pomp of proud array,  
Or servitude of menials, warmed his heart  
To social joy.

I do remember me  
How in my early years, yon dome sent forth  
The daughter, in her bridal loveliness,  
To wreath the fresh roses round a distant home;  
And stately sons, all strong and bold, to take  
Their untried portion, in this tossing world.  
From thence the father, to an honored grave  
Was borne—and there, the mother of the flock,  
Lovely and loved, as in her day of bloom,  
Sank meekly on her couch, to rise no more;  
And the sweet haunts of her sweet ministry  
Have lost her name for ever. Yet the vine  
That gadding round her nursery window climbed,  
Still lives, unnurtured. And, methinks, its leaves  
Thrill with the lore of hoarded memories,  
Pleasant, yet mournful.

But that ancient race,  
With whom our heart's deep reverence dwelt so long,  
Methinks, at such an hour they seem to stand  
Again among us—even more palpably  
Than those we call the living. Wait we not  
At hush of eve for them? deeming we hear  
Their footsteps in the rustling of the leaves,  
Or their low whisper, warning us to seek  
A home, not made with hands?

So may it be;  
And to that home eternal, every one  
Who heretofore wrapt in the frank fellowship  
Of simpler days, and mourn its loss with tears—  
Be gathered, where no more the blight of ill,  
Or fear of change, or sigh of pain shall steal,  
O'er the pure mingling of congenial souls.

# OH! SHE IS A BRIGHT-EYED THING!

## SONG.

SUNG BY MR. WILSON—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER.

**MODERATO.**

*Grazioso con Anima.*

Oh! she is a bright-eyed thing! And her glances wild-ly playing,

While they radiance round her fling, Set my lov-ing fan-cy stray-ing! *Con Delicatezza.*

Where to find a thing so bright, 'Tis not in the diamond's light; The jew-els of the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins with the vocal melody in a single staff, with piano accompaniment below. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, featuring a triplet and a sixteenth-note figure. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

rich - est mine, Half so brightly may not shine, For gems are cold, and cannot vie With living light from

*p* *Cres.*

Beau-ty's eye! For gems are cold, and can - not vie With liv - ing light from Beau-ty's eye—With

liv-ing light from Beauty's eye.

## SECOND VERSE.

Oh! she is a bright lipp'd thing!  
 And her mouth, like budding roses,  
 Fragrance all around doth fling,  
 When its matchless arch uncloses!  
 With a voice, whose silver tone  
 Makes the raptured list'ner own;

It may be true what poets tell,  
 That nightingales 'mid roses dwell;  
 For every word she says to me,  
 Sounds like sweetest melody!  
 For every word she says, &c.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

**RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR.**—*Scofield & Voorhies.*—The character of Mrs. Sigourney, the Editress of this work, is a sufficient guaranty that its contents fully support its title and aims. It is a beautiful book, and we sincerely and earnestly recommend it to attention, not only for the entertainment it offers, but also for the good it may do. Its contents are varied, and are generally of superior merit; and its embellishments are very pleasing. It contains eight plates, and forty-seven articles of prose and poetry. Miss Sedgwick has contributed a tale, entitled "Matty Gore;" and the names of Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Stephens, Misses Browne and Gould, and Messrs. Mellen and Benjamin, as well as that of the talented editress, all of our own corps of writers, are among the authors of the letter press; the residue being composed, for the most part, of writers of soundness and renown.

**NIX'S MATE:** *S. Colman.*—The style of Mr. Dawes' novel is very flowing and pure, the characters, although limited in number, are distinguished by a good degree of individuality, and there are highly wrought and effective scenes. The plot does not altogether please us. Poetic justice is not meted out in the destruction of the hero, since the whole current of the tale leads the reader to anticipate a different result. The introduction of *diablerie* and witchcraft, although the chapters devoted to them are very poetical and pleasing, is of very questionable policy and fitness, in a national tale having to do with actual and recent events. The one part nullifies the effect of the other, and renders both unsatisfactory. It is, however, so prettily and smoothly written, with so many good points, that it forms a pleasant mental recreation.

**POETS OF AMERICA:** *S. Colman.*—"The Poets of America illustrated by one of her Painters," form an imposing title to this volume, inspiring the expectation of something of the highest order. And the book is a fair one—the binding superb, the paper excellent, the illustrative novel, and many of them beautiful. But the selection of poems hardly corresponds with the significance of the title. While there are many of the highest worth, such as are glorious specimens of American poetry—there are others, even of questionable merit; while, again, there appear the names of many of our most valued poets, the names of others as valued, perhaps, have no place whatever; and some are admitted, who do not deserve to be ranked among the "Poets of America." Again, the best articles of favorite authors have not always been selected. Yet much must be pardoned, when the responsibility and discrimination involved in the editorship of such a work are considered. It is, notwithstanding its defects, a very beautiful and original book, and is well adapted for presents in this season of gifts.

**WALKS AND WANDERINGS:** *Carey & Hart.*—The entire title of this work, a reprint, is "Walks and Wanderings in the world of Literature." It is by Mr. Grant, author of various works, of which the first was "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." He has been very severely and justly handled, for sending forth several trashy affairs, upon the capital of reputation he acquired by his first book. The late day of the arrival of these volumes has prevented their perusal, in season for an expression of opinion in this number. It is in a new line for him—consisting of tales and sketches; and if he has done himself credit, we shall say so in our next.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**FATHER BUTLER:** *T. K. & P. G. Collins.*—The object of this tale, which is a reprint, is to display the guiding principles of the Catholic Priesthood in Ireland. The story is not very interesting and the discussions are somewhat tedious; but the style is good and the thoughts are clear.

**JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—We occasionally receive a number of this highly valuable publication. Information can be disseminated with profit on no subject, with more good effect, than upon the advancement of medical science, and knowledge upon such a theme befits the general reader, as well as the practitioner. Those solicitous to acquire solid information in these respects, may place implicit dependence upon the soundness of the views, and the accuracy of detail, which characterise the American Journal.—*Carville.*

**MEMOIR AND BEAUTIES OF CLAY:** *E. Walker.*—This little and neat volume, is a fit companion to the "Beauties of Webster," issued by the same publisher, and so much valued. The memoir is well written, and the selections have been made with discrimination. The publisher very happily remarks in his preface, "The following selections have been made without reference to any party feelings. Knowing well that Mr. Clay entertains some views on certain subjects, from which many enlightened Americans conscientiously differ, it has been an object to omit any extracts, which might tend to offend any party whatever. They are presented simply as specimens of eloquence; and as such, the publisher believes they will meet with that success, they so well deserve."

**ALFRED DE ROSANN:** *Carey & Hart.*—This is a very pleasant republication, the scenes being laid in France. The author makes no pretensions, either in style or matter; but narrates an interesting tale in a plain, inoffensive, story telling way.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**NICHOLAS NICKLEBY:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—The whole of this celebrated tale is, at length, given to the public in a single volume. It is certainly a gem in literature; but has been, perhaps, rather spun out towards the close.—*Carville.*

## THEATRICALS.

**PARK.**—The novelty offered to the public, at this establishment, in the early part of the month, was centered in the ventriloquial exhibitions of Mons. Alexandre; a kind of entertainment amusing for a time, but very soon palling upon the appetite. "The Rogueries of Nicholas" was the title of the monodialogue in which he made his first appearance to a crowded house. In it, as may be supposed, he personates all the characters of the performance—successively representing an officer, a gouty alderman, his wife, his daughter, and a valet. The versatility he displayed in the assumption of so many different dramatic personæ, with strikingly diversified characteristics—the suddenness of his changes of attire, and, above all, his ventriloquial varieties of voice were very amusing and clever.

He was followed by the operatic corps, of which we are unable to speak in terms of increased praise. We consider Mr. Manvers incompetent to support the rank of first tenor, whether we take into view his power or his skill. In both he is deficient. Mrs. Martyn is, as we have before represented her, a sweet and cultivated singer, but unable, from weakness, to sustain the several varieties of an opera with credit. Of the remainder of the corps, the opinions we have before expressed are valid at the present time. The operas they have presented during their last engagement, in addition to their former efforts, have been "La Gazza Ladra," "Fra Diavolo," and "Der Freyschutz." In neither did they achieve any results worthy of particular record.

During the month, Mr. Simpson, the manager, offered his name for a benefit, and "The Poor Gentleman" was presented, with Miss S. Cushman, "her second appearance on any stage," as Emily, and the whole comedy strength of the company in the remainder of the rôle, a cast almost unprecedented for combination of talent. The occasion, and the peculiar attraction, filled the Park, a result at which the public generally, who appreciate Mr. Simpson's diligence in his vocation, were highly gratified. Miss Cushman, though embarrassed by her situation,—as what woman would not be!—exhibited superior talent, which was further manifest on the repetition of the play. She has the ability to attain, in time, the position of her sister in public estimation, which is no light praise.

**NATIONAL.**—Tragedy, upon the departure of the Vandenhoffs from this establishment, was succeeded by opera. The old and favorite pieces, "Amilio," "Sonnambula," etc., were presented during the first week of the engagement of the operatic corps, the second being devoted to "Gustavus," which was got up with new dresses and properties, and as much assistance from scenery and stage effect as the contracted space would admit. But, to our mind, "Gustavus" is an opera, too beautiful in itself

its music—to require such assistance to render it popular. It is true, it has no depth, but criticism is at fault when it interferes beyond the pretensions of its object; and since “Gustavus” was evidently intended to charm by its airiness, it must be pronounced in the foremost rank of its class. Nothing can exceed the true beauty of all its music—its airs, concerted pieces, chorusses—all. The powers of the artists, who sustained it, are admirably adapted to give it effect; and it was, in every respect, charming. We most sincerely regret that we are deprived, in all probability, of the pleasure of listening to it again, during this season.

Mr. Charles Kean followed the opera, opening in Hamlet, to a full house. We suspended criticism upon this gentleman's personations during his first engagement, for, whatever our impressions may be, we are unwilling to be guilty of the slightest injustice in our estimate of talent and success. The unfortunate termination of that engagement we sincerely regretted, since, if we indulged preconceived prejudices, they were certainly in Mr. Kean's favor. We listened, therefore, to his several efforts during his last appearances, without being in the slightest degree biased by the unpleasant circumstances alluded to; and are able to express ourselves according to our deliberate and unshackled judgment, after critical examination. Neither do we place Mr. Kean under the disadvantage of a comparison with his father; since it was not our fortune to have witnessed the playing of that great actor. We compare him only with his cotemporaries—or rather, so far as we can divest ourselves of the remembrance of others—only with our conception of what the characters themselves demand of the actor, to represent them faithfully. In general terms, after this prelude, we confess our extreme disappointment in the result. While we cannot allow that Mr. Kean is preeminently successful in any point dependant on the possession of genius, we accuse him of marring his performances by many deficiencies and faults. His triumphs are physical, not intellectual. His attitudes are good, his gestures graceful, his fighting excellent. But when the question has been put to us, “Did not he fence beautifully in Hamlet, or fight magnificently in Richard,” we have conceived it but a poor compliment to answer in the affirmative. Such a point of superiority is fortunate, when incidental to something of sterling worth, but to base an estimate of genius upon it, is preposterous. And, in such points, astonishing as it may seem, in a consideration of the quality of talent which it was expected he would exhibit, resides his chief—we might almost say—only excellence. As a reader of Shakspeare, he is inferior; indeed, so lamentably so, in some characters—as Richard and Othello, for instance—that he excited a feeling almost of indignation—for we could not suppose him to err through ignorance, and were ready to charge him with trifling with the acumen of his audiences. We do not refer, in this condemnation, to disputed passages, but to those of the plainest meaning—the most luminous clearness—“which he who runs may read”—and the instances of error, in this respect, were so numerous, as to render any particular quotations of them an unprofitable labor. In all his characters, even his best, he alurs the majority of the more important passages and soliloquies, of any length—hurrying over line after line, and sentence after sentence, as though stops and marks, discretion and emphasis, were matters of no possible importance. Again, he mouths considerably—and enunciates his R's, like the muster-roll upon a drum. “Things rank and gross in nature, possess it merely” exemplifies this fault most raucily and grossly. Again, Mr. Kean often, when about to be vehement, jumps from one position to another, a mere stage trick, and a poor one; and his attitudes, though seldom or never faulty in themselves, are not always consistent with the paramount passion at the period of their introduction.

Mr. Kean, with all these failings, is very good at times—makes some splendid points—pronounces some passages gloriously—plays, perhaps, a whole scene here and there, finely. But a lofty genius is not content with a gem here and there—at least, it will never exhibit any thing worthy of decided condemnation; and, judging of Mr. Kean impartially, he is not an actor of the first rank.

Mr. Forrest succeeded Mr. Kean, and played to miserable houses. After a portion only of his engagement had expired, the house was prematurely closed, Mr. Wallack being unwilling to encounter the almost certain risk of continued losses.

NEW CHATHAM.—Brian Boroihme, splendidly got up, has been filling the house at the Chatham, for several weeks; and making matters and things look peculiarly bright to the managers. With a determination not to be outdone, they have effected engagements with some of the most popular members of the late National company, who add to the attractions of the place.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

Our magazine, now, when the footsteps of hoary winter are treading over the crackling leaves of the denuded forest, or through the mantling snow, will greet our readers at the comfortable fireside. The purest joys of home are secured by the rough treatment of father Winter; while the coldness of the atmosphere sharpens the mental powers, the cheerful fire within doors contributes to sociability, and inclines to intellectual enjoyment. The incentives to improvement, and the higher sources of gratification, communicated by the season, should not be slighted or disregarded. Let such pursuits be blended with our amusements, and pleasure itself will be enhanced.

The holidays are approaching. To all a merry Christmas! Our New England friends, have already luxuriated in their chiefest of holidays, Thanksgiving—and pumpkins have fulfilled their yearly office. But Christmas and New Year's day are more regarded among us and our southern friends, and our greeting will not be inconsistent or untimely.

Before another issue of our magazine, the year will have passed away. December is the month for reflection—for sober investigation of the past, and renewed and firmer resolves for the future.

Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.—We are happy to communicate the information to our readers, that arrangements have been effected with this talented lady, by which she will still continue to be a regular and constant contributor to the “Ladies' Companion.” Her engagements in other quarters will not interfere with that connection with the “Companion,” which secures to its readers the enjoyment of her beautiful productions.

It is proper to state, also, that Mrs. Osgood's contributions will be confined exclusively to the “Companion,” in so far as respects the monthly periodicals in this northern section of the country, with the exception of a single article furnished to a cotemporary at Philadelphia, previous to her arrangement to become an editress of this magazine.

The names of several additional writers of the highest rank in the literature of our country, will be announced in the January number, as regular correspondents of the “Ladies' Companion.” We shall relax no endeavors to sustain the exalted position which our magazine, by general consent, has obtained.

THE APOLLO GALLERY.—It is with the utmost earnestness that we appeal to the public, to exhibit a desire to advance the arts, by attendance upon the Apollo Gallery during its present exhibition of paintings and statuary. It has been a reproach to New-York, that the arts and sciences are neglected by its citizens; that lecture-rooms and galleries for the exhibition of the works of the masters in art, are thinly attended. Now, very many make their estimate, and in some respects very justly, of the refinement of a people, by an examination of the attention bestowed by them, upon the arts and sciences. We would not have New-York condemned, as behind her sister cities in this respect; and since the directors of the gallery offer a collection highly worthy of patronage, we sincerely desire to witness a liberal bestowal of it.

BOSTON PUBLISHERS.—In a late visit to Boston, we were highly pleased by a call upon Messrs. Otis, Broaders & Co., and Weeks, Jordan & Co., who take the lead in that city, in the number, excellence and variety of their miscellaneous publications. The former deal more especially in wholesale and the latter in retail.



Both houses connect with their stores, extensive agencies for periodicals, and are general agents of most of the works of this description issued in this country, for a wide circle around Boston. The latter named house has also an extensive circulating library annexed to its store, and above it, a gallery for the exhibition and sale of elegant prints and paintings, which is a place of great resort.

**THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE.**—It has been determined to build this house under the supervision of trustees, who have been already chosen, viz: Chas. A. Heckscher, J. Prescott Hall, Wm. Paxton Hallet, Washington Coster, Robert E. Emmett, and Thomas E. Davis. The subscribers have adopted a plan submitted by Mr. Calvin Pollard; which we much regret. A large sum is to be expended upon the house; it is to be in a conspicuous situation, and it has been given out to be the intention of those interested, to erect a structure, that shall be an ornament to the city; yet a plan has been determined upon, which makes no valid pretensions to architectural beauty. The front will have a row of pillars, with a rich cornice, but no pediment—a mongrel kind of building, which can never satisfy the eye. Why afford scope for constant fault-finding, in the adoption of so defective a plan? Why not, when it is so easily done, select a pure model, that shall indeed be an ornament and a credit to the city?

**LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.**—Mr. William H. Simmons, formerly professor of eloquence and oratory in Harvard University, has just commenced a course of lectures on this subject, in this city, at the Stuyvesant Institute. Will our community neglect this opportunity of enjoying one of the most brilliant series of lectures ever delivered among us—whether we consider the research of the lecturer, the ease and finish of his composition, or the unexampled excellence of his oratory? As a finished speaker, Mr. Simmons is unsurpassed. No one who has not listened to him, is conscious how delicately that sweet instrument, the human voice, may be played upon.

**CONCERTS.**—During the last month, the musically inclined in our community have had an opportunity to indulge their tastes with choice morceaux—since Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson have given a series of concerts, at which they have sung the Scotch melodies and other songs, in which they have been most celebrated. It is highly gratifying to know that these superior vocalists have been greeted with crowded assemblages; and that the interest in them continues unabated.

**NEW-YORK GALLERY.**—Mr. Clarke, whose valuable collection of ancient paintings, in Barclay Street, has attracted so much attention during the summer, has secured the splendid halls in the new building at the corner of Broadway and Chamber Streets, opposite the Washington Hotel, where he will shortly open "The New-York Gallery of Paintings, for the promotion of the arts, and the encouragement of artists." He will display some new and most choice pictures, and his collection will, undoubtedly, be the resort of connoisseurs, and the public generally.

**MISS VANDENHOFF.**—This charming actress, who so enraptured the New-York public by her admirable personations—evinced a boldness of genius wholly unexpected, has been equally admired and appreciated elsewhere. Baltimore is not enthusiastic in theatrical matters; and nothing but the most elevated talent can excite its people. This, Miss Vandenhoff has succeeded in doing; and, in company with her father, whose fame is already established, has played to crowded and applauding houses. The same success has attended their appearances in Philadelphia. The enjoyment already experienced in this city, during the few nights of Miss Vandenhoff's engagement, has only excited a strong desire to witness her acting again. She may possibly appear on the boards of one of our principal theatres during the present month, but it is a matter of much doubt.

**INTELLECTUAL AMUSEMENT.**—Besides the lectures and exhibitions noticed in our columns, there are many other sources of amusement and improvement at present open to the public in our city; among these are Mr. Vattemare's drawings, paintings, and autographs, Painting of Victoria, Indian Gallery, Dioramas of Lima and Thebes, etc.

**PORTRAIT PAINTING.**—No more acceptable gift can be made in this season of presents, to any one, male or female, than the portrait of a beloved friend. We recommend to those intending to exercise their liberality in this respect, or to any, desirous of portraits, to visit Barker's rooms, 550 Pearl street, a few doors from Broadway, and inspect the efforts of his brush before their selection of an artist.

**INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.**—An opportunity is now afforded for young ladies to obtain a thorough education in music. Mrs. Bailey, whose musical talent is unquestionable, will make her fixed residence hereafter, at eighty-four, Walker Street, where she will be happy to receive pupils in singing, or attend at private houses, if desired. The advantages accruing from instruction by a permanent resident of the city, and one so skilful as Mrs. Bailey, are manifest.

**THE PARTING.**—We present to our readers, a poem of rare beauty, in the present number, with this title—from the pen of a lady of this city. She, herself, is the sad heroine of her own story—and we are happy to have it in our power to mention, that she has since fully recovered her health, and has been joined by her husband at Paris. We are promised more favors from her pen.

**WINTER FASHIONS—1839, 40.**—We feel assured that the plate of fashions which we give to our readers this month, will even surpass in beauty that of September, which was declared by the unanimous voice of the press, to have been unequalled by any thing of the kind in the country. We have placed ourselves, in respect of these embellishments—when we consider their beauty, grace, and exquisite finish—beyond the reach of competition.

**Promenade Dress.**—Bonnet of dark crimson or black velvet, with white ostrich feathers. Cloak of velvet or rich satin, trimmed with fur—fur will be universally worn in a variety of ways, on mantillas, mantilleto, etc. The lining of a contrasting color, such as rose with black, lilac with green, etc. Sleeves moderately large. Cape and muff of fur. Small silk muffs edged with fur, will also be worn. Under dress of rich silk with stripes of various colors, or plaid—single flounce.

**Evening Dress.**—Robe of spot or plaid silk, tight and pointed waist—deep, single flounce, with either short or long sleeves. If short, a new style of mittens is worn, of white silk net wrought in colored silks, in such a manner as to appear enriched with precious stones, if seen at a distance. Cape of dotted muslin, edged with lace. Apron of silk, striped in colors, or plaid, trimmed with black lace. Hair dressed with full curls in front.

**Ball Dress.**—Demi-bonnet of white velvet, with a single drooping feather, trimmed at the sides with gold and silver flowers; hair twice parted, and drawn tight back in the Grecian style—robe of rich figured satin, bodice waist, edged with deep blonde lace, and trimmed down the front with small bows of ribbon—broad single flounce, festooned with silk bows, and surmounted with a fold of dark silk and satin, same as the robe. Two folds of the same material meet the waist from the fold of the flounce. Short sleeves, with three ruffles of lace—long white kid gloves.

**Caps.**—For parties, caps of blonde will be much worn, with trimmings of small roses, feathers and forget-me-nots. Turbans will be chiefly made of embroidered satin and of velvet, with Greek patterns. The ends long.

**NOTICE.**—We would call the especial attention of our subscribers to the following remarks. The "Ladies' Companion" is continued after the first year's subscription has expired, unless positive direction has been given to the contrary. By reference to his receipt, every subscriber can determine when his year expires, and communicate information accordingly. Whoever receives the first number of a new year, is liable for the whole year's subscription. This we wish to have distinctly understood. The fact has been repeatedly established by our courts; and it is necessary, for our interest, that we should adopt a rule resolutely to avail ourselves of the security of the law, against all who are negligent in the above respects.





# THE LADIES' COMPANION.



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1840.

## WASHINGTON'S HOUSE.

EVERY thing connected with the immortal Saviour of our country, is treasured, in the bosoms of Americans, as something hallowed. His personal habits—anecdotes of his life—and not least, his house at Mount Vernon, are objects of the intensest interest. No one, possessing a spark of patriotic fire, visits its vicinity, without a pilgrimage to its sacred precincts, with feelings almost chastened and devout as are those of the travellers to Mecca, when prostrate before the tomb of the Prophet. We feel assured that we could present to our readers a no more acceptable subject for our engraving, than that which adorns our present number.

The main portion of Washington's house was erected by his brother, Lawrence Washington, but the wings were added by himself. It is of wood, cut in imitation of freestone; is two stories in height, and ninety-six feet in length; having a portico running the whole extent on the side fronting the river. The roof is surmounted by a cupola. There are, on the ground floor, six rooms, and a broad passage-way. In one room, in the north-east corner, is a marble chimney-piece, sent to General Washington from Italy; and, also, a fine organ, on which Mrs. Washington played with much skill. In another, at the south-east end, are busts of Necker, Paul Jones, and General Washington, and, also, a handsome library, the books of which were chiefly collected by Washington himself.

Mount Vernon received its name from Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington once served. It is handsomely laid out in the vicinity of the house. In front is a lawn, containing five or six acres of ground, surrounded by a serpentine walk, fringed with shrubbery. On either side of this lawn is a garden; that on the right being devoted to flowers. In it are two green houses—one built by General Washington, the other, by Judge Washington—a hot house, and a pinery. It is prettily laid out, being intersected with walks with box-wood borders, of peculiar beauty. The hot and green houses, which are contiguous, are sheltered from the northern winds by a long range of wooden buildings for the accommodation of servants. They contain every variety of the most beautiful and remarkable tropical plants. There are groves of orange, lemon and coffee-trees, all in full bearing, and delighting the senses with their rich odor. Many bushels of lemons and oranges are annually produced; and the coffee-trees, also, yield an abundance of excellent fruit. Of the other plants, some of the most conspicuous are the night-blowing cereus, the guano, aloes of a gigantic growth, the West India plantain, the sweet cassia, prickly pear, etc. The "pinery" is appropriated to the cultivation of the pine-apple.

The house fronts north-west, the rear looking to the river. About two hundred yards from it, in a southerly direction, stands a summer-house, on the edge of the

river bank, which is here lofty and sloping, and clothed with wood to the water's edge. The summer-house commands a fine prospect of the river and the Maryland Shore; also, of the "White House," at a distance of five or six miles down the river, where an engagement took place with the British vessels which ascended the river during the last war.

The estate, as owned by Judge Washington, consisted of between three and four thousand acres, since divided among his nephews. It has been, thus far, an object with the relatives of General Washington, into whose possession the house and grounds have fallen, to preserve every thing, as much as possible, in the state in which he left it; but it is to be presumed that, in the natural course of things, those changes will, ere long, be suffered to occur, which will interfere with the hallowed and almost sacred associations which now form a link between the "Father of his country" who is gone, and his People who remain to revere his memory. At present, his bones lie in repose within the precincts of Mount Vernon, and render it consecrated. It is well known that an effort was made by the General Government, a few years ago, to obtain the permission of his family to have them removed to Washington, and placed under the Capitol—at a time when it was necessary that they should be disturbed, to effect some repairs upon the tomb in which they had lain. This was refused, upon the very tenable ground, that the notoriety of such a transaction would have been unpleasant to his feelings in his life—and they considered themselves sacredly bound to regard his wishes, and the simplicity of his character. Mount Vernon, therefore, for the present, and perhaps, for ever, will be his resting-place.

Attempts have been made, at various times, in different parts of the country, to procure funds to erect a suitable monument to his memory; but without success. A movement was made in New-York some years since, to this effect. Still later, an association at Washington have made collections for the same purpose. Only about thirty thousand dollars have been obtained, an insignificant amount for such a design. It is certainly a strange fact that, so indebted as the nation is to Washington, no stone records his greatness. Such a want would be justifiable and laudable, were it the ground of the deficiency, that his sufficient monument is in the hearts of his countrymen—but this is not, we believe, the paramount consideration.

In view of this position of the people, when it is considered that Mount Vernon is the repository of the ashes of the illustrious dead, as it was his retreat in life, it seems unfortunate that the national gratitude cannot be displayed, by the purchase of the spot by the General Government, so that it may be in the possession of the people—a fit monument of itself to his greatness and his deeds.

R. F. R.

Original.  
THE CHARIB BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF HISPANIOLA.

—  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.  
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CHAPTER III.

THE whole of the day, on which Hernando de Leon returned from his nocturnal chase, passed gloomily—no eye of sentinel or warder beheld Don Guzman de Herreiro, nor was he present at the hall wherein his comrades feasted; Hernando, on the contrary, far from his wonted temper, was there, the gayest of the gay—his repartee the keenest, yet most polished—his laugh, the merriest—his song, the most entrancing. Men who had known him for long years; who had fought by his side, in the wild forays with the Saracens of bright Granada, and in the scarce less desperate encounters of the tameless Charibs—men, who had borne all perils of the sea, the wilderness, and, worse than all, the lazar house with him—men, who had feasted at the jovial board, and drained the wassail cup, for years, with him—*now* marvelled! They felt as though there were a something in his manner, which they had never known before—a melancholy in the merriment, yet mingled with a recklessness, which baffled their sagacity—a deep, romantic sentiment—an all-pervading tone of profound thought in his lightest converse—blent with an air of strange abstraction—a breaking off from graver subjects, and plunging into bursts of wild and furious mirth—and then again, a softening of the mirth into the sweetest and the saddest touches of imagination that poet ever dreamed, or minstrel sung. Thus passed the evening meal; and when the comrades parted, the souls of many, who had felt estranged, they scarce knew why, from the young cavalier, yearned to partake again his high and generous friendship—they grasped his hand more warmly than they had done for months, although their present kindness was in no less degree unmeaning, than had been their suspicion and distrust. Gaily they parted; with many merry comments on the unwonted absence of Don Guzman, and many a jocular conjecture as to the cause of his feigned illness—for, when the trumpets had rung forth their gladsome peal of invitation to the festive board, the seneschal had borne to the presiding officer his courteous greetings, and regrets that he was ill at ease, and might not, for that day, participate in their accustomed revelries. They parted; and night fell dim and silent over the Spanish fortress. Throughout that long and weary night, the lamp was still replenished in the lone chamber of Don Guzman; and still, from hour to hour, its solitary inmate paced to and fro the floor, his long spurs clanking with a dull and heavy sound on the rude pavement; now pausing to mutter, with clenched hands and writhing lip, fierce imprecations on his own head, on the head of his once loved, but now—he scarce knew why—detested comrade, and on the weak hand which had failed to execute his deadly purpose—now hurrying onward with unequal but swift strides, as though he would have fled the torture of his own guilty thoughts. Thus did he pass that night, in agony more

bitter than the direst tortures that ever tyrant wreaked on mortal body—and when the first grey light of dawning morn fell cold and chill through the uncurtained casements of his barrack home, it found him haggard and feverish, yet pale, withal, and shivering as though he were an ague-stricken sufferer. The morning gun pealed sharp and sudden from the ramparts; and far and long its echoes were repeated from the dark forests, which girt in, on every side, with their interminable walls of deathless verdure, the battlements of Isabella. At the sound, Guzman started as does the miserable, guilty wretch who hears the sullen bells toll the dread signal for his execution! Manning himself, however, with a start—while the blood rushed, as though indignant at his former weakness, to lip and cheek and brow—he instantly resumed his agitated walk; nor did he break it off nor give the smallest symptom of perception, when a quick, hurried blow was struck upon the pannel of the door—a second, and a third time, was that low tap repeated, but still Don Guzman heard it not, or if he did hear, heeded not. Then the door slowly opened, and a grey-headed veteran, clad in the liveries of that noble house, to which, perchance, his master was the first scion who had brought no lustre, thrust in his time-blanching locks and war-worn visage—

"Your charger waits, Señor," he whispered,—"*the hour has long gone by!*"

"What hour?—what meanest thou?—gone by!—gone by? Would! would! oh, would to Heaven it had, *indeed*, gone by! Ha! what?"—he went on, gathering strength as he spoke, and wakening from his wild, waking dreams, to a perception of his true position—"ha! what—hast thou then dared to suffer me neglect it? Death to thy soul, slave; hast thou dared suffer Guzman de Herreiro to fail his plighted word?"

"Not so, not so, mine honored lord," faltered the faithful vassal. "The hour, indeed, hath passed when thou didst order that thy steed should stand beside the water-gate; and he hath stood and chafed there this half hour, but scarce five minutes have elapsed, since, with his hawks and hounds, and his gay page, Alonzo, the gallant Don Hernando hath set forth into the forest; put but spurs to your brave Boabdil, and ere the words are said, you shall o'ertake him!"

"Hurry, then, hurry!" shouted Herreiro, fiercely; and belting on his long toledo, and casting his broad-leaved sombrero on his disordered locks, he rushed out, with wild haste, no less to the dismay than the astonishment of his staunch servitor, whom he had summoned, almost savagely, to follow him.

Far otherwise had passed the hours of darkness to Hernando de Leon. The banquet ended, he had withdrawn as calmly to his chamber, as though he had no farther object than to lie down upon a peaceful bed, that he might thence arise with the succeeding morn to go about his wonted avocations. He had sat down before his little *escritoire*, and—having finished several letters, sealed and directed them, cast off his vest and doublet, and drawn from his feet his falling leathern buskins—then throwing himself upon his knees, beside his pallet

bed, buried his head between his hands, and for some minutes prayed, as it would seem, in deep, though silent fervor. Rising, at length, erect, he spread his arms abroad, and in a clear high voice, unconscious, evidently, that he spoke aloud—"and, above all, bear witness, Thou," he cried, "bear witness, Thou, who knowest and who seest all things—that not in any mortal wrath—not in the mood of blind and senseless anger, nor in that selfish strain of vengeance which reckes of private injury—do I go forth unto this strife—but as unto a high, yet painful duty!—not as mine own avenger—for to Thee, and to Thee only, doth belong the right of vengeance!—but as the vindicator of society, the punisher of crime, which else must go unpunished; the righter of the wronged; the champion of the weak; the faithful, although frail defender of Thine holy law. If this be not so, leave me, thou, oh, Lord—give me up to the mercies of my direst foe—suffer me to fall unavenged, unwept, unhonored! But if in truth, and honor, and in right, I do go forth, strike Thou, as is Thy wont, for the right likewise."

This said, he lay down quietly upon his couch; and, ere five minutes had passed over, slept peaceably and sweetly as an infant, until the selfsame gun, which had aroused Don Guzman from the perturbed visions of his guilty conscience, broke his refreshing slumbers. Arising instantly, he, too, girt on his sword, buckled his mantle over his broad chest, fixed his hat firmly on his head, and strode forth, all unsummoned, to the water-gate. There stood four noble chargers; his own proud Andalusian, with a less high-bred charger at his side, backed by the page Alonzo; who, with a merlin on his wrist, and the two powerful bloodhounds, without which never did Hernando ride forth into the wilderness, couching before him, sat patiently awaiting the arrival of his lord. A little way aloof, a menial, clad in rich liveries of Isabel and silver, held the bay coursers of Herreiro and his old esquire.

No foot did Don Hernando set in stirrup, but seizing the reins firmly in his left hand, while, with his right, he grasped the cantle of his demipique, he swung himself, at once, with a light leap, to his charger's back; bolt upright did the fiery creature bound into the air, tossing his stag-like head, and long thin mane aloft, in glorious exultation; but, firm as though he had been, like the fabled centaurs of old time, a portion of the animal which he bestrode, so fearlessly and well, the rider sat undaunted. Flinging his reins free to the impulse of the fiery horse, while he stood yet erect, he curbed him tightly up as his feet struck the sod; and slightly pricking him with his long gilded spurs, dashed off, at a hard gallop, into the wild glades of the forest.

A short mile's distance from the walls of Isabella, embosomed in deep woodlands, there was a small savannah, scarcely a hundred yards across, clothed with a rich, short grass which, in that lovely climate, never, at any season, lost the rich freshness of its emerald verdure; for, in its farthest curve, lurking beneath the shelter of a group of tall and feathery palm-trees, there lay the basin of a tiny chrysal spring, whence, welling forth in copious and perennial beauty, a silver streamlet

issued, and, compassing two thirds of that small plain with its refreshing waters, stole away silently among the devious wilds, through which it flowed, unmarked, into the neighboring sea. Here it was—here, in this lovely and secluded spot, far—far as it would seem, removed from the fierce turmoil, the stern bitterness, the angry hatreds of the world, that the two foemen met. For half an hour, at the least, Hernando had sat there, motionless as a statue, upon his docile charger, awaiting, in the centre of that sylvan solitude, the coming of the man to whom, for having sought, on the preceding night, to slay him with the secret shaft of the assassin, he now extended the high privilege of striving to amend his aim in open daylight, and fair conflict with the hidalgo's weapon. Hard by the lovely spring, the page Alonzo had looped the bridle of his tall grey charger to the tough stem of a mimosa, and now sat on the mossy turf, toying with the gigantic hounds, which he held closely coupled by a chain of tempered steel riveted firmly to their stout leathern collars; while, perched on a projecting limb of the same tree to which the horse was fastened, the hooded merlin dozed, with its bells ready on its yellow legs, and its light jesses hanging all unfastened. Just as Hernando had begun to marvel at the protracted absence of his intended slayer, the sharp and rattling clatter of a horse's gallop, tearing his route through the dense saplings of the tangled wood, was heard approaching; and, in another moment, his reins, and neck and chest embossed with flakes of snow-white foam, and his flanks bleeding from incessant spurring, Herreiro's charger bore him, at the top of his speed, upon the scene of action. As he approached, Hernando raised his hat with the stern courtesy exacted by the strict punctilio of the duel, from every honorable cavalier; yet, well-schooled, as he was, to suppress each outward token of every inward sentiment, the noble cavalier half started, as he beheld the ravages worked by a single night of anguish on the proud mien and comely features of his superb antagonist. His hair, which, on the previous morning, had been as dark and glossy as the black raven's wing, was now not merely tangled most disorderly, in hideous elf-locks, but actually streaked with many a lock of grey, while his whole visage, which, though swart and somewhat stern, had yet been smooth and seemly, was scored by many a line and furrow, ploughed deep into the flesh, during those few fleet hours, by the hot ploughshare of remorse and scorching anguish. No salutation did he make in answer to the bow of his brave young opponent; but whirling his long rapier from its sheath—"Draw!" he cried, "draw, sir! Look on the sun for the last time, and die!" and as he spoke, plunging his spurs, even more furiously than he had done before, into the bleeding flanks of his good horse, he dashed, at once, upon him, sword in hand, hoping, it was most evident, to take him at advantage, and bear him, unprepared, to earth. If such, however, were his ungenerous and foul intent, most grievously was he frustrated by the calm skill and perfect resolution of Hernando; who, merely gathering his reins a little tighter, unheated his keen toledo; and, without moving one yard from the spot whereon his Andalusian



stood, watching, with fiery eye and broad-expanded nostrils, the motions of the other charger, yet showing by no symptom, save the quivering of his erected ears, that he was conscious of the coming strife—extended it, with the point slightly elevated, toward Herreiro's face. On came the fierce assailant—on! with the speed of light!—his left hand clasping the reins firmly—his right drawn back, in preparation for the deadly thrust, far past his hip; while the bright point of the long two-edged blade was glittering in advance of the bay charger's frontlet!—now they are within half sword's length!—and now!—see! see that quick, straight flash, bright as the stream of the electric fluid, and scarce—if any thing—less rapid!—it was the thrust of Guzman, well aimed, and sped with strength, that, had it reached the mark, must have propelled it through the stoutest corslet that ever bucklered breast; much more through the slight silken jerkin, which was the only armor that would have met its brunt. Midway, however, in its glancing course, it was met by the calm, firm parry of Hernando's sword; and thus, diverted from its true direction, passed harmless, slightly grazing the bridle-arm of the young cavalier. On came Herreiro still—and, for an instant's space, it seemed as though the shock of his charger, at full speed, must have borne down the slighter Andalusian; but scarcely had he parried that home thrust, before, with a quick motion of the bridle-hand—so quick, indeed, that it was scarce perceptible—and a slight, corresponding pressure of the spur on the flank opposite, Hernando wheeled his charger to the left; feinted a thrust at his foe's face; and, circling quite around him, delivered a full, sweeping cut against the back part of his neck. With perfect mastery of steed and weapon, Don Guzman met this perilous and unexpected movement. Pulling so hard on his long Moorish curb, that his horse, checked at once, stood upright, and almost fell backward on his haunches, he swung his sword round to the guard so actively, that the strong blow fell harmless. Then they closed hand to hand; fragments of the short, mossy turf flew high into the air, spurned by the iron heels of the excited chargers; sparks flew from the collision of the well-tempered blades; feathers were shorn, blood flowed on either side; yet, neither failed nor faltered. At length, a furious down-right cut, aimed by Don Guzman, full at Hernando's head, glanced from his guard, and falling on the ear of the high-blooded Andalusian, almost dissevered it! Maddened with torture, the brave brute obeyed the bit no longer, but, with a yell of agony, bolted, despite the utmost efforts of the rider. Herreiro marked his advantage, and, as the horse uncontrollably dashed by him, cut, by a second rapid lunge, his adversary's rein asunder. Frantic, although, he was, with pain, and freed from the direct restraint of the half useless bridle, Hernando was not carried far, before he had recovered mastery enough to wheel his Andalusian round, once more to the encounter. Perceiving, instantly, that all chance of success, by rapid turns, or quick maneuvering, was at an end, he—now adopting his opponent's system—dashed straight upon him,—and, when within arm's length, throwing his own reins loose, caught, with his left hand, the long silver cheek-piece

of Herreiro's bit, wheeling his own horse, counter to flank upon him, by the mere dint of spur, without the slightest exercise of bit or bridle; and shortened, at the same time, his sword, to plunge it from above, into the throat of the assassin. It seemed as though no earthly power could have availed to rescue Guzman from his desperate situation—his horse, exhausted by his own exertions, reeled visibly beneath the shock; his rapier, far extended and abroad, could, by no means, have parried the down thrust, which hung above him—but in that very point of time—that very second, long as a thousand ages—wherein he saw the dark glance of his injured comrade's eye fixed balefully upon him; wherein he noted the grim smile mantling upon his scornful lip; wherein he shuddered at the gleaming point of the suspended rapier, which no effort of his own could possibly avert—in that dread point of time, a yelling shout arose from all the circumjacent woodlands—a howl—as though the fiends had all broke loose, to rend the upper air with their discordant voices—and, with the yell, a volley of flint-headed arrows, came hurtling through the air—another—and another! but, with the first, Hernando's half-won triumph ended; for, as he brandished his avenging sword aloft, clear through his elevated wrist drove the long Charib shaft—a second grazed his plume—a third, most fatal of the flight, pierced through the very heart of his proud Andalusian, and hurled him lifeless to the earth. Herreiro turned—turned for base flight—but not long did his forfeit life remain to him—for, with the second volley, down went both horse and man, transfixed by fifty shafts, gory and lifeless!—“Mount! mount! Alonzo—mount, boy and fly,” shouted the dauntless cavalier, as he lay wounded and encumbered by his slaughtered horse! The bold boy heard, but he obeyed not! Forth he rushed, sword in hand—forth to the rescue of his lord—and forth, at the same instant, from the forest, forth sped the Charib Cañabo and his unconquered horde, with spear, and mace, and bow, and whoop and barbarous war-cry!—“Down with your foolish sword—'tis madness to resist,” cried the young Spaniard. And the next second had not passed, before the servant and the master were both the fettered captives of the invincible caçique. H.

#### FEAR.

—SOME for fear of want,  
Want all their lives; and others every day,  
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.  
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,  
That fatal guest, I mean the demon Fear,  
That trembles at impossible events,  
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.  
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?  
And what avails it, that indulgent Heav'n  
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own.  
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heav'n.

Original.

## BRILLIANT PROSPECTS;

OR, THE MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

—  
BY EMMA C. EMBURY.  
—

## PART I.—OPINIONS.

"The man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still."

"Good morning, sister Susan; I suppose you have come to tell me, you have decided on Harriet's marriage," said Mrs. Hilton, as the fashionable Mrs. Arlington entered her neat but plainly furnished parlor.

"I have, Mary," was the reply; "and, if you can spare an hour from your nursery, I want to talk with you about it, and learn your objections."

"You have improved upon the usual method, Susan," said her sister laughing, "most persons ask advice, and then follow their own inclinations; but you decide first, and then ask counsel."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mary, though I was unwilling to mar Harriet's brilliant prospects by your old-fashioned notions, yet I really wish to hear your reasons for not approving the marriage."

"My first objection is so self-evident, Susan, that it cannot be refuted. Harriet is a mere child."

"She is sixteen."

"And pray, what but a child is a girl of sixteen, whose time has been divided between the nursery and the school-room. She may be a good scholar, and possess great skill in music and dancing, but of the active business of life she can never even have thought. It is nearly seventeen years since I was at that happy age; and yet I can recollect well how totally unfit I must have been for any serious responsibility."

"Yet you ought to have been more womanly than most girls, Mary, educated as you were, by that most precise of all venerable spinsters, aunt Hetty."

"It is to our good aunt Hester's strict notions of womanly duties, that I owe much of my present happiness, sister Susan; but at that early age, I could have contributed but little to a husband's domestic comfort."

"Your experience is very different from mine, Mary; I can add ten years to your calendar; for alas! it is seven and twenty years since I was sixteen, but I can remember how I longed to quit school, and have a house and servants of my own."

"Doubtless such idle wishes often crossed my brain, sister, when aunt Neppy kept me home, hour after hour, stitching wristbands, or sent me into the kitchen to learn how to cook a dinner, but, I repeat, that to the restrictions I then thought severe, I owe many of my present enjoyments."

"But the minds of some develop much more rapidly, perhaps; Harriet has long been at the head of her school."

"I thought you intended to leave her with Mrs. Bartley another year."

"So I did; she had only visited home for the Christmas holidays; and, to tell you the truth, her trunk was

packed to return to school, the very evening Edward Tracy made proposals to her father."

"And Edward Tracy's proposals at once completed her education, I suppose," said Mrs. Hilton. "Well, sister, I hope it is all for the best; but I am no friend to such early marriages."

"I was married at eighteen, Mary, and have never repented it, while you—"

"I know what you would say, Susan; you mean that you at eighteen, married a rich merchant, and have lived like a princess ever since; while I waited till twenty three, only to wed a professional man, whose talents procure him a simple competence. Nay, you need not disclaim my version of your thoughts; we are each happy in our own way. The eclat of fashionable life, the ambition of giving the best dinners, and the most brilliant parties; the triumph of possessing the most stately house, and the richest French furniture, is, too, a sufficient recompense for the vexations attendant on such a life; while I would not exchange for all your splendors, the quiet, the retirement, the domestic comfort of my humble home."

"Well, you certainly seem very contented, Mary, and yet I wonder how you can reconcile yourself to such a life; your house is a mere bandbox."

"It is large enough to contain all my real friends, and I never give parties."

"Your furniture is very plain."

"It is substantial, and as good as our father's house ever boasted."

"True, but in our father's time there was no better in use; now every mechanic's wife tries to display Brussels carpets and French chairs."

"I am quite content to avoid all such competition, whether with the wives of merchants or mechanics; it gives me no pain to return to my simple apartments, after spending a day in your luxurious ones."

"But you have so few servants."

"I have an excellent cook who does not disdain to assist in the general work of the house; a faithful old nurse to take charge of my children, and my good, little Kitty, the orphan whom I took into my family when I was just married. These women are all attached to me by the ties of kindness and good will, so that my wishes are laws to them. It is true, I have no French cuisinier to make my kitchen look like the caboose of a steamboat: I have no whiskered lackey to put my friends out of countenance by his impertinence to the 'nobodys'; no Swiss governess to teach my children bad French and worse principles; but I have a quiet, well-ordered household, and to our old aunt's notions, I owe the power of obtaining such a desirable acquisition."

"You are quite eloquent, Mary; but I believe you are more than half right. Your house always looks comfortable; your children are well trained, and your little dinner parties are unexceptionable; but how you manage to do all this, I cannot conceive. You would be surprised if I were to tell you the trouble I have with my eight servants. My fat old cook divides his time between experiments in *l'art gastronomique* and the billiard-table: my coachman starves the horses, and gets drunk with

the money for which he sells their oats; the footman spends his time in trimming his whiskers; and the waiter loses the silver, and breaks my *Sèvres* china;—so much for the men. With the women it is but little better; the nurse neglects my children while she flirts with the beaux who crowd to the house on Sunday, in yellow gloves and blue inexpressibles: the chambermaid borrows my embroidered capes for her evening parties; and the prattling French governess has actually been detected in a clandestine correspondence with one of my husband's clerks, a simple boy from the country. There is no help for it; if I dismiss them, I shall get no better; so I must just shut my eyes and let matters take their course. I could not endure a life of domestic drudgery."

Mrs. Hilton did not reply; she knew it was useless to tell her that what she called drudgery was in fact the duty of every good wife; and that, although manual labor may not always be necessary, yet the constant supervision of the mistress is essential to the well being of a family. 'The eye of the master maketh a diligent servant,' is a proverb almost forgotten in these days of luxury and false refinement.

"Our discussion has led us far from Harriet and her fortunes," said Mrs. Hilton, after a moment's pause; "I should like to know something of her intended husband; he is a very handsome man, yet there is something in the expression of his face which I do not like."

"He is the son of an old friend of my husband, and by the recent death of his father has come into possession of a large fortune."

"What do you know of his character and temper, Susan?"

"Very little; he has spent several years in Europe, and is very well informed. He is said to be somewhat eccentric, and his manners are a little reserved."

"What are his religious principles?"

"Oh, I suppose he is like most other young men, and thinks religion may better be deferred to a later period of life. You shake your head, Mary; surely you do not expect to find young men, at the present day, models of piety."

"How long has he known Harriet?"

"He dined with us last year, when Harriet was little more than a pretty child, but I think he has never seen her since, until about three weeks ago, when we met him in Broadway. Her extreme beauty seemed to attract him immediately, and he has since then been a constant visitor."

"Does Harriet fancy she has any attachment to him? I say fancy, because it could scarcely be a genuine affection already."

"I believe all boarding-school girls are much alike in one point, Mary; they come home with imaginations excited by novel reading, and are ready to fall into love at a moment's warning, with any interesting youth. Harriet is like the rest; and the attentions of a man as handsome as Edward Tracy, soon produce an impression. You look grave; you think me wrong in giving Harriet to one of whom I know so little."

"I will be frank with you, Susan; to me the advantages of wealth and intellect are of little value, in com-

parison with good principles and sound morality. Edward Tracy may be the most fascinating of men, but if he lack steadiness of character, Harriet will never be happy with him. She is naturally very affectionate in her disposition, with warm feelings, and, I should think, a strong tendency to romantic sensitiveness; she will attach herself to her husband with the most ardent tenderness; and if he be a man of high-toned character and strong sense, he will mould her into the loveliest woman in society; but, if he is one of the votaries of excitement, a lover of pleasure merely, then woe to her, as soon as the charm of her beauty falls upon his senses! You are giving to the hands of a stranger, a cherished plant, just when it is about to blossom in perfect beauty; if he watch over it with anxious care, all will be well; but if he blight it in the bud, you will bitterly repent the haste with which you transferred it to another. If she were several years older, with a mind fully developed, and a strength of character fitted to endure the vicissitudes of life, she might be trusted to a fate so promising; but, at her age, she will be the mere plaything of a husband who has gained a deeper insight into the good and evil of this world's wisdom; and it will be hard for her to obtain in future the influence which a wife ought always to possess, and which is only to be gained by the union of firm principles and perfect gentleness. He may delight in the beauty of his girlish wife, but he can scarcely be expected to respect her opinions; and woe to the woman whose husband does not regard her as his confidential friend. And now that I have finished my lecture, Susan, pray tell me when the marriage is to take place?"

"As soon as we can complete our arrangements; probably in about a fortnight," answered Mrs. Arlington, as she rose to depart. Her sister's earnestness had startled her into more serious reflection than she usually indulged, and she bade her farewell with a saddened countenance. But when she stepped into her carriage, and threw herself back upon the luxurious cushions, her old habits of thought returned. "After all," said she to herself, "wealth is a very desirable thing; Harriet may never have such another brilliant offer, and what signifies a few years more or less?—she must learn by experience instead of precept."

Alas! how little benefit from those costly lessons has that mother derived, who willingly transfers her daughter to so severe a school, when her own kind guidance might save her from its harsh discipline!

## PART II.—EXPERIENCE.

"If there be one curse which has come to earth as the crow flies, and with all the poisonous steam of hell, hot about it, it is that of an ill-assorted marriage."

On her sixteenth birthday, Harriet Arlington became the wife of the rich and handsome Edward Tracy. The wedding was unequalled in splendor; the bride looked fairy like in her loveliness, and queenly in the richness of her apparel—what more could a fashionable mother desire? A few weeks were devoted to festivity, and then the newly wedded pair set sail for France, where they purposed spending their first year, amid the gaieties

of Paris. Among Mrs. Arlington's parting lessons to her daughter, was one, which Harriet vainly tried to understand. "Be careful, my child," said her mother, "that you never inquire into your husband's early history; there are a thousand adventures which befall a man in the course of his life, to which he dislikes to recur; and it is always best for a wife to know nothing about them." Harriet possessed a mind of such perfect purity, that even the contagion of a boarding-school had failed to corrupt it; and therefore she was utterly ignorant of the vices of society. To her, Tracy seemed all that she could desire; and she did not dream that he could ever have known evil; she would never, therefore, have thought of inquiring into his past history, simply because she was quite satisfied with him at present; and yet, her mother's words, implying that there might be something to learn respecting her husband, troubled her more than she would have liked to confess. Immediately upon their arrival in Paris, they were surrounded by Tracy's former friends, and Harriet found herself the centre of attraction to the most fashionable circle of the pleasure-loving metropolis. Her extreme youth, her exceeding beauty, her winning simplicity of manners, and her frank demeanor, made her a general favorite; and Tracy had the satisfaction of knowing that the voice of fashion now ratified his own taste.

Edward Tracy was one of the world's votaries and victims. At an early age he had been sent to school in England, and from thence he had entered the university; so that from his childhood he had been deprived of the advantages of home influence. His mind had been cultivated, but his heart neglected; and the sweet charities of life, which grow up only in the quiet sunshine of domestic retirement, had never diffused their perfume around his boyhood. His mother had died while he was an infant; and his father, immersed in the cares of business, thought that his duty was fully performed when Edward was placed at school, and well supplied with daily comforts. There was no home into which he could enter, to learn the happy influence of social duties; no mother to infuse a love of virtue into his soul, by her gentle precepts and example; no sisters to teach him an habitual reverence for the purity of woman's nature. His college life had been disgraced by no excesses, and to all appearance his moral character was as unimpeachable as his mental qualities were brilliant; but it was whispered that his few intimate friends could tell a different tale. In fact, Tracy was consummately selfish. For his vices he had not the excuse of youthful passion, since he was actually as cold and calculating as if he had numbered four score winters; and for his virtues, or what passed as such, he deserved little praise, because they were the result solely of interested motives. A most ingenious sophist, he could deceive himself and others into the belief that he was actuated by the noblest principles, when he was only obeying the dictates of inclination; and, with sentiments of honor and magnanimity for ever on his lips, he was never known to do a disinterested act.

Such was the husband of the lovely and warm-hearted Harriet. Well might her worldly minded mother dread

her inquiry into his past life; but more, far more, might she have feared for his future conduct.

A sudden transition from the restraints of a boarding-school to the excitements of fashionable life, might have tried the strength of a far more vigorous mind than was possessed by Mrs. Tracy. Bewildered in the whirl of gaiety, and intoxicated by continued draughts of adulation, Harriet gave herself up to the full enjoyment of pleasure. But she soon learned that life's pleasures are like earth's flowers—if we are content to inhale their sweets while engaged in the exercise of active duties, they are harmless and even healthful, but if we gather them around us while we recline upon the drowsy couch of indolence and supineness, their rich perfume can only bring disease and death.

A few short months sufficed for her dream of folly, and then all the allurements of society could not blind her to the fact that her husband was daily becoming neglectful in his conduct towards her. The novelty of success was over; the triumph of possessing so young and pretty a wife had ceased to interest him, and Tracy was rapidly returning to his old habits of dissipation. Wounded by his indifference, and accustomed to have every grievance redressed by her affectionate parents, as soon as made known to them, Harriet, naturally enough, adopted the same system of girlish repining in her intercourse with her husband. With the fretful manner of a petted child, she reproached him for his frequent absences, and his manifold engagements; and vainly expected that the petulance which had been indulged by her mother, would have equal influence with him. Naturally good-tempered, her fretfulness was only the result of unlimited indulgence; and judicious advice, joined with kind treatment, would soon have subdued such a disposition, but Tracy was not calculated to correct faults in the characters of others, and a habit of bickering soon grew up between them which threatened to destroy all domestic comfort.

Harriet, with a youthful impatience of melancholy feelings, endeavored to lose the recollection of her discomfort, by plunging still more deeply in fashionable folly. There were many among her acquaintances, who, while they lacked her advantages in point of wealth, and youth and beauty, were far her superiors in worldly wisdom. These persons gladly undertook her guidance through the mazes of society, and by their aid, the equipage, the dress, the entertainments of Mrs. Tracy, became distinguished for their splendor and richness. But in vain the poor girl tried to cheat herself into happiness. The warmer feelings of early youth were daily withering within her bosom, and no outward show could compensate her for their loss. The romance, which belongs more or less to the nature of every woman, had not been wasted by her upon school friendships, or fancied attachments, but had at once centred upon her husband. No calculations of interest had ever been in her mind connected with her marriage. She saw a man of noble person and graceful manners, offering to her the devoted attentions of an ardent lover, and her heart sprang towards him with girlish eagerness and fondness. When a woman lives a little while in society, she learns,

by sad experience, that disappointments must come, and bitter as they may be when inflicted by those she loves best, she at length learns to bear them with patience, and even to expect them. But sad is the fate of her whose first sorrow is the work of him who has sworn to love and cherish her—to whose lips the chalice of disappointment is commended by the hand which placed on hers the symbol of unbroken union.

To all outward appearance, Tracy was as kind to his wife as most fashionable husbands; but poor Harriet would willingly have exchanged his cold politeness when in society, for a single look of real tenderness; while his capricious tyranny in private was such, as to keep alive a constant irritation of temper on her part, which served as an *excuse*, though it was in fact the *result*, of his neglect of her feelings. Another and a still deeper fountain of bitterness, was finally opened in the heart of the young wife. In the careless freedom of conversation with her Parisian friends, whose morality hung about them as loosely as their opera cloaks, she had learned some of the dark secrets of her husband's early life. To the mind of a pure hearted girl, whose ideas of human nature have been formed after the inimitable models of the heroes of romance, nothing can give so fearful a shock as the discovery that the object of her innocent love has ever been the votary of vicious indulgence. Ignorant of the temptations which assail mankind, and rightly regarding as *crimes* those excesses which the good natured world considers only as *venial errors*, she feels that the shrine on which she offered her young affections, has been polluted by unholy fires; and while she yet clings to her idolatry, she no longer looks with perfect faith upon the idol. If she would continue to love her husband, she must learn a tolerance of evil from which her soul recoils, and allow the dove-like plumage of her own pure spirit to be overshadowed by the darkly brooding wing of the Tempter.

A woman of less feeling, placed in Harriet's situation, would, perhaps, have resigned herself quietly, and comforted herself with the external advantages afforded by her position—for Tracy rarely interfered in his wife's pursuits—and a little management would have enabled her to avoid the frequent scenes of angry altercation which made her so very miserable. But Harriet had too much affection for her husband, too little regard for those worldly advantages which she had possessed from infancy, to be content with such a lot. Candid, even to a fault, she possessed neither the skill which enables a cunning woman to manage the inequalities of a capricious temper, nor the tact which teaches a worldly wise one to take advantage of the faintest ray of returning good feeling in her husband. She was unhappy; she knew that her husband was the cause of her misery, and she upbraided him with his cruelty in the same manner as, but a few months before, she would have reproached a school fellow.

Tracy looked upon his young wife as a mere child, whose happiness depended upon the gratification of her girlish whims; and so long as he allowed her to do as she pleased, he thought she ought not to complain, if he assumed the same privilege. He did not know that a

woman's happiness consists in the exercise of her affections, and that he might as well call upon a blind man to admire the beauties of nature, as expect a woman to be content with mere external advantages, when shut out from the light of love. He considered Harriet as spoiled by early indulgence, but had he ever looked into the depths of her guileless character, he would have learned that many a pearl of price lay beneath the surface of the stream of thought which his breath so often ruffled.

The tale I am relating is no uncommon one. Who cannot point to some similar instance of domestic estrangement, even among their own familiar friends? The world is witness to some brilliant marriage; it beholds the newly wedded pair surrounded by affluence and luxury; it, perhaps, welcomes them to its scenes of gaiety, but no more is known, until suddenly the tie is severed!—the wife returns to the home of her childhood—the husband becomes a solitary wanderer. Then come surmises and conjectures, recollections of trifling differences between the parties, and it may be, all the "kind mendacity of hints," to explain the motives of so unforeseen a separation. But who, save the sufferers themselves, can know of the causes which led to such a disruption of domestic ties? Who can trace the course of the tempest from the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," to the fiery thunderbolt rending the chain which bound the fettered pair? Who was allowed to hear the angry word, the hasty retort? Who beheld the cold look, the bitter sneer? Who listened to the keen reproach of wounded affection, the scoffing reply of incipient hatred? Alas! so frail is human nature, that our very virtues sometimes do the work of vices, and even as fanaticism may be productive of as much evil as infidelity, so our tenderest affections, when injudiciously exercised, may be as subversive of domestic happiness as aversion.

"The two first years of married life are always the most hazardous; if we escape shipwreck then, we may hope to steer our bark safely to a haven of rest." Such was the remark of one now in her grave, who had passed, not unscathed, through the ordeal; and daily experience proves the truth of her assertion. If it requires time and patience, in order to modulate two musical instruments to perfect harmony, how much more of both is needed to produce exact accordance between two hearts,—those "harps of a thousand strings"—which when once wedded, can give forth the music of life only when they are in unison. It matters not how intimately the character of each may have been studied by the other before marriage; the familiar intercourse of wedded life develops a thousand trifling peculiarities, and half-formed habits, which could not be discovered earlier, because there was no opportunity for their display; and, generally speaking, mutual forbearance is the first duty which we are called to exercise.

At the expiration of the eventful two years, Harriet was once more an inmate of her father's house. The differences between herself and her husband had arisen to such a height, that nothing remained but a separation; and under pretence of seeking renovated health in her native land, Mrs. Tracy returned to America, leaving

her husband still the ornament of the Parisian circles of fashion. Alas! the unhappy Harriet had been too early subjected to the trials which require womanly strength of character, and womanly gentleness of demeanor. The petted child, fresh from the indulgence of the nursery, with all the waywardness of a school girl yet clinging to her affectionate nature, was but little fitted to encounter the fate which awaited her. Broken in health and spirits, and suffering from a nervous irritability which threatened to destroy reason itself, she returned to the home of her happy years, the mere shadow of herself. The joyous expression of her once beautiful face had given place to a look of care and vexation; her smooth forehead bore traces of the oft-knit brow, and she seemed prematurely aged in mind as well as body. The sudden death of her infant, to whom she had looked for future solace in her loneliness of heart, completed the work which her ill-assorted marriage had begun; and while Tracy still remained amid the gaieties of Paris, his wife was fast sinking into a state of mental imbecility. She would sit for hours in one position; her hands hanging listlessly by her side, her head bent down, her eyes fixed on vacancy, seemingly abstracted from every thing around her. The voice of her mother, the presence of her father, were alike powerless to arouse her at such times from her mournful trance. She required her room to be darkened; and the admission of a ray of sunshine made her shiver, as if the light of day were perfectly abhorrent to her. Alarmed at her increasing hatred of life, her mother took measures to guard her with the utmost vigilance; but her cares were vain. One morning her attendant left the room for a few minutes, leaving Mrs. Tracy apparently buried in sleep; on her return she was horror-stricken to find her lying prostrate on the floor, with the blood flowing from a wound in her temple. Whether she had fallen against the chimney-piece in attempting to rise, or whether the more horrible suspicion which entered the minds of her agonized parents was true, could never be known. She uttered not a word when she was placed in bed—she returned no answer to the entreaties of her parents, nor the questions of her physicians; and thus, in apparent unconsciousness, she lingered several days, ere death relieved her from the burden of existence.

On her eighteenth birthday she lay extended in her coffin, in the very room, where two years before, she had stood, in girlish loveliness and bridal array, to pronounce the irrevocable vows which doomed her to disappointment and an early grave.

Years have passed since she was laid in the silent tomb, but it is scarcely six months since Edward Tracy ended a life of profligacy, by a death of unmitigated suffering—the victim of his own vices.

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

BURKE says that government is a contrivance of human wisdom. Admitting that government is a contrivance of human wisdom, it must necessarily follow that hereditary succession, and hereditary rights, as they are called, can make no part of it, because it is impossible to make wisdom hereditary.

Original.  
STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM BENEATH SOME LINES BY  
MISS MITFORD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Oh! Mary Russell Mitford!  
Sweet name! I know it well,  
For its bewitching melody  
Was long ago a spell,  
To waken thoughts of woodland,  
And rivulet and dell!

I have dreamed of thee in summer,  
When our blossoms were in bloom,  
When the humming-bird was feasting  
On their honey and perfume,  
And bathing in the beamy dew,  
His small and shining plume.

And when Autumn came from heaven,  
With a rainbow in his hand,  
And showered on our foliage  
Its colors bright and bland,  
Till the woods were glowing gorgeously  
Throughout our noble land!

I have read thy serious sketches,  
In the heart of forest wild,  
And lo! the very verdure  
Of the gloomy hemlock smiled;  
And Earth was all like fairy ground,  
And I—a merry child!

I know thou art affectionate,  
And full of playful grace,  
I know thy smile "makes sunshine,"  
In many "a shady place,"  
Oh! Mary Russell Mitford,  
That I might see thy face!

Original.  
SONNET,

OCCASIONED BY A TEMPORARY AMENDMENT IN THE LAST  
ILLNESS OF THE LATE JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

BRIGHTLY on him existence dawns anew,  
Who, long secluded, on the couch has lain  
Of wasting malady in feverish pain,  
With silent, tearful friend alone in view—  
Unto the world restored with comrade true.  
Glad is the meeting—fresher colors stain  
For him the flowers; more verdant is the plain;  
Sol's golden shine glows o'er serenest blue;  
The songsters of the wood, the murmuring stream,  
Pour sweeter music—as in life's gay morn  
All is a paradise, a radiant dream,  
Which the pure tints of fairy hope adorn,  
Love, joy and gratitude, entrance his soul!  
Oh! that so blest, man's hours might always roll!

*London, England, 1839.*

Original.

## FLORENCE REVISITED.\*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Florence, beneath the sun  
Of cities, fairest one."—SHELLEY.

THE mausoleum of the Medici, against the extravagant splendor of which, Byron utters so earnest a satire, is now far advanced towards completion. It is an octagon, lined with the richest marble and most precious stones. As the curious visitor inspects the gorgeous monument, how various and conflicting are the associations inspired by the thought of the renowned family it celebrates! Their redeeming characteristics were taste and liberality. They promoted the progress of humanity by rewarding the exertions of genius, rather than by a generous philanthropy. The mass were as much cajoled and subdued, as under more warlike princes; but the gifted received encouragement, and were urged to high endeavor. The annals of the house of Medici abound in scenes, at one moment exciting warm admiration, and the next, unbounded disgust. One instant we kindle at the refined and enthusiastic taste of Lorenzo, and the next, are revolted at some act of petty tyranny. Now we see genius unfold with brilliant success beneath the fostering rays of patronage; and the next, injustice, conspiracy, or revenge, degrades the chronicle. The patriotic Cosmo, ardently listening to the doctrines of Pluto, Lorenzo, the Magnificent, chatting with the young Sculptor in his garden, the dissipated and cunning Leo Giovanni, the imbecile Piero, the perfidious Lorenzino, the cruel Catharine, pass before us in startling contrast. Yet as we behold the works to which the redeemers of the name have given rise, and trace the splendid results of wealth dedicated to the cause of taste, we feel their mission on the earth was one, the intellectual fruits of which are inestimable and progressive. The origin of the Medici family has been romantically referred to Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne. The first authentic mention of this celebrated race seems, however, to indicate Filippo as one of its earliest founders. Toward the middle of the thirteenth century, the Guelphs having obtained the chief authority in Florence, Filippo, oppressed by the Ghibbelines, fled from Fio-rano, in the valley of Mugello, to the Tuscan capital, which, thenceforth, became his country. In 1348, we read of Francesco de Medici, as the head of the magistracy, although prevented by the plague from exercising his functions. Filippo left two sons, Bicci and Giovanni. To the latter succeeded Cosmo, and with his name began the renown of the house. The world was but just emerging from barbarism when this prince commenced his sway. Although exiled by a faction, his absence was deeply regretted, and his return triumphantly hailed. Cosmo invited numerous Greek refugees to settle on the banks of the Arno. Through them, a new interest was awakened in ancient literature; classical studies revived, and manuscripts were eagerly

sought. While the council of Florence were employed in barren theological disputes, Cosmo was listening to Gemisthus Pletho, and planning a Platonic academy. Among the illustrious Greeks whom he befriended, was Agyropylus. "My son," said he, leaning over the cradle of one of his children, "if you were born to be happy, you will have Agyropylus for your protector." Cosmo was succeeded by Piero, who had previously married the wealthy Contessina Bardi. His authority was near being overturned by a conspiracy, headed by the Pitti family, who, in the end, were obliged to flee, leaving their superb palace unfinished. Piero left two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano. The brilliant career of the former has been made familiar by the elaborate and, perhaps, flattered portrait of Roscoe. That this magnificent prince was a man of more than ordinary abilities, is sufficiently proved by the address exhibited on his youthful embassy to Ferdinand of Naples, as well as by the numerous specimens extant of his poetical talents. But no small portion of his renown is ascribable simply to his immense wealth and exalted station. He was a man of elegant taste, rather than of extraordinary genius; and merits applause for his liberal patronage of literature and the arts, more than for any example he has bequeathed of intellectual or moral power. He renewed and prolonged the impulse his father had given to the cause of civilization. The visitor is continually reminded of the obligations of Florence to Lorenzo. He established a school of sculpture, greatly enriched the Laurentian library, improved architecture, promoted the study of philosophy, and revived the art of the lapidary. His life was passed in the midst of men distinguished for genius and acquirements, whom his magnificent taste had gathered around him. His time was occupied in supervising local improvements, cheering native genius, collecting rare manuscripts and medals, cultivating philosophy, studying politics, making love, discussing poetry with Politiano, and writing sonnets. He demonstrated that a prince could find ample employment, and attain true glory without recourse to conquest. He proved that there were more enduring monuments than those which rise from the battle-field. His name is associated with works of art and literary productions, as indissolubly as those of their authors, and although he only lived to the age of forty-four, he expired tranquilly in the midst of his friends. His death was deemed a national misfortune, and seems to have been the precursor of innumerable woes to Italy. Giovanni, son of Lorenzo, was an archbishop at ten, and a cardinal at fourteen—the youngest person ever raised to that rank. A letter still extant, addressed to him by his father to Rome, evinces how much at heart he beld his advancement. After the death of Piero, Giovanni became the head of the family; and all his wishes centered in the hope of reviving its influence, which had again suffered a serious interruption. This feeling he prudently concealed for some time. After the battle of Ravenna, three young men, resolute friends of the Medici, went to the Gonfaliere, and, with their daggers at his throat, forced Soderini to resign. The Medici being thus restored, Giovanni was made Pope, under the title of Leo X. His pontificate is celebrated as a period when

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letters and the arts flourished to an unparalleled degree. Previous circumstances, however, had prepared the way for the many brilliant results of that remarkable epoch. The sale of indulgences, and other church abuses, were then carried to the highest point; and the protests against ecclesiastical tyranny commenced, which ushered in the reformation. Cosmo, Francesco and Ferdinand, maintained something of the liberal and tasteful spirit of their ancestors. But under Ferdinand II., who, in 1621, came to the government, at the age of eleven, the aspect of affairs changed. Extravagant expenditures drained the state of its resources, and when Cosmo III., died, after a reign of fifty-three years, Tuscany was reduced to a most deplorable state—oppressed with a heavy national debt, and exhausted by taxes. Fortunately for the country, John Gaston was the last of his family, once so glorious, but now so sadly degenerated. He died after an indifferent rule, and in accordance with the terms of peace with Vienna (1735) left his duchy to the house of Lorraine. Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, and Grand Duke of Tuscany, made a contract with John Gaston's sister—the last of the name of Medici, by which he acquired the various allodial possessions collected by her ancestors. Under the twenty-six years of the sway of his son, Leopold, Tuscany recovered from a decline that had lasted more than a century. He encouraged commerce, agriculture and manufactures, established penitentiaries, abolished the inquisition, and proclaimed a new criminal code. His financial administration was admirable, and his own manner of life extremely simple. The traveller in Italy still recognizes the happy influences of his regenerating rule. Nor has the effect of his noble example been contravened by his successor. An air of contentment, and a feeling of safety continues to distinguish Tuscany, and render it the favorite sojourn of the stranger. Even the comparative severity of the climate in winter, aggravated by the *tramontana* which sweeps so coldly from the mountains, seldom drives the foreign sojourners to more genial localities. It is not, perhaps, without reason, that the distinguished literary rank which Florence holds in Italian history, has been ascribed to its inferior climate.

There is something almost oppressive to the senses, and confusing to the mind, in the immense collections of paintings in Italy. The stranger, especially if his time is limited, and his eagerness for knowledge and true impressions, a delicate and discriminating, as well as an earnest passion, will not infrequently regret the number and variety of interesting objects which at once demand his attention. A scene of natural grandeur or beauty seldom distracts the eye with the variety of its features. The mountain range which girdles the prospect, the grove which waves above the cliff, the river flowing through the vale, the flowers on its banks, and the rich cloud-land above, are harmonized to the view, reposing beneath the same light, and stirred by a common air. But each work of art has a distinctive character. It is a memorial of an individual mind. It demands undivided attention. Hence, the first visit to a museum of art is almost invariably unsatisfactory. We instinctively wish that the array were not so imposing. Many a

sweet countenance, whose expression haunts us like a dream, we vainly endeavor to recall; many a group we would fain transfer to our own apartment, that there we might leisurely survey its excellences, and grow familiar with its spirit. There are few public galleries which are less objectionable, on this account, than that of Florence. When we have paused in the vestibule long enough to recover breath after ascending the long flight of stairs, and inspect the specimens of statuary there arranged, the first paintings which meet our gaze, on entering, are of an early date. The stiff execution brings to mind the Chinese style, and indicates a primitive epoch in the history of art. The arabesques on the ceiling, the portraits immediately beneath it, and the range of ancient busts below, fill, without dazzling the eye. As we pass on, the interest increases at every step. There is a gradual growth of attraction. Curiosity is soon absorbed in a deeper sentiment. One moment we stand smiling before some graphic product of the Dutch pencil, wrapt in a speculative reverie over an obscure painting, or seated, at last, quite absorbed in admiration within the hallowed precincts of the Tribune. The perfect freedom of entrance and observation, unannoyed by the jargon of a *cicerone*, doubtless adds to the pleasure of a visit to the Florence collections. And the heart is not less gratified than the eye, when one beholds the sunburnt *contadini* improving a spare hour on market-days, to loiter in the gallery, or turns from a miracle of art to the happy countenance of some foreign painter, as he stands before his easel, intent upon copying a favorite original. The most unique feature in the collections of which this city boasts, however, is doubtless the gallery of portraits of celebrated painters chiefly by themselves. How interesting to turn from the immortal products of the pencil, to the lineaments of the artist! Raphael's sweet countenance, eloquent with the refined beauty which distinguishes his works, and subdued by something of the melancholy associated with his early death; Perugino, his master; Leonardo da Vinci, who first developed the principles of that progress in art, which was perfected during the fifteenth century, who so earnestly and successfully devoted his life to the advancement of his favorite pursuit, and died in the arms of his royal patron; Salvator Rosa, the poet, musician and painter, recognised by his half-savage aspect, who so delighted in scenes of gloomy grandeur, and studied nature with such enthusiasm amid the wilds of the Apennines;—all, in short, of that glorious phalanx, whose best monuments are their works.

The bronze statue of Perseus, under the alloggi of the gallery, reminds the passer of one of the most remarkable characters to which Florence has given birth. Born on the night of All Saints' day, Cellini assures us he was rapturously welcomed to the world by his father, who, as if anticipating his future celebrity, instantly greeted him as Benvenuto. Like Salvator Rosa, music, at first, disputed for the empire of his mind with the arts, and his remarkable performance, on the flute, was the primary occasion of attracting towards him attention and patronage. Indeed, the artist's father most pertinaciously fixed all his hopes for young Cellini's advance-



ment, upon his proficiency in this accomplishment. Benvenuto's ambition, however, was of a far more various and earnest nature than the success of a mere musician could gratify. To please his parent, however, he long continued to devote much time to practising upon his favorite instrument, although the employment was frequently an occasion of mimic and disgust. At length, having been apprenticed to a goldsmith, the skill he displayed in the finer departments of the trade, indicated, in a striking manner, the true bent of his genius. Henceforth, we find Benvenuto constantly employed in various places, and every where with distinguished success. It strikes us, at the present day, with no little surprise, to perceive the enthusiasm excited by labors of such a nature as employed the mind of Cellini; but the exquisite grace and rare invention he displayed, were as significant of talent to the admirers of art, in the fifteenth century, as the gifted limner exhibited on his canvas, or the statuary in his marble. His abilities were in constant requisition, and seemed to have excited equal admiration whether bestowed upon a button for the Pope, a chalice for a Cardinal, or a salt-cellar for King Francis. At one time we find him engraver to the mint at Rome, and at another, exercising all his ingenuity in setting a precious jewel, executing an original medal, or designing the most beautiful figures in *alto rilievo*, upon a golden vaso for some Italian prince. For a considerable period, he was without an equal in his profession. Towards the last of his life, however, his energies seem to have been concentrated upon sculpture, of which the Perseus is the most celebrated specimen. The account he gives of the difficulties surmounted in casting this statue, and the unworthy treatment he received from the Grand Duke, in regard to his recompense, is among the most painful examples of the trials of artists. Cellini's life was one of the most singular vicissitude. Frequently changing his abode, working under the patronage of various princes, of a bold and active temper, his memoirs present a picture in which the quiet pursuits of an artist are grotesquely mingled with the experiences of an adventurer. One day, banished from his native city for having been engaged in a bloody quarrel, another, high in the confidence of kings and popes; now pining in the dungeon of St. Angelo, which he once so gallantly defended, and now rich and honored in the service of a magnificent court. If we are to place the slightest faith in his own testimony, Benvenuto proved himself equal to any exigency, and fairly overcame his various enemies by his prompt courage, or quick invention. The coolness with which he speaks of despatching his foes, is startling to one familiar only with these peaceful times; and the ingenuity with which he baffles those who are not to be reached by the sword, is most remarkable. A striking instance occurred while he was in the employ of the King of France. Madame D'Estampes, who seems to have been extremely disaffected towards Benvenuto, induced the king to inspect some of his most recent works at an hour the most unfavorable for their display. Cellini, anticipating the effect, affixed a torch to the arm of a statue of Jupiter; and while his female enemy and the monarch were regarding his studies, in the dusky

light, he suddenly ignited the torch, and wheeled the Jupiter into the centre of the room. The effect was most vivid, as the light was placed at exactly the right angle to show the figure to the best advantage. Francis received a new and powerful impression of the genius of Cellini, and Madame's design was completely counteracted. The versatility of talent in the character of Benvenuto was not more surprising than his boundless self-confidence. How much are we indebted to this quality for the fruits of genius! Gifts of mind, unaccompanied by a vivid sense of their existence, are of little benefit to the world. Consciousness of power, firm and unwavering, is the best guarantee for its appropriate exertion. How much of the cool decision of great men is attributable to confidence in their destiny! When Napoleon was urged to leave a dangerous position, during an engagement, when the shot were flying thickly around him, and calmly replied, "The ball is not yet moulded which is destined for me," who does not recognize one secret cause of his intrepidity? No combination of circumstances seemed adequate to shake Cellini's faith in himself. He spoke as certainly of the issue of an experiment in his art, as if it had been repeatedly proved. Again and again he reinstated himself in the favor from which the machinations of his rivals had removed him, by the clear earnestness of his bearing. Whether discussing the merits of a work of art, defending himself before a tribunal, engaged hand to hand with a foe, or casting a statue which had cost him years of toil, he seemed to act upon the sentiment of the poet—

"Courage gone? all's gone—  
Better never have been born."

It cannot but provoke a smile in contrast with the theories of later moralists, after having followed Benvenuto through an unequalled category of brawls, duels, amours and intrigues, to find him consoling himself in prison with communing with angelic visions, and cheering his heart with the conviction that he is an especial favorite of Heaven. Benvenuto closed his adventurous life where he commenced it; and was buried with many honors, in the church of the Annunziata, at Florence. His native city is adorned with the chief ornament of his genius; and the exquisite specimens of his skill as a jeweller and engraver, are scattered over the cabinets of virtuosi throughout Italy.

The opera-house of Florence, called the Pergola, is remarkable for its chaste interior. Romani's poetry has recently given a new interest to this favorite amusement. It seems almost to have revived the dulcet numbers of Metastasio, and wedded to the touching strains of Bellini, leaves no occasion to regret the earlier eras of the musical drama. The want of permanent prose companies in the different cities of Italy, as schools of language, is a great desideratum; and the number of trashing translations from the French, degrade the national taste. Sometimes the excellent company of Turin, including the inimitable Vestri, a Tuscan by birth, visit Florence in the autumn, and furnish a pleasant pastime at the Cocomero, while, during Carnival, Stenterello dispenses his jokes and rhymes at the Borg' Ogni Santi. In Florence, alone, is enjoyed the opportunity, at certain

seasons, of witnessing Alfieri's tragedies. The stranger, too, cannot but gratefully recur to the comedies of Goldoni. They furnish him with an admirable introduction to the language; and when he is once more at home, and would fain renew the associations of every-day life in far distant Italy, he has only to peruse one of these colloquial plays, and be forthwith transported to a *locanda* or a *café*. Goldoni's history is intimately associated with his comedies. Successively a student of medicine, diplomacy and law—a maker of almanacs, and a comic writer; his personal adventures abound in the humorous. He solaced himself, when unfortunate, by observing the passing scene. When jilted by a woman, or cheated by a knave, he revenged himself by showing up their conduct as a warning, in his next play. He looked upon the panorama of human existence, not as a metaphysician, but as a painter, not to discover the ideal, but to display the actual. Yet he often aimed at bringing popular vices or follies into contempt, and frequently with no little success. At a time when ciscesbeism and gambling prevailed in Venice, he portrayed their consequences so graphically, that, for a time, both practices were brought into disrepute; and when the Spectator began to be read, and it became fashionable for women to affect philosophy, he turned the laugh upon them with his *Filosofo Inglese*. His comedies have more humor than wit, but their chief attraction is their truth to nature. Although much attached to Venice, his native city, which he declares was never revisited without discovering new beauties, Goldoni seems to have highly enjoyed his long residence at the French court. He boasts of having an excellent appetite after every fresh mortification; and when care or sickness made him wakeful, he was accustomed to translate from the Venetian into the Tuscan dialect, and then into the French, by way of a soporific. Overshadowed as his buoyant spirit was at last, by illness and reverses, his happy temperament made his life pleasant. He had the satisfaction of feeling that, through his efforts, the comedy was reformed in Italy, and his country furnished with a stock of standard plays, of excellent tendency, sixteen of which were composed in one year—no ordinary achievement of industry.

The house of the Buonarroti family has recently undergone extensive repairs. But the rooms once occupied by Michael Angelo, remain unchanged, save that around one of them are arranged a series of paintings, illustrative of the artist's life. How Florence teems with the fame of this most gifted of her children! How ripe are his sayings on the lips of her citizens! How eloquently do his works speak in the city where his bones repose! As the Cathedral dome first greets the stranger's eye, or fades from his parting gaze, how naturally does it suggest the thought of St. Peter's and the artist's well known exclamation! In a twilight walk along the river-side, as we watch the evening star over San Spirito, we remember that a prior of that convent taught him anatomy. If we pass the church del Carmine, we are reminded that he there studied the early efforts of Masaccio. In the gallery, we behold the Dancing Faun, whose head he so admirably restored—wonder at the stern face of Brutus, or ponder his own portrait. In the

Piazza is his David, in the church of San Lorenzo, his Day and Night, and that perfect embodiment of Horatio's familiar phrase—"a countenance more in sorrow than in anger"—the statue of the Duke of Urbino. Here he made his figure of Moro; there he buried his sleeping Cupid, which was dug up for an antique. Near St. Marks was the school of sculpture, where he first practiced; in Santa Croce is his tomb. The memory of Michael Angelo constitutes the happiest of the many interesting associations of Florence. Not less as a man than an artist, does his name lend dignity and beauty to the scene. We look upon the master-lines of his unfinished works, and realize the struggles of his soul towards perfection. Truly has one of his biographers remarked, "His genius was vast and wild, by turns extravagant and capricious, rarely to be implicitly followed—always to be studied with advantage." But we think not merely here of the sculptor, painter, architect, philosopher and poet; we dwell upon, and feel the whole character of him who so nobly proved his eminent claim to these various titles. As we tread the chambers where he passed so many nights of study—so many days of toil—as we behold the oratory where he prayed, or stand above his ashes, we think of his noble independence which princes and prelates, in a venal age, could not subdue—of his deep sympathy with the grand and beautiful in human nature, and of his true affection which dictated the sentiment—

"Better plea  
Love cannot find than that in loving thee,  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid  
Who such divinity to thee imparts,  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts."

Art seemed not an exclusive end to Michael Angelo. For fame, he cherished no morbid appetite. He was conscious of loftier aims. His letters and sonnets breathe the noblest aspirations, and the most perfect love of truth. When refused admittance to the Pope's presence, he quitted Rome in disgust; yet watched as tenderly by the sick-bed of a faithful servant, as that of a son or a brother. As the architect of St. Peter's, he declined all emolument; and kissed the cold hand of Vittoria Colonna with tearful reverence. After eighty-eight years spent in giving a mighty impulse to the arts, in cultivating sculpture, painting, poetry and architecture, in observing "the harmless comedy of life," in proving the supremacy of genius over wealth, of moral power over rank, of character over the world, Michael Angelo died, saying, "My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my nearest kin." He left a bequest of which he spoke not, for it was already decreed that his fame and example should shed a perennial honor upon Florence, and for ever bless the world.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of body, when they are such as he cannot help: were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.—Pope.

Original.

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

## CHAPTER I.

"Young Love dwelt once in a humble shed,  
Where roses breathing,  
And woodbines wreathing,  
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,  
As wild and sweet as the life he led;  
His garden flourished,  
For young Hope nourished  
The tender buds with beams and showers,  
But lips though blooming must still be fed,  
For not even Love can live on flowers."

"WILL you promise, Sophia?

"Yes, yes!"

"Every night, about this time, remember, I will be here; or up yonder, where the cascade comes leaping and foaming, with that sweet watery murmur, through the cleft in the green bank."

"Nay, sir knight errant, had you not better reserve that little nest of a place for other interviews? A romantic young gentleman, like yourself, should husband his resources."

"Be serious, child."

"Well, I am serious, and magnanimous, too; so I resign the cascade, the violets, the wild roses, and the dog-wood thicket to my sentimental cousin; and will meet you here, under this great awkward chestnut, for a few moments now and then, just to report progress and compare notes; so, good by."

As she spoke, the beautiful girl drew close to her companion, and looking with a degree of affectionate archness into his face, put up a pair of lips plump and red as a cluster of ripe strawberries, as if she expected a farewell kiss, quite as a matter of course.

The young man put the bright raven curls back under her cottage bonnet, and carelessly touched his lips to the forehead they had shaded.

"There, now, let me go," she said, disengaging herself from his arms, and arranging her bonnet; "see how softly the purple haze is settling over Long Island, and how star-like are the half-spent sunbeams, as they fall upon the water, and kindle up the leaves about us. If you have any thing more to say, put it off till to-morrow, and let me enjoy this sweet twilight as I walk forward to the cottage."

"Stay a moment," said the young man, "I have not given you half my directions."

"Well, well, let them wait; haven't I promised to meet you very soon—to-morrow morning before the dew is off the grass, if you wish; but I must go now! You that have been rambling at will over Europe, these last three years, may afford to waste the sweet air, and the rich sunset of an evening like this; but remember, if you please, that poor Sophia Fowler stands upon the green grass, and hears the shiver of the summer leaves for the first time these three months. Adieu till morning. I shall have a delightful walk."

"Stay, Sophia."

"I can't, indeed, Charles; aunt will be waiting; cousin Emma, ten chances to one, has heard the bell ring at the landing, and will be wandering off on the Rochelle

road to meet me. Suppose, by any possible accident, she should come across the fields, and find us here in secret conference, under this magnificent old tree. The scene would be rather satisfactory and amusing, I fancy. There, upon my honor, she is coming now around that knoll yonder; step out of sight, Charles, do!"

The young man drew hastily back into the shadow of the chestnut, and Sophia hesitated a moment, to see what course her cousin would take; for near the place where she was first seen, the path which she was pursuing intersected another, which led through a maple grove to the cascade mentioned by the young man. Nothing could be more perfectly in keeping with the verdant and tranquil beauty of the landscape, than the rustic appearance of the young lady who had created so much interest in the two persons gazing on her from beneath the chestnut. There was something graceful, and almost child-like, in her simple white dress, and straw bonnet, relieved only by ribbons of that color which lives in the heart of a half open moss rose. Yet, in her person she was not only beautiful, but there was something of strength and dignity, mingled with that peculiar lightness which is remarkable in the greater portion of our American women. Instead of coming forward, as the two persons watching her movements from under the tree seemed to expect, she turned with a light footstep into the path leading through the grove, and soon the flutter and gleam of her muslin mantilla through the green boughs, alone marked her quick and graceful progress.

"To the cascade, ha!" said Sophia, turning her sparkling black eyes, with clear bird-like laugh on the young man, while her fine brunette face kindled all over with mischievous merriment; and shaking her finger rougeishly at him, she turned into the footpath, singing,

"Will you, will you, will you, will you,  
Come to the bower."

The youth broke into a laugh, as he followed her gay footsteps, and calling her a wild chase madcap, vaulted over a neighboring fence, cut across the corner of a meadow, and sprang down the bank which hedged in the rushing cascade, just as Emma Carlton came down the little footpath which led through the rich sward on the opposite side.

The youth sprang across the miniature cataract with a vigorous bound, and placed himself by her side.

"Always punctual, my own sweet Emma," he said, taking her hand and raising it with a degree of respectful tenderness to his lips; "how good you are!"

"Indeed, I am rather more than punctual to-night," she said, raising her soft brown eyes to his face, while a happy smile heightened her cheeks, and revelled around her small mouth; "I am at least a full half hour before the time, but we are expecting company at the cottage, so I came early, hoping to meet you, that I might return to assist mamma."

"Then we must not walk to-night, I suppose," said the youth, leading her to a fragment of rock half-embedded in the thick grass, and seating her upon it, while he placed himself on the sward at her feet. "Let us sit here and enjoy the rich sunset; I love to watch the soft

golden light as it trembles over the water there; and to see the dark green shadows deepen among the trees, with you by my side. I sometimes think that the happiest moments of life are those spent in silent tranquillity, where the mere presence of a beloved object is enough to fill the heart with a sense of sympathy and contentment."

Emma's hand was in his; as he spoke, her slender fingers gently returned his clasp, and with that silent answer, and with the beautiful expression of her face, he was satisfied.

They sat together in silence, he gazing abroad upon the landscape, as the deep purple shadows of evening came stealing over each green thing; and she, dwelling unchecked on the short black curls heaped in glossy abundance over his bold and ample forehead; and marvelling on the extraordinary beauty of his head, as the rising moon threw a light now upon one bold feature, and then upon another, till it seemed like the head of an Apollo alive with inspiration.

"How softly the moonbeams tremble over that island," said the young man, pointing to a little green spot, which lay like a heap of drifted emeralds, in the bosom of the East River, outspread like a sea of weltering silver before them. "Do you remember the beautiful lines by Moore?"

Emma drew a deep breath, and fixing her eyes on the island, began to repeat the lines thus brought to her memory :

"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile  
To-night, upon you leafy isle!  
Oft in my fancy's wanderings  
I've wished that little isle had wings,  
And we within its fairy bowers  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Where not a pulse could beat like ours,  
And we might live, love, die alone!  
Far from the cruel and the cold;  
Where the bright eyes of angels only  
Should come around us to behold  
A paradise so pure and lonely!  
'Would this be home enough for thee?'  
Playful she turned that he might see  
The passing smile her cheek put on—"

Emma's voice died away in a gentle murmur; but that sweetest of all sweet poetry, seemed lingering about her lips long after they had ceased to speak. Her voice was soft and rich, and she was that rare creature among women, a good reader. The youth sat gazing on her face, motionless, and in silence, as if fearful of breaking the spell of romantic pleasure, that lay upon his heart like incense. It seemed as if one of the day dreams that haunt the youthful fancy, had embodied itself into a sweet melody, that every charm might linger about that pleasant hour. Moment after moment stole away, and at length Emma arose.

"I must go home now; it is getting quite dark," she said.

"Dark, and the moon shining so brightly?" said the youth rising, and standing beside her; "stay a minute, you have not told me who the persons are you expect to find at the cottage."

"My cousin, Sophia Fowler; you have heard me speak of her."

"And does she come alone?" inquired the youth, with

a slight degree of anxiety in his voice, while his dark eyes dwelt on her face with a peculiar expression.

"I suppose so—that is, I—I—there may be another person; but from my heart I hope not!"

Even in the moonlight he could see that her cheek was flushed, and that she was strangely agitated: for more than a minute he stood gazing on her in silence, but there was a degree of concern and anxiety, mingled with the triumphant expression of his eyes; and though a smile lingered about his lips, there was something regretful in it, as if he were not perfectly satisfied with himself, or with the beautiful being whom he gazed upon; it were difficult to say which.

"Your visitors must have some strange power, Emma," he said at last, "when their names can bring the tears to your eyes, and that bright color to your cheeks: have you not told me that Miss Fowler has a half brother? Is it he you expect?"

"Yes," replied the agitated girl, in a faint voice.

"Indeed! one would think it rather some old maiden aunt, who threatened to bore you a month with prudish council, and worsted knitting work."

"I wish it were," murmured Emma, with a faint smile, "for then the annoyance would be only for a month."

"But what is there so very dreadful about this young Fowler, Emma?"

"To me, every thing that is dreadful. Oh, Stewart, he is coming here to claim me as his wife."

"How, Emma! what claim has he, that any free lady may not independently reject? Why have you never mentioned this to me before?"

"I could not bear to speak of it," replied the weeping girl, "not to you above all others; until now, I hoped that he would be the first to break a contract, that has been my torment since I was old enough to understand it: but it seems that he will not; and now, when my heart is all another's; when every thought and wish is woven with the existence of another, when my dreams are haunted by one sweet hope, and one dear presence, he must come with his foreign pretensions, and money saving intellect, to break up my peace, and render me completely miserable. Oh, the very thought of him is baleful."

"Then, why not reject him at once?" inquired the youth carelessly; "this is not the country where distressed damsels are carried off by force of arms."

"I know that it is not," replied Emma, without seeming to observe the tone of sarcasm in which Stewart uttered the words; "but the bond on which Fowler claims my hand involves the interest of more than one person, and cannot be broken, on my part, without the sacrifice of a princely fortune. The elder Fowler was my mother's only brother; and during his life-time, was almost as fond of me as of his own son and Sophia. I have told you that my mother, with the exception of the cottage, was left destitute just before my uncle Fowler's death. From the time of my birth, it seems that he had entertained a strange fancy of uniting me with his son; and in order to secure his wishes with regard to us, the bulk of his large property was left in trust, to be trans-

ferred to young Fowler and myself on our wedding-day, on condition that our marriage took place before my cousin's twenty-fourth birth-day; but in the event that either party refused to fulfil the contract, the whole estate was to fall immediately into the possession of the person who remained willing to abide by it."

"And you have determined to reject the alliance, and to put this Fowler into possession of wealth, which, with a slight sacrifice of feeling, you could so easily secure to yourself and mother?" said Stewart.

Emma looked reproachfully in his face, as he finished the question. "Mamma has a small income secured to her by my uncle's will. By wedding a man whom I can never love, I might make her opulent; but in refusing to consummate my own ruin, I do not involve hers."

"What is there in the appearance of this young heir so repugnant to your taste or principles?" said the young man earnestly. "Think well what you do; for in after years, when the sweet dream of youth is over, wealth will take to itself a value, which you little anticipate now. It is a great sacrifice you are about to make, Emma."

"True," said the now thoroughly aroused girl, her eyes kindling, and her fine form erecting itself proudly, as she spoke; "but how much greater the sacrifice, were I to make a legal mockery of that holy tie which should knit soul to soul, as well as hand to hand—were I to give myself to one man in purchase of his wealth, hiding the shameful iniquity of the act beneath its worldly lawfulness—while in affection, sentiment, every thing, I was heart and soul, another's. It needs little time for consideration. I shall heap no perjury on my conscience!"

"But, dearest, are you certain that you *cannot* love your cousin?"

Tears sprang to Emma's eyes, but she dashed them proudly away. "Good night," she said: "I have staid over late: oh, would to heaven I had never come to this place!"

"And why not, Emma?" said Stewart, aroused by her agitation, to a sense of his unkindness: "forgive me, I have been very wrong—I know that you cannot love him; but we are placed in a strange position, my sweet girl. What can you think of me, were I so unfeeling as to cut you off from all hopes of wealth; nay, of those very comforts to which you have ever been accustomed, by offering a union with myself? how could you—brought up with prospects so far superior, content yourself with the humble salary of a book-keeper; a man who has not even the command of his own time; a person who would be obliged to leave you to the solitude of your humble home, hours and hours together, without the power of introducing you to the companionship of one individual, whose taste or habits might assimilate with your own? In this capacity, as an honorable but poor man, I do offer myself to you, Emma. Look into that young heart, and say, if you can unhesitatingly and without a shadow of fear, place the treasure of your happiness in my keeping; can you give me the pure, unde-

viating, holy confidence of a wife? Can you suffer with me, and for me, if needful?"

He paused, and his intense gaze seemed burning into her cheek. The answer was one of those eloquent, heart-thrilling looks of affection, that are the jewels with which high-souled women sometimes strew the pathway of men. It bore the stamp of a pure heart trembling beneath the wealth of its own rich tenderness.

Stewart wished no other reply. "Good night," he said, gently taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips. "To-morrow, at sun-set, meet me here again. Good night!"

Mrs. Carlton's cottage stood on one of the numerous graceful swells which render the scenery on the East River so changeable, and yet so rich in verdant beauty: at no place between New-Rochelle and the city, did the green sward fall to the brink of the river with a richer sweep, than that which rolled its sea of verdure down from the front of the good widow's dwelling. The building had little about it in style or architecture to attract attention; it was a low white house, with a long old fashioned porch running along the front, overrun with cinnamon roses, honeysuckles, and great crimson trumpet flowers; two or three magnificent elms swept their long branches over the roof, and an immense white rose tree grew at one end of the house, spreading its rich foliage and pearly blossoms over the casement of Emma Carlton's little sleeping room. At the western end of the house the eminence which lifted it so gently from the river, fell into an abrupt hollow; a clear brook, which some quarter of a mile back, formed the cascade, which we have spoken of, gurgled along the bottom of this hollow, and mingled with the river, just where a clump of weeping willows, around which a wild grape vine had woven its heavy foliage into a leafy arch, drooped over its mouth.

After leaving the young gentleman of our story, Sophia Fowler followed the dictates of her wild fancy, and wandered amid the park-like scenery which surrounded her, careless, and almost forgetful of her destination. At length she found herself on the brink of the little stream which was the best guide to her aunt's dwelling. She loitered along its margin—now on the green bank, and again threading the little footpath on its very brink—wondering what on earth would tempt people to live in cities—and crushing down the wild flowers from mere wantonness, with her little feet, till she came in sight of the cottage. When she saw the lights trembling through the foliage, she paused in the snatches of a song which she had been carolling all the way, and bounded forward as if that moment apprised of the lateness of the hour.

"Well, aunt, here I am again," she cried, gaily returning the welcome of an amiable, but not very dignified old lady, who occupied the little parlor. "Where is Emma? Romantic as ever, I suppose—brim full of poetry and sentiment, vowing she will not marry my disconsolate brother, because he is so unfortunate as not to be a beggar; and dreaming about love in a dear little cottage, like this, with some sentimental vagabond. Has she got over wondering how people can care for money? No doubt she still has a horror of any woman, mercenary

enough to marry a man who is able to put a house over her head?"

"But Sophia, dear, you sometimes used to talk in that way yourself, I remember," said the good lady, who possessed too much of her daughter's feeling, to dislike hearing it ridiculed.

"Oh, but *I* have cured myself of such folly, ages since," said the joyous girl, flinging aside her bonnet, and sweeping back a rich mass of curls from her bright cheek, with a graceful motion of the hand. "But where is Emma? I see you have kept the table standing, as usual, when she takes a wild-flower ramble by moonlight. I hope you won't wait for her long, dear aunt, for I am half famished. A long walk from the landing, across fields and among trees, is rather apt to provoke an appetite."

"I expected you, and so kept tea waiting," said the kind old lady, leading the way to a back room, where the table stood. "Tom has gone down to the landing for your trunk, and Emma took a fancy that you might walk up, and went out to meet you."

"She was very good," answered Sophia, seating herself at the table; but there was an odd and provoking smile on her lips as she spoke. The old lady did not observe it, and she went on doing the honors of her tea table, with very praiseworthy composure.

"I thought your brother was coming with you," she said, watching Sophia, as she helped herself to a spoonful of jelly; "I suppose he will be here to-morrow."

"He is not coming, I believe," said Sophia, depositing a portion of jelly between her lips: "Emma did not include him in her invitation; so he went off into the country to charm away the disappointment, by shooting woodcocks, in some dismal swamp or another."

"Do you really think that Emma will persist in this strange obstinacy about her uncle's will?" inquired the old lady, looking very earnestly at her niece; "I am sure I have said every thing to persuade her, but she seems quite vexed if I mention it, of late. I sent for you, dear niece, hoping that your advice, and wholesome spirits, might have some good effect. Emma is getting very nervous and uneven of late. She is always wandering off alone, and sometimes will set at the chamber window, for hours together—I am really afraid that her health is failing."

"Nonsense! Excuse me, dear aunt, but you do spoil that sweet cousin of mine, terribly. You have allowed one of the best hearts that ever beat in a bosom, to be filled with all kinds of romantic notions; and now you expect her to act like a reasonable girl. Stay—here she comes with a color on her cheek, that might shame the blush of a ripe peach!" As she spoke, Sophia started up and ran forward to meet her cousin. At first, Emma seemed a little shy of her visitor: at the slightest noise from without, she would start, turn pale, and look anxiously toward the door, as if fearing some unpleasant intrusion. A smile of quiet mischief dwelt on Sophia's mouth, as she observed this restlessness: at length she arose from the table, and placed her arm kindly around her cousin's waist, saying, "Come, Emma, let us have

a good chat up in your little room. I suppose we can share it again."

"Yes, certainly, if you like," replied Emma, with evident reluctance; but while she hesitated, Sophia, ran half-way up the stairs.

"What are you waiting for?" she called out from the bannisters: "oh, a light—good evening, aunt." The old lady returned her greeting, and the cousins entered Emma's chamber, together.

"How familiar, every thing looks!" exclaimed Sophia, seating herself on the white counterpane, and glancing round the room, "I can scarcely wonder at your reluctance to leave this sweet place, coz." Emma was busy about the window curtain, for the breeze had carried a portion of the muslin through the sash, and had entangled its fringe with the rose tree. "Let me help you," said Sophia, starting up, as a branch laden with the great snowy flowers was broken off, and fell within the room; "that bush has grown finely, since I was here before; do you remember how nicely my brother nailed it up for us one day, just before he went to Europe?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly," replied Emma, turning away her face, and striving very diligently to extricate the curtain; "we supposed he was coming with you today. When may we expect him?"

"My brother is not one to seek a forced welcome," replied Sophia, drily; "he will not come: I only marvel that you should for a moment dream that he would annoy you with his presence, after the strong indications of dislike which you have so repeatedly expressed to me, his sister."

"I am sure, mamma would be delighted to see him: and so should I, too, but—for that hateful will; why could not your father have left his wealth to its natural heir, at once, without making conditions that your brother should marry me; or that I should fall in love with him. It was making us slaves in the cradle. My cousin was kind to me, and I liked him very much, as a cousin; but one cannot force the affections."

"You can hardly judge of my brother, from what you saw of him five years ago," said Sophia, gathering up the window drapery, which her cousin had disentangled; "travel and time have improved him astonishingly."

"I do not doubt it in the least," replied Emma, now busying herself with the broken rose branch; "but—"

"But what?"

"Why, there is something so business-like in marrying because our parents chose to enter into a bargain to that effect; something so like closing a mortgage, that I wonder even Mr. Fowler can endure the thought of it."

"Perhaps he may not like to think of it; you have scarcely taken the trouble to learn his sentiments: but I see no reason why a contract to be ratified only by the entire consent of the parties concerned, should make you shudder all over, at the sound of his name, or should cause you to receive his sister with formal coldness, because *she* happens to understand and appreciate his high nature. Believe me, Emma, you have thrown from you a heart such as few women have ever possessed—a noble, discriminating, honorable heart."

"We all have our own beau ideal, and however good

or elegant a man may be, if he does not approach the standard erected in one's heart, why—"

"The beau ideal of eighteen!" exclaimed Sophia, turning upon her young cousin, in all the dignity and experience of twenty-one summers, her red lips curling with a contemptuous smile, and her voice betraying a degree of ironical mockery; "a vision of watch guards and gold safety chains—with a romantic admixture of broadcloth, sentiment, and album poetry—a creature who writes sonnets, spouts Byron, and makes love in blank verse! I wish from the bottom of my heart, that you or any other romantic young miss, could see her beau ideal with the eyes of forty or of twenty-one even, you would become what many a sensible romantic girl has been before this, heartily ashamed, both of your fancy and its object."

"But there are some fancies, some feelings, so lofty in their object, that the heart must ever be satisfied with them," replied Emma, casting the mutilated branch among the shower of green and white leaves, that lay around her feet, and returning her cousin's animated glance, with an eye as bright, and a cheek kindling as warmly, as her own—for she was thinking of a fountain in the green fields, and of a certain personage connected with it, of which the reader is already informed, and it seemed a sacrilege to allow that manly being, even in thought, to come within scope of her cousin's description.

"You are sadly romantic, cousin," said Sophia, with provoking coldness, taking out her comb, and gathering her thick raven tresses under a very becoming cap.

"You would not have called any thing I have said romance, three years ago—then you had some sympathy with me," said Emma, reproachfully.

"Yes, I was three years younger then, and like you, believed that poverty shared with a beloved object, was a very pleasant way of proving disinterested love a plant of this earth. I very well remember, that my idea of poverty, 'Love in a Cottage,' as we young ladies very prettily term it, was a delightful small country residence, with rustic pillars overrun with all sorts of beautiful flowers, with a middle aged man to trim the garden, a female servant or two, and a nice little black boy for my own especial attendant, whom I intended to dress in a fashion quite unique, and oriental. Of course, my lord and master was to spend his whole time in this retired nook; and on a moonlight evening like this, I have often dwelt complacently on the picture of a tall young gentleman, with dark hair and magnificent eyes, reading to a very domestic lady in a graceful morning dress, occupying an ottoman at his feet, embroidering a velvet collar for her lap dog, by way of making herself useful and matronly." All at once Sophia threw off the light bantering tone with which she had spoken, and sitting down by her cousin, proceeded earnestly, and as one who had witnessed what she was describing. "But within these three years I have mingled with the world, and other pictures have been presented to my mind, pencilled by the stern, cold finger of reality. I have stood on a fireless hearth-stone, around which a young mother and her children were shivering with cold and hunger, without food, and unable to procure the employment necessary to obtain one comfort. I

have seen all pride crushed from that mother's heart, till she has been glad to receive charity from the purse-proud and the insolent—to beg for employment, and to toil day and night for the shameful pittance rendered for female labor. I have seen the husband, he who called forth her first young dream of love, sinking beneath the pressure of care; his pride humbled, and his strong heart writhing with a consciousness of inability to protect and support those who look up to him as their head. I have looked on, till poverty, and sorrow, and humiliation, have soured the temper, wasted the strength, and trampled all generous feelings from the hearts of those two beings; till the love which yet bound them together burned dimly amid the sorrow that surrounded them, as the clear blaze of a lamp fades and trembles amid the stagnant air of a cave far down in the earth. Yet these two persons once had their dream of 'Love in a Cottage,' Emma. Nay, dear cousin, your eyes are beaming with tears! and—upon my word, I cannot help crying myself! The picture is a *true* one. I have witnessed it within the week. Fancies are often pleasant, but sometimes they lead to stern, hard realities, cousin."

Emma Carlton need not have complained that there was a want of sympathy between her and her cousin. The hearts of both were touched, and they retired to rest as in former years; their arms interlaced, and the innocent breath mingling almost on their red lips.

A disinterested observer might have been somewhat amused with the inmates of Mrs. Carlton's cottage during the next day. At early dawn, Sophia Fowler wandered off toward the great chestnut, on the way-side, where she had promised to meet the strange young gentleman. She returned through the fields to breakfast, with her morning dress wet with dew, and her silk apron filled with daisies, red clover tops, and wild butter cups; like a child, overjoyed with fresh country air, and the privilege of gathering what she liked, in her own way. Now and then a sweet melody would break from her lips, as the carol of some bird, nestled away in the wet green boughs, awoke a thought of music; for hers was a joyous spirit, and it responded to the bright and cheerful morning, as the heart of a babe leaps to the sound of its mother's voice. During the afternoon Sophia held several long and rather mysterious conversations with her aunt, which resulted in a degree of animation and excitement on the good lady's part, which had not been witnessed in her, since the first obstinate refusal of Miss Emma Carlton to secure her late uncle's bank stocks and houses, by a transfer of her heart and person, to the keeping of a gentleman to whom she had taken a decided antipathy.

Emma was occupied with her own thoughts, or she might have been surprised at these indications of a good understanding between her mother and cousin; but evening was drawing on, and her heart was full of one sweet anticipation, which lighted her eye, and kindled her cheek to the hue of a half open damask rose. The sun was just beginning to fling his arrowy gold aslant the water, when she went out from the cottage with a lace veil thrown carelessly over her shoulders; sauntered slowly toward the river, till she came to the clump of

willows which hung over the mouth of the rivulet, then hastily drawing the veil over her head, she darted up the footpath, leading along its brink to the cascade. In about an hour she returned to the cottage, and went directly to her chamber. When Sophia entered the room a short time after, she found her cousin sitting by the window, pale and in tears.

"Sophia," she said, earnestly, but, without moving her eyes from their fixed gaze on a heavy branch pendant from one of the elms which swayed softly to and fro, a little distance from the window: "Sophia, I wish to ask you a question."

"Well."

"Do you think it would be possible for me to gain mamma's consent, should I ever take it into my head to—accept another person than your brother?"

"I should think not—my aunt is not likely to break a pledge given to a dying brother," replied Sophia, coldly.

"True," murmured Emma, closing the window, with a deep sigh; "so there is no alternative."

Early the next morning, Emma Carlton arose from the side of her cousin, who appeared to sleep soundly; after dressing herself, she went to the bureau, and took from thence several articles of apparel, and some valuable ornaments. These she packed in a travelling basket, and with trembling hands, secured it as if for a journey. When all was done, she stole softly from the room to that in which her mother was sleeping. After the space of some ten minutes she returned to her own apartment; but her step was unsteady, and tears rushed like rain-drops from her eyes, as she looked on each familiar thing which she was about to leave, perhaps for ever. A few moments she stood in the centre of the room, as one bewildered with conflicting feelings; even when her bonnet and shawl were on, and the basket in her hand, she lingered with a degree of painful reluctance to depart. Scarcely had the door closed after her, when Sophia sprung from the bed, and flinging a crimson shawl over her night dress, softly opened the window and looked out: her bright face sparkling with mirth, made a beautiful tableau, peering out from behind the rose-bush, and the low mirthful laugh which broke over the wet leaves, might have been taken for the carol of a bird.

*To be continued.*

Original.

### TRUE LOVE.

THE tearful sympathy that's born of Love  
Is Love's most truthful witness! What's the worth  
Of Love, that love's not most, when what it loves  
Hath naught but tears to render back again!  
What's Love, that smiles not save the sky be fair—  
And in the pitiless and pelting storm,  
When most the wanderer, homeless, shelterless,  
Despairing pants its cheerful voice to hear,  
And seeks most earnestly its hand to guide,  
Stands with the cold and merciless, afar!  
'Tis but Love's shadow—nay, 'tis worse than that!  
'Tis true Love's worthless counterfeit! H. F. H.

Original.

### YES, TAKE THE RING.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Yes, take the ring, for still thy love,  
Will, though we evermore must part,  
Be the one sweet and cherished flower,  
That blooms within my lonely heart.

Ay, take it, and where'er the gems,  
Shall meet thine eyes, that on it gleam,  
Think that on me, thy own dear smile,  
Once shone with brighter, purer beam.

Yes, take the ring—but never, love—  
No, never wear it for my sake—  
I would not bend on thee again,  
The slumb'ring wrath, its sight might wake.

Take it, and keep it, and when none,  
With cold, reproving brow is nigh,  
To mark the gift thou may'st not wear,  
Then let it sometimes meet thine eye!

Farewell! the hope that years of toil,  
May win the wealth thy friends hold dear,  
Will be the star mid hov'ring clouds,  
My lonely exile still to cheer.

Wealth gained, and as the bird that long  
The sport of storms, to its own tree,  
Returns to rest its weary wings,  
Will I return and rest with thee.

Original.

### POET'S VOWS;

ADDRESSED TO A DARK-EYED GIRL, WHO DOUBTED THEM.

BELIEVE it not, the idle tale,  
That poet's vows are never true ones,  
That like the ever-varying gale  
He changes olden loves for new ones.  
Believe them never, when they say,  
His passion passes with the minute—  
That when he strikes his tuneful lay  
There's nought but honied cadence in it.

True as the needle to the pole—  
True as the sun, that flaggeth never—  
So constant is the poet's soul;  
He loves but once, and loves for ever!  
His feelings that have dormant lain,  
When touched by love's absorbing fire,  
Are waked, never to sleep again,  
Till he and love alike expire.

Then doubt the tale, for oh, 'tis wrong,  
To charge him with such transient feeling—  
When wakes his lyre to breathe in song,  
The wiles that love is o'er him stealing,  
Each burning note comes from a soul  
As pure and bright as this earth knoweth—  
And constant ever to his goal  
Like mountain rill, his feeling floweth! W. B. F.



Original.  
FALL OF CATILINE.

—  
BY PROFESSOR BARBER.  
—

As if nature designed to contrast the calm beauties of an Italian sunset with the horrors of a moral tempest, destined to darken the Roman commonwealth—the evening which preceded the confederacy between Sergius Catiline and his associates was unusually serene. When the sun sunk amid the softened and varied tints which his retiring shadows had created, a gentle breeze from the northern shores of the Mediterranean, floated over the hill of gardens, wafting the rich perfume of nature through the eternal city: the various aqueducts rippled in obedience to the wind which scarcely agitated their surfaces, while the moon, as she rose in unclouded majesty above the Aventine, lingered over the dome of her sacred temple—the guardian deity of the vestal virgins who were offering up their evening orisons. Silence reigned omnipotent—not a sound broke her repose, save the scream of the night-bird as he shrieked amid the time-worn pillars of the Capitol—the deep notes of the watchman who guarded the Caelian, or the response of the sentry, who proclaimed the watch-hour from the heights of the Esquiline.

As night threw her sable mantle over the western side of the Janiculum, the officiating ministers in the Capitol retired within the portals of their respective temples to propitiate the favors of the guardian deities of Rome, by the accustomed sacrifices. It was at this interesting moment that two Roman ladies, elegantly attired, crossed the Publician bridge. As they passed onward in the direction of the Aventine, the elder of the two suddenly paused, and gazing on the clear waters of the Tiber, on which the moonbeams had cast the deep shadows of the Palatine, exclaimed—

"Thou common grave of a monarch and a hero, how often have thy waters been polluted since their primal stream left the bosom of the Apennines—how often has the shuddering victim, hurled from the Capitoline, poured out his spirits, as the sudden dash announced that thou hadst received the sacrifice, and thy current resumed its wonted course! Shade of Manlius—beautiful yet awful is thy resting-place—the daughter of Jupiter smiles upon thee from the elysium of the Gods! and, in the dark shadows of yon mounts on the surface of the Tiber, she erects a monument upon thy grave!"

The fair speaker had scarcely concluded this beautiful apotheosis to the manes of her murdered countryman, when her attention was arrested by a vulture, which, after fluttering around the base of the Aventine, uttered a terrific scream, and flew off in the direction of the Capitol.

This nocturnal and ominous visitant struck terror into the bosoms of the fair companions journeying to the temple of Diana. The younger, upon reaching the sacred edifice, implored the protection of its favoring deity. What was her astonishment when a sepulchral voice from within, replied—

"Happiness dwells not with the companions of guilt

—seek to know no farther—the secrets of futurity belong to the Gods!"

"Tell me, mysterious being," said the gentle suppliant, "what evil awaits Marcella? By what misfortune has she incurred the displeasure of the Gods?"

"When the anger of the Gods convulses the heavens, shall mortality dare to inquire into futurity?" responded the former voice. "Look upward and retire!"

Marcella directed her view to the heavens; a dark cloud was gathering in the north-west, over the Campus Martius. It quickly enveloped the Capitoline and Palatine, and finally rested on the extreme eastern edges of the Esquiline and Caelius. The agitated girl had scarcely contemplated this awful change in the elements, when a peal of thunder that echoed through the caverns of the deep, shook Rome to its centre; the clouds opened, and a brilliant stream of electric fire, passing from the north-east to the south-western extremity of the city, enwrapped the hills in the awful splendors of a terrific illumination.

"The Gods have fired the city," said Marcella, and sunk, senseless, on the bosom of her friend. At this critical juncture, two Roman knights, attracted by the piercing cry of the companion of Marcella, hastened to her assistance.

"What maiden in distress thus contests with the thunder for mastery?" exclaimed the younger knight. A flash of lightning, at this moment, streaming through its cloudy fissure, revealed to his gaze the pallid features of the apparently lifeless Marcella.

"It is Marcella by the immortal powers!" said he; then suddenly turning to a slave by whom he was attended, he commanded him to bear the senseless and beautiful burden to its home. As the slave was about to obey the mandate, the knight rushed frantically forward, and arrested his arm. "Minion," said he, "I knew not what I said; touch not the hem of her garment; it would be profanity." Then placing his hand on the bosom of the prostrate maiden, he exclaimed, "Lovely and beloved Marcella, the waters of life yet flow from the fountain. Lest the lightning's flash should stop the current, Catiline shall bear thee to a place of security." Saying this, he gently raised the fainted form before him, and was quickly lost in thick darkness behind the eastern brow of the Aventine.

In another part of the city, Marcus Cicero had been awakened by the roaring of the Tiber, which, driven in opposition to its current—swollen beyond its banks, and rapidly rising on the Tarpeian, presented to the gaze of the horror-stricken consul, the appearance of a sea without a shore.

As the wind howled around the pillars of the Capitol, the consecutive thunder-peals grew louder; while the lightning, more intensely vivid from the darkness which it rendered visible, streamed like the burning lava from a volcano, along the gilded roofs and brazen thresholds of which the hand of rapine had despoiled the temples at Athens. After offering up a prayer to the Gods, Cicero commanded his lictors to summon the senators to a solemn council in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and throwing around him the consular robe, proceeded

towards the Palatine. The awe-stricken senators, preceded by the torch-bearers, were already assembled on the steps of the Capitol, when the lictor announced the approach of the consul; and as the chief magistrate ascended, they separated on each side, forming an avenue, in the midst of which he halted, and thus addressed the assembly:—

"Fathers and Senators of Rome! need I offer an apology, illustrious countrymen, for thus summoning you, in the dead hour of night, to meet me in the Capitol? No; I see you feel with me, that the occasion justifies the act. Never, oh, fathers, has such a night hung its darkened terrors over our devoted city—the Gods have poured upon us torrents of fire—and earthquakes have shaken our eternal hills. We have offended the Gods; some horrible misfortune awaits our city. I propose to you, Fathers, that the Aruspices be summoned to join us in a solemn convocation in the temple of Jupiter; let the omens of the night be compared; if evil, let sacrifices be offered; let hecatombs smoke upon the altars; so shall the further displeasure of the Gods be averted from the city and commonwealth. Sacred father," said he addressing the Pontifex, as the procession entered the portal of the Temple of Jupiter, "was the evening sacrifice propitious—and what omens hast thou seen throughout this night of terrors?"

"Consul," replied the officiating priest, "I tremble to answer thy inquiry. When the declining shadows of the sun sunk behind the Janiculum, we retired, as accustomed, to offer our evening sacrifice to the immortal Gods; the victim was slain—the faggots lighted—the flame ascended; we were in the act of examining the entrails, when, awful to relate, the right arm of Jupiter slowly removed from its situation and pointed in the direction of the Esquiline; the flames burst forth on all sides, intermingled with black smoke; the livid light scarcely illumed the altar, and the sacrifice was unconsumed. Dismayed at those portentous omens, I invested myself in the *Læna*, and ascended the dome of Minerva's Temple to observe the direction of the convulsed elements which shook the temples of the gods. I had just reached this commanding eminence, when a stream of fire, which seemed to have enveloped the city in a general conflagration, revealed to my view, in the street of the Gladiators, a multitude of Romans, variously habited and disguised, passing and re-passing from the house of Marcus Lecca."

A loud knocking at the gate of the temple, here interrupted the speaker; it was found to proceed from a sentry who had captured a young Roman, in the dress of a lieutenant, passing the Milvian bridge. The captor and the captured were ordered into the presence of Cicero and the senators.

"He bears about him sealed papers," said the guardian of the night, "and refuses to answer any interrogatories."

"Why, at the midnight hour, and amid the horrors of such a tempest, hast thou been taken, attempting to fly from the city?" said the consul. "Discover thy purposes."

"I am forbidden," replied the youthful soldier.

"On the peril of the rack—the torture, and, finally, thy life, I command thy answer," continued Cicero.

"Lucretia died to preserve her honor," said the soldier. "I am prepared to follow her example in the preservation of mine; the rack and the torture may cause me to shudder—in the hour of agony, the ravings of a madman may usurp the empire of reason and reflection, but neither thy threats nor their more bloody execution shall extort from me the violation of an oath recorded on the sacred altars of the Gods, in the presence of a sacrifice too awful and too holy to name. As for my sealed papers—behold, Marcus Cicero, how small is the size of the packet, and how easily it is concealed," continued the captured Roman, as, at one effort, he swallowed it.

"Tear him asunder!" vociferated the consul.

"Stand off, thou murdering minister of a more murderous tyrant," said the lieutenant, as the lictor approached him, "and do thou, consul, allow me five hours to reflect on the consequences of a refusal to thy mandate."

"Be it so," replied Cicero, "but at the expiration of the allotted time, thou diest, if thou tamperest with our bounty."

"I take the chance," said the soldier, then hurling a look of defiance towards the consul, he was led to the tower which overhung the Tarpeian.

"Fathers and Senators," said the consul, as the youth retired, "the devoted secrecy of yon minion is big with the fate of Rome; let him be treated with special kindness. As the sun rises over the Esquiline we meet again. Senators and Fathers, adieu; to the protection of our guardian deities, and your unremitting vigilance, I commit the safety of the commonwealth." Saying this, he withdrew from the assembly.

The vision of the Aruspex in the dome of Minerva's Temple, had not deceived him. In the street of the Gladiators a band of determined Romans, combining all ranks, had assembled at the house of Marcus Lecca. The master spirit which convoked it, and by which its movements were directed, was Sergius Catiline. Hitherward he was hastening, when the appalling situation of Marc'ella arrested his footsteps.

Having deposited his sacred burden—the object of his love—in the possession of her friends, with an injunction of secrecy as to the means by which she had been conveyed, the young patrician hastened to the abode of his friend.

As Catiline entered the assembly, the extreme beauty of his person, and the daring and lofty spirit of ambition which pervaded his countenance, called forth from each of the assembled multitude, as he rose to welcome his leader, an earnest and scrutinizing gaze. The object of the nocturnal assemblage had not been fully explained; the summons by which it had been convened, was, at least, equivocal in its character, and every one present sought, in the expressive features of Catiline, a resolution of the doubts by which he was perplexed. At the upper end of the apartment, a rostrum had been erected for the youthful senator, overhung by a canopy formed of

evergreens, surmounted by the Marian eagle, which had descended to Catiline, and surrounded by the various ensigns which had distinguished the Sergian house. From this elevated station, a herald recounted to the meeting the various services rendered by the ancestors of the distinguished Sergian to the Roman Commonwealth, and concluded his harangue, by announcing to them, that Catiline, himself, was about to address them on a subject of vital interest to themselves—their country, and their posterity.

Catiline now ascended the rostrum, and having thrown, gracefully, over his right shoulder, the ample folds of the pretexta, thus appealed to the assembly:—

“Countrymen and Romans—descendants of the illustrious Brutus—of that Brutus who swore by the immortal Gods, as he saluted the gory poignard yet reeking with the chaste blood of Lucretia, that neither the posterity of Tarquin, nor any other, should ever be kings of Rome, shall we transmit that oath, unsullied, to futurity, or wantonly abjure it for ever? Shall we become the vassals of a tyrant who usurps the power, but fears to assume the appendages of royalty—shall we submit to the taxes and tributes which are daily demanded of us by the minions of a consul, who has been raised to the dignity of our first magistrate, by the frauds of hireling mercenaries, or refuse to submit to the galling impositions? I have long known, oh, countrymen, that Catiline is on the proscription list of the minion, Cicero; he seeks to destroy all opposition, that he may enslave his country more effectually, when resistance will be unavailing. Our impoverished population, ground to the dust by the exactions of the consul and his partizans—waits only for the favorable moment—a regular organization and determined leaders, to throw off the yoke and rear the standard of freedom on the heights of the Capitoline; the auspicious moment has arrived—an organization has commenced;—*leaders*, I see around me, on every side—and I, Catiline, swear by the contents of that cup, smoking with the blood of the sacrifice—by the prostituted pledges of the consul—by the violated liberties of my country, and by the sacred altars of the Gods—that the sword which I now unsheath beneath thy ensign, illustrious Marius, shall no more return to its scabbard, until Rome is free! Be the blood of the sacrifice the bond of our union,” said he, handing round the cup to each of the assembly; “and the seal of eternal silence to our enemies!”

As the horrible contents of the sanguine cup approached the lips of each of the confederates, he repeated the oath which Catiline had taken. The latter then turning to Titus Manlius, who had just entered the assembly, exclaimed:—

“Illustrious descendant of Torquatus Manlius, what news bringest thou from the Allobroges?”

“They are ready to aid us,” replied Manlius. “Our messengers were welcomed at Viennè—their troops are prepared to join us whenever we feel assured of success.”

“We will succeed,” continued Catiline “or form a hecatomb, the flames of which shall consume the enemies of the commonwealth. My troops, in Etruria, are

in the best order—burning with ardor to engage in the cause of liberty. A lieutenant whom I despatched with sealed orders to the commander, I have just been informed, has been arrested by the scouts of Cicero. They can extort nothing from their prisoner; perhaps,” added he, as his dark eye flashed with anger, and immediately sunk in despondency—“perhaps their victim:—but no—if destined to perish, noble youth, the dagger of Catiline shall preserve thee from the axe of the common executioner. Lentulus, I appoint you president of this council; Manlius, repair on the dawn of morning, to Etruria; henceforward you are commander of the brave army assembled on the plains of Fœsula. Let it be your duty, Cethegus, to watch the movements of Cicero, and his abject senate. My spies inform me they meet at the Capitol to-morrow; Catiline must be there.”

Having once more enjoined the necessity of secrecy, the last of the Sergii bade adieu to the assembly, and burying himself in the deep abstraction to which the scene had given rise, departed for his abode. Unconscious of the objects which surrounded him, he had just entered his dwelling, when a slave informed him that the Lady Marcella had thrice, during the night, demanded his presence. Aroused from his reverie by this information, the ardent lover and accomplished soldier hastened to the house of his betrothed. Marcella was reclining on a couch, elegantly attired, as Catiline entered her apartment. A deep and melancholy hue pervaded her lately expressive features, and as the patrician warrior gazed in silence on the object of his first and still sacred affection, the consuming furnace of ambition died away within him, and he mentally offered up the sacrifice of his daring purposes on the altar of Marcella's happiness.

“Dearest Marcella,” said he, at length, “why is thy countenance clouded with sorrow? let the presence of Catiline dispel it.”

“Trifle not with the feelings thou hast sacrificed,” replied Marcella, as she fixed her expressive eye on Catiline. “Three times, this night, have I sent to thy dwelling, but no Catiline was there; in the midst of the fury of the Gods—thunders and lightnings which have shaken the universe—omens and auguries which portend the worst of evils—Catiline forsakes the altars of the Gods, and the dwelling of Marcella; faithless Catiline—devoted country—miserable and undone Marcella!”

“Calm thy transports,” replied Catiline. “Not more lasting is the current of yon stream that laves the Palatine, than is the constancy of Catiline for Marcella, but—but—”

“What?” exclaimed Marcella, starting from her couch.

“Wouldst thou require me to break an oath sworn before the Gods?” said Catiline.

“Aye,” responded Marcella, “if the oath is such as the Gods cannot hear without convulsing the universe, in their anger. Let Catiline appease the wrath of the offended deities, by the abjuration of an oath which has been recorded amid a tumult of nature, that sickens and appals, even in recollection.”

“The deed is done; I cannot retract it, even for the love of Marcella,” said Catiline.

“Then hear me, for the last time, thou descendant of

the Sergii," replied Marcella—"hear me, thou mistrustful Catiline; love exists not where confidence is lost;—thy midnight orgies are not unknown to me; thou art a traitor."

"A traitor!" reiterated Catiline.

"Aye, a traitor," resumed Marcella. "Know thou that the blood of Volumnia flows in the veins of Marcella. *She* sacrificed her son to save her country; but what was *her* sacrifice to *mine*?" continued the distracted maiden, as she uttered a piercing shriek, and rushed wildly from the presence of her lover.

"The ordeal is passed," said Catiline, as he departed from the home of Marcella. "I have sacrificed love to ambition; now, daring passion, reign thou sole monarch in the bosom of Catiline!"

In passing the Capitoline, he gazed, for a few moments, in deep abstraction, on the waters of the Tyber, then turning his attention to the heights of Tarpeian, he thus communed with himself:—

"How long will it be ere some lictor of the new-fledged consul shall hurl the headless trunk of Catiline from the Tarpeian, to embrace the ghost of Manlius in the Tyber's depths? Soon, it may be, but a sacrifice must first be offered. Rome must bleed at every pore, and her lofty palaces serve as beacon-lights to the bands of Catiline, ere my spirit can greet thy shade, illustrious Torquatus, in the realms of Hades."

Then suddenly facing the house of Marcus Cicero, he exclaimed, with hands uplifted to the dark covering which enveloped the heavens: "Hear me, Thou, of antiquity the oldest—twin sister of Erebus, and daughter of Chaos—thou for whom no temple rears its dome, or priests offer sacrifice—and do thou, also, of the bony covering and darkened wings, be witness to my oath:—I swear, by your dominion of Night—the gloom of Avernus—the groans of Cocytus, and, shall I add, by the Stygian Lake, that ere three moons, in their nightly career, shall usurp your empire, Mars shall be glutted with victims—Cocytus stifled with groans, and Charon accompany the shade of Cicero across the infernal stream of Hades."

A terrific thunder-clap shook the Empyrean as the final syllable of the execration fell from the lips of Catiline.

"The Gods have heard and ratified the oath," said he, as he departed to act his part on another theatre.

At the dawn of morn, the Consul rose, deeply impressed with the nocturnal omens, and the determined secrecy of the young Roman who had been taken on the Milvian bridge; he had long been aware that a conspiracy existed against him; emissaries had been sent in various directions, and spies had been planted, as domestics, in more than one patrician house; but, hitherto, the lurking-place of treason, if it existed, had been undiscovered. Having offered his morning sacrifice to the Gods, he proceeded to the Temple of Jupiter. The senators were already assembled there; and he ascended the rostrum, and commanded the military youth to be brought before him.

"Minion," said he, as the latter, preceded by a lictor, entered, "hast thou well pondered on the penalty of

secrecy, and the reward of confession—death on the rack, or freedom and security?"

"I have," replied the lieutenant. "But does Cicero promise me freedom while I am in fetters—what security have I that the promise will be fulfilled?"

"Security in the honor of a Roman consul," retorted Cicero."

"I reject it," said the young soldier. "Such security might be sufficient for an unfettered patrician; but not for a pinioned captive; executioner, do thy office; I die with my secret unrevealed!"

"What pledge dost thou require," said the consul, "that we will fulfil our promise?"

"That these fetters be stricken off," said the youth, "as a foretaste of the freedom and security thou hast, conditionally, promised."

"Thy request is granted," continued Cicero. "Executioners, unfetter the traitor."

As the final rivet which secured the iron bolts fell from the chains of the manacled captive, he looked cautiously around the apartment, then casting a stern and withering glance at Cicero, he exclaimed:—

"Thus far, consul, thou hast fulfilled thy promise, and I—escape thy vengeance, and preserve my oath. How can ye, senators, watch over the safety of Rome, when hand, unseen by you, in the midst of your deliberations, and before the altars of your Gods, has furnished me with the means to preserve my faith, and laugh at your vengeance!"

"Executioners, seize your prisoner!" vociferated the consul, in a voice that reverberated from every recess in the temple."

"Back! ye bloodhounds—who scent human blood in every wind that blows from the Appenines!" said the lieutenant, as the executioners approached to do their duty. "The blood which runs in my veins, belongs to an illustrious house, and is devoted to a noble cause; it shall not flow on your shambles, ye butchers of the law; and thou, too," he continued, addressing the consul, "who would have extorted from me, on the rack, a promise of secrecy made to a nobler name than thine, in the presence of the Gods, and ratified amid the agonizing convulsions of nature—thou, too, on earth, I defy! In Hades we shall meet again! Behold the blood of thy victim; is it not a sacrifice worthy of the occasion and the acceptance of the Gods?" said he, as he plunged the poignard in his heart.

The executioners lost not a moment in withdrawing the deadly weapon, but their victim had escaped; the stroke had been too sure. Blood gushed in torrents through the dagger's track, and casting a sardonic smile on the assembly, in one convulsive struggle, the youth expired.

Among the assembled senators, there was one who had not been an unconcerned spectator of the faith and suicide of the heroic Roman. It was Catiline; yet his countenance betrayed no emotion. Once, indeed, when the dagger was raised to fulfil its awful purpose, a faint flush overspread his features, and a slight bending forward of the body, seemed to betoken a desire to prevent the fatal act.

The mental and physical effort were alike instantaneous; the latter yielded in a moment, to the control of the former, and his countenance resumed its usual serenity.

The argus eyes of the consul had, however, observed the transient perturbation in Catiline, and addressing him, he said, "To what extraordinary event is the senate indebted for the presence of Sergius Catiline; his seat, of late, has been vacated, and the senators, not less than myself, have regretted that he had *cause* of absence. What interested you," continued he, "in the fate of yon obstinate minion? Why should Catiline be more moved than the senators by whom he is surrounded?"

"Catiline answers not for the feelings and impulses of others; it is enough that he controls his own," replied he, darting a furious look on the consul.

"Rather, *conceals* them, Catiline," rejoined Cicero. "Fathers and Senators," continued he, as Catiline darted through the portal of the temple, "some deep design lurks in the bosom of that proud and ambitious soldier—he has long been my private enemy, and, perhaps, at this moment, designs to immolate your consul on the altar of his country's ruin: there was some connection between him and the suicide who lies, in death, before you—let the guards be doubled on the Palatine, the Esquiline, and the Capitoline—sentries placed at the gates of the city—let no citizen, who neglects the safety of the commonwealth, consider himself secure—it is for your hearths, and your altars, I adjure you to use every precaution, in our present dangerous position."

During these transactions at the Capitol, an unseen hand had conveyed a letter to Marcella, accusing Catiline of betraying her confidence and love, in nightly revels among the courtezans. "As my heart too fondly assured me!" exclaimed Marcella, reading the letter—and bursting into an agony of grief. "Faithless, perjured Catiline! Miserable, ill-fated Marcella!—from this moment I abjure for ever thy altars, Venus, and fly henceforward to the embraces of the dark monarch of Hades! A traitor! I have it! the thought burns within me—revenge is omnipotent—if I pause, I am lost—Catiline, I have passed the Rubicon—thy glories are ended—thy sun is set—I will denounce thee to the Senate—thy gory head shall grace the archway of the triumphal gate—a mark for the finger of scorn—a beacon to warn the violators of plighted love—but thou shalt not be without a living sacrifice—I, who immolate thee, will perish on thy tomb—arm me with firmness, ye dark and bloody ministers of vengeance, for the awful terrors of the conflict—and its still more awful catastrophe!"

During this paroxysm of rage, the object of Marcella's jealousy and revenge, his soul absorbed by ambition, was silently pursuing his way to the house of Lecca.

A despatch from Manlius reached him as he entered the portal, giving an account of the condition in which he found the troops—their great desire to be led to victory—and their still more ardent wish that Catiline would join them immediately.

"They wait but your presence," said he, "to blast and wither the enemies of the commonwealth. Yes, illustrious Catiline, the hours of the consul are numbered—his

destiny is fixed: lose no time in reaching Fœsula. I fear nothing so much as the zeal of your followers; precipitancy might destroy our prospects: the presence of their beloved commander is necessary to restrain it."

"Proud consul thy doom is fixed," said Catiline, as he folded the letter of Manlius in his bosom, and entered the house of Lecca, where the confederates had already assembled, and were debating on a circumstance which caused them some alarm. Several men, disguised, had been hovering around the house of meeting—and at the blast of a trumpet from the Capitol, had as suddenly disappeared. It was conjectured that these individuals were spies of Cicero, and Cornelius had just proposed, as Catiline made his appearance, that a body guard, composed of their most efficient young men, should be offered to him.

"Catiline fears no attack," said the senatorial soldier. "He trusts in the protection of the Gods."

"To-morrow, I shall again repair to the Temple of Jupiter, to beard the minion, Cicero, in the midst of his cringing senate. Yes, surrounded by his myrmidons, he shall quail before the frown of Catiline. Romans and countrymen; I would, by the deities of Rome, you had beheld the death of my brave lieutenant—he died nobly by the point of a dagger, with which I, unseen, had furnished him—perished with his secret unrevealed—casting on the consul a smile of ineffable contempt at the impotence of his threats, and the failure of his purposes: twice I determined to arrest the course of the fatal weapon; but a withering frown from the heroic youth, dissuaded me from my intention!"

"But I will yet offer the bleeding carcass of Cicero as a sacrifice to his shade. I live but to revenge HIM, and save my country from a despot's grasp. Farewell: at the first watch, to-morrow, I will bring further tidings."

Arraying herself with more than usual care, and covering her head with a veil, which descended to the feet, the once faithful mistress of Catiline, proceeded to the Temple of Jupiter. As she ascended the steps leading to the Capitol, a slave informed her that the senate were in assembly.

"Didst thou observe Catiline, in their procession?" said Marcella.

"He has but now entered the portal of the temple," replied the slave.

"It is enough," continued Marcella, and departed. At the entrance of the temple her further progress was arrested by the guard.

"Inform the consul that a Roman lady has an important communication to make to the senate," said Marcella.

The request was instantly conveyed to the consul and senate. "Fathers," said Cicero, rising from the consular chair, "may we admit a female into the Temple of the Gods?"

A response in the affirmative was given by the senate, and clad in deep mourning, and covered with a veil which extended to her feet, she stood in the assembly—the senate simultaneously rose to receive the fair visitant.

"Daughter of Rome, what would'st thou with the senate?" said Cicero.

"I demand an audience," replied the lady.

"It is granted," returned the consul.

"I claim a sacred protection for my person, and your silence as to the requirements of my name and motives, as the conditions of my communications," said the incognita.

"We accede to these propositions, fair daughter, although mysterious in their character," responded the consul.

"I denounce Sergius Catiline as a traitor against the commonwealth!" said the concealed accuser.

As the last word of the speaker fell from her lips, Catiline started from his seat, and, in a voice that shook the statue of Jupiter, exclaimed, "Wretched and infamous woman—thou hast been bribed to this act—purchased by the consul and senate, to sacrifice my life."

"My condition," replied the incognita, "might assure Catiline that a bribe could neither reach nor influence me."

"What proof canst thou give to us," said Cicero, "that thy accusation is true?"

"You will find them, at this moment, in the house of Lecca," replied Marcella.

"Perjured and abandoned wretch!" retorted Catiline; "and you, ye base suborners of infamy—ye apologies for men—dastards and cowards, who seek the lowest sinks of vice that ye may obtain perjured testimony against all who have courage to oppose you, farewell! I fly from your city; should I return, it shall be regenerated with the fire and the sword!" With this malediction on his lips, he rushed through the senators without opposition, and escaped.

While Catiline was hastening to the plains of Fœsula, whither he departed on the mysterious announcement of his purposes by the incognita, in the senate house, Cicero, who had become fully informed of his measures, ordered Caius Antonius to head the army of the commonwealth, and march against the bands of the insurgent senators.

In the meantime, Catiline, having been joyfully received by his troops, lost not time in organizing them, and introducing that military discipline which he considered essential to his object.

In the centre of an open plain in Etruria, he had drawn up his devoted followers in military order, determined to oppose Antonius, on the first approach of the commonwealth army. When informed by his scouts of the coming of the enemy, he convened a council of his officers, and declared his intention to give battle to Antonius, *without* the ramparts. "We will claim no protection," said he, "save that of the Gods. I scorn to shut up our noble bands within the enclosure of a rampart, when they can beat back the troops of Antonius without any guard save their own valor. Soldiers, shall it be said that the followers of Catiline defended themselves by the breastwork of a rampart, or will you follow your commander into the open plain to meet these mercenary troops of the tyrant Cicero?" A loud shout, which was heard in the camp of Antonius, evinced the firm resolve of Catiline's army to share the fortune of their gallant leader.

"You are worthy of Catiline," said he. "With such troops, I *must* be victorious; follow me; I will lead you to glory and to victory!"

The troops of Catiline had just encamped without the rampart, when the army of Antonius appeared in view. The advanced guard of each, halted in sight of its opponent, and the commanders, richly caparisoned, and mounted on fiery war-horses, advanced to the head of their respective troops.

Each general seemed unwilling to commence the work of blood; there was an awful and undefined pause—a stillness—like that which precedes the horrors of a tempest.

The trumpets, at length, gave the dreadful signal, and the spearmen of Antonius let fly the fatal weapons of death on the advanced troops of Catiline; with equal dexterity they were received on the shields of their enemies, and a shout which rang the welkin, resounded through each army.

After the first discharge of javelins, the spearmen of Antonius fell back on the principes; the slingers now advanced on the firm columns of Catiline, in all directions; the troops of the latter had hitherto acted on the defensive; the cavalry now moved forward, and the slingers of Antonius retired with precipitation; flushed with the apparent success of the cavalry, the spearmen of Catiline pursued the fugitives, as the latter continued flying before them; the army of Antonius, which had changed its position from solid squares to a direct line, which extended several miles, was perceived to be gradually forming a circle, in which the followers of Catiline would inevitably be enclosed.

Catiline saw the danger, and endeavored to lead back his troops, that they might form a line sufficient to outflank the army of Antonius; he succeeded; but hundreds of his bravest men, stretched in death on the field, attested the fatal difficulty he had overcome with so much loss.

Finding his army too much diminished in number, to afford a chance of success in stretching along the line of Cicero's flank, Catiline rallied them on the brow of an eminence, determined *there* to make the final effort if the troops of Antonius should ascend the hill.

The latter, flushed with success, were not to be vanquished, though frequently driven back; thrice did they attempt to dislodge the troops of Catiline, and as often were repulsed by the undaunted bravery of the latter; at the moment when the hope of success seemed to desert them, Antonius commanded that the hill should be excavated. Catiline immediately ordered his slingers and spearmen to commence the work of destruction on the miners who were steadily fulfilling the design of Antonius. The latter now ordered that they should excavate the hill only on its eastern side; the stratagem succeeded; the attention of Catiline's army was thus directed to one point. On the western side of the eminence, concealed by the thick branches of a spreading wood, a reserve corps of cavalry had been stationed; they, on the sudden blast of a trumpet, speedily galloped up the hill, and attacked Catiline's troops in their rear. As the latter wheeled about to repel the attack,

they were assailed by the spearmen of Antonius on the eastern brow of the hill. Retreat was impossible; death stared them in the face on every side, but the bravery of Catiline was not to be subdued. Calling around him his officers, he proposed that they should gallop down the hill, force their way through the army of Antonius, or perish in the attempt. Rallying around their chosen chief, at a given signal they descended the eminence, and in a desperate charge on the surrounding troops of the enemy, once more placed themselves beyond the lines of Antonius' army. Retreat had, however, become impracticable, and they formed the dreadful resolution of falling on their own spears, in preference to surrendering to the victor.

Antonius, who had once been the personal friend of Catiline, wept in silence over the fate of the brave and noble band; he knew that Catiline was unconquerable, yet, determined to hazard the last chance to save him and his gallant associates, he despatched an ensign to the spot they occupied, and requested, rather than demanded, that they would surrender.

"Your general has been victorious," said Catiline, "and we yield to the chances of war."

"May I hope, then," continued the young officer, "that Catiline commits himself and followers that yet remain, to the clemency of the consul?"

"Not while the vital fluid runs in the veins of Catiline, or his voice can animate his followers to prefer death to dishonor! Tell your commander, the cringing, servile slave of the consul, that Catiline conquers in defeat—that he rejects his proposals, and defies his power."

"Antonius can command where he entreats," replied the soldier.

"He can neither command nor entreat that the soul of Catiline shall animate the weak fabric which he has conquered, longer than Catiline determines," was the reply.

"Thou wilt not, then, surrender on any terms?" said the officer.

"Tell thy master," responded Catiline, "that these brave men and their commander, are preparing a feast for future ages. Invite him to the bloody banquet that will satiate the wolves and vultures of Etruria; fly with this invitation to Antonius; thou shalt behold us no more on thy return."

"Escape is impossible," said the soldier.

"Aye," replied Catiline, "such escape as the nimble foot affords to the palpitating heart of the coward, but our escape shall be a legend for all coming times; the ear shall tingle, and the eye grow dim with its recital; it shall ring the despot's knell; tyrants shall tremble at it, and slaves shall be dismayed."

"Antonius seeks not your destruction; as a soldier, he honors the brave," said the ensign. "I will bear to him your message, and return; shall I find you on the skirts of this wood?"

"No," said Catiline, "seek us in the cavern of the rock, or the summit of the mountain; there shalt thou find Catiline and his band—supporting the eaglets in their eyrie—or the cubs of the wolf in their den. Tell Antonius that the bones of Catiline may whiten the

plains of Fœsula—but that he will die as he has lived—sole master of himself, and the sworn enemy of Cicero. Hades could not hold the shades of Catiline and your consul; their aspirations of revenge would exceed the poisonous destruction of Avernus; add bitterness to the waters of Acheron, and darkness to the dominions of Pluto."

The ensign, perceiving that all arguments would be unavailing, returned to the camp of Antonius. The latter general had already anticipated the result, and determined, if possible, by force, to save Catiline and the remnant of his faithful followers. Ordering his charger, he directed an officer to accompany him, and proceeded to the skirts of the wood which Catiline and his partisans had chosen as their last earthly asylum.

After the departure of Antonius' lieutenant, in council, it had been determined that each individual of Catiline's army should die on the point of his own spear, after Catiline had been despatched by one of the younger officers.

Having made up their minds to fulfil this dreadful act, Catiline inquired among his officers who would kindly undertake to be his executioner. A youth immediately stepped forward, who had been observed, during the varied engagements of Catiline, to fight with great bravery, and ever to be near the person of his commander.

"Wilt thou, noble boy, execute for me the last friendly office? Thy countenance is familiar to Catiline; we must have met before?"

"I will obey Catiline in all things," replied the young soldier.

Catiline having imparted the information to the rest of the council, each man prepared himself to commit the fatal deed.

As Antonius, who was now approaching, beheld a line of javelins securely fixed in the earth, he was at a loss to conjecture the cause which dictated such a singular act; he was, however, quickly undeceived. When he had proceeded within twenty yards of Catiline and his band, he observed the former run furiously on a spear which was held before him by a youth whose face was averted; the awful example was followed by each of the survivors, transfixing his body on a spiked spear.

Urging on his charger, he dismounted, and drew the fatal weapon from the bosom of Catiline; the vital stream flowed in torrents, and breathing out his spirit with the triumphant exultation, "I have conquered," he waved his hand in air, and expired while the last word was still trembling on his lip.

The youth who had performed the work of death for Catiline, anxiously watched the last aspiration which left his bosom; then drawing a concealed dagger, he plunged it into his own heart, and fell lifeless on the body of his commander.

The attendant of Antonius, anxious to save the life of one so devoted, tore open the military coat of the youth to stop the current which was rapidly consuming it. What was his astonishment when a female form met his view. Marcella had fought by the side, and perished on the corpse of Catiline!

Original.

## THE WREATH OF FAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PARTING."

THOU glorious evil, hung on ruin's height!  
 Badge of the spirit's sceptre—'fore whose might  
 The Potent ones of Earth have bowed—thou bane  
 Of Peace, that look'st like joy, and bring'st but pain:  
 Wreath! by the forked lightning e'en revered,  
 Which spares the brow thou twin'st\*—too often seared  
 By thine own scathing—wherefore wert thou sent,  
 The Prize of Fame's insatiate discontent?  
 Fame! the dread Mars of souls—high o'er whose crest  
 Sits Havoc—hosts expiring on her breast;  
 Who, as that wreath, so struggled for, she weaves,  
 Mingles sad cypress with the laurel leaves;  
 While he, foredoomed those envied bays to wear,  
 Finds, madd'ning in his brain, the thorns they bear,  
 And, as the muse's tempting bowl he sips,  
 Within, feels poison, while upon his lips  
 Its sweets remain. Alas! the worshipped lyre,  
 His own charmed fingers strike, hath sounds as dire  
 As gorgon voices—save that others fell  
 Beneath their lure; he works the fatal spell,  
 That doth himself destroy.

Nature's wide book

He ponders o'er, until he cannot brook  
 To look upon the world, as others look;  
 And he hath secret joys none else can know,  
 More pure and perfect, but a deeper woe:  
 A leaf, a flow'r, a visionary thought  
 Pursued with zeal, to him with pleasures fraught.  
 Yet, hath a face averted, or a tone  
 To fancy's ear less kind, dark shadows thrown  
 O'er pictured bliss, whose fabric, based too light,  
 Springing from trifles, finds in trifles, blight!  
 That longed for guerdon, coy'st when courted, Praise,  
 Comes not—till the wild chord, which tuned the lays  
 It lauds, are silent—sounds of other days!  
 Genius! they little heed, who feel each sense  
 Spell-bound beneath thy magic influence,  
 How oft thy favor'd sons have died *alone*!  
 Want, by their death-couch—and the parting groan,  
 In Misery's arms, outbreathed! But, scarce has Earth  
 The clay reclaimed, that had from her its birth,  
 When lo! behold o'er senseless ashes, reared  
 The sumptuous monument, that marks, revered,—  
 Oh, mockery! that would cheat remorse—that dust  
 Whose Godlike part, earth-bound, neglect had curst!  
 When the cold tomb, the narrow coffin, shrines  
 Earth's clay-sprung mansion of the teeming mind's  
 Vast riches—(wealth that beggars all interred,  
 Where Attila was proudly sepulchered)\*  
 Upon the grave's calm couch—while o'er him weeps  
 A nation grieved—then only calmly sleeps  
 The Bard—unconscious that the baleful wreath  
 He bartered life to win, is his in Death! CORA.

\* The laurel-tree was anciently supposed to be a preservative against lightning, so much so, that Tiberius, when the heavens threatened a storm, ordered a wreath to be made, and placed on his head for protection.

† When Attila was buried, his coffin was filled with the richest spoils of war.

Original

## THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE youthful maid—the gentle bride—  
 The happy wife, her husband's pride,  
 Who meekly kneel, at morning ray,  
 The incense of their vows to pay,  
 Or pour, amid their household train,  
 From love's full heart, the vesper-strain,  
 What know they of *Acr* anguish'd cry,  
 Who lonely lifts the tearful eye?  
 No sympathizing glance, to view  
 Her altered cheek's unearthly hue—  
 No soothing tone, to quell the power  
 Of grief that bursts at midnight hour;  
 Oh, God! her heart is pierc'd and bare—  
 Have mercy on the Widow's prayer!

Not like that mother's heavenward sigh,  
 Who sees her fond protector nigh,  
 Is hers, who, rest of earthly trust,  
 Hath laid her bosom's lord in dust.  
 Sleeps her young babe? but who shall share  
 Its waking charms—its holy care?—  
 Who shield the daughter's opening bloom,  
 Whose father moulders in the tomb?—  
 Her son, the treacherous world beguiles  
 What voice shall warn him of its wiles?  
 What strong hand break the deadly snare?  
 Oh, answer, Heaven! the Widow's prayer!

For not the breath of prosperous days,  
 Though warm with joy, or wing'd with praise,  
 E'er kindled such a living coal  
 Of deep devotion in the soul,  
 As that wild blast which bore away  
 Its idol, to returnless clay;  
 And for the wreath that crown'd the brow,  
 Left bitter herbs, and hyssop bough—  
 A lonely couch—a sever'd tie—  
 A tear, that time can never dry—  
 Unutter'd woe—unpitied care—  
 Oh, God! regard the Widow's prayer!

Hartford, Dec., 1839.

## MISERY.

To struggle in misery, and with misery, at the same time, appears to be the acme of human sufferance. Who, acquainted with the number of propitious circumstances required to make a vigorous effort of the mind, can read the advertisement of the great British lexicographer, emotionless? "It may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with very little assistance from the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction; in sickness and sorrow."



Original.

## D A M E H A N S ;

OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A NOTABLE HOUSEWIFE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

MARGUERITE was as smart, tidy a little body at the age of sixteen, as one would wish to see; rather short, and somewhat plump, with red cheeks and sparkling grey eyes; a step light and free, and a half shrewish, half coquettish air, that made her the admiration of all the young men, and the torment of all the girls in the village. True, now and then a luckless swain would venture to insinuate something about a turn up nose, and thin lips, and hint that her temper was none of the sweetest; but he was instantly suspected to be in the predicament of the fox with the grapes, and the circumstance served but to make the little maiden still more popular—for lovers may be compared to moths, no sooner does one get singed in the blaze, than all the rest are eager to try the same experiment.

It is impossible to tell what havoc the little rustic might have made, had she not all at once determined to stop competition, by starting upon the career of a married woman. Now, this was exactly in accordance with that natural promptitude of character, for which she was distinguished; for she was a stirring body, and disposed to 'go ahead' in the world. So, when she and a young farmer by the name of Hans, became associated in destiny, every voice pronounced it a good match, every discarded lover conceding the point, for somehow they had discovered Marguerite to be a terrible termagant; and so over-industrious, that she would neither rest herself, nor permit any one else about her to do so. Hans was thrifty and prudent, and Marguerite diligent, healthy and exceedingly active, so that if any body could grow rich, it must be farmer Hans and little dame Marguerite.

Public expectation was more than realized. Every year added to their wealth, and Marguerite became the most notable housewife in the country. A girl who had staid any time with the dame, had made her fortune for life; for she was instantly known to be neat, smart and capable; a little of the vixen withal, but that was no objection to a man who literally wanted a "help-meet." Indeed, the point seems to be every where admitted, that a very notable housewife must be a scold, and all that is gained at the expense of the temper. We wont stop to argue the point; but leave it to those more curious in these matters than we profess to be.

Marguerite's house was kept in the most unexceptionable order; and the webs of linen, all of her own manufacture, which she piled away in huge oaken chests, became the envy of all the good women in the neighborhood. Her dress had been originally a little the smartest of all in the village; but as she became more involved in domestic ambition, it lost its smart, genteel air, and retained little else than its extreme neatness of aspect. Gradually, too, she refrained from attending church upon the Sabbath, as her cares continued to engross her attention; and, it was remarked, that dame Marguerite couldn't keep still long enough for prayers.

Her light was the last to be extinguished at night; and the sound of her broom and duster, and the shrill tones of her voice, calling to her maids, the first to be heard in the morning. Indeed, in her eager activity, she seemed to have anticipated the steam-going speed of modern days.

"Get up, you lazy jades," she one Monday morning called to her maids, "to-day we must wash, to-morrow iron, the next day churn, Thursday make cheese, Friday brew, Saturday bake, and heaps of spinning and weaving besides, and here it is daylight and not a stroke of work done yet."

Thus she went on, always upon the high pressure principle, for the sight of a particle of dust was enough to throw her into a paroxysm of cleaning, which found no relief, until every room, pantry and hall, had received a thorough ablution. Nor was this all, for when to other eyes not a shadow of stain could be perceptible, Marguerite would insist upon accomplishing the regular process of cleansing, lest, as she said, "it should grow dirty."

Hans remonstrated, but all in vain. Gradually he learned to scrape his shoes until half worn from their soles, and to tread on tip-toe over his wife's nicely scoured floors, and to move about his own house, as if it were never designed for use, till these things ceased to annoy him; and he consoled himself by thinking, never man had a neater or smarter wife.

True, indeed, there never was such a worker known. Morning, noon and night, she bustled about, her little hard heels making their incessant clatter; and the wrinkles grew upon her brow, and the silver mingled with her hair, all unconsciously it would seem, for she had no time to note such trifles. If allusion were ever made to the childless lot of the couple, it was at once conceded, that dame Marguerite had no time for such matters; and, indeed, it was thought to be a doubt whether she would ever find time to die. Hans shook his head, for his wife had never known an hour's illness: and her brisk, wiry frame, seemed to redouble its activity as years gathered around it.

He had become feeble and bowed with age, and daily did his trembling step and failing strength admonish him that his time was at hand. Not so, Marguerite; her foot became almost echoless in its elastic tread, and her capacity for exertion increased daily. If her husband ventured to hint that all is vanity, and the time was come when she ought to abate some of her extreme solicitude about the things of this world, Marguerite's decisive "it must be done," put a stop at once to his homily, and silenced all remonstrance.

The priest came with pious warnings, to which the dame listened with ill-restrained impatience; and when he was gone, made herself ample amends by working later at night, and a little more than ordinary upon the next Sabbath.

At length Hans fell ill, and was unable to leave his bed. Great was the surprise of the neighbors, to observe, that Marguerite never approached him, to administer in any way either to his comfort or relief. There she was, bustling about from garret to cellar, sweeping, dusting and scrubbing, turning the wheel, and plying the

loom, but uttering a word to none. Her eyes were deep sunk and passionless, her step was brisk as ever, but utterly echoless, and none could ever detect the slightest shadow, when she passed between the light and the wall. Vague and horrible were the surmises, but no one dared to give them utterance.

The night that Hans died, he relieved his mind of the dreadful secret. He gave it as his solemn belief, that his wife had been dead for many weeks. One night, when he had been long in bed, and his wife, as usual, busy at work, for she needed little sleep, he was awakened by the angry voice of Marguerite, who seemed engaged in some violent altercation, amounting, indeed, to a regular pitched battle, with the brandishing of brooms, kettles, and other feminine weapons. Knowing his wife's repugnance to any sort of interference in her household economy, he quietly looked on, wondering that he could see no one with whom she was engaged. The tumult at length subsided; his wife grew calm, and the only remaining evidence of the contest, was a dense suffocating heat, and a strong odor of sulphur. Then, for the first time, did the truth flash upon him. Marguerite had been engaged in mortal combat with the prince of darkness, who had attempted to abstract her, bodily, from the world. But he had failed in the main object, that of carrying off the body, the active dame having proved more than his match, and he was obliged, perforce, to be content with only the spirit.

Hans died and was buried: while his indefatigable wife continued 'up to the ears' in work, and took no sort of notice of all that was going on. The neighbors closed the door of her dwelling, and left the spectre housewife to her ceaseless toil. Gradually that part of the village was abandoned; for people were appalled at hearing the perpetual clatter of female labor, from one, who neither ate, drank or slept, and who, according to the ordinary course of nature, ought to have been in her grave years before.

The priest was wont to assert, that dame Marguerite fought hard for her body, but in the last battle she had forgotten every paternoster, and so was unable to save her soul; and she was thence held up by him, as a warning to all, who neglect making provisions for the soul, by donations to the church.

The common faith was, that dame Marguerite, in punishment for her excessive worldliness, was doomed to perpetual toil, for a whole legion of imps who despoiled her linen, disarranged her house, and devoured her choicest cookery faster than she could repair the mischief they had done; and thus she remained a lasting warning, also, to all over-anxious housewives.

*Talking.*—It has been said in praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honor of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation on the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.—*Addison.*

Original.

## THE FEMALE SPY;\*

A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

AFTER the battle of Stillwater, alluded to before, the situation of General Burgoyne, as before stated, became very precarious. His Indian auxiliaries deserted daily; and his army, reduced to little more than five thousand men, was limited to half their usual allowance of provisions. His stock of forage was entirely exhausted, and his horses were perishing in great numbers. In the mean time the American army had fortunately become so largely augmented, as to make him diffident of rendering good his retreat. To aggravate his distress, no intelligence had yet been received from Sir Henry Clinton, whom he expected would make a diversion in his favor from New-York. But Sir Henry's messenger, with an account of the taking of Fort Montgomery, we have seen, was compelled to disgorge his despatches, and had been hanged as a spy.

In the exigency in which he now found himself placed, Burgoyne resolved to examine the possibility of dislodging the Americans from their posts on the left, by which means, he would be enabled to retreat to the lakes. For this purpose he drew out fifteen hundred men, which he headed himself, attended by Generals Phillips, Reidsel, and Frazer. This detachment had scarcely formed, within less than half a mile of the American entrenchments, when a furious attack was made on its left; but Major Ackland, at the head of the British grenadiers, sustained it with great firmness.

The Americans soon extended their attack along the whole front of the German troops, which were posted on the right of the grenadiers; and marched a body around their flank, to prevent their retreat. On this movement the British light infantry, with a part of the twenty-fourth regiment, instantly formed, to cover the retreat of the troops into the camp. Their left wing, in the mean time, overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, and would inevitably have been *all cut to pieces*, but for the intervention of the same troops, which had just been covering the retreat on the right.

The whole detachment was now under the necessity of retiring; but scarcely had the British troops entered the lines, when the Americans led by General Arnold, pressed forward, and under a tremendous fire of grape-shot and musketry, assaulted the works throughout their whole extent, from right to left.

Toward the close of the day, a part of the left of the Americans forced the entrenchments, and Arnold, with a few men, actually entered the works; but his horse being killed, and he himself being badly wounded in the leg, they were forced out of them; and it being now nearly dark, they desisted from the attack. On the left of Arnold's detachment, Jackson's regiment, of Massachusetts, and led by lieutenant-colonel Brooks, was still more successful. It completely turned the right of the en-

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campment, and carried by storm, the works occupied by the German reserve. Lieutenant-colonel Breyman was killed; and Brooks maintained the ground he had gained. The British suffered much in lost and wounded: nine pieces of brass artillery were taken, and the whole camp equipage of a German brigade. The Americans suffered but little.

After a retreat to Saratoga, and the failure of an attempt to reach Fort Edward by night, Gen. Burgoyne, unable to obtain a supply of provisions, and with troops worn out by fatigue, surrendered his army prisoners of war, on the 17th October, 1777.

The capture of an entire army, was justly viewed as an event that must essentially affect the contest between Great Britain and America, and while it excited the highest joy among the people, it could not but have a most auspicious influence in the cabinet and in the field. The thanks of Congress were voted to General Gates and his army; and a gold medal, commemorating this splendid achievement, was ordered to be struck, to be presented to him by the President, in the name of the United States.

In the meantime, France had concluded a treaty of amity and alliance, and sent a fleet to our assistance, commanded by the count d'Estaing, with a military detachment under General Rochambeau. A meeting was concerted to take place between their brave allies and General Washington, at Hartford, Ct., for the purpose of agreeing on a plan of future joint operations.

Previous to the departure of Washington to attend this conference, and while he was on his march to King's bridge, with a view to an attempt upon the city of New-York, having mustered for that purpose every man who could carry a musket, he had placed General Arnold, at his own earnest, and reiterated request, in command of a corps of invalids at West Point. The commander-in-chief had offered him a different command; one suitable to his rank and reputation in the army. But Arnold declined the offer; making the pretext, that the unhealed state of his wounds, and other causes, rendered him unfit for more active duty. He made great interest to obtain the command at West Point; and Washington granted it.

Upon the departure of Washington, General Greene was placed in command of the main army, which was on the 17th September, 1780. On the very next day, Admiral Rodney arrived at New-York, with such an overwhelming reinforcement to the British navy, as must have set at naught all the consultations at Hartford.

From that time, Greene's communications to the President of Congress, were full of the hurried preparations going on at New-York, for some important enterprise. Little did he, or any other person, suspect to what point that enterprise was directed. His correspondents in that city, were at a loss whether the expedition was intended against Rhode Island or Virginia. To one or the other of those places, the British had thrown out hints, or exhibited appearances, that there the expedition was directed.

Yet Greene was not wholly deceived; for in a letter to General Washington, of the 21st, he says—"Colonel

Read communicated the last intelligence we have from New-York; since that, I have not been able to obtain the least information of what is going on there, though we have people in from three different quarters. None of them returning, makes me suspect some secret expedition is in contemplation, the success of which depends altogether on its being kept a secret."

The finest troops at this time attached to the American army, was a squadron of Virginia cavalry, or dragoons, under the command of Major Lee; an officer of much courage, enterprise, and chivalric spirit. He had distinguished himself on many important occasions during the war, and was the confidential friend of Washington. Edward Champe, the sergeant-major in this corps of dragoons, was a native of Loudon county, Virginia, and stood high in the estimation of Major Lee; he was about twenty-three years of age; had entered the corps in 1776; rather above the common size, full of bone and muscle, with a saturnine countenance, grave, thoughtful, and taciturn, of tried courage, inflexible perseverance, and sighing for promotion, which he had been promised on the first vacancy, a commission being the goal of his long and anxious exertions. He had formed an ardent attachment for the daughter of a wealthy farmer, named Clover, living in the vicinity of Tappan, which was warmly reciprocated by the fair Louisa. And their betrothal had actually occurred, when the parties were all thrown into sudden consternation and alarm, by the discovery of Arnold's treason, and the capture of Andre.

Andre was the favorite aid-de-camp of Sir Henry Clinton, and had ascended the river from the city of New-York, in the Vulture sloop of war, to hold a personal conference with Arnold. After Burgoyne's surrender of his whole army to the Americans, Sir Henry had become sensible that no time was to be lost, as most probably on the return of Washington from Hartford, he would himself assume the command in person, at West Point, or confide it to Greene. The present, therefore, was the most favorable moment that would ever present itself: the recent movement of the American army nearer to that place, excited to despatch; and the arrival of Rodney, gave the enemy the command of such abundant means of water transportation, without exposing the city to a *coup de main* from the French and American forces, that the British commander would have been culpably negligent, not to have embraced it. Andre was accordingly despatched to make the final arrangements for the consummation of the treachery of Arnold.

The object of Arnold's negotiation—the surrender of West Point, and the manner in which he conducted his traitorous design, which eventuated in the capture of Andre, and the flight of Arnold, are well known.

The developement of his plot was communicated to General Greene, by a letter from Colonel Hamilton, dated Verplanck's Point. It was received on the evening of the 25th. The object of the preparations in New-York, immediately became palpable; and without delay, General Greene made every disposition for marching to the defence of West Point; so that when General Washington's order reached him, at a quarter past three on the morning of the 26th, the whole

army had been placed under marching orders. The first Pennsylvania brigade, under Wayne, had been first put in motion; so that it actually fell to the lot of Andre, to find the man he had ridiculed in song, in command, when he was delivered a prisoner at the village of Tappan. But Wayne did not sit on the board of officers who tried him, perhaps from considerations of delicacy; there may have remained something of personal irritation; as the wounds of the pen, last longer than those of the sword.\*

It now becomes requisite to attend to some other personages, which, though not already introduced to the reader, have been more than once mentioned in the course of this authentic narrative.

The second son of Mrs. Derby, whose name was John, as we have stated, was a good-natured, whimsical sort of a fellow, with no stability of character, but little pride, and still less industry; he had eloped from his master, and gone, no one knew whither. For a long time, his whereabouts were unknown to his old mother; who, at length learned, that after trying a variety of different callings and pursuits, he had become a tin-pedlar, and was thus travelling through the country, vending "dutch-ovens, cullenders, dippers, and pans." This intelligence was, perhaps, more mortifying to his proud, high-spirited mother, than the act of treason of which his brother had been guilty, and for which he had been rewarded according to contract, and was now a captain in the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton.

But John Derby had once more changed his calling, and was now wandering about as an itinerant physician, vending quack medicines, which were warranted to cure every disease to which the human system was liable. In this character he had assumed a new name, and called himself *Doctor Stramonium*, and actually applied to Washington, for an office in the medical department of the American army. But the commander-in-chief immediately dismissed the pretender, whom he perceived to be unqualified, and told him that all such appointments were made by Congress.

About the same time, he fell in with one of Major Lee's dragoons, a cornet in Captain Carnes' corps of cavalry, who had known him when a boy. The cornet was just leaving the cottage of an old lady, in the village of Tappan, and taking leave of her grand-daughter, Miss Primrose, whom he parts from, with the following exclamation—

"Yes, my dearest Lucy, while the cause of liberty is supported by such hearts and such arms, who can doubt of success?" to which animated appeal, she fondly replied:

"I do not doubt, William," I only tremble for your personal safety."

"Fear nothing, lovely girl," replied the gallant cornet, in a soothing tone. "Our little army is invincible, and longs for nothing, so much as for one glorious battle, to

\* The song alluded to, said to have been written by Andre, after ridiculing Wayne severely, thus concludes:

"And now I close my epic strain,  
I tremble while I show it,  
Lest this same warrior-dreuer Wayne,  
Should ever catch the poet!"

wipe off the stain with which the treason of Arnold has sullied its reputation!"

"Alas!" sighed Miss Primrose, "how much has this wretched man to answer for! Perhaps, even for the life of the brave but unfortunate Andre."

"I sadly fear so," returned the cornet. "To-morrow his fate is to be decided by a court martial. He has been brought to head-quarters, here at Tappan, where preparations have been made for his trial. But I shall be waited for, as our corps is under marching orders; so, for the last time, farewell! Shall I see you at Squire Clover's, to-morrow evening?"

"Louisa, would hardly forgive me, should I fail; and may no new alarm prevent your attending," was the fair one's reply, which she uttered just as John Derby entered the gate of the little enclosure that formed the door-yard.

Middleton started with unaffected surprise, as he exclaimed "why, who the deuce have we here? a chaplain, or a surgeon?"

"Oh! permit me to make you acquainted with Doctor Stramonium," rejoined Lucy, "who is prescribing for my grandmother's ague. I must run in and tell her he has come," and suiting the action to the word, she entered the cottage.

"Doctor Stramonium!" exclaimed the cornet. "Unless my eyes are playing the Arnold, this is no doctor at all, but my old acquaintance, John Derby, with his straight sandy locks peeping out from beneath a powdered wig. Why, Jack, my lad of war, how are you? and what in the name of all that is whimsical, brings you here in this disguise? I thought you were still making shoes with old Jimmy Strap."

"Billy Middleton!" returned Derby, "my fine fellow, I am glad to see you. An officer in Lee's dragoons, hey! well, that's not so bad. How long, pray, have you worn the continental livery, as a champion in the glorious cause of freedom?"

"Ever since the gallant Lee has been in the field," returned the cornet. "And why, pray, do you not lend a hand in the same glorious cause?"

"I am ready to lend a hand," replied the would-be doctor, "to open a vein, or extract a bullet; but as to fighting, it is not my vocation, Hal!"

"Then enlist, and make it your vocation," returned the dragoon.

"I enlist!" exclaimed the quack. "Do you not know, sir, that talents in the cabinet, are as necessary as courage in the field. Every one to his calling. I belong to the medical department. You have heard of Doctor Stramonium. Every body knows me."

"To the medical department!" reiterated the dragoon with some surprise, not unmingled with contempt.

"Yes, sir," answered the pill-maker; "acquainted with every stitch in the human system, from the insole to the heel-tap. By the way, I am told there is neither surgeon nor chaplain in your legion. I should be happy to serve in either capacity. Recommend me to the major, and I will see that you are promoted."

"Excuse me, Jack," said the cornet, with a good-humored smile; "we go to the other world fast enough,

without your assistance. But what pretensions have you to the art of healing, or preaching?"

"What pretensions!" cried the doctor. "Science and experience to be sure. Did I not study the noble art of *heeling* for several years? and, as to preaching, I trust that I have benefited many a perishing *sole*."

"What!" exclaimed the cornet, in undissembled astonishment at the fellow's assurance. "Do you forget that I know you?" to which the pretender honestly replied:

"I mean *heeling* and *soleing* shoes, with old Jemmy Strap, with whom I learned the trade of cobbling. My medical studies, to be sure, have been rather more limited; yet, still, I am familiar with every term in the pharmacopœ, from rancacks to a jackboot. Why, I felt the pulse of Washington, yesterday. My dear doctor, said he—"

"Reserve that lie," whispered the cornet, "for those who can swallow it. You were always addicted to *long threads*, Jack."

"Long threads!" reiterated Derby. "That smells of the shop. Do you not perceive something striking in my appearance, hey?"

"Strikingly ridiculous, I must confess," replied the dragoon, "but explain, what induced you to abandon theawl and the lapstone?"

"Ambition!" shouted Derby; "the idol of all aspiring souls. I cobbled *soles*, until I discovered that I had a soul above it. I then turned my ambition to the stage, having witnessed several theatrical performances before I left Dublin. So I studied Shakespeare, till I was on the point of starving; so I cut stick. But stay, if you have any curiosity to hear my history, I will sing it to you."

"Sing a history!" exclaimed Middleton.

"Nothing more common," replied the quack. "Go into one of our village schools, and you will hear the history of Joseph, sung in chorus; and Dilworth's spelling-book, chaunted in responses. But you must know that while I was studying Shakespeare, I imperceptibly, as it were, became a poet, myself, and have got all my experience written down in rhyme. Attend now, for it will do you good to hear it. It is in particular metre, and will go to the tune of the Hobbies, and will become far more popular than Hopkinson's *Battle of the Kegs*, which is now making so much noise in Philadelphia. Listen, you will perceive that I have not only been a jack of all trades, but a lawyer into the bargain."

He then, without ceremony, commenced singing the following words:

"A last and a lap-stone, were once my delight,  
And I sung, while I hammered, from morning till night;  
But all the day's earnings, at night I would spend,  
Till the thread of my credit was brought to an end."

Then without waiting for a comment, he added in his own speaking voice—

"For I was up to a thing or two, and loved fun; passed the night in reciting Shakespeare, at the ale-house, and kept myself awake next day by beating time with a hammer, while I sung

"Make a death, cut stick, high time I tramped,  
Rise again, tick again, credit now vamped."

Middleton could not avoid laughing aloud, at this whimsical medley, which encouraged Derby to go on.

"But I rose again, at Plymouth, in the province of Massachusetts, where I taught a singing-school; for as Shakespeare says:—'He that hath not music in his soul—'"

"But," interrupted the cornet, "was not your ambition satisfied with that honorable profession?"

"Yes, returned Derby, and I should have doubtless arrived at eminence, as a musician, had not the devil produced a *discord* in the *treble*, which portended trouble. But you shall hear;" and he commenced singing again.

"I next taught the gamut, the *sharps* and the *flats*,  
To a nasal-twanged bass, and a treble of cats;  
Till my private *duet* with a miss got abroad  
Which changed the *key-note*, and produced a *discord*."

A little love affair that ran *counter* to my wishes, and induced some slanderous tongue to pronounce the whole *tenor* of my conduct to be *thorough bass*. So without venturing a *da capo*, I concluded to pocket the *slur*, leaped the *bar* with a *quick movement*, and left the *flats* to harmonize as they could; for all the gossips had decreed that their daughters should have nothing more to do with my

Fa sol la, fa sol la, fa sol la me;  
Stop twig, such a rig, ought not to be."

"A very musical retreat," observed the dragoon. "Where did you halt?"

"In Connecticut," replied the itinerant. "Made a death in the Old Colony, and rose again in New Haven, where I set up as a merchant."

"Still rising!" exclaimed the dragoon. "A shipping merchant, I suppose"

"Don't believe it," returned the reader of Shakespeare; "I would't trust my little all to the treacherous ocean; for there be water rats, and land rats, as the great poet says. The fact is, I became a vender of tin ware, ladies trinkets, and a variety of other little notions, in a covered one-horse wagon. But you interrupt the *thread* of my song. Let's see, where was I?"

A travelling merchant, I quickly became,  
A new stock in trade, a new dress, and new name;  
And I bartered my goods with such exquisite grace  
That I was called Honest Rover, in every place.  
While I kept jogging along the road, singing  
Dutch-oven, cullenders, dippers and pans,  
Broaches and buckles, with ear-rings and fans."

Thus I made a tramp through the colonies in something like style. But the commencement of hostilities at length rendered travelling unsafe; so I bartered my stock in trade, equipage and all, and set up as a country school-master in a Dutch village not forty miles from Philadelphia."

"There, I should have supposed," observed the cornet, "you might have settled for life."

"Don't believe it," returned the *ci devant* pedlar; "it is true, I flattered myself so for a while; but I soon found that I had not yet attained my appropriate sphere of action, as you will hear in the sequel—"

A school-master next, with a visage severe,  
Board, lodging, and washing, and twelve pounds a year,  
For teaching the rustics to spell and to read  
The New England Primer, the Psalter and creed."

You must know that I undertook to hammer a little learning through the calf-skinned pates of seventy or

eighty share-tied, leather-head numb-skulls; but after vainly trying the experiment at both ends of the patients, I lost my own patience, and my school into the bargain. 'Loss upon loss,' as Shakspeare says."

"Indeed," ejaculated Middleton; "you flogged too severely, I suppose."

"Don't believe it!" responded the teacher. "The fact is, my pupils had imbibed, from the spirit of the times, such elevated notions of liberty and equality that they lost all respect for legitimate government. Where I expected passive obedience and non-resistance, I met with open *rebellion* and was glad to make a precipitate retreat with a whole skin; and this so forcibly remained me of my musical scrape, that I struck up the old chorus of

Fa sol la, fa sol la, fa sol la me,  
Hop twig, such a rig, ought not to be."

"What was your next resort?" inquired the dragoon.

"Preaching," answered the pedlar.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the soldier; "John Derby a preacher! That caps the climax."

"Don't believe it," replied Derby. "I advanced still another step on the road to ruin. But you shall hear,

I then became preacher, without any call,  
When one sweet village lass came to hear brother Paul;  
And told her experience o'er with such grace,  
That I gave the dear creature an ardent embrace.

Then there was the deuce to pay, and poor Jack once more in the vocative. But I made my escape to the back woods, singing my old Goshen ditty—

Make a death, cut stick, high time I tramped,  
Rise again, tick again, credit new vamped."

"And what did you in the forest?" asked the dragoon.

"Finding myself at length among wolves, catamounts, and other wild beasts of prey, I thought it was best to become one myself, and for this purpose I studied law. Having exhausted all the fire and brimstone of the pulpit, and tried the thunder and lightning of the bar; but making no converts with the first, and obtaining no suits with the second, I concluded to relinquish both, and have now set down at my ease in the science of medicine, by which I am in a fair way to make my fortune. 'I do remember me an apothecary, and hereabouts he lives,' as Shakspeare says."

"Then you must have a very extensive practice?" observed the dragoon.

"Don't believe it," replied the other; I don't want much. Having a little cash left to keep up appearances; the dress and character of a physician give me free access to the most respectable families; which, by the way, brings me to the last verse of my song—

And now a physician, with cock'd hat and wig,  
I can feel ladies' pulses, look wise and talk big;  
With a fine ruffled shirt, and good coat to my back,  
I pluck the poor geese, while the ducks exclaim, *quack!*

The fair patient exclaims, 'O doctor, I am glad you have come! I have got such a concerned beating of the heart, that I can hardly draw my breath. Oh! Let me see your tongue, Miss. 'La soule, doctor, what in the world has the tongue to do with the heart?' In general, Miss, not much; but your case is an exception. 'An exception! Oh, good gracious! you don't say so. Is an exception a dangerous disorder, doctor?' Oh, no,

not at all dangerous, Miss. An application of stramonium externally, and copious draughts of catnip tea internally, will soon restore you. The lady's heart becomes composed; I pocket my fee, and make my exit, singing,

Feel the pulse, smell the cane, look at the tongue,  
Touch the gold, praise the old, flatter the young.

In short, Billy, the dear little creatures are so fond of my prescriptions, that a dozen rich heiresses are at this moment ready and willing to run into my arms."

"And which of the dozen, doctor, is to be the happy fair?" inquired the dragoon.

"In confidence, Billy," replied the doctor, "I will tell you. But mind, under the rose. You know old Squire Clover, the rich farmer, in the valley? That's enough. There is something to make the pot boil. Eh! My hopes are in *all*—major key. Recommend me to Lee; that's all. Chaplain or surgeon—I will serve in either capacity, or in both if necessary."

"Unfortunately for you, doctor, such appointments are at present made by Congress," observed the dragoon.

"That's just what Washington told me yesterday," returned the doctor. "My dear doctor," said he—

"But beware!" exclaimed the cornet. "Are you certain that there is no rival in the way? Our cavalry have produced a wonderful revolution in female taste since last June."

"Don't believe it!" exclaimed Derby; "the gold lace of your Virginia uniforms may have dazzled the eyes and turned the heads of some of our farmers' daughters. But permit me, sir, to inform you that Miss Louisa Clover possesses a mind as superior to the generality of her sex, as waxed calf-skin is to sheep. 'My dear doctor,' said she to me, this morning—"

"Never mind what she said," interrupted Middleton; "I am not ignorant of Miss Clover's superior worth."

"Consequently," returned the doctor, "she is not to be dazzled with ribbons, feathers, gold lace, or morocco belts. It is true that she is partial to gentlemen of the army, and is, therefore, anxious that I should obtain the appointment I am seeking. She reveres science, and I consequently stand high in her good graces. Get me the appointment, Billy, and I'm doubly sure of success; for, as Shakspeare says, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'"

"Do you mean to say," asked the cornet, "that Miss Clover respects you as a man of science?"

"To be sure she does," answered the quack, "and always introduces me to her friends as the musical doctor, who is master of seven languages."

"Seven languages!" reiterated the dragoon; "you forget how often old Zachariah Birch has flagedated you for not remembering the sign of the subjunctive mood. What are the seven languages which you now pretend to speak?"

"Those appertaining to my seven professions, to be sure," promptly answered Derby. "Every profession, you know, has its peculiar language."

"I understand," returned the dragoon; "you mean the *cant of the shop*; but wouldn't it be better policy to *sink the shop* altogether?"

"I know it," returned the doctor; "but between our

selves, I am very apt to confound my seven languages, and by endeavoring to sink one shop, raise up the ghosts of the other half dozen. This sometimes perplexes my patients, until I convince them that it is in conformity with the late improvements in science."

"What if I make the fair Louisa acquainted with your real character?" asked the dragoon.

"My seven characters, you mean," replied the quack with his usual assurance. "But say nothing, Billy. Exert your influence to get me an appointment in the legion, and when I realize my golden anticipations, I will not forget you, depend upon it, but will help you out in a drag."

"A drag!" exclaimed the dragoon; "what's a drag?"

"I mean," returned Derby, "that you shall have a call, a lift under the heel-tap—promotion. I will lend you my influence. Think of that and say nothing. Solder your lips, and you shall soon move *pomposo*—you shall indeed, Billy."

*To be continued.*

Original.

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE PACKET SHIP PHILADELPHIA.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I'll keep my word, dear Mr. Wallace,  
And write a page, tho' ill at ease;  
For tho' my heart will find a solace,  
In scribbling lines so light as these;  
My head—a trifle lighter yet,  
Forbids the sport—with much regret.

The twentieth morn, on purple wings,  
With glowing smile of promise sweet,  
Fair, o'er the far horizon springs,  
And treads with silver-sandal'd feet  
Yon heaving sea:—But one week more—  
I'll track them on my native shore!

And yet, while thro' the light sea foam  
Our gallant vessel wings her way,  
Like some wild bird that wanders home  
At will, with wind and wave at play,  
Remembrance looks, with mournful smile,  
To all I loved on Albion's isle!

And when beside my mother's knee  
I sit caressing and caressed,  
While my one hope of exile folds  
Its weary wings upon her breast,  
Recalling how the kind and true  
Have cheered my grief—we'll talk of you!

I'll tell her of your "sweet wee wife,"  
The graceful, lovely, loving creature,  
The light and music of your life,  
So good I'm sure that angels teach her!—  
Of Eddie, Laura, Charles, and Will,  
All, all, beloved, remembered still!

I'll tell her how, when woe oppress'd,  
I sought your pleasant, household hearth,  
And how you cheered your homesick guest  
With converse sweet and chastened mirth.  
Say! by that hearth when met in glee—  
Now do you ever think of me?

May 30, 1836.

Original.

## THE SCEPTIC'S DREAM.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THERE are spirits of good and spirits of ill,  
That wait on man in his mortal state,  
That come and go, as his reason's will  
Inclines his heart to love or hate;  
And often in dreams when the senses sleep,  
The evil tempt the soul away,  
And but for an eye that can never weep,  
They would quench the light of the spirit's day.  
But many a dream of horrid form,  
Is the guise of a guardian angel's care,  
With power to lead through the blacken'd storm,  
And whisper the wanderer to beware.

Once, rack'd with doubt, I fell asleep,  
When I roam'd thro' a city where grandeur reign'd;  
'Twas built by the sea, on a rocky steep,  
By the rocky shore were the billows chain'd:  
Huge architectural piles were there,  
With avenues of vast extent;  
Broad domes and palaces for prayer,  
And all that luxury could invent.  
There, men were hurrying thro' the streets,  
Each rapt with the thoughts of his daily gain,  
The piers were crowded with laden fleets,  
And idlers were lounging with fancies vain.  
Here, were funeral palls borne by,  
While there, marched on a bright parade,  
And the ear was stunn'd with the busy cry,  
Which the tumult of tongues in that city made.

Then, all at once, a cry was heard—  
That the waters were rising—the sea was swelling;  
The skies grew dark, and the thunders stirr'd  
From startled sleep, in their concave dwelling.  
The ocean rose, and the clouds gave way,  
Hot lightning flash'd with a constant blaze,  
'Twas brighter than noon of a summer day,  
And it fill'd the heart with strange amaze.  
A cry went forth—that the law which binds  
The sea, the earth, and the sky, was broken;  
And madness seized on the people's minds—  
Curses were shrieked and blasphemy spoken!

An earthquake, then, with a thunder-burst,  
Hurled temples down to the deluged ground,  
And the ocean rose as it did at first,  
But faster, and with a horrid sound!  
I felt that the day of doom was then,  
Yet strange to say! I did not fear,  
Tho' horror stared from the eyes of men,  
And sounds were heard, it were death to hear.  
Amidst the crash of the solid earth,  
The tumult, the roar of the foaming sea,  
A voice was heard, like a thunder birth,  
"So would it be without Deity!"

Original.

## A SKETCH.

BY JULIA M. PEARSE.

DEPARTED day had thrown its memory across the scene on which my eye rested. The foliage of the trees stirred gently, as the evening sighed itself to rest within their shadowy bowers. The dew was cherishing with the balm of heaven, to which it would return on the morrow, the flowers in whose fragrant cups it lay lovingly nestled; while the rising moon, gliding gracefully from behind a pile of fleeting clouds, silently dropped her silver strand upon the surface of the whole. But as I gazed in a rapturous stillness, a faint murmuring, like the last echoing vibration of a harp-string, caused me to turn in the direction, whence it seemed to proceed. Within a recess formed by two moss-covered rocks, o'er-arched with clustering vines, a maid was kneeling to the great God in prayer. Upon her innocent head, scarce sixteen summers could have smiled, yet the lofty brow betokened high and ripened intellect. Her eyes, like twin stars set in Heaven's own blue, beamed with a soft radiance borrowed from the fount of purity within. Her unbound hair fell in wavy tresses over the white robe, which draped a form, whose yielding grace and slender proportions seemed the embodying of a poet's dream. Her hands were meekly folded, and from her parted lips came the trembling sounds that had struck my ear. At that instant another joined her. He was one just on the verge of manhood; his dark eyes sparkled with the unshadowed brilliancy of enthusiastic youth, and his step bounded light and free as he drew near. But the fiery glance melted away, and his impatient gesture was quickly subdued, as with an expression of awe he noted her attitude and the holy task in which she was engaged; then, sinking slowly on his knees beside her, he mingled his deep tones with her's, in supplication. The rose tint deepened on the maiden's cheek, as she became aware of his presence, but when after a few moments, both arose; her eyes filled with tears, as bowing her head upon her lover's bosom, she faltered forth, "Azor, dear Azor! I have prayed for strength to endure the trial thou hast taught me is required, and though still sorrowful, I can now think upon our approaching separation with calmness." "Heaven bless you, my Mary," was the reply. "But yet, beloved, why call that a separation, which will end with time? Have we not the promise of a glorious eternity, where those who love shall be united for ever! and ought we to neglect, while in our power, to prove the gratitude, which cannot exist in connection with an unwillingness to sacrifice every earthly desire of our hearts!" "I feel all this," answered the fair girl, "but why, Azor, tell me, why is it, that while I am so weak and wavering, while the clouds of mistrust and doubt so often obscure for a time the bright faith I have learned from thee, that *thou art ever firm as the earth whereon we stand?*" And she clung to him for support as she finished her earnest appeal. For some moments there was a pause, during which the youth's countenance assumed a more radiant expression than it had yet worn, and when he spoke, there was a melody in his voice which belonged not to earth, for it was the *soul* dissolv-

ing in expression. "Thou knowest, Mary," he said, "that in the days of childhood my home was on the plains of Judea; there, with my widowed mother, time glided peacefully on. A father's care I never knew, for ere the light had beamed upon my infant eyes, his own had closed in death. Four years of my life had passed away, when, one morning, as I was playing in front of our humble habitation, I was attracted by the rare spectacle of a multitude of people collecting rapidly from all quarters; I ran to ask my mother the cause. She left her employment and inquired of a neighbor who was passing quickly in the same direction, the meaning of this unusual commotion. 'Have you not heard,' he replied, 'that a great Prophet, from the further side of Jordan, is teaching the people?' My mother immediately prepared to follow the man, and as I earnestly besought permission to accompany her, she consented, and taking me by the hand, we pursued our way until we came near the place of meeting. When we paused, would that I could describe, dearest, the view which presented itself to our wondering gaze! The plain around us was glowing with the freshness and beauty of early morn. The young grass glistened with the delicate gossamers which glittered in the sunlight. The heath blossoms, shaking their tiny bells, nodded their salutations as the clear breeze swept by, and the warbling birds seemed bestowing their applause upon the harmony of Nature. But *all things* grew dim, as making our way through the crowd, we came in sight of the Teacher. It seemed as though a holy atmosphere floated around, while listening to his words. Child as I was, my mind clearly comprehended the spirit of all he uttered. It was as though some unseen power had breathed into me an understanding beyond my years. And the teacher! Mary, language would fail to convey to you the *most remote* idea of the majesty of his countenance! He was seated in the centre of the crowd; a coarse robe was thrown carelessly around his noble form. From his lofty brow, the throne of every virtue, his long hair floated on his shoulders, and round his mouth hovered a smile, pure and holy as a sleeping infant's, and as his eye, the dwelling place of love and piety, rested suddenly on me, every fibre of my frame, thrilled with a tremulous emotion of overpowering joy and awe. With a propelling impulse, I sprang from my mother's side to throw myself at his feet. But the men surrounding me obstructed my passage, and those whom they called his disciples frowned upon me. My little heart throbbed with indignation, and the tears coursed rapidly down my face, as I returned to retrace my steps, when He, looking sternly upon my opposers, exclaimed, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!' and those thus rebuked, shrunk back. I found myself at his side. Oh, that extatic moment! when the Saviour, the Redeemer of mankind, raised me in his arms, and blessed me, saying, 'Who-soever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.' And when, concluding, he pressed his lips upon my forehead, I could have died with excess of happiness. That kiss left its print upon my soul, and that blessing is on me now!"

Boston, Dec., 1839.



Original.

## AN ANTE MORTEM EPITAPH.\*

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"Thou but remind'st me of mine own conceit."—KING LEAR.

WILLIS is dead!—but what of that?  
 He, after all, was but a *Gnat*;  
 Or, worse than that, if worse can be,  
 Not only *Nat*—"Nathaniel P."  
 The *Gnat* and *Pea*, upon his tomb  
 Shall freely buz and fairly bloom;—  
 And who would seek, or care, to wield  
 Blazon more bright upon his shield?  
*Gnats* always were a teasing race,  
 Who never knew their proper place!  
 'Tis not so much their petty sting—  
 They always fancy they can *SING*!  
 I do not know, that their conclusion  
 Has been, to *print* their "last effusion,"  
 But this I know, where'er they stray  
 They make their "Pencilings by the way!"  
 In *Peas*, there's difference, 'twill be seen;  
 Yet all, are either *dry* or *green*;—  
 To say which off'nest marked Nathaniel,  
 Would need, we think, "a second Daniel;"  
 For, when to read his plays we're asked,  
 We're sure to think our "Heart o'ertasked;"  
 And say politely to "Bianca,"—  
 "By no means, madam! No, I thank you!"  
 Just name his thousand dollar "Heiress;"  
 You'll find no better way to scare us!  
 Though, true enough, his last's a blazer—  
 His un-"Matched-Usurer," "brave Tortosa."  
 But *Nat* is dead, I've said before,  
 By which I mean, "he is *no more*:"—  
 That is to say, no more than *dead*;  
 For though he gravely rests his head,  
 Within the tomb untimely crammed,  
 We have no proof that he's been ———,  
 And rather hope it is *not* so,  
 For, after all, while here below,  
 Though rather on the coxcomb order,  
 "Where honor gripped," was "aye his border"—  
 His walking-cane was rather thick,  
 Yet he himself not quite a *stick*;—  
 His *Castor's* brim was something wide,  
 But still, there was a *head* inside!  
 Had Willis been turned outside in,  
 Another kind of man we'd seen;  
 For all within, was warm and true,  
 While all without, was cold and *blue*!  
 His valued life—alas! was spilt  
 At Egliaton's late famous tilt.  
 Unwilling e'er to be outdone,  
 He needs must try a course to run  
 As all the knights esteemed it nought—  
 "I'll try my chance! Egad!" he thought.

\* A good piece of humorous sarcasm may be as richly enjoyed by its object, as by the uninterested. It is in this view that we allow a place to the above, which we are confident will not give offence to those casually alluded to.

An armor-suit, is first his need,  
 And then he wants a warlike steed.  
*Now!* Mark his mail-coat's azure gleam!  
 ('Tis nothing but his self esteem;)—  
 His waving plume, and eke his lance,  
 Do, from his shield, reflected glance.  
 A steel-tipped pen, his "beamy spear,"—  
 His shield, a Mirror, smooth and clear,  
 Displaying bright a *Morris-dancer*:—  
 Was ever seen so brave a lancer?  
 Our champion now, with warlike speed,  
 Upmounted on his gallant steed;—  
 "Why! hold, Sir Knight! your horse has *wings*;  
 We can't allow *them* sort o'things!"  
 The Marshal of the Lists doth cry,  
 As great Nathaniel draweth nigh.  
 "What! not allow my *Peg*?" says *Nat*;  
 "Who ever heard the like o' that?  
 The horse is *tame*, as *tame* can be;  
 He never flies—oh! *no—not he*!  
 And charge he *shall*;—I swear, *that shall he*!"  
 "Well! let 'em drive!—Sound!—*Laissez! Aller!*"  
 Poor *Nat*—such rage within his breast,  
 Forgets to lay his lance in rest;  
 And thunders on in full career,  
 With weapon stuck behind his ear!  
 They meet! and proves a worthless shield  
 The *Mirror*, he so proud did wield;—  
 Though not Goliath's "weaver's beam"  
 Could ever pierce his *self-esteem*!  
 Yet, rough unhorsed, he met his fate,  
 Died, smothered by his armor's weight!  
 In striving for a knightly crown,  
 The luckless wight was "jotted down."

Original.

## STANZAS.

"The setting of a Great Hope is like the setting of the sun."—  
 LONGFELLOW'S HYPERION

WELL did the poet say or sing  
 The setting of a mighty hope is like the close of day,  
 When the bright warm sun has sunk to rest,  
 And the night comes chill and grey.  
 The flower of life doth pass away,  
 The music and the tone depart with the hope that disappears,  
 And nothing more remains behind,  
 But the darkness and the tears.  
 The sun may sink behind the hill,  
 The flowers upon the valley's brink, may wither, wane and die,  
 But the day-god shall come forth again,  
 The world to beautify.  
 The day-god shall come forth again,  
 And Earth shall leap to life again, in presence of her King;  
 The hills shall laugh in glorious light—  
 The vales, with mirth, shall ring.  
 But when the hope that gild our life,  
 Hath vanished into outer night, despairing and forlorn,  
 There comes to it, no rising more,  
 To us, no second morn.  
 We wander darkling on our way,  
 We mark no freshness on the earth, no brightness on the waves;  
 Repining ever, till we find  
 Rest in the quiet grave.

H. W. R.

Original.

## THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

A REAL INCIDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was cursed with a better half so zantipical in temper, that she was the torment, not only of his life, but those of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves, by conciliating the common tyrant—but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared, by having their offences visited upon a scape-goat. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly and hump-backed. What wonder that he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and that he was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez? But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftenest, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humor or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at day break; and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being, of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp.

But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez; and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark—and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this—another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of

going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains. Meanwhile, the object of their fun was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had had his dreams, as all artists, poor or rich, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means to purchase one comfortable meal per day. Now—alas! however, even that hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them.

At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other end of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain, for it, sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life a week longer.

Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burthen. On his way, he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered the wearied Duhobret, that here would be market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture-dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

"What do you call your picture?" at length said he, carefully looking at it.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its

village—and the surrounding landscape,” replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth.

“Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring,” answered Duhobret.

“Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers.”

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece, the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered, would give him bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel’s was exhibited.

“Who bids? at three thalers? Who bids?” was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. “Will it find a purchaser?” said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at public sale. “What will become of me?” was his mental inquiry. “That work is certainly my best;” and he ventured to steal another glance. “Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs, and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!” That was the last expiring throb of an artist’s vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

“Twenty-one thalers!” murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupified painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

“Fifty thalers!” cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation. “One hundred thalers,” at length thundered the picture-dealer.

“Two hundred.”

“Three hundred.”

“Four hundred.”

“One thousand.”

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

“Two thousand thalers!” cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly when he saw his adversary hesitate.

“Ten thousand!” vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—“Twenty thousand!”

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admi-

ration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. “Fifty thousand!” exclaimed he, in desperation.

It was the tall man’s turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, “One hundred thousand, and the devil take the dog of a salesman!”

The crest-fallen picture dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, “After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!”

When the contest ceased, he rose up, bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, humpbacked wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

“May it please your honor,” said the supposed beggar—“I am the painter of that picture!” and he again rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped; took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.

“Take it, friend,” said he; “it is the check for your money. Adieu.”

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle; sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. Alas for the vanity of human expectations! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback; and afterwards passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

Original.

LINES TO JULIE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

’Tis the hour, when the spirit of Beauty sheds o’er  
Thy brow, pensive evening, her last golden smile;  
And mountain and cliff that frowned darkly before,  
Are kindled with splendor and glory the while.

’Tis the hour, when each tear of the heart, as it flows,  
Is like incense that drops from the o’erflowing urn;  
And pure as the dew that embalming the rose,  
Shares its sweets, and gives freshness and bloom in return.

’Tis the hour, that hath ever a look and a tone,  
To bring to this bosom fond memories of thee;  
As softly as showers of bright flower-leaves are strown,  
By the breeze, o’er some desolate isle of the sea.

Original.

## DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The following stanzas were written at the time when the Confederacy seemed on the verge of dissolution. Happily there is no call for such language now; yet the publication of the verses may not be without benefit.

Down with the stars and stripes from out the sky!  
Off with your banner from the bounding deep!  
Chain up your eagle from his flight on high!  
Bid him no more along the ocean sweep—  
Scream to the wind—turn to the sun his eyes!  
Ay, down with Freedom from her rampart steep,  
From promontory tall, and prairie wide,  
Where she hath been, till now, so deified!

Listen, how Europe rings from land to land,  
With jeer and laugh and bitter, biting scorn!  
Lo, kings sit smiling, while the red right hand  
Of Treason waves above a country, torn  
With strife and tumult—and their armies stand  
Ready to darken our yet breaking morn,  
Lending their aid to this unhallowed strife,  
So lately sprung of Terror into life.

Look on the future with prophetic eye!  
Lo, on yon plain are armies gathering,  
As mist collecting when the storm is nigh—  
And such a storm! Along the hill-sides cling  
The light-horse—and the swift, patrolling spy  
Hovers in front, like birds with restless wing—  
While here, the rifleman moves sure, but swift;  
And there, the musketeers, unbroken, drift.

The battle! Listen to the musketry!  
While ever and anon, amid the roll,  
Cries out the cannon! Lo, the cavalry,  
Careering down like storms that seek their goal!  
And now, as sea doth fiercely dash with sea,  
The stern battalions charge, as with one soul—  
And now, like seas that break in spray and rain,  
The broken bands go floating back again!

The fight is o'er! and here lies many a one,  
With bosom crushed by hoof or heavier train—  
The hoary head lies glittering in the sun,  
Pillowed upon the charger's misty mane—  
And just anear, with hair like moonlight spun,  
A delicate boy is fallen. Lo, the stain  
Of blood around his nostril and his lip,  
While just below his heart the gore doth drip.

The banner of your State is laid full low—  
Rebellion seems approaching to its end—  
And lonely shapes among the carnage go,  
Peering into dead eyes with downward bend—  
For men are seeking 'mid the fallen foe,  
A son, sire, brother, or, at least a friend—  
And ever and anon upon the air,  
Rises the piercing wail of wild despair.

Where are your leaders? Where are they who led  
Your souls into this perilous abyss?  
The bravest and the best are lying dead,  
Shrouded in treason and dark purjuries:  
The most of them have basely from ye fled,  
Followed by scorn's unending, general hiss.  
Fled into lands that Liberty disowns,  
And crouched within the shadow of tall thrones.

Ah, here they come—and with them many a band  
Of hireling serfs, sent out by your liege lord  
And good ally, the autocrat most grand,  
Or august Emperor: he lends this horde,  
To bend your brethren unto your command,  
And you to his: Now draw again the sword!  
Onward! 'Tis God's anointed now that leads—  
And he that dieth, for the Emperor bleeds!

And this! oh, God, is this to be our fate?  
Disgraced, degraded, humbled and abased—  
Sunken for ever from our high estate—  
To wander over Tyranny's dark waste,  
To crouch like slaves around a Despot's gate—  
Bend at his nod, and at his mandate haste?  
Oh, Thou who hast thus far thy aidance lent,  
Avert the doom—Spirit omnipotent!

Turn then! before the final seal be set  
To your apostacy—before the flood  
Is awakened by your murmur and your fret,  
And whelm you in its mighty solitude!  
Turn to your duty, ere your land be wet  
By the pollution of a brother's blood—  
Ere the avenging angel spread his wing,  
And where its shadow falls herb never spring.

Oh, turn! that when some day men make your grave,  
They say not, as they pile the parting sod,  
"Here lies a traitor!" or, "here lies a slave!"  
Turn! lest, henceforth, old men above it nod,  
And warn their child to be no traitor knave,  
To reverence their country and their God,  
And never to deserve so foul a doom,  
As that which men have written on your tomb.

Say! are ye never troubled in your dreams,  
With spirits rising from your fathers' tombs,  
And in the darkness of the moon's thin gleams,  
Warning you all of those eternal dooms,  
Which haunt the traitor like devouring beams,  
Until his heart is withered or consumes?—  
Oh, these must haunt you—these more noble ones—  
These heroes, who were Liberty's best sons!

Had I a sire, who thus from death could rise,  
Point to his wounds, and say, with these I bought  
That freedom which you now so much despise—  
With these I sealed the compact you have sought  
To break and mar—Oh, I would close my eyes,  
For shame, that I to sin had thus been wrought—  
Yea—heap up dust and ashes on my head,  
As knave corrupt, or idiot misled!

Original.

## THE VILLAGE DEATH-BELL.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

It is a solemn and impressive custom, in the interior of New-England, to announce upon the church-bell, the age and sex of whatever individual of the village may have recently paid the debt to nature. Upon the mind of the stranger, who has been unaccustomed to this hallowed relic of the Puritans, especially if he be from the crowded city, where the aspect of death, and its sombre paraphernalia, must, necessarily, be familiar things, the sound of the bell, as it echoes its melancholy announcement over hill and valley, produces a singularly startling and painful effect; nor can it ever be viewed with indifference or levity, even by those who dwell constantly within hearing of its sound. There is first an indiscriminate ringing, to excite the attention. A pause then ensues, followed by a certain number of strokes in measured succession, which designate the sex—as, for instance, three for a female, and six for a male. A second interval of silence succeeds, and then the number of years that the deceased may have lived, are indicated by a corresponding number of strokes.

And now, to appreciate as fully as possible, the happy influences of this custom, let us single out a community in which it is practiced. Upon the Sabbath—the only day of the week when the general gathering for the holy purposes of worship brings the far and near into contact, the news is spread abroad that this child, or that parent is wasting away in fearful illness, and that the worst is to be feared. Perhaps the prayers of the congregation for the interposition of Almighty God to stay the hand of the destroyer—if it be his good will and pleasure—are desired by the afflicted friends of the sufferer; and, with tremulous voice, and fervent supplication, the preacher invokes the presence of the Most High, to raise up the afflicted to renewed usefulness; or, if the blow must fall, to prepare the soul for its awful destiny, and to whisper comfort to those who will be left behind to mourn.

Thus, uncertain of the result, the villagers return to their homes—and, with the light of the succeeding morning, renew their accustomed occupations. It is in the wane of sweet spring time. The green leaves are starting; the flowers that earliest woo the genial breath of the new year, are scattering precious perfume, and the heart is invigorated with the bright promise of the season. Gladness, and freshness, and nurture, and new and bursting life are borne on the wings of the clear sunbeams; and the ripple of the rill, like a tiny bell, tinkles its leaping joy. The herds frisk in the green pastures, or browse upon the springing grass; and the villager goes forth to his labors, with every faculty of his mind, and every member of his frame, blessing God for the health that inspires him to hope, in this gladsome spring-time, to garner a teeming harvest.

The day waxes on, and the sounds of busy life assail the ear. The click of the blacksmith's hammer resounds upon his ringing anvil; the merry mallet of the cooper briskly flies; the crowded schoolroom sends forth a monotonous hum, and from the farms upon the

surrounding hill sides, come the voices of the husbandmen, as they shout to their toiling cattle. Beside these evidences of life—save, perhaps, a solitary vehicle, here and there, plodding onward, or a female form or two, tripping, with brisk step along, the village is characterized by that peculiar and striking repose which is a prominent attribute of a retired community. At once, the church-bell gives forth its peal—the more startling, that its sudden and echoing sound is so strangely discordant with the peace that it has broken. It tells of death! Now—just now, the destroyer has pierced his victim—a soul is winging its flight from earth—and the associate—the playmate—whose voice seems yet lingering in the ear—whose familiar features are pictured in all their beaming expression—has gone for ever! How far more intense is the effect upon the soul of each who bears that sound, that it tells its sorrowful tale, and peals its solemn warning, to all, at the same moment!

But what a picture is presented when the first ringing is over, and the bell is about to announce the sex and age of the deceased. The reflecting are disposed to pause and bestow attention upon so solemn an appeal to the higher faculties of their nature—those which teach them to look beyond the world, and ally them with immortals and immortality—and an unconquerable curiosity, which cannot always be exercised in such a connection, without awakening enduring and improving associations—attracts the careless and unthinking. At once, throughout the whole village, wherever the sound of that bell penetrates—with bold distinctness, or with faint and dying echoes—every human being pauses in his avocation to count the measured strokes; and in his motionless and almost breathless silence, forms a living statue—as though paralyzed in the midst of life. Save the swelling of that bell, all is stillness, as of the grave! The blacksmith leans upon his anvil, with head erect, and eyes cast heavenward in his mental abstraction—the cooper upon his barrel—the housewife, on her churn. The hum of the schoolroom is hushed; and with book in hand, perchance with the lesson he is reciting half uttered upon his lips, the pupil stands absorbed, but one of a mute and motionless company; while, on the hill side, the intent husbandman, who has checked his plough in the midst of its furrow, completes the hallowed repose of the scene!

How can the effect be otherwise than important to the character? Thought, on its wings of lightning speed, must be busy in every mind, while that bell is telling its impressive story. As it adds year after year to the age of the departed, the reflection is inevitable, that each may be the last—that Death fixes his withering glance upon the bright eyes of the rosy child—on the glossy ringlets and pearly skin of early and happy womanhood—on the open brow and confident step of manhood in its strength, as well as upon weakness, ever tottering upon the brink of the grave, pitiable deformity, to which that grave is a welcome boon; and grey-haired and decrepid age; and the lesson to the soul is, "Be ye also ready."

With the death-bell of my native village are connected some of the most affecting remembrances of my life;

and now, while I write, they array the past—the mournful past before me, with all its harrowing associations. I will relate the little—the simple tale which embodies them. Perchance, for some, it may have a charm.

That village is in the heart of Massachusetts; and its scenery has been in my memory while I have been communing, thus far, with my readers. It has lost its simplicity—its retirement now. Improvement has trod over its highways and byeways, and made its loneliness resound with the din of business, and the clamor of a crowd. A railroad—that noisy, unromantic invention—passes through its very midst—aye, it crosses the hallowed ground where the moss-grown church lifted its spire to heaven—whereon was that echoing bell. That church is dismantled of its glory—it is no more, and, in its stead, two houses of worship, with dazzling newness of paint and gilding, display their rival pretensions, on either side of the street; for, alas, that schism and bickering—that dogmatic pertinacity of particular opinions—that quarrelling about holy things, and the way to Heaven, which lead the calm and humble-minded to doubt if any who indulge in it, are upon the “straight and narrow road;”—that blot upon the escutcheon of New-England, has spread its contamination there!

In my early days—the days of calmer thought and slower motion—the days of the old church, and its silver-toned bell—of union, harmony and peace—I had, in that village, two friends—the one, a free souled, generous fellow, with a flashing eye, and an open brow, giving much promise, in his early manhood, of that surpassing talent and those noble virtues, which would command, for him, a name and a place among his fellow men; the other, a sweet, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl—with a winning smile and a gentle heart. She was not accomplished—for she was an untutored village maiden; but her step was full of inborn grace—her notes of song, gushing from an overflowing fount of melody within, were guided by an exquisite taste, and in all things she exhibited herself to be a favored child of nature—blessed with her dearest charms; and needing little aid from art to be decked with every accomplishment—to vie with the fairest—the loveliest daughters of the land. She was the motherless darling of an aged man, whose little store yielded them a comfortable support; and she had, too, just the name she should have had—for it was Mary—Mary Weld.

I early singled her out as a fit companion through life’s dubious ways—which can be divested of their roughness, and be made to “blossom as the rose,” only through the tender love and sympathy of such a companion—for my friend Courtland—with whom I was then fitting for college, under the instruction of the one great man of law in our village. They were eminently calculated for each other. He was the firm and unyielding oak, to breast the fierce peltings of the storm, with head erect; and she, the twining and pliant vine, to cling to him with the tendrils of confiding and trustful love. I was not mistaken. It was plainly to be seen, as time passed on, that he loved her—that his breath was restrained in her presence—that his voice breathed out its treasures of thought, or flowers of sentiment, in low whispers—that his eye rested on her face with that expression which the true

soul-love of the sexes alone can kindle—that his frequent sighs were tell-tales of his heart’s fond secret.

I one day broached the delicate subject, and as if joyful that the spell of silence was broken, he revealed himself to me. There was something painfully intense in the emotion upon his countenance, as, grasping my hand in both his own, he poured out his spirit. It was the evidence that his was a heart, whose fires were limitless and unquenchable—that the passion which supplied fuel to its flames, would have a life and an energy, imperishable as the spirit that it engrossed and illumined. But even then, in the infancy of its existence, it was wrestling with despair. He told me that he was not loved in return—that Mary did not—and would never love him. I would not believe him—I could not, as he stood before me in all the dignity of manly beauty, “Hyperion to a satyr,” in comparison with every other of our village swains; but he shook his head—the tears gathered in his eyes—his lip trembled—and he said no more.

True, Mary did not love him, and yet she loved—and whom? A fellow so grovelling in disposition—so destitute of all the nobler faculties of human nature—so mean, selfish, and despicable, that from his earliest youth, his schoolfellows had shunned and despised him; with a lowering brow—an eye full of low cunning in its glance—a smile, especially when he heard of some tale of suffering—absolutely demoniac, and a low, chuckling laugh, at every successful result of his own knavery, or at the discomfiture of an opponent in any contest, that often made the blood run cold of those who heard it. This man, Mary—the gentle, pretty, tender Mary, loved! We discovered it when we were all three in college together—it matters not how—and, methinks, from the very moment that Courtland heard of it, his face assumed a paleness that never left it after.

Throughout the whole of our college life, Courtland never uttered a word derogatory to the character of Mary’s lover, but was kind and friendly to him. But at the close of the senior year, he heard a tale of his unworthiness of Mary—of his ingratitude to himself—indicating so irreclaimable a perversity, that he cast him off for ever; and deputed me—for he would not do it himself, lest his motives should be misunderstood, to give Mary warning of her danger. So soon as we reached our village, I went to execute my mission. But the wily serpent had anticipated such a result, and was there before me. He was with Mary when I visited her, and welcomed my entrance with a smile of hatred, uttering nothing. Mary was kind, but evidently prepared for my errand, and determined upon her course. Undoubtedly instructed by him, she declined to grant me a private interview, and desired me to communicate what I had to say, in the presence of her lover. I did so. I saw that any less decisive course would be vain, and I boldly and unhesitatingly warned her of her peril. I accused him to his face, and appealed to her to beware! Both heard me through without a word, although Mary was pale as death—and then he said—while his brow was knitted into a fiendish scowl—“You don’t believe it, do you?”

She looked in his face, and clasping her hands—“No,

no! not one word," she said, in accents of indignation; "it is all a lie!"—and then turned to me and spoke words of as much severity as she was capable of uttering, concluding with throwing herself down upon her knees by his side, and weeping on his shoulder. As he held the hand of the sobbing girl, his face wore that fiendish smile, and I heard that dreadful chuckle of exulting triumph!

Mary's conduct amazed me. It taught me, for the first time, that there is a love, which, tried in the furnace, is all pure—all of diamond worth—with not one poor atom of alloy! It taught me that there is a love, so engrossing, so trustful, that to doubt for a moment is inconsistent with its nature—a love, to which the word of its object will weigh against the world—to which that object is a consecrated earth-god, not to be contaminated by the petty strifes, jealousies, and discords of human nature in other relations—with nothing beside it to be worshipped more, save the God of the loved and the loving!

Mary married the man of her choice. Her father died shortly after her union, and left her his little property, with which her husband shortly removed to the west. In the meantime, having an advantageous offer to become a member of a mercantile firm in the metropolis of my native state, I removed thither; Courtland, at the same time, opening a law-office there. It was unfortunate for him that he had seen Mary after his return from college, for it served only to fan the flame of his passion, and make it burn the brighter. Yet I had proud hopes, that, when once settled in the city, and fully engaged in his profession, he would forget the past, and urge himself rapidly forward to fame. He had often, in our earlier years, conversed with me on future prospects, and I had seen that a mighty ambition had a home within him. How was I disappointed now! He seemed to shun notoriety—he would remain hours in solitude—he was a wreck of his former self—a poor, heartbroken man!

We heard little of Mary; and two years passed away. I was one morning in my counting-room, when I received a hurried note from him, to visit him if I could, at his office, immediately. I went to him. He was in a state of almost delirious excitement; and wept and laughed by turns, as he placed a letter in my hand, with the simple exclamation,—“Read that—oh, God! read that!” It was from his sister—and told him that Mary had returned to the scenes of her youth—alone, deserted, wretched, destitute and ill—that her husband, when her property was spent, had been guilty of the grossest cruelty, and had finally left her for ever; that she had literally begged her way back to her former home, and was now at his father's house, extended on a bed of sickness, and, it was most probable, of death.

“She shall live! She shall live!” he reiterated with startling wildness, throwing his arms aloft, and rapidly pacing the floor. “I will sit by her bed-side—I will nurse her—comfort her—revive her to hope—to happiness, again! I will make her love me! Mary shall be mine at last!” adding, after a struggle for composure,

“I have ordered the stage to call for me. In one hour I shall be on my way to the village.”

The unnatural excitement of his debilitated system, consuming his little strength, deserted him, and gasping and turning suddenly pale, he would have fallen to the floor had I not sprung to and sustained him. I resolved instantly on my course. Calling a carriage, so soon as he revived, I had him conveyed to his lodgings, where I called in medical assistance. I made my arrangements for an absence of several days, and the next morning, at sunrise, assisting him into my own private vehicle, I directed my course to our native village.

It was in the midst of summer: and I had thus selected the cool of the morning for our journey, through fear of the injurious effects of the heat of the season upon my friend. Would that I had started even one hour sooner or later!

Courtland said little on the way, and did not arouse from his seeming apathy, until we turned the brow of the hill that descended to the village, and I stopped my horse that he might breathe awhile after his exertion. There it was, beneath us, in the sweet valley—its dear roofs shaded by the magnificent elms that adorned it, and the spire of its house of God glittering in the beams of the morning sun. So overwhelming was Courtland's emotion at the sight, that he could not brave a second look; but leaned his burning forehead on my shoulder, and, to my joy, found relief in a gush of tears. I was then about to proceed onward, when the peal of the village bell came swelling on our ears! He suddenly lifted his head at the first stroke, and seized my arm with both hands in a convulsive grasp; and, turning to look upon him, I saw that his eyes were closed—his teeth set—his face bloodless. The period occupied by the ringing, short as it was, was almost insupportable, even to me; the usual pause—and each second was agony—ensued, and then three lone strokes, told that it was a female whose spirit had fled! Courtland's grasp grew tighter, and I dared not speak to him, nor turn to him. The quick tones now sounded to announce the age. I counted them with an interest painfully intense. Nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two!—and as the last stroke was knelled, Courtland's grasp grew yet more rigid—for it was Mary's age! Oh, God, for but one—one more!

It was the last! The echoes grew fainter and fainter, and we felt that all was over!

I would have driven to my father's, to give Courtland an opportunity to recover himself; but as I was passing the road that led to his own home, he seized the rein and turned the horse. I felt that resistance or expostulation would be vain, and I followed his tacit direction. His sister met us at the door, her eyes streaming with tears; but the sad intelligence they might have communicated, had been anticipated. Courtland sprang from the chaise—rushed, like a mad man, up the stairs—gave one look at the emaciated, ghastly face of the once blooming Mary, and with a scream of agony, fell upon the floor.

In three days, the village death-bell tolled for him; and I never hear it now, when my fortune leads me where the custom is preserved, without a shudder.

Original.

## THE MOORLAND CHILD.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

I KNEW a little happy child  
 Some twenty years ago,  
 And she loved amidst the heather wild,  
 And the golden furze, to go;  
 She sought there the red strawberry,  
 And the bonny blue harebell,  
 And the thyme, beloved of the bee,  
 And the snail's most curious shell.

She loved her little garden, small  
 And over-clustered spot;  
 She loved the peach tree on the wall,  
 And the pebble-built grot;  
 She loved beneath the tall elm trees,  
 To feel the soft winds glide;  
 She loved her home, its flowers, its bees,  
 But most that common wide!

It was her chosen playing ground—  
 Amidst its yellow furze,  
 She loved the small bird's song—each sound  
 That joined its voice to her's;  
 To her's, that rose in simple song,  
 Or burst in merry shout,  
 When the thick rustling fern among,  
 The leveret bounded out.

She was a little merry child,  
 And yet, for her young years,  
 Sometimes too tenderly she smiled,  
 Or shed too bitter tears.  
 Yet who, when heaven is sunny bright,  
 With but one fleecy cloud,  
 Thinks 'midst the calm and golden light,  
 What thunder it may aroud?

There was one evening, when the west  
 Was all a flood of gold,  
 And to the east, in lazy rest,  
 The floating clouds were rolled;  
 And the young crescent moon began  
 To shed her silver ray,  
 And one pale star shone white and wan  
 Beside the dying day.

The child went bounding o'er the heath,  
 Then suddenly she stayed;  
 It seemed as if her very breath  
 Its even throb delayed,—  
 She held her hand above her brow,  
 And ceased her childish song—  
 Her cheek grew deeper in its glow,  
 And her breast beat high and strong.

Slowly her dark eyes filled with tears,  
 And so she stood and gazed—  
 And yet the sunset west for years  
 Had just as brightly blazed;

But never, 'till that evening hour,  
 The careless, laughing one,  
 Had felt the magic and the power  
 Of that declining sun!

Ah, who may tell what thronging dreams,  
 And thoughts, unknown till then,  
 Crowded, like freshly opened streams,  
 Upon her breast and brain!  
 How did her inmost bosom burn,  
 Beneath their sudden life—  
 How did her very spirit yearn,  
 Amidst their stirring strife!

And tenderness, and solemn thought,  
 Unnamed, unknown, were there;  
 And so within her bosom wrought  
 A home for future care;  
 The passion of that hour went by,  
 Its thrilling magic pass'd;  
 But oh, its bright, strange memory  
 Will haunt her to the last!

Again the little child was gay—  
 Again the lonely moor,  
 Became her scene of childish play,  
 But never as before;—  
 She felt as one to whom a power  
 Unearthly is revealed—  
 She felt as if that sunset hour  
 Her doom of life had sealed.

Day after day, year after year,  
 She visited the wild,  
 'Till fell upon her heart the fear  
 She was no more a child;  
 They said she must not wander so,  
 They bade her wiser be,  
 And said she was a woman now,  
 And checked her childish glee.

Alas, she knew the truth full well,  
 She felt it in her soul—  
 She knew how strong, tho' cold, the spell  
 That must her words control.  
 She knew her dreams were disallowed,  
 That she must act a part,  
 But 'midst the false and hollow crowd,  
 She took her moorland heart!

She took it, and it suffered wrong,  
 And crushed, and soiled, and torn,  
 She bears it, singing still her song  
 Whilst leaning on a thorn.\*  
 But when she hears of sunset hours,  
 Spent on some heathery plain,  
 And fragrant gorse, and sweet wild flowers,  
 Oh, how it leaps again!

*Liverpool, England.*

\* There is an old superstition that the nightingale sets her breast against a thorn when she sings most sweetly.



# SWEET JESSIE WAS YOUNG AND SIMPLE.

## BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. WILSON—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER.

MODERATO.

Sweet

Simplee,

Jes-sie was young and simple, And mirth beam'd in her eye; And her smile made a

ro-sy dimple, Where Love might wish to lie! But when lovers were sigh-ing

af-ter, And vow'd she was match-less fair - - - Her sil-ver sound-ing

laughter, Said, Love had not been there. - -

## SECOND VERSE.

The Summer had seen her smiling,  
 'Mong flowers as fair as she;  
 But Autumn beheld her sighing,  
 When the leaves fell from the tree;  
 And the light of her eye was shaded,  
 And her brow had a cast of care,  
 And the rose on her cheek was faded—  
 For oh! Love had been there.

## THIRD VERSE.

When winter winds were blowing,  
 She roved by the stormy shore;  
 And look'd o'er the angry ocean,  
 And shrunk at the breaker's roar—  
 And her sighs and her tearful wonder,  
 At the perils that sailors dare—  
 In the storm and the battle's thunder,  
 Show'd Love was trembling there.

## FOURTH VERSE.

No ring is upon her finger,  
 And her raven locks are grey;  
 Yet traces of beauty linger,  
 Like the light of the parting day!  
 She looks, with a glance so tender,  
 On a locket of golden hair;  
 And a tear to his ship's defender,  
 Shows Love's own dwelling there.

Original.

## TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," ETC.

TRAVELLING for pleasure! What a misnomer! Those who travel under such a flag are always wishing for the port that is to terminate their voyage, when on board ships or steamers, and get into a stage with prayers for a speedy arrival at their destination. All travel is attended with hurry, bustle, disappointment and vexation of spirit. There is the baggage to see to, waiters to bawl after, porters to quarrel with, landlords to growl at, cold and rain, vicissitude of season and climate to contend with, there is the fear of boilers bursting, and of stages upsetting—the annoyance of close state rooms, and unchanged sheets—money taking to itself wings, and flying from you on all sides, and on all sides disagreeable sights, disagreeable sounds, and disagreeable people, which, altogether, would drive a man mad at home, but which are to be borne with forsooth, abroad, as the accidents of travel. Travelling for pleasure! It empties the purse, sours the temper, makes one pettish, complaintful and selfish, unsocial, morose and miserable. Travelling for pleasure! What is it? To exchange a comfortable feather bed in winter, or clean cool mattress in summer, with snowy curtains, snowy sheets, and snowy pillows, sweet blankets and coverlets, a capacious bedstead, and an airy room, for a narrow box of a state room, containing a berth; which, when the achievement of getting into it, is, with sundry bruises, effected, fits you like your coffin, and in which you are flanked by a board partition on one side, and a precipice of some six feet on the other—for sheets, that, although the chambermaid asseverates on her honor that they are clean, have an odor like the towels the waiters sometimes flourish about our olfactories—for blankets, that look as if horses as well as men had been benefited by their warmth, and coverlets of no particular hue—for close, unhealthy air, constant confinement, ill health, and the rheumatism. It is to exchange the pleasant circle around our own hearths, for a mixed crowd of strangers, who feel no interest in us while we have none in them, whose selfishness, rudeness, ill-breeding, vulgarity or malignity, destroy our equanimity and excite our disgust, dislike or discontent, those sensations that a pleasure-traveller should never allow admission into his breast. It is exchanging the delightful society of the drawing room for the heterogeneous gatherings of all countries, those who will tread on your corns and look fiercely at you for wincing—your pleasant sparkling fire for a close stove, your garden for the steamboat guards, your own well appointed table and cheerful faces, for the doubtful messes, abhorrent devourers, and unseemly scenes of a steamboat dinner. It is, in fact, to exchange earth for purgatory, happiness for misery, comfort for discomfort, to destroy the temper, to teach one to grumble, snarl and growl, and altogether to make a fool of himself. Thank fortune (for I am indebted to her) I am no traveller for pleasure. There is no law to resist compulsion, or I should never trust myself to the tender mercies

of boilers, steamboat captains, and landlords, and expose myself to all the other ills to which travellers are heirs. If I had my own will, I should never place my foot on stage or steamboat more, but in some quiet corner of the world, where the noise of escaping steam, the horn of the stage driver, the sound of a hotel dinner bell, have never penetrated—where, secure in my own quietude, I should regard travellers as a set of desperate men, whom heaven has visited with a desperate madness, and be thankful for my sanity in the midst of such universal lunacy.

J. H. I.

Original.  
WINTER.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

EARTH in thy cold arms reposes,  
Chilled her bosom's genial glow,  
Crystals gleam where blossomed roses,  
Violets long have ceased to blow;  
In the bleak air moaning, wave,  
Leafless branches o'er their grave.

Where the tufted maize once quivered,  
And the vine-stalks lightly curled,  
Every golden spear is shivered,  
Every leafy banner furled;  
All the frosted landscape shines,  
With the frost's enamelled lines.

Hushed the voice of singing fountains,  
Woodland strains no longer flow,  
And the pine trees on the mountains,  
Bend beneath their load of snow—  
Like stern martyrs waiting doom,  
Ready shrouded for the tomb.

All the meadow's grassy billows,  
Lie beneath an ermine shroud,  
No green bank the moonbeam pillows,  
When it glances through a cloud;  
But the flying drifts look bright,  
Sparkling in its silver light.

Downy flakes like dove plumes stealing,  
Stainless robes around have spread,  
Earth, the charm of silence feeling,  
Echoes not the muffled tread;  
But the chafing breakers wail,  
And wild dirges fill the gale.

Stars with keener rays are beaming,  
Through the still and frozen air,  
On the ice-bound streamlets gleaming,  
To illumine their mute despair—  
Heaven's lamps whose lustre sweet,  
Glimmers on earth's winding sheet.

While all Nature thus reposing,  
Yields her charms to winter's sleep,  
Let the soul its buds disclosing,  
Still a spring-like festal keep;  
Thought can glean her fruits divine,  
Love his summer garlands twine.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

**HENRY OF GUISE: Harper & Brothers.**—Mr. James is a man of soaring genius. Of this he gives ample testimony in the celerity with which he grasps and arranges the materials—and those, for the most part, rich and striking—of his numerous contributions to literature. But we never take up new volumes from his pen—coming upon us, as they do, as though created by some mysterious labor and time-saving machine, more expeditious than the measured action of that ancient and common literary thing of all work—the brain—without trembling lest he has thrown a stumbling-block in his own path—glittering as it might do, yes, as it *does*—with the trophies of victory. He has, of late, given cause to fear. He has thrown stumbling-blocks—almost precipices, in his own way. His late drama is despicable; and two or three of his last novels, if superior to the ordinary run of productions of their class, have been of very questionable credit to him.

What Henry of Guise might have been, had deliberation, and that calm and reflective effort which must be bestowed on every creation emanating from man—whether of hand or brain—to render it as excellent as its maker, let him be ever so expert—is capable of doing—we cannot, of course, say. We do say that it is powerful—interesting—credible, of itself. The historical novel is James' peculiar forte. He deals gloriously with kings and princes, and palaces and courts, and intrigues and battles. He has chosen, in this present work, a stirring period of French history—in which characters are offered to his hand, so peculiar, so striking, as to require little effort of his genius to produce, with them, a tremendous effect.

With this we dismiss Henry of Guise. It has faults, such as would be expected—but such as may not affect James' present popularity, though they may render him *hors du combat* hereafter. But his peculiar excellences and deficiencies have been so often commented upon, as to make it supererogation to pursue the topic.

**THE SEA CAPTAIN: Harper & Brothers.**—Mr. Bulwer, infatuated by his dramatic success, has apparently deserted the walks by which he attained to his exalted literary renown, and devotes his powers to their new vocation. We cannot regard his choice as a wise one; unless, perchance, as has been said of him, he is careless of posthumous fame, and declares the extent of his ambition to be confined to the attainment of laurels for his living brow. Yet the more successful furtherance of this result by the change of pursuit, is very questionable. His first play failed upon the stage, and is not of great merit in any point of view. His second, the 'Lady of Lyons,' and most popular, is, by his own acknowledgment, and, in truth, a mere common-place drama, in which every high attribute is sacrificed to stage effect. His third, 'Richelieu,' commands more favor in all respects—being superior upon the stage, and in the closet—but his fourth, the one before us, is weak in every point—literary merit—delineation of character, with one exception—and even in stage effect. He had better resume his romances.

**YOUNG WOMAN'S GUIDE: G. W. Light.**—We deem it our sober duty to pronounce the author of this book, Dr. Alcott, a literary quack—who obtains his subsistence, not by communicating sound, healthy information, but by mounting a hobby, and substituting his own warped notions and despicable prejudices, for moral and physical truth. Not but that he has written much that is good—how could he help it, in the path he has chosen? Unfortunately, his good is the gilding upon the pill of the evil, and both are swallowed together—the harm accomplished far exceeding the benefit. He is unfitted to teach 'Young Mothers,' 'Young Wives,' 'Young Women.' He has lived to age, a bachelor—if he be not one even now—and his discussions upon female character are mere charlatany. His 'Young Wife' and 'Young Mother,' contain monstrous absurdities and false hypotheses—and his 'Young Woman's Guide,' now before us, while it inculcates no very gross errors, is, the most of it, but the repetition of what has been told a thousand times. It is calculated to fetter and degrade woman, rather than to advance her to her appropriate station. Are we not borne out in this

remark, when the Doctor advances that *domestic employment is that assigned to woman by Divine Providence?* and the improvement of cookery is the best exercise of her powers of invention! The moral inculcations of the book are very good common-places—the most of them, however, as well fitted to guide old men as young women, and there is, perhaps, not much *positive* evil—but the *negative* detriment may be serious.

**PICTURES OF EARLY LIFE: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Co.**—The sketches of youth contained in this little volume, are the productions of Mrs. Emma C. Embury, of whom, so well is she known to our readers, from her valued and constant contributions to our pages, it is necessary to mention no more than the name. They are intended to illustrate some of the more important lessons of early education; and the authoress has delightfully succeeded in her task. 'From the midst of a peaceful and happy home,' she says in the closing paragraph of her preface—'a home gladdened by the voices of joyous childhood, I send forth these pictures of early struggles, temptations and errors. To each one of you, my young readers, I come as a sympathizing friend, who has not outlived the remembrance of her own wayward youth, much of the experience of which she has embodied in the volume now offered to your acceptance.'

**DAMEL OF DARIEN: Lea & Blanchard.**—Mr. W. G. Simms, the author of this novel, has attained a considerable degree of popularity as a writer of fiction, and although there are peculiarities in his modes of thought and style, with which we have no great degree of sympathy, yet he must be acknowledged to produce interesting tales; and his images and descriptions are frequently above mediocrity. He is of a poetic cast of mind, but, we should imagine, not gifted with remarkably keen powers of observation. When these qualities are united in the same individual, the former sheds a radiance of beauty around the truth of the latter, which renders the combination one of the most pleasing in the mind's diversified paths of action. But when the former soars beyond the guidance of the latter, as is the manifest case with Mr. Simms, its unregulated pinions do not cease their irregular flight until they have conducted their unfortunate possessor into the regions of vague indefinitude, and visionary unreality, if not of ridiculous bombast. An instance of the portions of Mr. Simms' composition from which we deduce these views, and in which he has exhibited the former two, at least, of these results, is a description of a tornado, in the book of which we are now speaking—so elaborated as to convey the impression that its author intended it to produce a brilliant effect, and yet so wide from truth and probability, as to give to its high-sounding phrases the character of a perfect bathos.

This indefiniteness often distinguishes his delineations of character; although, in every work which we have seen from his pen, many of his personages possess marked individuality. We have not room for a critical examination of 'The Damsel,' and having thus expressed an opinion upon its most striking faults, we are happy to say, in conclusion, that it possesses interest capable of affording much entertainment, and reflecting credit upon its author.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**DUMAS' MEMOIRS OF THE REVOLUTION: Lea & Blanchard.** Lieutenant General Count Dumas, the author of this excellent work, commenced his military career during the first years of the American Revolutionary war, and accompanied General Rochambeau to this country as his aid-de-camp when that officer was despatched to the aid of our suffering ancestors. The anterior portion of the first volume is therefore occupied by a succinct narration of those actions and occurrences of our own great contest, in which he bore a part, and pleasant anecdotes of our adored Washington are related. Then succeed the events of the French Revolution, in which Dumas was conspicuous—and the history of the wonderful mutations in the French empire are portrayed with scrupulous fidelity, to the year 1836. We know not by whom they were translated, but can bear testimony to the happy manner in which the task has been executed.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**DIARY OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE IV.: Carey & Hart.**—T is reprint is in continuation of two volumes, some time since given to the public, and professes to be edited by the late Mr. Galt. They have created much of a sensation on the other side of the water, as revelations of the kind, during the lives of many of those concerned in the transactions related, necessarily would do; and the tone of criticism has been severely condemnatory. Being compilations, they have no great degree of literary merit, but will serve to amuse our republican community with the realities of high life and royalty, stripped of the veil which ordinarily lends enchantment to the view. Much light is obtained from these volumes, upon the true character of Queen Caroline.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**ALCIPHON: Carey & Hart.**—The celebrated Thomas Moore has once more entered the field of poetry in his old age, but alas! will add no new laurels to those which blind his brow. Alciphron, which is based upon his prose tale of "The Epicurean," is characterised, occasionally, by splendid imagery, and its versification is generally melodious and correct, yet there is much that is prosaic in it, while the looseness of its morality is so gross, that we wonder at such an emanation from one upon the brink of the grave.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**THE VIOLET: Carey & Hart.**—We can afford but a word to this sweet little annual for children; with beautiful binding, pretty engravings, and delightful stories, that will make the hearts of the youth, to whom it may be given as a present, leap within them.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

## THEATRICALS.

**PARK.**—The past month has been devoted, at this establishment, to the performances of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Madame Celeste. The former has proved far more attractive than any other single 'star,' or even any combination of superior lights who have appeared upon the Park boards during the season. She is certainly exceedingly gifted, and possesses unbounded versatility in the entire range of the comic drama. A new extravaganza, which she presented during her last engagement, entitled 'Foreign Airs and Native Graces,' wherein the absurd peculiarities and assumptions of continental *prima donnas* and '*dansesuses*' are happily hit off, has afforded her an opportunity to display her powers to fresh advantage. Her abilities as a vocalist are by no means the least noticeable of her attractions. To a sweet, powerful voice, of great compass, and a considerable taste, she unites a degree of cultivation unusual with those who do not make their vocal display their paramount claim to attention; and absolutely surpasses many of those who rank themselves in this latter class. Besides those pieces, in which she is, perhaps, most distinguished, she has obtained a favorable flat for comic genius of a more elevated cast, from her very superior performance of Shakspeare's 'Rosalind.'

Madame Celeste succeeded her, and played those dramas in which she has established her celebrity. This lady has exhibited her cleverness no less in the thousand and one incidental *ruses*, to which she has resorted, to increase her houses, in the course of years, without giving absolute offence, than in the inherent merit of her performances. Her face is wonderfully expressive, and this, added to her grace of attitude and gesture, render her one of the most talented pantomimists who have appeared upon our boards.

Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff commence an engagement on the sixth of this month. Their eminent abilities will probably rise superior to the pressure of the times, so detrimental to theatrical success, and bid defiance to its disappointing influences.

**CHATHAM.**—This neat theatre seems to have assumed the place vacated by the lamented National; and with the more valued members of the company of that theatre, and the assistance of the abilities of Mr. James Wallack, its *ci-devant* manager, has been enjoying of late its full share of public attention and patronage. Mr. Wallack, laying aside his numerous misfortunes, which would crush another to the earth, as if they were but a loose cloak upon his shoulders, has exhibited

that full quantum of sprightliness, humor, grace and ease, which have placed him beyond rivalry in his peculiar line. 'Rolla,' 'Dick Daaball,' 'Michael,' 'Massaroni,' etc., in his hands, have lost none of their attraction, for his ability in these characters bids defiance to tiresomeness and ennui, how often soever repeated. We may incidentally mention that he stated to his audience upon being called out on his first appearance, that the reports respecting the abandonment of the plan for the Metropolitan Theatre were untrue, and that he was not aware that his friends had deserted him—that it would be commenced early in the spring.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

**THE NEW YEAR.**—It is the beginning of a new year; and as we bade adieu to the old in our last number, with some reflections incidental to the season, we are disposed, in like manner, to welcome the new. The ceremonies observed at the death of time, are an anomaly in the history of funeral usages; for deaths generally induce sombre images in the mind, and are chronicled by the tolling of bells, the shedding of tears, and the donning of dark habiliments. But when a year dies, the bells ring a merry peal, old and young array themselves in smiles and gay adornments of body—and laugh and feast over the grave of the departed. Such customs are rather disrespectful to the dead, especially at so early a period, when the breath is scarcely out of its poor old body. Nor are they, perhaps, so conducive to the benefit of the inner man, as a serious review of the life of the deceased, and an estimate of the correctness of our dealings with him, would be. Yet we are disposed to pardon the hilarity and mirthfulness that, we cannot but hope, gladden every countenance of those, between whom and ourselves this magazine forms a pleasant tie, provided they will now and then, in the midst of all, pause and reflect!—scan the past, ask themselves, what of the future? and form strong and enduring resolves in the present; and with this, we wish them a very happy new year!

For ourselves, in connection with the subject, we take occasion to mention that the secular year and the year of our magazine are not identical; *since our volume began in November.* But we are able, nevertheless, to congratulate our readers on the success of our efforts to increase the attractions of the 'Companion.' We are convinced that the announcement of the names of Mrs. ANNA MARIA WELLS, Dr. O. W. HOLMES and Professor LONGFELLOW, as regular contributors to its pages, will be a source of congratulation with all. The reputation of each as an author, is exalted, and we have thus added new stars to the galaxy which illumines our magazine. The talent of other writers of established reputation, not heretofore contributors, has also been secured—and so long as new attractions can be added, they will be diligently sought after. Even now, in typography, embellishments, and in the reputation and abilities of its contributors, we have placed the 'Companion' above competition.

**POSTAGES.**—The comparative rates of postage, on different descriptions of periodicals, seems to have been established in a perfectly arbitrary manner. We are at a loss to conceive why a magazine sheet should be subjected to a greater tax than that of a newspaper. We have not room to enlarge upon the subject, at present, as we could wish; but we hope that the attention of the publishers of magazines may be excited upon this point, and that concert of action secured, by which the necessary application to Congress may be made, which may result in the remission of the extra rates now charged. There is no doubt that a memorial upon the subject would be favorably acted upon by that body.

**'OUR FASHION-PLATE.'**—Our Fashion-Plate for December, as we expected, has been exceedingly admired for its tastefulness, and the beauty and finish of its execution. We pledge ourselves that the same excellence, in all respects, shall characterize our future embellishments of this description.



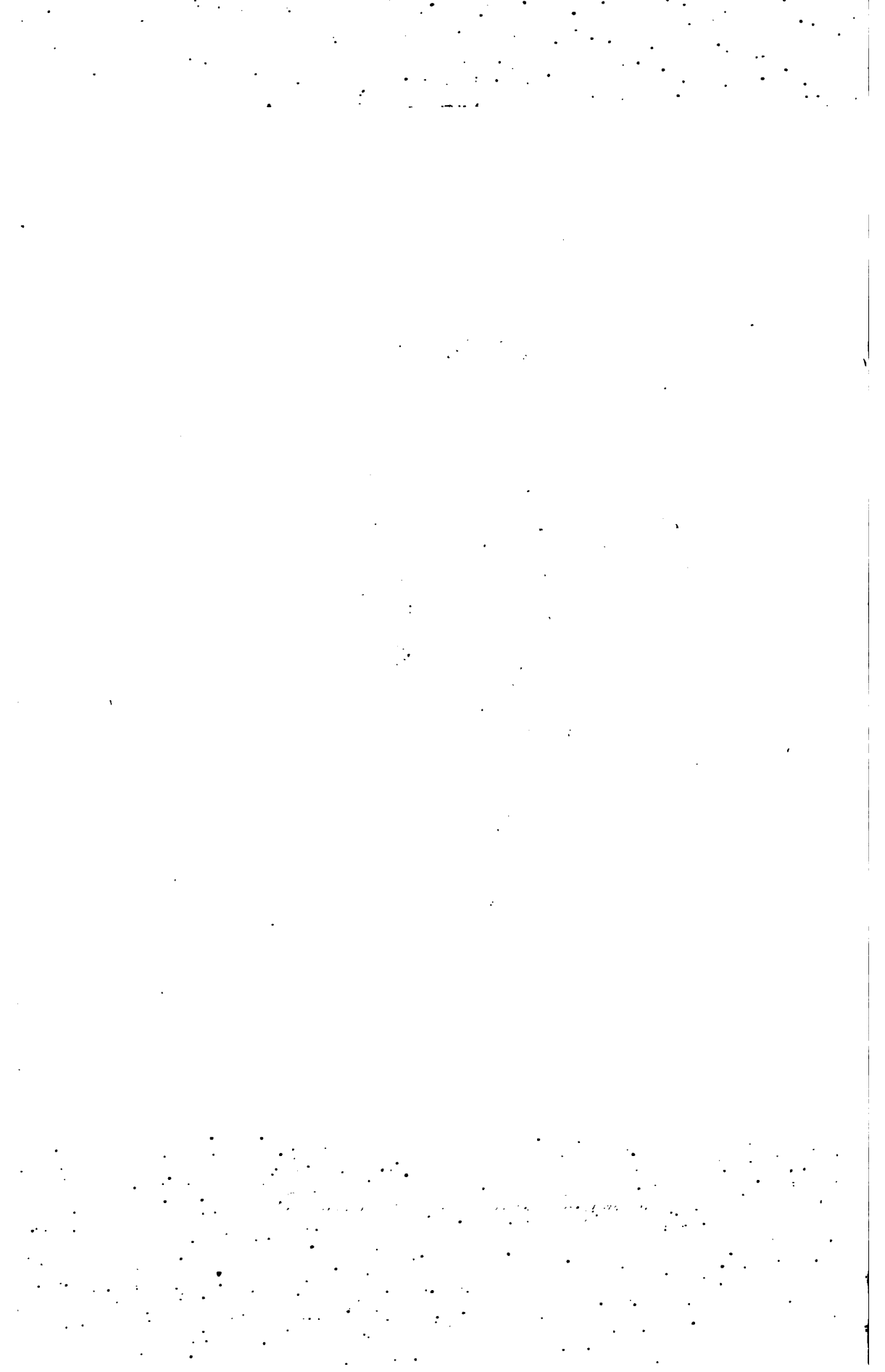


The road to the angels is long  
I have found my desire  
For dear to me as "Gat" and "Ida"  
Was the son of P. and M. R.

Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again;  
 We tore oursel's asunder.  
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green 's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

The pillars of that universe! who spake!  
 And from black chaos countless orbs appeared!—  
 The soul, by Science led, to *Thee* aspires!  
 Soars 'bove the confines of the enshrouding gloom!  
 Views, while Faith quickens her unquenching fires,  
 Infinity!—thy resting-place!—thy home!—  
 Treads o'er the upward path by Science shown—  
 Spurns the clay chain that binds to earth and worships at thy  
 throne!





# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY, 1840.

## BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

THE poetry of Burns, high as it has been held, from the dawning of his fame to the present hour, is steadily progressing in public estimation. Although his efforts were short, random and desultory—and his standard, at times, grovelling and unworthy, some of the finest, sweetest strains in the English language have emanated from his pen. He wrote from a welling fount of imagination and feeling within—his very faults are the offspring of his carelessness of method—and therefore his beauties are drops from the well-springs of human nature, and consequently immortal. He was fond of chronicling his own feelings, joys and disappointments, in melodious song; and some of his first productions—those which most enkindle sympathy in the heart, are of this description. In none has he exhibited so much of true poetic beauty, as in 'Highland Mary.' It is believed to have referred to a disappointment in love, and to be the wail of his own spirit. It can hardly be conceived how so much of feeling could be conjured up in an indifferent heart; and the deep-toned sentiment of these verses are, themselves, evidences that they narrate an 'ower true tale.' This subject has furnished a delightful theme to the genius of the artist, and we are sure that every admirer of Burns—and who is not one?—will highly praise the accompanying engraving. The following is the song it illustrates:—

### HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your fields, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There simmer first unfold her robes,  
And there the longest tarry;  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary!

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie,  
For dear to me, as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And, pledging aft to meet again;  
We tore oursels asunder.  
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green 's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly,  
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core,  
Shall live my Highland Mary!

Estimated by strict rules of criticism, 'Highland Mary' is very inferior; there being scarce a couplet in which any attention is paid to rhyme; but its exquisiteness resides in its sweet simplicity and true feeling—which the picture beautifully exemplifies. The artist has evidently drawn inspiration from his subject. H. F. H.

### Original. TO SCIENCE.

Oh, Science, they defame thee, that do paint  
Imagination shackled by the chain  
Thou twin'st around the Soul! There is no talst  
In thine impressive truths! The mind would fain  
Drink in a deeper, broader, sweeter stream  
Of glorious exaltation, when thy voice  
Sheds o'er the waste of ignorance, a gleam  
Of thine own excellence, and bids rejoice  
The uncovered darkness of pale error's night,  
And guides the wanderer with the ray of thine unerring light.

What! Is 'imagination's airy wing,'  
Checked in its lofty soarings, that thy hand  
Has bid proud Commerce o'er the waters fling  
Her grasping power, and seek the stranger land?  
Tell me, thou mighty Ocean! has man found  
No eloquence of poetry in thee?  
And you, ye mountain billows! do ye bound,  
And the soul scape from your inspiring, free?  
Ocean—man shrunk thy madness to assail,  
Till Science laid her hand on thee, and triumphed o'er thy  
gale!

Say! what the power that touched with magic wand  
The enclosing confines of yon circling arch?  
Bade the closed portals of the heavens expand—  
Bright orbs revealing on their glorious march!  
Science, 'twas thine! See—the dim clouds disperse,  
Unpierced for ages! By thy touch displayed,  
Breaks on the wondering eye—a universe!—  
Worlds in primeval robes of light arrayed!—  
That in proud gladness rolling, ever raise  
To God the voice of triumph, the choral song of praise!

And Thou, Unseen! Eternal! who didst wake  
To life that song of triumph! who hast reared  
The pillars of that universe! who spake!  
And from black chaos countless orbs appeared!—  
The soul, by Science led, to Thee aspires!  
Soars 'bove the confines of the enshrouding gloom!  
Views, while Faith quickens her unquenching fire,  
Infinity!—thy resting-place!—thy home!—  
Treads o'er the upward path by Science shown—  
Spurns the clay chain that binds to earth and worships at thy  
throne!

H. F. H.

Original.  
LOVE IN A COTTAGE.\*

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"Alas, that poverty's evil eye,  
Should e'er come hither,  
Such sweets to wither,  
The flowers laid down their heads to die,  
And hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh."

BENEATH the old chestnut where Sophia was first introduced to the reader, stood the strange young gentleman of our story, on the morning which had brought that young lady so unceremoniously from her bed. Now and then he cast a glance up the highway leading to the cottage, half impatiently, and yet with a dissatisfied air, as if he expected, more than he desired, the appearance of some object from that direction. A fine bay horse stood at a little distance, attached to a light carriage, and the young man occasionally diverted his impatience by buckling and refitting some of the numerous leathern straps that composed the head gear, though his unskilful alterations proved no alight annoyance to the noble animal. When there were no more buckles to tighten, nor straps to misplace, he began to walk up and down on the greensward and patches of moss, which spread, wet with dew, and flushed with tiny flowers, like a variegated carpet, under the tree, then whiled away another ten minutes by dexterously cutting up the wild blossoms, and the great purple heads from a bunch of thistles, with his light carriage-whip. A heap of purple and snowy down, and some scores of daisy-heads, lay scattered upon the delicate moss, and the silken-tipped lash was coiling and quivering, like a serpent, around the stem of a rich crimson-wood lily, which started up from a clump of brake leaves, with its cup brimful of dew, and mottled all over with ruby spots, so queenly and beautiful that it seemed treason to destroy it, when Emma Carlton appeared at a distance, dressed for a journey, and with a large travelling-basket in her hand. The young man gave his whip a nervous jerk, and the poor wood-lily went flying in fragments through the air like a nest of young butterflies, frightened up from the grass. After a moment of irresolution, he went forward to meet the young girl, though, even in his greeting, there was an air of restraint amounting almost to displeasure.

"I began to think you would not come," he said, gently taking the basket from her arm. "This is very heavy; you must be tired."

There was no animation or joy in his face, and his voice was any thing but cheerful. It certainly was not the greeting which Emma had expected to receive from one for whom she was taking a step which, even then, she began almost to repent of.

She looked up with a startled and timid expression, and the youth seemed touched when he saw that she was very pale, and that her soft eyes were brimming with tears.

"Do you repent, Emma?" he said, earnestly; "say if even now your confidence in me is shaken. If you

cannot trust me with your whole heart, it is not too late. I would not take a half-reluctant bride."

Emma burst into tears. "I do not fear you. I can trust you, but oh, this is a painful step. I did not dream *how* painful, till I stood by the bed-side of my poor mother, and felt that she would awake to find me gone."

"Even yet you may return to her, Emma—"

Stewart broke off, for he felt the trembling girl start, and saw the deep flush of mortified pride gather and burn on her cheek. She was evidently wounded to the heart by his willingness to resign her.

"Nay, I would not pain you, my sweet girl," he said, taking her gloved hand in both his, and looking earnestly in her face; "you are young, pure-hearted, full of generous feeling, but more inexperienced, and by far too trustful. I have told you that I am poor—that privation and even bodily labor must be the lot of my wife. Think yet again, if, for this dreary, comfortless station, you can, with your whole soul, resign your beautiful home, and all that pertains to it—if you can give up that wealth which woos you to the arms of another—reputation—for even that may suffice—yourself—every thing, to go forth, for life, with a stranger? Deliberate well, my Emma," he continued, as they reached the carriage, "I will not urge—I will not even counsel you, for this moment your destiny is in your own hands. It needs but a motion—but the placing of your foot on that step, and it passes forth to the will of another."

Nothing could have been more earnest or manly than this address. The little hand that was clasped in that of the speaker, thrilled and trembled to each word, like the key of a high-toned instrument to the touch of a master. On her way from the cottage, Emma had almost resolved to bid her lover farewell, and abandon the perilous step she was tempted to take. She began to find a runaway match attended with rather more inconvenience and heartaches, than her romantic fancy had imagined. Had her own feelings been such as usually lead young ladies into imprudent marriages—a mixture of romance, passion and vanity, she might have gone on with heedless and giddy obstinacy, to the completion of her wild project; but within the few weeks of her strange courtship, the heart of the young girl had taken up that strong, enduring faith in another, which puts the seal of maturity and womanhood on the affections. She loved earnestly, devotedly, and with the whole strength of her nature. It would seem as if true affection were the root of intellect; for no sooner is that allowed to fix and spread in the human heart, than the mind puts forth a richer growth of blossoms, more delicate, more pure and sweet, than those that have lived there before; thought gives them beauty; feeling, perfume and circumstance, sometimes come like a burst of sunshine, to quicken the root, and kindle the whole plant to sudden maturity. Had her lover continued careless, or had he striven to win her by the arts and persuasions which most men would have used, Emma might have found strength to return to her home and duty; but he had generously left her free to act—had placed his poverty before her as if he doubted that she had the strength or love to share it bravely

\* Concluded from page 121.

with him. Pride, as well as affection, was busy at her heart. In her own person, she would prove to him the strength and disinterestedness of woman's love. While he was speaking, she gazed on his face, and her soft eyes grew brighter, while her lips parted in a sweet, proud smile. When he ceased, she unconsciously returned the clasp of his hand, and placing her foot firmly on the step, ascended the carriage. He sprang in after her, and the next instant they were dashing through a cross road leading to the main rout from New Rochelle to the city. On their way, young Stewart—for that was the name by which Emma knew her lover—became cheerful, almost high spirited. Though Emma strove to follow his example, her joy was not the calm, modest, contented feeling which should accompany the heart of a bride to the altar, but there was nervousness in her manner, and excitement in her happiness—a sense of wrongdoing, striving with the dove that brooded but unquietly in her bosom. She was, in truth, femininely proud, and respected the man by her side too highly, not to feel a sense of shame and degradation in the step she was taking. The romance of getting up in a damp morning, and of stealing, like a thief, from her own hearthstone to be married, lost much of its charm in the trial. She began to think that there might be something of comfort and dignity in the support of friends, and the intermediation of parents, when an only child was passing forth from the home of her childhood, to be sheltered beneath another's roof-tree. More than once her cheek burned with a sense of her own indelicate position, and tears of regret for those she had left behind, would occasionally force their way to her eyes.

They had no reason to fear that some angry papa, with a carriage, and four post horses, would be in pursuit, so took their breakfast at a public house on the way, and arrived in the city some time before noon. Emma became restless and anxious as she entered the city through the Bowery—the passing to and fro of strange faces, confused and gave her a headache. The railroad-cars, filled with human beings—the heavy omnibusses thundering over the pavement—all were in painful contrast with the tranquil fields and quiet home she had left. Never, on earth, had she known a time that seemed less like her wedding-day. They stopped at a lofty house somewhere in the vicinity of Bleeker Street. She did not exactly know the place, for, in the confusion of her thoughts, she had taken no note of the various windings which the carriage had made since leaving the Bowery; but when it drew up before the house of the divine, a consciousness of her position—a fearful sense of the vow she was about to take, rushed to her mind, and as she attempted to descend the steps, Stewart received her almost fainting, in his arms.

"Courage, dear Emma!" he whispered, placing her on the pavement. "Do not falter now—it is but a moment, and you are mine for ever."

She strove to look up and to answer him, but a faint smile, trembled on her lips, and a slight, nervous clasp of the slender fingers resting on his arm, was all the reply she had strength to give. He supported her into the house to a room where several persons were waiting, as

if in expectation of their presence. In a few moments, a tall, reverend man, with hair as white as snow, and eyes that dwelt like a blessing on every face they encountered, entered from an inner room. Emma felt the fingers of her companion tighten about her own, and she had a confused consciousness that he was striving to give her courage by his own self-possession. She stood up, but her brain was giddy, and a strange sensation of shame and self-reproach took possession of her heart, as she pronounced the vow which could be broken only by crime or death, without one friend to rely upon, or one being whom she had ever known, to bid her God-speed.

When all was over—when the last solemn words of the divine fell upon her heavy heart, she sunk to a chair, coveredd her face, and wept like a child. Yet she still possessed a confused sense of what was passing in the room; she knew that papers were signed by more than one person, and that they were given to the care of her husband, but it all seemed as the passages of a dream. She could not realize that she was indeed married. After a time, her husband came to her side, took her hand, and pressed it to his lips. Never had his voice fallen on her ear so gentle and encouraging; never had her heart thrilled to its tones with a pleasure so exquisite, and yet so tinged with pain. They brought wine to her, which she tasted, and it gave her strength to depart. When the clergyman and the strange persons of his household had rendered their formal congratulations, she gathered her shawl about her, and went forth, to go, she knew not whither, a wedded wife. Through cross streets, and along dark, narrow passages, the carriage made its way into a remote neighborhood, which she had never seen before. The houses were old, and unevenly built; occasionally a new brick tenement might be seen, but it seemed sadly out of place amid the majority of dwellings, mostly out of repair, and all overrunning with human beings. Women and children, of the lowest class, were gossiping from the windows, and around the cellar doors, where quantities of decayed fruit and withered vegetables were exposed for sale, and a dirty impoverished grocery-store stood directly opposite the house before which Stewart checked his horse. It was a dingy, yellow tenement, with rickety blinds, that might have boasted a small possession of paint some ten or twelve years before. A wooden stoop was raised from the side-walk, by two or three low broad steps, and the door was ornamented with a little cast iron knocker, which might have cost some eighteen pence, in its best days. Emma almost gasped for breath, as her husband sprang from the carriage, and held out his hand as if expecting her to alight. She hesitated, and looked anxiously in his face, for she could not bring herself to believe that dreary house was to be her home; but he seemed quite unconscious of her astonishment, and busied himself in removing her travelling-basket from the carriage to the stoop, while she prepared to descend. The poor bride gathered her dress about her, that it might escape the contagion of the unswept walk, and followed her husband. He lifted the knocker, and then very good humoredly busied himself in brushing away

the dust which had been transferred therefrom to his white gloves. After some minutes delay, the door was opened by a little fat woman, with a red and rather good natured face, shaded by a cap, which, from all appearance, must have indulged in a decided antipathy to water for several successive months, an antipathy in which the face seemed somewhat inclined to participate.

"Oh, here you be at last, are you?" she said, placing her little round person in the doorway, as if determined to have some chat with the new comers before she permitted them to enter. "Says I to Sarah, when she came home from the shop to dinner, I shouldn't wonder if that young gentleman changes his mind after all, and wants us to let the rooms again to some one else, he seems so long about coming, and then there be all the trouble of cleaning to go over with again, besides showing the rooms, and having a bill on the house."

"Be so good as to stand aside that we may pass," said the bridegroom, annoyed beyond measure, at her pertinacious loquacity, and at being kept an object of notice to a group of idle loungers gathered before the opposite grocery.

"Oh, come in, come in. I did not mean to keep you on the stoop," said the little woman, stepping back, and holding the door wide open.

Stewart conducted his trembling bride into the narrow passage, merely inquiring of the little officious woman if their rooms were ready.

"To-be-sure they be," she replied, taking a broad survey of poor Emma from head to foot, as she spoke. "I always am as good as my word—and didn't I promise to have them all put to rights? It cost a good deal of money though; there was seven and sixpence to the woman who washed the winders and scrubbed the floors, besides two shillings for lime and whitewash—then there was the wood-sawyer and—"

"Permit us to pass to our rooms and I will attend to all your charges some other time," said Stewart, hurriedly moving toward a set of narrow stairs, covered with a rag carpet in tolerable repair. Mrs. Ward was not to be so readily shaken off, but closed the door, and followed the pair, resolute on a good understanding with her tenants, before she permitted them to take possession.

"There was one thing which I forgot to mention," she said, forcing her way between Stewart and the wall, and planting herself before the young pair, a second time. "We are not over rich, and in these hard times, every body wants their money as soon as it's due. I suppose it will be just as easy for you to pay rent every week as any way. You know we did not ask any security, and there is no telling how soon you may get tired of keeping house; this young lady here don't look as if she had ever taken hold of real hard work; why, her hand is as white as a lily!"

Here Mrs. Ward took possession of the poor bride's hand, which lay in her's much like the fruit of a coconut in its shell, and began to examine the valuable rings which gemmed the slender fingers.

"Real diamond?" she inquired, lifting her small grey eyes to the face of her tormented auditor, with a strange

expression, as if she had begun to doubt the respectability of her tenants. "I do not wish to be impertinent, or any thing like it, but are you *really* married?"

"You *are* impertinent, madam," said Stewart, sternly.

"Let us pass; or, if you prefer it, we will leave your house altogether! Emma, my poor girl," he continued addressing his shrinking and half terrified wife,—“why do you tremble so—am I not with you?”

"Yes, yes," she whispered, clinging to his arm, "but do take me away, any where, from this horrid woman."

"Oh, dear, she's fainting away!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward, observing the pale cheek and quivering lips of the distressed girl, and without farther comment, she darted through a side door, and re-appeared armed with a huge camphor-bottle, just as the young couple had reached the first landing on the stairs. With officious kindness she ran after them, pouring the restorative into her hand as she ascended, and before Emma was in the least aware of her purpose, she found her face deluged with camphor, and the chubby fingers of Mrs. Ward pressed pertinaciously over her nose and mouth.

"I rather think that will bring her to," said the little woman, appealing to the young husband, as if she expected no small degree of gratitude for her persevering benevolence. "If it doesn't, I'm sure I can't tell what will."

Stewart made no answer, but passing his arm round Emma's waist, he hurried by his tormentor, and entering a room at the head of the stairs, shut the door. Mrs. Ward, who was following close behind, with her camphor-bottle, stopped short, and a blank expression fell over her round face.

"Well, if ever I saw anything like that," she exclaimed, eying the door, as if still entertaining some designs of penetrating farther. "Never mind; I rather think she will want some of my help about house-keeping, before many days, and if she does, I'll remember this, I promise her."

Muttering these consolatory reflections to herself, Mrs. Ward descended the stairs, put away the camphor-bottle, and taking her seat on the red and blue patchwork cushion which adorned her sewing-chair, soon lost all irritation excited by her tenants, in the interest bestowed on a half boot which she had been industriously cording before their entrance.

The room to which young Stewart conducted his wife, was the best of three composing the suite which was henceforth to be her home. It was a small apartment, with two narrow windows, which commanded a view of the opposite side-walk—a street pump, and the grocery before mentioned. The walls were decorated with coarse paper of a sickly bluish ground, covered with groups of sheep or camels; it were difficult saying which, each guarded by a stiff-looking shepherd, brandishing a huge crook, by way of doing the pastoral. The floor was uncarpeted, and of a dark yellow color, which gave out a strong odor of fresh paint. Several wooden chairs—straight, awkward things, of the same orange hue, but adorned with sundry green stripes and leaves, stood, with a formal, chilly look, about the room, and between the windows hung a prim looking-glass, set in alternate

pieces of black and yellow wood; a small stained breakfast-table was stationed underneath, and a pair of cast andirons, glittering with British lustre, stood crossed in the fireplace. There were no books—no plants—nothing to make the room comfortable or home-like. All was new, clean, and as desolate as possible.

Emma sat down on one of the hard chairs, and looked timidly into her husband's face; he did not appear to observe the tears that sprang to her eyes in spite of her effort to suppress them, but took a survey of his domicile with a satisfied air, and even congratulated himself on its appearance.

"We shall be quite snug and comfortable here, Emma," he said, cheerfully. "The house-work will come a little hard to you at first, but habit will soon render it easy."

The poor bride could hardly suppress a sob. Her ideas of love in a cottage, had always comprised one servant, or a little girl for help, at least, and an unpleasant vision of scrubbing-brushes, gridirons and dusters, broke rather gloomily on the first day of her honeymoon.

Buonaparte, when planning his passage of the Alps, could not have felt more anxious fears than beset our poor bride on the morning when she was called upon to commence her household duties. All necessary stores had been provided, but in her whole life, she had never prepared a meal. Some detached dishes she understood well enough. She could make tea, and had brewed coffee to the admiration of her mother's guests, in the silver urns and French apparatus which had facilitated those operations at the cottage. But Stewart had commissioned Mrs. Ward to buy the furniture and necessities for his expected household, and in place of glittering silver and French fitters, Emma found a tall conical coffee-pot of japanned tin, with a little smooth upright spout, and a lid, that looked like a corpulent extinguisher, an article that had, by some miracle, emigrated from the interior of Connecticut to the auction-stalls at Chatham Square, and from thence, found its way, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Ward, to the possession of our young house-keeper. Being entirely ignorant of the mysterious process by which experienced housewives clarify their morning beverage, it was no matter of astonishment that Emma presented her husband, at the breakfast-table, with a tasteless and somewhat muddy compound of weak coffee, bluish milk, and coarse brown sugar, which he very heroically contrived to swallow, assuring her, however, that he seldom took more than one cup in the morning.

Stewart went out immediately after breakfast, and a sad, lonely day succeeded. Emma strove to convince herself that she was happy, and prepared for the toil and humiliation that lay before her, but, spite of herself, there was a feeling of dissatisfaction—almost of resentment, lurking in her heart. Her pride was constantly rebelling against the menial offices which she had taken upon herself. There was a bitter smile on her young lip when she looked down upon the sleeve of her black silk dress which had been torn in carrying an armful of wood from the yard to the kitchen fire; when she found no water in the pail, and the tea-hour drawing

near, she wept at the thoughts of going forth into the street to procure water where all the low people and passers-by might gaze upon her. For more than an hour she loitered by the window, hoping for an opportunity to steal out, unnoticed, on her menial errand, and when in despair she did go forth, it was with a burning cheek and a frightened look, as if she were about to commit some felony. A neat colored woman, with a gay madraas kerchief bound over her brow, was filling her own pail at the pump. She drew back as Emma approached, and when she saw how awkwardly her small fingers grasped the handle, the kind black not only relieved them from their task, but carried the pail across the street for her. It was a delicate act, and Emma was very grateful for it.

A thousand petty annoyances marked our young housekeeper's domestic progress during the first week. She had some leisure hours, and those were devoted to the study of Miss Leslie's Receipt Book, Mrs. Child's Frugal Housewife, and various other volumes of like import, which she had persuaded Stewart to purchase for her improvement. It was through one of these books that Mrs. Ward's prophecy that these young people would yet find themselves compelled to seek her assistance, was realized. In one of these very excellent volumes, Emma found it set down as an opinion, that domestic bread was both better in quality, and more economical, than that purchased from a city bakery. From that moment, she resolved to proceed forthwith to the experiment of bread making in her own person; so with a pail of flour on one hand, and a receipt-book on the other, she commenced mingling the ingredients, according to an excellent rule there set down. With a great deal of labor and awkward exertion, she succeeded in forming her materials into smooth round loaves, ready for the oven, and commenced washing the paste from her hands, preparatory to placing them therein. But, alas! the most lavish use of water was insufficient for her purpose; washing only seemed to fasten the vexatious substance more obstinately to her fingers. It was of no avail that she wrung them together, and plunged them again and again in the pure element. The oven was getting cold—her bread was, even then, over light, and still there seemed no possible chance of disencumbering her hands without assistance. In this exigency, she resolved on appealing to Mrs. Ward for counsel. Great was the surprise of that little body when her new tenant entered her apartment with flushed cheeks, and eyes brimming with tears of vexation. She started from her patch-work cushion, upset a chair, and trod on the cat in the plenitude of her vulgar delight.

"I declare, you can't think how glad I am to see you. We began to think you did not mean to be neighborly," she exclaimed, seizing one of the hands which Emma had extended in explanation of her predicament. "My goodness! what is the matter?" she continued, suddenly relinquishing her hold and surveying her own plump palm which had shared somewhat in the misfortune of her visitor.

Emma explained her perplexing situation, at which Mrs. Ward went off in a fit of laughter that threatened to

dislocate every joint in her little body while she searched in a neighboring closet for a flour box. At first her visitor was offended, but there was something so hearty and good natured in the little woman's merriment, that at last her pride fairly gave way to a sense of the ridiculous, and as the flour was rubbed over her hands her own clear ringing laugh mingled with the delighted chuckle of her deliverer.

"There now, let me go and help you put the bread in the oven; you've got a good many things to learn yet, I can tell you," said the really kind woman, delighted at being of service; "come, come, I may not speak fine language, or wear silk dresses to do my work in, but if you are sick or in trouble (and who knows what may happen) you may be glad to have even me for a friend; so come along, people that live in the same house ought to be neighborly."

There was kindness and sincerity in the good woman's speech, and those are qualities which can never fail to touch the heart. From that day, Mrs. Ward, with all her officious vulgarity, became a valuable counsellor to the inexperienced girl. If she was ill or desponding, during the many hours of her husband's absence, there was Mrs. Ward bustling about with a cheerful face and ready hand, ministering to her wants, relating droll anecdotes, and lending cheerfulness to many an hour, that, but for her, humble as she was, might have been spent in loneliness and repining. Days, weeks, and months went by and our young wife gradually became accustomed and almost reconciled to her humble station. Habit, and the exercise of her fine taste, soon shed a degree of comfort, if not of elegance, over her dwelling; she had contrived to embellish the little parlor, and to purchase many trifling necessities without applying to her husband for money; her most valuable ring was disposed of by Mrs. Ward, and a neat carpet soon after concealed the yellow painted floor. A few plants just bursting into blossom graced the window simultaneously with the carpet, and a proud and happy being was Emma when she saw her husband's face light up, and his fine eyes become dim with tenderness, as he witnessed her gentle effort to make his home pleasant.

"It will not always be thus, my sweet wife," he said that night, as he looked cheerfully round the little room and drew the pleased and blushing young creature to his bosom. "We shall yet see better days, be assured. I do not keep either you or myself in this state of servitude without some hopes of a change. With economy much may be accomplished, and you are becoming a very prudent domestic girl, Emma. A happier one you certainly shall be yet, if I have the power to make you so."

"I am happy now," murmured the young wife.

"Yes, just this moment, Emma," replied the husband, lifting her face from his bosom and kissing her forehead; "but sometimes when I'm absent, or when I keep back a portion of my weekly earnings as a provision for the future, do you never repine, never in your heart reproach me."

Emma felt that she could not deny the charge, a blush spread over her face and her eyes drooped beneath his earnest gaze.

"I thought sometimes," said she, timidly, "that you might have taken a house in some more pleasant neighborhood."

"But then," said Stewart, seriously, "with the increased rent, thus incurred, how was I to meet our expenses out of my poor salary, how provide for probable sickness or want of employ?"

"I have been very foolish and unreasonable, I fear," said Emma, lifting her tearful eyes to his; "I did not reflect."

"Never again indulge in hard thoughts of your husband without explaining them to him at once," replied Stewart, earnestly; "evil repinings against those we love, if indulged in, will not fail at last to win the heart from its object; there should be confidence in all things between us, my Emma."

"And have you no thoughts which I may not share? no secrets that you do not entrust to me?" inquired the young wife, looking timidly, and yet with some degree of earnestness, in his face.

It was Stewart's turn to become confused, a painful flush stole over his face, and his fine eyes wavered beneath her gaze.

"That is a strange question," he said; "what secrets should I have from you?"

"I cannot tell, but you never mentioned a mother or sister to me, yet I have heard you talk about them in your sleep."

"Indeed, when?"

"Last night, for instance."

"It is strange—what could I have said?"

"Oh, you seemed to be pleading with them to release you from some promise."

"Well, and did I say what the promise was? Dreamers should be consistent, you know."

"No, you began to mutter all kinds of unintelligible things to yourself. I could only make out that they had persuaded you to do something which you did not like, for you persisted that you had gone far enough, and would explain all."

"What could that mean?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, but you seemed very much in earnest."

"Doubtless," replied the husband, with a constrained laugh; "people who talk nonsense in their sleep usually are. How foolish all this is, dearest," he continued, abruptly, kissing her again with some appearance of emotion; "come, let me look at your plants, you have not told me their names yet."

Emma followed him to the window, and he asked several questions about the myrtles and roses which she had stationed there, but evidently with a pre-occupied and anxious mind; for he did not seem to hear her replies.

"Nay, do not break off that bud yet," said Emma, laying her hand on his, as he was carelessly twisting off a young rose, whose crimson heart was just beginning to break through the green leaves, "to-morrow or the day after, at farthest, it will begin to open and then you shall have it."

"Shall I?" replied the husband, abstractedly, and leaving the window, he threw himself in a chair and sat for a long time lost in gloomy and silent thoughts. Emma, too, became dull and sorrowful. At all times, and more particularly when Stewart seemed ill at ease, she had felt apprehensive and suspicious that all her efforts and sacrifices had failed to make him happy. She was well aware that at times thoughts of her own luxuriant and beautiful home lay heavily at her heart; that much of her discomfort had arisen from secret regret for the sorrow she had left in that home; she would sometimes think of her mother, and of the childless solitude to which her own rash, undutiful conduct had consigned her, till her heart yearned with a strange homesick longing, to throw herself at that parent's feet, and ask forgiveness and a blessing on her union; but hitherto pride had held her back, her cheek crimsoned at the very thought of revealing even to her indulgent parent the humble fortune to which she had consigned herself. She preferred living on without one female friend, knowing that she was an object of reproach to all who had once loved her, rather than expose her poverty. Had Stewart continued cheerful and happy, she might have forgotten all in the deep affection which had led her to resign so much for his sake; but there were seasons when he too, seemed wretched and full of self-reproach, when even her soft voice or the gentle touch of her hand seemed to fill him with distress. She gazed on him that night as he sat with his elbow leaning on the table and the light flickering over his noble features, and her heart filled with new apprehension. She began to fear that he regretted their union, and that she was becoming a burthen to him; what else could render him so silent and unsocial. He had left no mother—broken over no duties—did he begin to feel contempt for his wife, that she had thought so lightly of her's? These were strange, painful thoughts, but they haunted the bosom of that young creature through the whole of that sleepless night.

The next day Emma continued sad and thoughtful. Mrs. Ward took her shoe-binding up stairs and expressed a benevolent intention of setting by her young favorite till she became cheerful, if it were all day, but even her merry laugh and droll humor failed of its usual effect. Emma was very sad and apprehensive. She could not account for it, but an uncommon gloom hung about her heart like a presentiment. Stewart had gone out early that morning and did not return to dinner. There was nothing remarkable in that, for he had frequently remained out all day; yet his absence made her anxious. She remembered that his conduct on leaving home had been marked and strange—that he had returned twice to take leave, and when she gave him the rose bud which had begun to unfold during the night, a regretful, misty expression came to his eyes. He strained her to his heart and pressed a fervent kiss on her forehead—she had scarcely noticed it at the time, but afterwards she remembered that his lips trembled and his face was much agitated. All these recollections came crowding to her memory as the day waned without bringing him to her presence. She prepared tea, lighted the lamps,

draw forth an easy chair, which she had sacrificed another ring to purchase, and placed Stewart's slippers before it; but tears were in her eyes all the time, and after every thing was ready she sat down despondingly to await his coming.

Hours went slowly by and yet he came not; it was a damp night, and even had it been otherwise, there seldom appeared any object in that street worthy of notice; yet the watchman stationed opposite Stewart's dwelling was surprised to see a pale, sad face looking anxiously forth through a thicket of window plants into the damp night, hour, after hour, as if it could not tire with watching. Thrice the sash was hung up and then he caught the gleam of a white neck bending through the shrubs and of two small hands wrung and twined together as in an agony of impatience. At length the face disappeared, but it was only for a moment, for directly after the window was darkened, and a female form muffled in a shawl came hastily through the street door and crossing over to his station, rushed up the street, a lamp shone full upon her face at the moment, and he knew it was the same which had been gazing all the evening from the window.

In about an hour the poor girl returned, her step was feeble and unsteady, and as she passed the watchman again, he could hear that she was weeping bitterly. His interest was excited, and he observed that as she entered her dwelling, a lad, who had been loitering around the grocery during the last hour, followed her into the passage. The boy took a folded paper from his cap, and it seemed as if the joyful cry which burst from that young creature's lips, as she saw the writing, had startled him, for he turned and ran hastily up the street, leaving the letter in her hand. A moment and the door closed, leaving the curious watchman in darkness and perplexity. Poor Emma, it was her movements that had been so curiously watched; it was Stewart's letter which she held in her hand. He had left her—the blow had fallen—he had left her! The letter was kindly worded, "they must part for a season, *only for a season*," it said, but it continued an earnest request that she should return to her mother immediately.

Her first sensation was joy at hearing from the beloved object in any form, it was some comfort too look upon that hand writing, cruel as was its import, but very soon a keen sense of desolation and wretchedness fell upon her heart. She looked imploringly round upon the bare walls as if she expected sympathy even from them. At last she remembered Mrs. Ward; no other human being was near to whom she could apply for pity or counsel. With the letter in her hand she entered the landlady's apartment and awoke her from a comfortable sleep. The good woman started up and stared wildly on the pale young creature from under her borderless cap.

"Dear me! what can have brought you here at this time of night?" she said, rubbing her eyes and striving still further to arouse herself. "What is the matter?"

Emma could not speak, but she placed the open letter before Mrs. Ward. The little woman never boasted much 'schooling,' as she herself acknowledged, but, with the aid of spelling and guessing, she contrived to



ascertain what had befallen the helpless being who stood by her bed side pale as death, and too miserable for words or tears.

"Poor thing!" said the kind woman; "poor young creature—and so he has gone at last. I was afraid of it once, but after I found out that you were honestly married, I would not have thought it of him."

"Mrs. Ward," said the wretched wife, turning her soft eyes, now full of gloom and agony, on the face of her companion, "you have been good to me, very, very good, but do not say a word against him; I am miserable, more miserable than any human being ever was before. Comfort me; oh, try to give some hope—for I believe my heart is breaking."

"Poor thing—poor thing!" murmured the landlady, turning away her head to conceal the tears that rolled down her ruddy cheeks; "what can you do?"

"I will obey him, cruel as he is.—I will go to my poor mother; there is no disgrace upon me that I should not. I have been lawfully wedded," said Emma, rising up and speaking in a slow calm voice. "He may desert me, but I am his wife still."

"True," said Mrs. Ward, cheerfully, "and you have the certificate to show for it."

At these words the poor wife sunk helpless to the bed, and every drop of blood forsook her face.

"God forgive him!" burst from her white lips, "God forgive him, for he has taken the certificate!"

"Don't take on so, it will all turn out right in the end," persisted Mrs. Ward, soothingly; "the minister can bear witness for you."

"Alas!" said Emma, wringing her hands, "I am every way helpless, for I can remember neither the street in which we were married, nor the name of the clergyman."

"Dear me," muttered the little woman, "this is dreadful!" For several minutes the two beings so strangely thrown together, remained silent; Mrs. Ward was pondering on what she had learned, with an expression of countenance which seemed altogether foreign to her round, good natured face, and Emma gazed upon her with a sad, heart-broken look, which might have moved a heart of stone to pity.

"Don't take on so terribly," said the kind woman; "at last I cannot help but think that Mr. Stewart will come back again if you obey his letter."

"Do you, in truth, think so?" exclaimed the heart-stricken wife, clasping her hands and bending earnestly forward—her pale lips slightly parted, and her soft eyes gleaming with a troubled joy. "Say that you think so and I will do any thing!"

"I do think so," persisted the landlady, striving to believe what she said; "I have seen a great many wild men in my time, and I ought to know the marks by which they are known. Now, Mr. Stewart always looked a person boldly in the face. When he spoke, he had a proud eye that seemed to pierce through one, but I never saw it sink or shun anybody. Look—I never yet saw a villain, such as he would prove himself, if he could leave you in this way, that would not cower and drop his eyes before the keen glance of an honest person."

"Stewart was no villain," murmured Emma, in a stifled voice.

Mrs. Ward went on without heeding the interruption. "Go home to your mother," she said, "tell her the truth—she will believe you without the certificate." Emma shook her head. "I will go with you; Mr. Stewart gave the papers into my own hand, for I insisted upon seeing them. I can take my bible oath that your name was written on them at full length, Emma Carlton, but somehow it has always run in my head as if Stewart was not the other name. But, as I was saying, I will go with you to your mother, and if she refuses to believe us, why you shall come back with me. I am not quite so poor as some people think, and so long as I can bind a shoe or draw a cent from the Savings Bank, you shall have a home. Now, go up-stairs and try to sleep, we will start early in the morning."

"I cannot go up-stairs again, indeed I cannot. Let me stay here with you," pleaded poor Emma.

"Very well, but you must try to rest," said the landlady. "Come now, be quiet, and don't cry any more, you will see Mr. Stewart and be as happy as a lark again in less than three days, take my word for it, you will."

It was a cold afternoon in November, nearly four months after she had so weakly left her home, that Emma stood with her little friend, the landlady, beneath the old chestnut, which has been so often mentioned in the progress of our story. A change had fallen on each object she gazed upon—the gorgeous hues of autumn had settled on the maple grove, and, though the grass was still vigorous in the hollows and beneath the trees, a slight frost had turned it to a crisp brown on the uplands, and the various rounded knolls which broke the otherwise smooth surface of the meadows. A deep russet brown had settled on the slender leaves which still clothed the chestnut, and a tribe of beautiful squirrels were busy searching out the ripe fruit as it fell from the open husks hanging in clusters over the boughs.

"If you feel so dreadfully about seeing your mother, stay here and I will go and talk to her a little first," said Mrs. Ward folding a Rob Roy shawl more closely over her little person, and turning into the highway from which she had diverged a few paces to humor the wish of her young friend. "Don't stay behind more than ten or fifteen minutes, though, by that time the good lady up yonder will be dying to see you, or she isn't more than half a woman."

Part of this speech was lost in the distance, for Mrs. Ward, full of her benevolent purpose, walked with all her strength toward the cottage. Emma lingered behind. Painful and humiliating as were her thoughts, there was something purifying and healthy in them. She had left that spot a fanciful, visionary being, ready to stake her happiness, and that of all connected with her, on the hazard of a stranger's honor. She had ventured the stake, and the penalty was written on her changed heart. She looked back upon the past, and felt most keenly that all the miseries she had endured was the result of that one rash step which she had taken beneath that very tree. She had left her home rich in the love of all who

knew her, with a pure, vigorous heart beating in her bosom, and eyes that looked in conscious rectitude on all she met. She returned to it, a disobedient daughter—a heart-stricken woman—a deserted wife—a being on whom men might heap scorn, which she had no power to resent, and she felt to her heart's core that her own imprudence and folly had brought all this weight of evil on her head. She bent her steps slowly towards the cottage, and tears gushed up from her very heart, as the pendant branches of the elm, clothed in the brilliant dye, brought to its graceful foliage by the early frost, broke to her sight, waving to and fro before her chamber window, like a host of banners floating out to welcome her home again. Every thing looked familiar about the cottage—the sunshine shed a golden light over the thickets, and the changing greensward; the rose tree which she had left in blossom was covered with a wealth of rich crimson berries that gleamed in the light like clusters of moulded coral. Slowly, and with her heart beating painfully at each step, Emma advanced to the door. She heard voices within, happy voices they seemed, and a clear silvery laugh mingled joyously with the sound. Emma's pale cheek flushed, and her heart throbbed almost to suffocation. "Had Sophia Fowler taken her place in the cottage? Was she, an only child, so easily forgotten?" These thoughts gave her an unnatural courage, and she advanced into the usual sitting room with a firmness which was the effect of sudden excitement. The room was empty, but in the breakfast parlor back, she saw Mrs. Ward sitting in an easy chair with her round face sparkling all over with joy, while Sophia Fowler sat at her feet talking eagerly, and as if they had been acquainted from the cradle. Mrs. Carlton stood by a window looking anxiously forth as if in expectation of some one.

"Are you certain that she is so near?" inquired the good lady, of Mrs. Ward. Her voice was full of emotion, and though her face was almost young with smiles, a tear trembled on either cheek. "Poor child—how I have pined to see her."

There was a slight joyful cry broke from the next room, and Emma Carlton lay sobbing like a child on the bosom of her mother.

"Oh, if brother Charles were but here this minute, where can he have gone?" exclaimed Sophia, springing up and running to the door. Emma lifted her head, and her heart almost stopped its pulsation, so intensely did she listen. Light, familiar footsteps sounded from the room which she had just left—a quick eager tread that caused her eye to brighten and her breath to come gaspingly. She was clinging to her mother, and yet, bent slightly away from her bosom, like a fawn preparing for a bound, when a young man passed the threshold. His eye was brilliant—a beaming smile brightened his whole face, and even as he entered the door, his arms were extended toward his breathless and listening wife. Emma started from her mother's bosom, but the surprise was too much, she fainted and was received insensible in her husband's arms.

"I suppose this will satisfy you," said young Fowler,

almost sternly to his sister, as she strove to restore animation, to the pale creature in his arms.

"Believe me, Charles, the lesson she has received will be a moral blessing, if not a physical one. I had your promise."

"Yes, and exacted it rigorously. I shall not soon forgive either yourself or my mother."

"Be content, good brother," replied Sophia, in a low voice, putting back the thick ringlets from Emma's forehead, and bathing it with lavender water. "If you had not run away with her, I dare venture to assert she would never have been wooed and won by Charles Fowler. Now, that you have secured the prize, don't quarrel with those who helped you to it, because they happened to manage things a little out of the common way. Look to your charge—those silken lashes are beginning to quiver on her cheek. Emma, my sweet sister, look up and say that you forgive me, and I shall submit to this gentleman's anger with becoming philosophy."

"I hardly know what you wish me to forgive yet," said Emma, with a faint smile, as Sophia repeated her half jeering, half earnest petition.

"First and foremost," said Sophia, demurely, "you, my gentle sister, having taken a decided and unreasonable antipathy to the gentleman, who at this moment is supporting you very properly in his arms, were by means of some little manœuvring and subterfuge on my part, induced to make various rural walks to a certain cascade, where this same Charles Fowler, by the merest accident, happened to meet you one fine summer's day, which meeting proved so satisfactory to both parties, that on another fine day my fair cousin and my gallant brother formed a resolution to elope and make a regular romance of their loves. Now, this same Charles Fowler would most willingly have married his lady love in the old fashioned way, having a house and all things appertaining, ready for her reception in the city, but as the lady of his choice refused to see him in his proper character, he was forced to gratify her very extraordinary fancy and run away with her under an assumed name, which, however, he took especial care not to have inserted in the certificate, where it is legally registered Charles Stewart Fowler—and wedded her in the pretended capacity of a book-keeper. Now, a young lady who could thus trifle with her own happiness and with that of her friends, so far as to desert them for a penniless stranger, in my humble opinion deserved some punishment which would render her more circumspect in future, so I made it a condition that Charles should, in reality, take the situation he pretended to assume. That he should occupy it for three or four months, and should content himself with the money derived therefrom. To this end he took the house which you occupied with this kind lady, Mrs. Ward—filled his situation of book-keeper to the satisfaction of his employers—gave you a few useful lessons in domestic economy, and thereby redeemed his word of honor pledged to that effect. I must do him the justice to say that it required all my powers of persuasion to induce him to leave you even for twenty-four hours. Had he been the person you at first supposed, capable of stealing an only child from the roof of her mother, the desertion

which was but seeming, and for a few hours might have been a stern reality.

"It was very cruel," murmured Emma, with a slight shudder.

"But all this is forgiven, is it not?" whispered young Fowler, and he led his wife to a window apart from the family, where they conversed very earnestly together for some time. What concessions were made never transpired, but from that day to this Emma Fowler was never heard to reproach either her husband or his sister for the practical illustration which they had given her of "Love in a Cottage."

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Original.

MY WIFE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

In the churchyard of Roslyn, in Scotland, there is to be seen an humble tombstone with the above brief but touching inscription.

I.

My wife! oh! what a magic's in that name,  
A spell that conjures up departed years;  
It fans the dying embers of love's flame,  
And opes the sealed fountain of my tears,—  
It wakes anew, past joys, and loves, and fears,  
Reveals the scenes of vanished hours of pain;  
Till thy sweet form in living guise appears;  
And in thy smile I seem to live again,  
When life was sunshine bright without one speck or stain.

II.

I see thee rich in innocence and youth,  
Thy raven tresses floating in the breeze;  
Thy cheek of bloom, thy eyes of sparkling truth,  
That flash'd their light like gleams of sunny seas,  
Ere o'er them came the shroud of fell disease,  
And Beauty died upon her rosy throne.  
And Death did rudely on thy treasures seize,  
And gloom came o'er where glory proudly shone,  
And left me in this vale to mourn and weep alone.

III.

And when thy honest heart was linked to mine,  
And the loved name of *wife* proclaimed thee bound  
For weal or woe upon devotion's shrine—  
My partner in mortality's dark round,  
How swell'd thy artless bosom at the sound,  
And the big tears of joy gush'd from thine eye;  
While Hope his sunny pinions waved around,  
And pleasure ope'd the portals of love's sky—  
Alas! my beautiful! we deem'd no spoiler by.

IV.

My home! oh! what a scene of bliss was there,  
A paradise of innocence and love;  
It seem'd a spot of Heaven's peculiar care,  
A haven for the peace-alighting dove.

Around thee blessings, hand in hand, did move,  
Thy voice was music, like the balmy sigh  
Of unseen winds o'er bowers of bloom that rove,  
And hymn their anthems in the golden sky,  
When summer days depart, like life from beauty's eye.

V.

When trouble struck his arrow to my core,  
And ruin rear'd his dread, appalling form,  
Thy look of love becalmed the tempest's roar—  
My star of hope!—my rainbow in the storm!  
Pride, pomp, or guile, thy mind did ne'er transform;  
Simplicity's mild feelings dwelt in thee:  
But ah! the blighter did my bower deform,  
And reft the rose from my domestic tree,  
And turn'd it to the upas dread, to wither me.

VI.

The vision passes!—by the couch of death,  
I'm with thee, loved one, in thy chamber's gloom;  
Faster and faster ebbs thy fleeting breath—  
And nature sinks beneath the spoiler's doom.  
While the sweet glance that did thine eye illumine  
Flash'd at departure with a proud disdain,  
"Weep not," thou said'st, "*because I seek the tomb;*  
*Congenial spirits part to meet again,*"  
Whisper'd my name, and sweetly passed from earth  
and pain.

VII.

Now low thou slumber'st; o'er thee, darkly waves  
The cypress in his robe of gloomy green;  
Low moans the river as thy home he leaves,  
And autumn's garb of glory vests the scene.  
By thy lone couch, I linger all unseen,  
Deeming I hear upon the evening's sighs  
Thy voice's music—as I fondly ween,  
Thou look'st upon me in thy spirit guise,  
From thy loved home—thy mansion 'yond the azure  
skies.

VIII.

My wife! Oh, pilgrim, softly press the soil,  
The couch of beauty in its last repose;  
The balmy pillow of life's ended toil.  
She sleeps the sleep that God can but uncloze.  
Bring the pale lily and the blushing rose,  
And ev'ry flower that fond affection's hand  
Can cull when summer in her glory glows,  
To strew in mem'ry of her spirit bland,  
My beautiful! *my wife! bride of the heav'nly band!*  
Boston, 1840.

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THE multitude judge almost constantly wrong on all subjects that lie in the least out of the common way. They follow one another like a flock of sheep, and not only go wrong themselves, but make those who are wiser ashamed to go right. And yet it is not prudent to be singular in matters of inferior consequence.—  
*Burgh's Human Nature.*

Original.

"JOE;" OR, THE MAGIC STONE.

A JERSEY LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAPITTE," "BURTON," ETC

In the early part of the last century there stood in the ancient town of New Brunswick, in East Jersey, a small Inn, known as "*The Black Dog*." It was a low, rambling edifice, situated close to the water, over which it partly projected, and was fantastically constructed of the glazed, black, and red bricks, which the wise Dutchmen of that age believed could only be made in Holland, from the same earth from which they themselves were fashioned. One stormy night, in the tap-room, of this well known Inn, at the period of our stirring 1776, were assembled several of the good citizens of the town, mostly of the degree of tradesmen, though one or two weather-bound skippers and a belated Scotch farmer, of the neighborhood, were of the number. It was a chilly October night, and mine host, Peter Pug, had kindled a rousing fire in the capacious chimney, around which were gathered the whole company, amounting to some twelve persons in all, each worthy with a can of ale in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth. The hour was waxing late, and still the storm howled without, and the rain, mingled with sleet, rattled with a dead sound on the outer-side of the shutters of the apartment, conveying to the minds of those within, a sense of security and comfort that imparted a general cheerfulness to every countenance, and disposed them to hilarity. Hitherto their talk had been on the public topics of the day and the gossip of the town; but these subjects at length becoming exhausted, it was proposed that some one should tell a story. This proposition came from a lazy-looking, lumpish little man, in a ragged grey jerkin, well patched green plush breeches, and a shocking bad hat, who sat upon a high stool near the tap, the better, as it would seem, to ogle the landlady, who, with her round red face resting between her two hands, which, in turn, were sustained by her elbows that were supported on the bar, was looking towards the group and listening to their gossip, not hesitating either to aid the memory of some one who was at fault, or to suggest an idea herself, as the subject or occasion offered.

The male individual in question was known throughout the town as "Joe." Sometimes he was called "Lazy Joe;" at others "Copper Joe," and at others "Invisible Joe," for reasons that will become apparent hereafter. But no man knew this worthy by any name that came after "Joe." From time immemorial he had been called Joe, and "*Hic jacet "JOE"*" was likely to be engraven on his tombstone.

Joe was a cobbler by trade, and had a wife; and his wife was the better cobbler, for she strapped him and leathered him till he had no more soul in his body than he had upon his shoes, which were out at the toes. Mistress Joe had never blessed her lord with any likenesses of his own image; and this conjugal deficit may account in some part for the numerous castigations that fell to Joe's share—his own back taking the place of the

backs of his seven little Joes (Joe had been married seven years) that ought to have been and were not. Mrs. Joe, like all other married ladies of her calibre, must do a certain amount of whipping in her day and generation; and for not having legitimate subjects for her "bared, red right arm," it was a wise Providence that placed her lord's shoulders to receive the natural expenditure of her castigating humors. Oh, ye childless husbands, to what are ye doomed!

In process of time Joe got so accustomed to the strap, that he no longer winced under it, and as his rib was always in better humor afterwards, he soon got into the habit when he wanted to obtain a favor, first to rouse her ire, and take a beating, when, taking her in the better humor, that was always sure to follow, he would wheedle her out of whatever he sought, whether it was a shilling to spend at "*The Black Dog*," (for she was financier, earning herself all the coin that crossed Joe's threshold) or permission to take a Sunday's stroll in the fields. Joe no longer worked at his last, and the secret of his desertion of the wax and awl is this. It so chanced that when he had been married a year, he purchased one sixteenth of a ticket in a lottery for which he gave five shillings three pence farthing, and drew the sum of five pounds sterling. This was a wind fall in Joe's imagination. He had always been an idle dog, and none of his earnings had heretofore come to so large a sum.

"Now, by this and by that," said Joe, after he had obtained the money, "I will be a gentleman, and live by buying tickets. Mankind was never made to work. The whole world may go barefooted, like Adam and Eve, before I make another shoe for foot."

This was the era of poor Joe's downfall. In a twelve-month he was without shop, leather, tools, or work, and now altogether too lazy and idle in his habits to profit by either. His wife made out to keep things together at home, but Joe became, what in this day, would be termed a "loafer." Day and night he dreamed of lotteries, and visions of wealth were constantly floating before his eyes. But he could no longer purchase a ticket for the want of the wherewithal, and not even the prospect of earning a little money for this object could tempt him to work. So Joe passed his days in loafing about the town, leaning over garden fences and talking politics with those within it, and wondering if they "never didn't find no money when they was hoeing;" in lounging about the sunny stoop of the Black Dog Inn; in watching the boys fish by the river side; in roaming about the fields, and other such genteel loafing pastimes. Every body knew Joe; and as he was the very soul of good-nature, every body liked him. Joe was not a teetotler. He *would* guzzle. Mine host, Peter Pug, when Joe would come in to the tap-room and find him smoking his pipe there alone, would often, for company's sake, give Joe a glass, and the villagers and farmers were never backward to ask him to take a dram with them. So, although Joe never had any coin, yet by watching opportunities and being always in the way of the tap-room, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and at four in the afternoon, he managed to get along very comfortably, and keep about 'half and

half, from the time he rose in the morning until he went to bed at night. It was Joe's belief that he was destined suddenly to grow rich. There was to be some lucky windfall for his especial benefit. How this was to happen he had no definite idea—but the notion filled his head, teemed in his brain and governed all his actions. Whether he was to find a purse—fish up a bag of gold—draw a prize in a lottery, or, light upon a hidden pot of ancient gold coins, he could not determine; but one thing was plain, some day or other he felt he was to become a rich man. So Joe loafed about in a truly gentlemanly way and waited for the lucky god-send that was to elevate him above his neighbors. Nevertheless he did not neglect to aid fortune in her kind intentions in the best way in his power. Every morning at cock crowing, and within the first peep of dawn, Joe would steal out of bed and partly drawing his ragged jerkin and green plush breeches, sally forth, and with his face to the pavement, creep searchingly along towards the market-house. For a few minutes he would search about the "Black Dog" stoop which lay in his way, and then move on past the stores, looking closely at each object in his path; now picking up a bit of rag; now unrolling a crumpled piece of paper; now turning a stone or brick-bat over; now searching among the sweepings, and now lifting a piece of board, and knocking the litter away from beneath the horse-stands before the groceries. Carefully and searchingly he would circumvent the market, examining every little scrap that lay in his path, and so return on the opposite side of the street to the "Black Dog," which he would manage to reach just as the shutters were thrown open to let in the dawn. This was Joe's morning walk. And what was its object? He was looking, my friend, for any stray coppers or shillings that might have been dropped the day before! perhaps a purse or a pocket-book was in his mind's eye; or, peradventure, a pot of money or a lottery ticket. Never did Joe pass through the streets; never did he cross the commons near the town; never, indeed, did he move abroad, without looking on the ground at his feet searching for treasure. In vain did his thrifty wife scold him, and beat him, and bid him work. His only reply was:

"Vork! would you have me vork ven I shall werry shortly be as rich as the Governor? I expect to be a gentleman, and I will not disgrace the character o' von o' the cloth by vorkin aforehand."

Such was "Joe"—such he had been for seven years, when introduced to the reader in the tap-room of the "Black Dog." Yet hitherto, fortune had eluded his grasp, and pots of money, purses and stray shillings were only existing in his imagination, which daily grew on what it fed upon; and time, instead of causing him to despair of finding the treasure, only made him more sanguine, inasmuch as it brought him nearer to the lucky day. Once Joe, by favor of the skipper, had sailed down the river in a sloop to Perth Amboy, the only baggage he carried being a spade and an empty salt-bag, with which, to the great wonder of the Captain, he went ashore, after mysteriously inquiring the road to the grave-yard. The next day it was noised in the village that a resurrectionist had been among the tombs. But on examin-

ation, although a grave was found open, the body was safe. Joe had heard from a wandering seaman who was spinning his yarns at the Black Dog, that Captain Kyd had buried ten thousand crowns in gold in the grave situated "under the west window, south side of the church tower," and hence his voyage of eleven miles to search the spot, and hence the consternation of the good people of Perth Amboy. Divers other expeditions of a like nature were undertaken by Joe throughout the neighborhood from time to time, yet up to the evening whereon we find him seated on the high stool ogling the landlady with one of his humorous leers, (the lazy loafer! if his rib could have caught him at it!) he was no nearer success than when he first began his search for the lost treasure.

As usual, Joe was at the Inn on the stormy night with which our story opened—for his greedy ears were always on the alert for tales of hidden coin, of suddenly obtained riches, and all the marvellous legends of this nature—and these, in his day, were ripe in every hostel and market-place. So Joe, that he might hear all that was to be heard, spent every evening at Peter Pug's Inn, listening to the traveller's tales which in that simple age used to cheer the long evenings of the tap-room of every Inn, from the Bay State to the Virginia plantations.

Tired with listening to the dull gossip of the place, which he knew by heart, and restless to hear something touching his favorite subject, "Joe" cried out for a story.

"Ay, a story," was the response of the majority. "Who will tell a story?"

"I will tell vone," said a fat Dutchman known as Skipper Tunis Von Sicker, who ran a smack between Brunswick and the York Bay Shore. "I will tell von shtory apout a shtone."

"A stone, Skipper?" eagerly repeated Joe, getting down, pushing his high stool nearer the skipper, and perching himself upon it; "was it a philosophy stone—or the stone that turn all to gold it touches—or the stone they tell of in the 'Rabian Nights' that is worth its weight in diamonds; or is it the stone that fell out of the moon that turns drops of dew on the grass into hard pearls; or the magic pebble that—?"

"Avasht dere, mine frient Sho," said the skipper; "Lishten und I vill tell you vot ish te shtone."

Their mugs having been replenished, and one ordered for Joe by the generous skipper, and the pipes being all alight and in full blast, the story-teller thus began:

"Te shtory I am going to tell, vas not happen to me, but to mein broder, Hans; ant I get it from Hans own vort o' mout, ant mine Got, comrates, Hans speak te trut, ant never lie. Vell, it vas tree year now vhen mein broder Hans, ant Mynheer Schnaps, te owner, took te boat from te smack at te wharf here, ant, mit two long gun ant a little red tog, rowed up te river two mile from te town, and tie te boat in a little creek. Den dey both step to te shore mit te little red tog jempin after dem. Vell, Hans ant Mynheer see some tucks ant dey goes afider dem up de creek, ant over de hill, ant into de wood till dey come to anoder creek mit steep banks ant thick trees, ant all dark in te bottom vere te vater run. In de creek dey see

to tucks ant fire bote togedder ant kill seven pirds. Haas run down to hill ant Mynheer ant te little red tog altogedder, ant pick up te tucks ant put dem in te pag. Dey den stop ant loat deir guns, ven mein broder Hans, looking round missed te little red tog.

“Vere ish mine little ret tog, Mynheer Scnaps?” said Hans. “Here tog, tog, little red tog!” and Hans began to whistle; ven he hear a whine ant look down ant see te little red tog at his feet.

“Dere ish te tog, to be sure, Hans,” said te owner. “You ave lost your eye.”

“I see te tog now too.—No I don’t! Mynheer Scnaps. vere ish te tog gone again?” said Hans, for he no sooner had seen te little red tog than he vas gone.

“‘Tis vera shtrange, Hans,” said te owner.

“Here tog, tog, little red tog,” said my broder Hans, ant bear a whine, ant he looked down and dere vas te little red tog just vere he vas pefore.

“Dere ish te tefil tog again,” said te Mynheer Scnaps; “No he ish not here, Hans! neider. Mein Got he vas here! Dere he ish again by your gun! No mein Got he isn’t! ‘Tis te tuyfil is get into te tog.”

“Mein broder Hans said noting, but he turned pale; vor te little red tog kept appearing ant den wanishing again on te ground at deir feet in such a mysterious vay dat mein broder Hans taught he vas pevitched; and seeing Mynheer Scnaps crosch himself ant say a prayer, he shuts his eyes ant did sho too; vor mein broder Hans vas a goot kristian, though he vould rip out and swear an oat or two in a storm. Vell, comrades, tey both look at one anodder ant say noting, but shake deir heads. Put te tog not disappear no more, ant playing in te vater dey finish loating deir guns, ven Mynheer Scnaps took up a shtone from the pebbly shore to knock his vlint. In an instant, mein broder Hans tell me—Hans ish a goot kristian ant never lie—mein broder tell me dat he could see no more ov Mynheer Scnaps dan ov te little red tog von minute pefore; put he could hear him knocking ant rapping away at his vlint just vere he vas stanting.”

“Mein goot Got! Mynheer Scnaps,” said mein broder, “vere in te tyfil are you, dat you go out ov sight like my little red tog just now?”

“I am here, Hans, man. Don’t you see me with your two eyes staring at me? You must pe plind.”

“Hans heard him shepak right pefore him, not three feet off, ant heard te clicking ov te shtone against te vlint, put he tolt me he could not see a hair ov him, ant that it sounded ash iv te empty air vas talking to him ant clicking. Hans’ hair den began to lift his hat off his beat, ant his knees began to knock togedder, ant he tried to say te Lort’s prayer, put he couldn’t say a vort of it, it vas sho long since he had learned it; ant just ash he vas reaty to sink on his knees like a dying lobster, thinking he had te tyfil to do with, he heard a shtone fall on te ground ant Mynheer Scnaps shtood pefore him at once.

“Vat ish te matter, Hans?” he said, seeing my broder look so fall ov terror.

“Do you see me, Mynheer?” he said, trembling all over.

“See you? You are looking as if you had seen a ghost,” said Mynheer Scnaps.

“Mein broder den tolt him how he had wanished vrom his eyes ant came again just like te little red tog had done. While mein broder vas speaking he happen to take von step forwart, ven all at vonce Mynheer Scnaps cried out,

“Hans, Hans, vere are you, Hans?”

“Here I am,” said Hans, laughing ant slapping him on his shoulder; at which Mynheer roared like a bull ant run right against Hans ash if he had been noting put air, ant then falling pack screamed vorse than pefore, tumbling down and yelling ash if te tyfil had him py te heel. Hans picked him up ant looked vera solemn; vor now he knew dat he had become invisible to te Mynheer as Mynheer had been to him, ant he tried once more to rememper a piece ov te Lort’s prayer, put he couldn’t get a vort ov it out ov his throat. Soon ash te Mynheer looked up ant saw Hans, he came to himself ant den said:

“Ve must go home, Hans. I am sick;” ant he helt on to Hans ant Hans helt on to him as if dey vere afraid one should disappear out ov sight again, ant scare te oder to deat. “Hans you take te game pag, vor I’m veek.”

“Mynheer den took te pag off his shoulter ant while Hans vas putting his ram-rot into his gun, placed it on te pebbles vor him. Ven Hans stooped down vor te pag, comrades, vere it vas it vas not dere. Dey look at vone anodder, ant begin to tremble ant shake like ash if te ague had dem bote, ant Hans put his arms rount Mynheer’s neck, ant Mynheer put his arms rount mein broder Hans’ neck, and dey shiver for affright, nor can move vrom te von inch spot. Dey knew dey vas pevitched, ant each minute dey expect to see Doctor Faust ant te tyfil. Te little red tog now come out ov te vater ant go smell, smell along till he come vere dey put down te pag ov tucks, vhen he begins to park ant yelp out, den dey saw him snap as if to seize something ant disappear out ov sight. Te next minute dey hear a noise at deir feet as if something vas dragged, ant den dey saw te little red tog come to sight mit te pag ov game. Mein broder Hans tell me it vas ten minute afterwort pefore he let te Mynheer go or te Mynheer vould let him go. Hans den took up de game pag, ant not being scared no more again dey got courage, ant Mynheer said dey vould not go home put stay ant shoot more ov te tucks ant pirds, and Hans snap his finger ant say he didn’t care vor te tyfil nor Doctor Faust neider.

Ven dey vere going away vrom te place, Mynheer said:

“Hans, you take up te shtone I knock mein vlint mit —‘tis a goot hart pebble for te vlint, petter nor ever I saw. Come, little red tog, let us go.”

“Hans picked up te shtone, which he tolt me vas as green, ant plack, and white, and big as te egg of a goose ant had tree corners. He den whistle te tog ant began to valk up te shore ov te creek afder te pirds ant tucks.”

“Was it Three Mile Run where this was, Skipper Tunis?” interrupted Joe.

“Yaw, Mynheer Sho,” said te Skipper, taking this opportunity to replenish his pipe, “ant it vas unter a great sycamone dat grows over te vater, vere dese things befall mein broder Hans and Mynheer Scnaps. Vell, den, Mynheer Scnaps vent virst ant Hans ant te little red tog came after. Py ant py Mynheer Scnaps look rount,

ant seeing only te tog vlich vent scenting along te path, ant looking frightened vera moche, he stop and call 'Hans, Hans! Vere are you, Hans!'

"'I'm nit deaf, Mynheer Scnaps,' said Hans, close to him; 'vat are you stopping for?'

"'Mein Got, Hans, I can't see you,' cried mynheer.

"'Not see me?' yelled Hans, mit terror.

"'No, Hans,' said te trembling mynheer. 'I can't see you.'

"'Oh, oh, oh,' roared Hans, 'te tyfil has got me in his clutches. Cant you see me at all, Mynheer Scnaps?'

"'No, Hans. Oh, oh! you talk in the air, so that I shall tie of fright. Go, Hans, go!'

"'Cant you see my hand?' he asked in agony.

"'No.'

"'Not when I hold it up so before you?'

"'No, Hans.'

"'Cant you see my gun, nor my game-pag, neider?'

"'Not a bit.'

"'Cant you feel me? Reach out your hand. There, you touch me.'

"'Yes, Hans, I feel you, put I can't see you. Oh, mein Fader in Heaben, help me te say mine prayer.'

"'Help me te say mine, too, Lort,' groaned poor Hans. 'Oh, mein little red tog can't find me. Tog—tog—little red tog! See, he run away. Oh, mynheer, vat vill I do?'

"'Oh, Hans, vat vill I do?'

"'Vat vill I do neider?'

"'Mein Got! I vill run till I gets pack to Brunswick.'

"'Ant I vill too,' said mein broder.

"Den Mynheer Scnaps frightened te death te hear Hans talk mitout seeing him, threw down his gun and scampered off ash fast ash his legs could go, te get away from te awful sount of Han's voice, and out ov te pevitohed glen. Te little red tog scampered off, too, after Mynheer Scnaps, ash if te tyfil vas kick him on te hind side. Ven Hans seen dis, he vas moche more frighted at himself, like as dem vas, ant runs, too, more faster dan te tog, ant soon comes up te Mynheer Scnaps, who, hearing Hans feet on te ground behind, ant looking rount ant seeing noting put te little red tog, vas frightened so bad, dat he fell down on his face and cried out 'mercy;' Hans pitched right ofer him, ant te little red tog pitched ofer Hans. Mynheer cried mit fear, Hans roared, ant te little red tog yelpt. Vell, dey pick demselves up again, ant den Mynheer Scnaps looked and saw Hans vas standing before him like as life."

"'I see you now, Hans, pless te shaints!' he said, clasping him tight in his arms.

"'You see me!' cried Hans, mit great joy.

"'I see you, nose ant eyes ant mout ant—'

"'Hants ant gun?'

"'Hants ant gun, ant all ower.'

"Den Hans began te caper, ant te little red tog capered, ant Mynheer Scnaps capered. Dey would not stay te kill no more pirds nor tucks, put got back te de river te deir poat, ant come down te de smack ash vast ash dey could pull; ant Hans told me dish story dat vera night, comrates, in mein cabin. So dere, now, frau Petrus Pug, fill mein pot mit anodder pint ov te ale.

Talking makes a man dry, comrates. Fill Sho's mug, Peter; he has been von goot lishtener."

Joe had indeed listened well. Not a word escaped the lips of the skipper that his ears did not drink in with avidity. He now put his mouth close te the cheek of the Dutchman, and asked in a low tone—

"What think you, Skipper, was at te bottom of this matter of te waniashin?'

"Vy, Mynheer Sho, Hans tolt me an olt vitch frau vat he tell it te, said he had found a magic shtone."

"An inwissible stone. I knew so," exclaimed Joe.

"Yaw, an infisiplo shtone, Sho. Vhen te little red tog step on it virst, he go out of sight, ant vhen he take his voot off he come again."

"Dunder and blixen!" said Peter Pug; "den, Skipper, your broder Hans vas step on te shtone vat make him go out ov sight so quick!'

"Yau, Petrus. Ant Mynheer Scnaps took te same shtone te knock his vlint mit, ant den Hans put it in his coat pocket, and vas made infisiplo."

"Ven he tumble ofer Mynheer Scnaps, te shtone must have fall out of te pocket again, dat he come te sight so quick?" added mine host, interrogatively.

"It vas just so, Mynheer. But mine broder Hans thought he vas pevitohed by te tyfil, ant did not think apout te shtone till te vitch tolt him 'twas te magic shtone did it all, ant nothing else."

"There's mony a true tale tald in jest," said the Scotch farmer, here gravely shaking his head.

The skipper now emptied his can, and re-filled his meerscham, while varied exclamations of wonder, surprise and awe, went round the company. Joe sat for some time silently looking into the skipper's face, as he sunk again into the quiet repose of manner characteristic of a veteran smoker, rolling volume after volume of tobacco-clouds from his lips, until he became almost as invisible as his "broder Hans" with the magic stone in his pocket. At length Joe's rubicund visage assumed a certain expression of resolution, and his lips were compressed like those of a man who has made up his mind te some great purpose. "Three-mile-run—big Sycamore!" he muttered.

"Vat ish dat, Sho?" asked Peter.

"Three-mile-run, big Sycamore," said Joe, mechanically; and continuing te repeat, "three-mile-run, big Sycamore," he shuffled for the door.

"Where you goin, Joe, in the rain?" asked the hostess, observing him.

"Three-mile-run, big Sycamore," said Joe.

"Vait, Sho. Don't go home yet-a-while. It vill holt up py ant py," said Peter.

"Seek mickle an' get something, seek little an' get naithing," said the Scotchman, after him.

"Three-mile-run, big Sycamore," cried Joe, lifting the latch and bolting out into the stormy night, leaving, for the first time, behind him, a dram, a good fire, and cheerful company. But Joe had a project in his head with which these could not be named. This scheme and its results will be made known in the second division of our story.

J. M. I.

*To be continued.*

Original.  
SAINT JOHN'S EVE.

—  
BY CAROLINE ORNE.

—  
CHAPTER I.

NEAR the close of a beautiful day, early in June, a band of armed horsemen, amounting to a hundred or more, were seen slowly ascending a rugged, and in many places, precipitous path, which wound among the Appennines. The waving plumes of the horsemen, their armor of polished steel, the superb housings of their war-horses, together with the broad crimson banner, emblazoned with gold, proudly unfolding to the breeze, and glittering in the horizontal beams of the sun, presented a magnificent and imposing spectacle. Their discourse of some recent warlike exploit was seasoned with sallies of pleasantry and wit, which not unfrequently degenerated into sarcasm; while their animated, eager, and even fierce gestures, formed a striking contrast to the deep and settled repose which declining day threw over the aspect of nature.

Count Raimondi, the leader of the band, was easily distinguishable from the rest, not only by the superior richness of his armor, but by a kind of sullen dignity of demeanor; checking, with a look, and, if necessary, a frown, the merriment of his followers, whenever they ventured to give it vent in a broader jest, or a louder laugh than ordinary. On attaining the summit of the last of the series of hills, they had, for some time, been ascending, they beheld, approaching, in the valley below, six men mounted on heavy Italian horses; while, on one much smaller, and more beautifully formed, its delicate limbs, high hoofs, and animated eyes indicating it to be of the Andalusian blood, rode a young lady. As, according to the fashion of equestrian ladies of that period, she wore a mask, it was impossible to judge of the beauty of her face, but her figure was uncommonly fine. Though evidently a good horsewoman, she appeared now drooping from fatigue, while she betrayed so much anxiety, and such a distrustfulness of those around her, that the pride of the leader, who rode at her side, must have been little flattered, if, as his bearing and his appointments indicated him to be, he were indeed a true knight. In the appearance of his companions, there was something singularly wild and uncouth, and they might sooner have been taken for banditti than for regularly trained soldiers.

At sight of Count Raimondi's cavalcade, they halted for a few seconds, during which the commander gave orders in what manner to proceed. He then, grasping the bridle-rein of the lady, started forward at full speed, the others following closely in the rear.

"Certes," said Raimondi, addressing Mazer, his esquire, "the knaves are going to throw themselves upon our mercy, for they cannot be so mad as to think of trying weapons with us."

He was, however, mistaken in his conjecture; for, when they had arrived withing a few paces of the base of the first hill, they suddenly wheeled to the left, where one of those marshes that abound among the Appennines, extended nearly a league.

"Is it possible," said Raimondi, "that they are going to venture upon such treacherous footing? Their horses will sink to their saddle-girths, before they have gone a stone's throw."

He was again mistaken. A narrow path, that, to a person unacquainted with the ground, exhibited nothing which appeared different from the dreary and uniform surface of the marsh, presented to the familiar eye, many a bending willow, and many a clump of reeds of peculiar form or grouping, which designates its boundaries as truly as the walls and fences mark those of the high road. One of the men, who had followed in the rear, in obedience to the direction of his leader, entered the path first, with a boldness that showed him fully confident in his knowledge of the ground. The commander went next, and as the path was too narrow to admit of two going abreast, he was obliged to relinquish his hold of the lady's bridle-rein. He charged her to follow him closely as possible, and take care to swerve neither to the right nor the left. She prepared to obey, but her horse, which had not, like the others, been trained to venture upon such apparently insecure footing, stopped at the borders of the marsh. Her resolution was formed in a moment. She knew that the horse of the foremost of the four who were waiting for her to enter the path, was but a little space behind her own, but now was her only chance of escape. Quick as thought, she reined round her fleet, high-spirited creature, and put him to his speed in the direction of the approaching cavalcade. All four of the men started in hot pursuit, and one of them so nearly overtook her, that he caught the end of a long silken mantle that floated back on the wind. Fortunately, during the noontide heat, she had removed the golden brooch that had confined it, and thus defeated his purpose, and probably saved her own life, as she must otherwise have been dragged to the ground. Her horse performed his part bravely, and in a few moments she was at the side of Raimondi, and claimed his protection.

"We grant it to you with a right good will," said he, in reply. "In sooth, fair lady," he continued, "you have shown such courage and conduct in effecting your escape, that we feel honored by your presence."

As soon as her agitation permitted, she informed him that her name was Beatrice, and that she was the only daughter of Baron Bertoli—that early that morning, as was her custom, she rode out with two or three attendants, and that while yet within sight of home, they were suddenly surrounded by the six ruffians from whom she had just made her escape—that they were all compelled to proceed several miles, when the commander ordered her attendants back, but would not suffer her to return with them.

After this explanation by the lady, the party entered a narrow and difficult pass, defended by a tower, its massive walls being based on a precipice of solid limestone, and on every side inaccessible, save by a narrow way cut in the rock. Even the beams of midday could scarcely penetrate the dark recesses of the pass, and so profound was the gloom which now pervaded it, they might have imagined night had already overtaken them,



had they not beheld the ruddy gleams of the setting sun illuminating the grey turrets of a castle situated at no great distance. On emerging from the pass, they came in sight of a young man, who was unhooding a goshawk to let loose on a bird perched on some bushes that lined the margin of a neighboring stream. He wore a green hunting-dress, which displayed to advantage his graceful and well proportioned figure. His eyes were quick and clear, their color the changeful hazel, and at times, they beamed with an expression that denoted their possessor to be of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, while his lips exhibited that peculiar curvature, though so slightly as to be hardly perceptible, which is sometimes expressive of haughtiness, but which, in those spirits more finely touched, indicates a dignity and becoming pride, that disdains every thing mean or grovelling. His skin, though of a fine and delicate texture, was of a dark shade, corresponding with the raven hair which had escaped from beneath his hunting-cap, and fell in rich, glossy curls over his temples. But these were minor advantages, compared with a certain air of heroism, which not only pervaded his countenance, but seemed to diffuse itself over his whole person; causing those who beheld him, to feel assured that he was no stranger to the warlike exercises, as well as the humane courtesies of a true knight. The sudden appearance of Raimondi and his party, withdrew his attention from his sport, and gave the bird time to hide in the cleft of a rock. He accordingly replaced the hood upon the head of his falcon, and with agile steps struck into a narrow footpath.

"Certes," said Raimondi, again addressing his esquire, "there is mettle beneath that green hunting-frock, and it shall be no fault of mine, if, in a week's time, I do not number him among the brave hearts that are ready to stand by me in foray and battle," and without waiting for a reply, he put spurs to his horse, and in a few seconds was at the young man's side.

"You seem in haste, fair sir," said Raimondi.

"And yet I am not so in reality," replied the young man. "I go forward without having any definite object in view, beyond beholding the wild scenery of this region, and securing, now and then, by means of my goshawk, a little wild game, whereby I can reward the peasant who may shelter me for the night."

"Is it common for you to be thus reckless?"

"Were there any object for me to pursue," he replied, "I would follow it, but Fortune is a wayward dame, and closes every avenue against me."

"I have not been entirely exempt from her caprices," replied Raimondi. "If you will permit me to proceed with my catechism, I would ask where you propose spending the night?"

"I cannot say that I have any particular lodging in view, but hope to light on some cottage or hunter's cabin, as I have heretofore."

"I know of none," said Raimondi, within several leagues, save those belonging to my serfs. If you will accept of such poor accommodation as our castle will afford, we will right gladly receive you as a guest

to-night, and as much longer as it may please you to remain with us."

"I accept your invitation as frankly as it is given, to spend the night with you, at least," he replied.

So rough and broken was the road, that our young pedestrian, who declined the accommodation of a horse, found no difficulty in keeping pace with the cavalcade. He might possibly have had a preference for walking which he did not disclose, for, when unobserved, as he imagined, he interchanged a few words with the lady, and continued afterwards to keep near her.

The castle, which had latterly been concealed by the rich growth of chestnut-trees, which flourished to the very summits of the Appenines, again met the view, painted darkly on the glowing horizon. Fifteen minutes more brought them before the gates. The trumpet was sounded, which echoed loudly and cheerfully among the hills, and the well known signal was answered by the lowering of the drawbridge.

The domestics, whenever their lord returned from abroad, were accustomed to study his aspect, in order to regulate the warmth of their welcome. If gloom brooded upon his countenance, they glided around in silence like so many spectres, and quietly and unobtrusively performed their several duties. If something like a smile lit up his sullen features, it seemed invariably to reflect itself upon the faces of all present, and the aged butler, and equally ancient housekeeper, ventured, on such rare occasions, to ask some questions. It is probable that at the present time, they discerned something unusually auspicious in his countenance, for, together with inquiries relative to his health and success while absent, they ventured to ply him with some respecting the two strangers who accompanied him. These he at first good-humoredly evaded, until both happening to speak at once, he cast on them a frown, which effectually silenced them. Unfortunately, just as he had become thus chafed by the loquacity of the butler and housekeeper, a lad, who, by his dress, appeared to be a lady's page, who was sauntering about the court, was heard chanting in a low, monotonous tone, the following lines:—

"When years twice eight have passed away,  
To which may be added a month and a day,  
Will return Raimondi's long lost heir:  
Then vain will be th' usurper's care,  
For fate decrees the lost heir's right,  
Shall be restored on St. John's night."

The frown on Raimondi's brow grew darker than before, and wielding his heavy two-handed sword, still in the sheath, which had just been unbuckled from his side, he felled the hapless boy to the ground, then spurning him with his foot, "Lie there, thou false-tongued varlet," said he, "till thou canst learn to prate of something better than a madman's nonsense, or thou mayest one day grace a gibbet."

Those who witnessed this act of violence, dared not approach its object to offer succor, but silently withdrawing, one by one, in five minutes he was left alone in the court. The stranger in the green hunting-dress, who happened not to be present when Raimondi inflicted the blow, soon afterwards entered the court, and beholding a person who lay as one dead, he went to the spot and

partly raised him from the ground. The boy opened his eyes, and looked up to him who bent over him.

"Leave me," said he. "Danger and even death menaces you while you are near me."

"No," replied the young man, "I won't leave you till I assist you to some place where you can be more comfortable than on the damp ground."

"If you will have it so, then," replied the boy, "help me to the stable, as quickly as may be, and I will hide me in the straw from the cold night air. I would that there were some place to hide from man's ingratitude. Young as I am, I once saved his life, and he has now felled me to the ground as if I were no better than a dog, for repeating a few idle rhymes."

"Whom do you speak of?"

"Count Raimondi."

"Why did you repeat them, if you knew they were displeasing to him?"

"I did not know that they were. Marquino, the astrologer, taught them to me, and gave me two pieces of gold to sing them in the court. I cared not for the gold, myself, but I thought of my widowed mother, who is suffering for bread."

They had, by this time, reached the stable, and the boy, oppressed with giddiness, sunk down upon the straw. The young stranger would fain have remained near him, but he entreated him to depart with so much earnestness, that he yielded to his wishes. As he entered the hall, Raimondi was just ordering a servant to go in search of him, supper being on the table.

#### CHAPTER II.

We will now glance at Raimondi's earlier years. Before he had attained the age of twenty, he was so unfortunate as to become enamored of a young lady, who was betrothed to his elder brother, Count Raimondi. Endowed by nature, with a fine person and handsome countenance; assuming, when he choose, manners uncommonly fascinating, it was suspected by some, that Lady Constantia, had his rank and possessions been equal to his brother's, would have willingly transferred to him the promise of her hand. Suspicion daily grew bolder: not that there was any real cause, but because it was so natural for a girl of sixteen to prefer a fine, dashing young fellow of twenty, to a sober, prudent young man, half a dozen years his senior. What was in the mouths of every body, was not long in coming to the ears of the count. Late one evening, the brothers were heard in high contention in a remote chamber of the castle. Next morning the younger brother was missing, and the count either was, or pretended to be ignorant of the place of his retreat. Some spots of blood were on the floor of the room where they were in dispute, but these, so said the count, were caused by a wound in his arm. He had, in truth, a deep wound in his left arm, inflicted by some sharp pointed instrument, as a stiletto, which obliged him, during several weeks, to wear it in a sling. The worst suspicions were, however, entertained of him relative to his brother, but he was a powerful nobleman, surrounded by a host of dependants, and the affair was suffered to die away without receiving a legal investiga-

tion. Count Raimondi married his lady love, and a son, a child of great promise, blest their union. Their happiness, derived from that source, was soon blighted. When Vittorio had attained the age of five years, he one morning suddenly disappeared. It was thought, by some, that he was drowned in the waters of a stream that washed the base of the castle; a blue sword-knot, which ornamented the wooden weapon, which he delighted to have belted to his side in imitation of his elders, having been found caught in some sedge near its margin. Others imagined that he had been stolen by a band of gipsies that, for some time, had infested that vicinity, and who, when search was made for them, to ascertain the certainty of the suspected abduction, were found to have decamped. The superstitious peasantry, though differing in opinion relative to the fate of the child, were unanimous in the belief that his disappearance was a manifestation of the wrath of Heaven towards the count, elicited, as they believed, by the "foul play," of which they supposed he had been guilty, in reference to his brother.

Only a few months subsequently to this afflicting event, Count Raimondi, who, on his return from a hunting expedition, was separated from his companions, waylaid and murdered. From the appearance of the spot where the deadly struggle took place, it was evident that only two persons were present; there being distinct foot-prints corresponding in size with those of Count Raimondi, together with others, a size smaller. The weapon of the murderer seemed to have proved false to him, before he had finished his bloody work, the haft having been found near the spot, while a ribbon that suspended the miniature of the countess, which her husband always wore, was drawn tightly round his neck. A circumstance considered remarkable, was, that the picture was abstracted, while a hundred marks in the pocket of the deceased, remained untouched. Time, at length, threw its shadowy veil over these heart-rending events, and they were only revived as fireside stories, when the rain, beating against the casement, and the wind whistling through the corridor, rendered tales of mystery and horror congenial to the mind. It was only in the heart of the childless and widowed countess, and it may be, in the hearts of those who perpetrated the foul deed, that still

"Awoke the pangs that pass not by,  
The thoughts that ne'er could sleep again."

Things were in this state, when a monk, who came to reside in a neighboring convent, hinted that the younger Raimondi, whose disappearance had fastened upon the late count such foul suspicion, was still alive, and that he had joined himself to the famous condottiere, Braccio da Montone. The story of the monk, however, from never having been authenticated, gradually sunk into oblivion, and Raimondi had become a forgotten man, when one day he suddenly appeared at the castle gate with a single attendant. He had been absent fourteen years, during which time, his character and manners seemed to have undergone a total change. He had formerly been gay, volatile, and easy of access: he was now stern and inflexible, almost invariably repressing all

approach to familiarity. Curiosity was awake to learn the manner in which he had passed his time during his mysterious absence. Those who ventured to question him on the subject, received little satisfaction. The most that could be learned from himself, was, that he had spent it in visiting foreign countries. Mazer, his attendant, a youth of Moorish origin, professed entire ignorance on the subject, having, as he said, been in his service only a few months before his return; an assertion that afterwards proved to be false. Raimondi appeared to have forgotten the passion he had once professed for her whom he had left the promised bride of his brother, and treated her with distant respect. The countess, on her part, received him with more than coldness—with sensations of aversion bordering on fear and horror. The moment she beheld him, a suspicion flashed upon her mind, which she was unable to banish. She imagined she saw before her, the source of her domestic calamities. She could not but remember the wild passion he had professed for her, and the many times she had heard him curse the destiny that had made him a younger brother. She remembered, too, the eagerness with which he had coveted the very picture, from its perfect resemblance to herself, that her husband wore it in his bosom at the time of his murder, as well as his fearful and solemn oath, that he would have it at the peril of his life, and she shuddered as the thought forced itself upon her mind, that he alone would have stopped to rifle the mangled corpse of a bauble, of which its resemblance to herself constituted its greatest value. It was her first impulse, when Raimondi took up his residence at the castle, to retire to a convent; she saw reason, however, to change her mind, and the strength of character which had sustained her through the heavy trials that she had already experienced, enabled her to fill her present station with dignity and prudence.

In the mean time, every thing prospered according to Raimondi's desire. The old retainers, glad to have a master, derived, though collaterally, from the ancient line of Raimondi, welcomed him with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The many years during which the estate had remained without a master, notwithstanding the talents and energy of the mistress, had operated to greatly diminish the number of those, who, at an earlier period, could have been gathered round the standard of war, and Raimondi deemed it politic to "buy golden opinions of all sorts of men." To this end he was munificent beyond prudence, and at times, would unbend and enter with apparent zeal and alacrity, into those amusements from which others received pleasure.

It now wanted only a few weeks of St. John's Eve, when the lost Vittorio, if still alive, would attain the age of twenty-one. From time immemorial, there had been a prophecy extant, touching the house of Raimondi, the sense of which was preserved in the lines chanted by the page, for which Raimondi inflicted on him such severe chastisement. Those unfriendly to the interests of Raimondi, saw that the eventful period drew nigh, shook their heads and whispered among themselves, that the true heir would appear; while his friends professed to regard the prophecy as an idle saying, unworthy of

notice. It was evident that those who declared themselves to be the most incredulous, looked forward to the arrival of St. John's Eve with a superstitious dread, which they were the less able to banish, as a truth implied, if not expressed in the prediction, was already fulfilled by the loss of the heir. It is not improbable, that the countess was induced to remain at the castle after the return of Raimondi, from a hope, founded on something more substantial than the prophecy, that her son would appear and claim his inheritance. As for Raimondi, he breathed his thoughts to none. Some said that his spirit was dark more frequently than it used to be—a phrase by which they characterised certain fits of absence and gloom, which would frequently come upon him in the midst of some scene of festivity. One thing was evident to all: he had become more diligent than ever in endeavoring to increase the number of his retainers, and in augmenting his pecuniary resources.

### CHAPTER III.

Having learned from the girl, sent to attend her, that the Countess, in consequence of being indisposed, would not be present at supper, Beatrice requested to have some refreshment sent to her apartment; much to the disappointment of several gallant knights who were burning with curiosity to behold her without her riding-mask. Just as all were seated at table, their attention was diverted by the entrance of a strange looking figure, wearing a coat mottled all over with divers gay colors, bells being attached to the elbows and skirts, which jingled at every step. He came forward, scraping, bowing and grinning, occasionally flourishing a short stick, surmounted with a fool's head, and making other gestures indicative of the most extravagant joy.

"Where hast thou been, good fool," said Raimondi, addressing him, "that thou didst not come to welcome me sooner?"

"And didst thou think that I would thrust myself into the court among dogs and horses and grooms, and risk spoiling my new coat?"

"Thou hast grown considerate, Hans. I fear thou art growing to be not so good a fool as thou hast been."

"Thou art right in thy conjecture. I am growing wise, and mean to have a fool of my own."

"And whom dost thou mean to have for a fool?"

"There is a wisdom in the choice, but there would be folly in uttering it, for my ears would have to pay for the privilege of my tongue."

"Nay, thy ears shall be safe; tell me whom thou wouldst choose."

"Certes, Sir Count, I know of no one who would make my own wisdom more apparent than thyself."

"How wilt thou prove what thou sayest?"

"I will not attempt to prove it; for he who thinks that a hunting-cap shades eyes that look for nothing better than a wild goose, will never be convinced that the words of a fool contain wisdom."

"Thy words savor more of boldness, than wisdom or courtesy, and had I not promised that thy ears should go free, they should surely pay for the audacity of thy tongue."

The jester did not reply, but threw into his countenance and attitude a look of such cringing deprecation, as to excite the mirth of all present; not excepting the young stranger, at whom was aimed his mischievous insinuation.

While Raimondi's attention was thus engrossed by the jester, Mazer, his esquire, who had hovered about the court, so as to perceive in what manner the page had been disposed of, silently withdrew from the hall, and hastened to the stable.

"Sylvio!" said he, softly, "Sylvio!"

"Is it you, Mazer?" said the boy, in a feeble voice, attempting to raise himself: but he fell back, and putting his hand to his head, complained of intense pain.

"Here is something, Baptista, the housekeeper, gave me to bathe your forehead with," said Mazer, kneeling down by his side, and dashing away a bitter tear, as by the dim light of the lamp which he held in one hand, he beheld the marks of suffering depicted on the boy's beautiful features.

"Nay, Mazer, leave me—let me die alone; you will surely draw down destruction on yourself."

"Speak not of dying—but if you should die—" and his voice changed from tones of tenderness into those of deep and fearful menace—"your murderer shall not outlive you an hour."

"Hark!" said Sylvio, "I hear footsteps—fly, or you are lost!"

"If it be Raimondi himself, I will not leave you," said Mazer, without moving.

The next moment, some person with slow and heavy steps, entered the stable. Mazer looked up and beheld Baptista.

"Come," said she, "I have, as you desired, prepared a snug, warm place for him, in my own room. Be quick, and convey him thither before they finish supper. The count will soon be inquiring for you."

Mazer took the boy in his arms, and preceded by the housekeeper, conveyed him to her apartment, which was in little danger of being visited by Raimondi.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The chamber to which the young pedestrian of the green hunting-dress was conducted, was spacious, and bore marks of great antiquity. The walls were hung with tapestry, which was, doubtless, when fresh from the loom, considered splendid, and which still exhibited a kind of faded magnificence, gleaming forth amidst the uncouth figures that stared and frowned upon the spectator with an expression of fierceness, sufficient to startle an imagination given to superstition. His attention was attracted from these, by some carvings over the fire-place. "It is very strange," thought he, as he drew an ornament from his bosom, attached to a gold chain, and examined the embossed figures on one side of it. The device was exactly the same as that over the fire-place—a Saracen's head, a turban beside it, and a hand grasping a scimitar. As he contemplated them, dim dreams of the past, like spirits of the dead, rose up before his imagination. Sounds, as well as objects, produced their effect upon his mind.

A stream that washed the base of that part of the castle, recently swollen by rains, foamed over the rocks that impeded its course, and as it mingled its roar with the hum of revelry, it seemed to have in it an almost articulate sound of mournful chiding. A slight rustling of the tapestry in one corner of the room, roused him from his reverie, and directing his attention to the spot, he beheld a female enter from behind it, who was below the middle size, bearing a lamp, her form being completely enveloped in a cloak or mantle, and her face closely veiled. She approached him, and presented him a slip of paper, which, on examining, he found contained a request from the countess, to grant her a short interview, to whose presence, if he assented, the bearer of the note would guide him. He was about to express a verbal concurrence in the request, but was prevented by a sign for silence from the female, and without farther delay, he prepared to follow her. Leaving the apartment through an aperture in the wainscot, concealed by the tapestry, it being the same by which she had entered, she led the way through numerous intricate and winding passages, to which they were admitted sometimes by sliding panels, at other times, by doors, which, to him, appeared to open as if by magic, but which, in reality, yielded to the pressure applied to some hidden spring, by his conductress. As he endeavored, not without some difficulty, to keep so near her as to receive the benefit of her lamp, and beheld her gliding on before him, muffled in such a manner as to render her figure singularly wild, he was almost tempted to imagine her some evil being, alluring him into difficulty and danger. She at length opened a massy door which led into a spacious vaulted chamber, hung with portraits. It was lighted by several large, waxen candles, which stood on a small ebony table, near which was seated the countess, dressed in deep mourning. She was tall, and there was something singularly noble and majestic in her form and mien. Her features were beautiful, and an expression somewhat haughty, that gleamed through the veil of melancholy by which they were shaded, seemed not unbefitting a daughter of the princely house of Este, whence she derived her lineage. Turning his eyes from the countess, he beheld, seated at an embroidery-frame, a female of diminutive size, which, from the cloak and veil which lay near, he knew must be his late conductress. Her small, delicate face was pale, and so dark, as to make it probable that a slight admixture of darker blood than European, flowed in her veins. She was dressed in a rose-colored vest, closely fitted to her form, adorned in front with two rows of emeralds, which afforded the means of fastening by passing a golden cord transversely from side to side. To this, were added large flowing trowsers, of the same color, in the fashion of the east, closely confined round the ankle; while little fairy feet, which many a fair lady might have envied, peeped from beneath their overhanging folds. Over these she wore a kind of tunic, or caftan of green silk, richly embroidered, the long wide sleeves of which, were gathered up, and fastened at the shoulder by clusters of rubies. The close sleeves of the vest were seen beneath these, covering the arms to the elbows, the remaining

part being bare, save small, delicate bracelets round the wrist. A quantity of white muslin of gossamer lightness, wreathed into what resembled an open coronet, and sprinkled all over with jewels, ornamented her head, and restrained her long black hair from too deeply shading her brow, while it was suffered to flow, unconfined, over her neck and shoulders.

The countess apologized for requesting his presence at so late an hour, when the fatigues of the day demanded repose, but observed there were reasons for her desiring an interview, which she was not then at liberty to explain. "I hope," added she, in an agitated voice, "if I inquire of you your origin, you will not think me prompted by idle curiosity."

The blood mounted to his cheeks as he said, "He whose origin is humble, loves not to tell it to lady's ear."

"Humble!" repeated the countess. "Are you sure it was humble?"

"I have no reason to think otherwise," he replied.

"But your deeds, at least, have not been humble. There is one at the castle who knows you to be the same whom he saw knighted on the field, after the battle of —, as a reward for such valor and prowess as is seldom displayed even by the veteran. His name was Thassilo. Are not you sometimes called by that name?"

"I will not deny, madam, that I have borne that name."

"And the land of your birth—tell me where you were born?"

"My parents are natives of Italy, but they resided in Germany, in the valley of the Rhine, at the time of my birth."

"Are you sure of it?"

"So my parents have always told me."

"And do memories of a land of mountains, such as you behold to-day, round this castle, never come to your mind?"

"I cannot deny," said he, "that when I have sat at the cottage door, and beheld the shadows of evening close silently over the peaceful valley, that a grander and wilder scene has not rose before me with a vividness and reality, which made it hard for me to believe that it was only the revival of some fireside story, as my parents always seemed desirous that I should."

"No, it was the revival of no idle tale, but of a reality," said the countess, quickly, but instantly checking herself, "pardon me," she added, "I know not what I say."

As she finished speaking, she placed two of the candles in such a manner that their light fell upon the portrait of a youthful warrior, clad in armor. She then took a plumed casque, which, together with a suit of highly polished plait armor, was arranged against the wall, being exactly similar to that represented in the picture, and requested him to place it on his head. A look of intelligence was interchanged between the countess and the girl at the embroidery-frame, but neither of them spoke. Thassilo, (for so we shall now call him,) as he saw the reflection of his person in the bright armor opposite to him, could not help being struck with the

marked resemblance which his features bore to those of the pictured warrior.

"Will you not inform me," said he, for he could no longer repress his curiosity, "who was the original of this picture?"

"My husband—he is now dead. I can tell you no more now," she added, perceiving that he was again going to speak. "Soon, I trust the seal of silence will be removed from my lips, when I hope to have the privilege of assisting, with my own hands, to array you in yonder armor, which was never yet worn, save by a true and brave knight. In the mean time, be watchful and circumspect. Dangers surround you."

At this moment, they heard sounds indicating that the party in the hall had broken up.

"You must remain here no longer," said the countess.

"Good night, and holy angels guard you. Zorayne, conduct him to his room."

He touched the hand with his lips which she extended towards him, and then followed his conductress, who had again assumed the cloak and veil.

#### CHAPTER V.

Not far from the castle, there was a fairy nook, deep down among the green hills. On one side, a sheet of water, calm and still, was starred with lilies, and deeply fringed with those countless wild flowers, which some have loved to imagine form the written thoughts of angels, or, it may be, of spirits that once animated the forms beloved, that sat with us at the fireside, and mingled with us in our daily paths. At a little distance, on a rock half imbedded in the hill-side, and overshadowed by a cluster of chestnut-trees, sat Beatrice. In strange contrast to its rugged surface, one of her arms, exquisitely moulded, and of dazzling whiteness, rested on the rock; while the fingers of the small, delicate hand, were dallying with a mass of rich, wavy tresses, that had half escaped from the bondage of a slight wreath of flower-buds with which she had sought to bind them, and which, though almost black in the shade of the chestnut boughs, wherever a gleam of sunshine fell, brightened to an almost golden lustre. Eyes intensely black, yet soft as if they had indeed drank their light from her own Italian skies, were half veiled by their snowy lids, so that their long lashes were distinctly defined on either cheek, which now glowed like the heart of the morning rose. At her feet sat Thassilo, who had ventured to take her hand, which she did not withdraw.

"It was only this morning, Beatrice," said he, "that I resolved never to tell you my love, or ask your's in return, until I had, by my own deeds, earned a name that might be numbered with the proudest in the land. Nay, I will not ask it even now. Only say that you have sometimes thought of the humble knight whom you crowned victor, a year ago, at the tourney, and I will be content."

"That woman's memory must be poor indeed," she replied, "who could, in one short year, forget the bravest where all were brave."

"But, Beatrice, I would know if you have remembered me as I have remembered you. Since that

moment when the light of those eyes beamed upon me, which you now so cruelly keep fastened upon the ground, you have been the life of my life."

"I will confess that I have remembered you too well for my own peace."

"Enough, dearest Beatrice. I will not—or rather, I must not ask for more. But will you still remember me when you are again in your own splendid home?"

"Then and ever!"

"And in a few days you will be there?"

"Yes, Count Raimondi has promised to send a messenger to-morrow, to acquaint my friends that I am here, and they will doubtless send for me immediately."

"Yes, you will be at your own home, and I, too, shall be there, but years must intervene between now and then. The daughter of Baron Bertoli shall not have to stoop when she bestows on me her hand. Yes, Beatrice, years will pass away, and I shall not even see you. It will be a long and weary ordeal by which to try a woman's faith. The flame that endures must be fed."

"A weary ordeal for the faith of man, too, is it not so? Why do you thus doubt me, Thassilo? I could say much more than I have said, but would more satisfy you? Yet I will say, that it grieves me to have you suspect that my love is a thing that I can throw aside, as I would some glittering gaud that has outlived the fashion."

"Thy love? Bless thee, Beatrice, for that word; and now, in the face of Heaven, I breathe the vow, that my heart's deep and fervent love shall be thine, and thine alone, while life endures. Now, Beatrice," said he, touching one of the long tresses of her beautiful hair, "give me this, and I will wear it next my heart, as a charm to ward off evil, with as devout faith in its efficiency, as those of oriental land have, in their amulets. Will you give it me?"

"Surely," said she, parting it from the rich mass that fell over her shoulders, "and if it could indeed possess the virtue to shield you from only one of the many dangers which may hereafter hover over you, the reward will be in my heart. Here, you must shred it with your dagger."

"Will it," said he, severing the tress, "be too much for me to ask thee, to sometimes, for my sake, wear the brooch which I ventured to send thee a few months since—a gift which, though humble, and though humbler still, the giver, thou didst not despise."

She was going to explain to him that it was attached to the mantle which one of the ruffians snatched from her at the time she made her escape from them, but was prevented by the sudden appearance of Raimondi. Returning his salutation with no little confusion at being thus caught *tete-a-tete* with Thassilo, she hastily left the recess.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was at a late hour the ensuing evening, that a man, whose dress was that of a Spanish gentleman of rank, arrived at the castle, and demanded to be admitted to a private audience with Raimondi. His form was concealed by his cloak, but the attendant who conducted him to the presence of Raimondi, contrived to obtain a glimpse of his features beneath the shade of his *montero*,

which according to his description, must have been bold and handsome. A person skilled in reading "the mind's construction in the face," would have said that his indicated a spirit such as thirsts for daring and reckless adventure. Walking forward to a part of the room where the lights cast a strong reflection, without speaking he threw off his cloak, Raimondi extending towards him the hand, which, at his entrance, he had placed on the handle of his sword, exclaiming—

"Do I behold Bracio da Montone?"

"Most surely do you," replied Montone, keeping his hands crossed on his breast, without deigning to accept Raimondi's offered hand. "We have been friends," he added, "but whether for the future we be friends or foes, depends on the manner you answer my question. When you saw me the other day, did you recognize me or not?"

"I will answer you truly, though methinks your question might have been less peremptorily prefaced, and less haughtily given. If I saw you the other day, it was without my knowledge. The last time we met was at the cabin of Roberto, a twelve-month ago last Michaelmas."

"And you are ready to take your oath, that you did not know that I was at the head of the fair lady's escort?"

"I am. I should as soon have thought of seeing the Duke of Venice at the head of such an escort. Why did you not make yourself known?"

"To own the truth, I did not recognize you, till after the lady had fled to you for protection, and your cavalcade had descended into the valley. Before that, I thought it was the Baron Cellini, who I knew was abroad with a party of his men, and who, as you are aware, is my bitter enemy."

"It was not too late when you discovered your mistake."

"No, but I distrusted you. I thought you must know me. Besides, a whim struck me. Look at my dress. While I remain here, I am not Bracio da Montone, but Don Manuel de Sylva."

"Ay, you might be a don, or a prince, if you would, if you were known to no one but myself. Mazer knows you as well as he would his own brother."

"I'm aware of that. We must admit him to our confidence, and I will seal his lips with a dozen ducats."

"Let me hear if your whim be worth as much."

"I have come to woo the fair Beatrice."

"Will she not know you?"

"She has never seen my face. I took good care to keep my vizor closed, when I compelled her to take an airing with me."

"Nevertheless, I fear you will find it more easy to woo than to win. You will, I think, find a rival in a young adventurer now at the castle."

"Obstacles increase ardor; I like them."

"There will be no time to overcome them. I promised her, to-day, that I would, to-morrow, send to inform her father where she is."

"You have not sent, then?"

"No."

"And must not."

"I am in want of money. Her father is rich and generous, and will reward him he accounts her deliverer."

"I have the power to be more generous than he. Neglect to send your messenger, and I will prove my words."

"As I have already said, the lady has my promise."

"How much money do you need?"

"What will hire me a hundred soldiers."

"When do you require them, and for what term of time?"

"They must be here in a week, and they must be at my command two weeks."

"You shall have them, and a hundred more, if I prove successful in my suit. The hundred, unconditionally, save that I have free access to the lady at all befitting times. Do you now think it necessary to keep your promise?"

"I must confess that the necessity appears less pressing than it did. Come, let us drink success to your whim, and we will then sit an hour and talk over old affairs."

#### CHAPTER VII.

A few evenings after this, happening to meet him in the corridor, Raimondi invited Thassilo to enter his apartment. He alluded, in vague terms, to an anticipated attack on the castle, and desired Thassilo to pledge himself to remain, till the threatened danger was passed. Thassilo replied that he had no objection to remaining a few weeks. Raimondi did not appear to care to dwell on the subject, and after a few desultory remarks, taking up a pair of foils which lay upon the table, he challenged Thassilo to try a match of fencing with him.

"By the home of my ancestors," said Raimondi, as Thassilo, who stood on the defensive, coolly and deliberately parried his thrusts, "thou art no novice in the art, and if I carry not a more skilful hand, thou wilt get the better of me."

They now addressed themselves to the sport with redoubled energy, and to say the least, Thassilo promised to prove a match for his antagonist, when the foil of the latter caught in a gold chain that swung forward from Thassilo's bosom, and snapped it asunder, which the weight of some ornament attached to it (the same alluded to in a preceding chapter) caused to slip from his neck and fall on the floor. Raimondi instantly caught it up, and instead of returning it, held it more nearly to the light, fixing upon it a long and earnest gaze. Both lips and cheeks were bloodless, when, at last, without removing his eyes from what seemed to have fascinated him, he said, in a low, husky voice, "how came you by this?"

"My parents gave it to me. It was their parting gift."

"And they—how did they obtain it?"

"I know not."

Raimondi raised his eyes to Thassilo, who stood regarding him with a proud and haughty look, which

seemed to say, "by what right do you thus question me?"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Raimondi, "they are *his* eyes which are fastened upon me!" At the same moment, staggering a few steps backward, he fell on the floor. Thassilo, first securing the ornament which lay by Raimondi's side, called for assistance. Mazer soon succeeded in restoring his master to animation, whose first words were, "Procure me a lantern; I am going to visit Marquino, the astrologer."

The mind of Raimondi, after he had taken leave of Marquino, was not in a situation to permit him to enjoy repose, and instead of seeking his bed-chamber, he courted the night-breeze, by walking on the battlements. Nature had protected this side of the castle by an inaccessible precipice, and the watch-word of the sentinels, had, in it, something soothing and solemn, as it came to the ear from distant parts of the building. But it soothed not the gloomy mind of Raimondi. Originally he was inclined neither to credulity or superstition. Deeds of guilt, where they lead not to absolute recklessness and hardihood, may, in many instances, tend to produce both. Something, too, in Raimondi's case, may be ascribed to the spirit of the age in which he lived.

The effect of what Marquino had imparted to him, his mind being previously wrought up to a state of feverish irritability, was more powerful than he was willing to own even to himself. He strove to awaken an encouraging train of reflections by dwelling on the impossibility of the traditionary prophecy being accomplished. It was true that the astrologer's predictions accorded with it, but the measures which he had taken to avert it, would, in all human probability, prove successful. He had augmented the number of his retainers, he had the promised assistance of Montone, with a portion of his fierce and veteran band. Sitting superstition aside, there, indeed, seemed little reason for Raimondi's fears. He knew, or thought he knew, that Vittorio, his brother's son, was dead, while those he had employed to rid him of life, were where they could tell no tales. All these considerations presented themselves to his mind, but they had little power to afford consolation. He passed hurriedly to and fro on the rampart, as if the rapidity of his motion would allay his mental agony, when suddenly stopping, he long directed his gaze to a refulgent star, pointed out to him by Marquino. Though bright and serene, yet sad seemed its aspect, as it mingled its pure light with that of the smaller stars around it, and Raimondi cowered as he gazed, for he almost imagined that there was an intelligence in its rays that had power to penetrate the dark secrets of his bosom. It is probable, that at that moment, there was something like a prayer upon his moving lips, for, taking a crucifix from his bosom, and kissing it fervently, he again turned his gaze towards the heavens. So deeply was he absorbed in his own thoughts, that it was not until Montone laid his hand upon his shoulder, that he was conscious of his presence.

"Montone," said he, starting, "is it you?"

"Hush," said Montone, "that name is not to be

spoken. You forget that, for the present, I am Don Manuel de Sylva."

"I should not have been so forgetful, had any other person been present; but let me call upon Montone, now that no one hears us. Oblige me not always to act a part. When in the presence of the knaves you see daily around me, I dare not complain even of a headache. They lose their respect for you, and learn to class you with themselves, if they find you subject to the same maladies; and if we cannot seek their sympathies when laboring under bodily disease, how much less so, when conscious of mental disorder. I have, this night, Montone, been to see Marquino, the astrologer. A presentiment of approaching evil, which I have tried in vain to shake off, induced me to seek the interview. I wished to know the worst. I could not wait for the tardy advance of time.

"And what did he tell you?"

"What had in it, little of comfort. He said that the star of my destiny was to be overruled by one larger and more brilliant. Behold it yonder. Yet bright and steady as it is light, it cannot penetrate the grave. Are you, Montone, superstitious enough to pay heed to what, if those skilled in medicine say true, is induced by a disordered state of the nervous system?"

"I am not superstitious," replied Montone; "the successful are not apt to be so, but during a long time before engaging in the only enterprise that proved eminently disastrous, I was conscious of a foreboding similar to what you describe."

"No! no! not like that! There is a ghastly form that haunts me in my dreams, and beckons me towards him, and when waking, the loveliest forms, to my disordered fancy, assume his aspect. To-night—it was after fencing with Thassilo, I thought that he fixed on me the same horrible look that—that once shot like an ice-bolt through my heart, and has caused it to go on withering—withering, ever since. Yes, if the grave could give up its dead, I could have sworn that the late Count Raimondi stood before me. Is it possible, Montone, that he—that this fellow can be the heir?" Without waiting for a reply, he exclaimed, "No! no! it was my own diseased vision that gave him that horrible look. Even you, Montone, since I have been speaking to you, appeared to have the same hideous change pass over your countenance."

"Come," said Montone, "away with these fantasies. If we should call up all the forms which we have put quietly to sleep, I suspect there would be a goodly number of them, and ghastly enough withal. Yet I do not like what you say of that fellow—that Thassilo. He may be the lost heir. I advise you to look to him."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Montone's advice to Raimondi, respecting Thassilo, was entirely selfish. He had had frequent opportunities of meeting with the Lady Beatrice, and under the assumed name of De Sylva, had pressed his suit with ardor. At first, the natural boldness and audacity of his character, made him sanguine of success, but he soon found that he had, in the "young adventurer," as Rai-

mondi had termed Thassilo, a more formidable rival than he had anticipated. She now sedulously avoided him, and seldom left her apartment, except in company of the countess. Montone, to whom the ruffian had relinquished the mantle which he tore from her shoulders in her flight, perceived the brooch which was attached to it—the same, as may be remembered, Thassilo had given her—and had since retained it about his person. He had just taken it from its place of concealment, to examine it more minutely than he, as yet, had had opportunity of doing. On one side was engraved a motto in German, and under it, the name of Beatrice. "I have it," said he, giving utterance to his thoughts. "The sight of this name will plant the seeds of jealousy so deep in his bosom, that they will spring up and flourish, in spite of her smiles and kind glances." As if to favor his purpose, he saw Thassilo advancing towards the spot where he stood.

"I have a toy here," said he, "with some love motto inscribed upon it in German, and as you understand that language, I would fain procure your assistance in deciphering it." As he finished speaking he held it towards him. "Nay," resumed Montone, seeing that Thassilo turned pale, and gasped for breath, "I would have been as well content with one of those rich tresses that I have seen the wind woo so lovingly. I will even exchange love-tokens with thee, if the golden toy pleases thee best."

"She never gave it to you," exclaimed Thassilo with vehemence.

"And if that beautiful tress had been given to thee in her bower-room, instead of the open air, where there were so many eyes to see, and so many ears to listen, I might say with equal boldness, she never gave it to you."

Thassilo was going to reply in a still angrier tone than before, when Montone, at once, assuming a mild and serious air, said—

"I am no man to triumph over a fallen rival, especially when another day may place me in his situation. You are young, and know not that woman is fickle as fair. Your first lesson is severe; let it be salutary." Saying thus, he turned on his heel and was soon out of sight.

Thassilo, his mind wrought up to a state bordering on madness, continued to wander onwards till he came to a wood, when four ruffians rushing suddenly upon him, seized, bound and blindfolded him, threatening him with instant death if he uttered a word. They conveyed him a considerable distance, the latter part of the way, being, as he judged by the confined and disagreeable state of the air, under ground. They, at length, set him down, unbound his hands, and left him. On removing the bandage from his eyes, he perceived by the light of a lamp that they had placed on the ground, that he was in a dungeon too low to admit of his standing upright, without any communication with the open air, except an aperture of two or three inches in diameter. Many weary hours had passed away, and the oil of his lamp had long been spent, when a light suddenly gleamed upon the walls of his dungeon. He looked up and beheld Zorayne.

"Follow me quickly," said she, "or you are lost."

They entered a subterraneous passage, and Zorayne,



first stopping to close the place by which they entered, led the way till they proceeded nearly half a furlong. The passage was then terminated by a flight of rough stone steps, which they ascended. These were succeeded by others, which admitted them into a circular room, brilliantly lighted. In the centre of the apartment was a table, on which lay numerous parchments, inscribed with mystical characters, together with several philosophical instruments. A tall, majestic-looking man, who sat by the table, rose as they entered. It was Marquino, the astrologer. "My son," said he, "here you are safe. Two hours hence, had you failed to make your escape from the dungeon, the assassin's dagger would have been in your breast. This, we learned from Mazer, whom, by your kindness to Sylvio, his favorite, you have made your friend."

## CHAPTER IX.

Saint John's Eve at length arrived. Raimondi, whose diseased and excited imagination, had caused him, of late, to be almost constantly subject to a species of spectral illusion, had, on several occasions, exhibited unequivocal signs of insanity. At these times, the prophecy respecting the restoration of the legitimate heir to the honors and possessions of the house of Raimondi, seemed wholly to possess his mind, and he was often heard to mutter to himself, "I am a doomed man." When he was himself, he was evidently haunted with the same fears, though he studiously avoided the most distant allusion to the subject of them. His active preparations, however, could not be misunderstood. He had caused the fortifications to be repaired, and sentinels were placed at every post where they could be of the least service in case of an attack. The escape of Thassilo had caused him great uneasiness, the most vigilant search for him having proved ineffectual; and he now, as he recalled his looks, wondered at his own blindness, in not having sooner traced a resemblance between him and his deceased brother. Now that the time had arrived, which he had made so much preparation to meet, he was calm, collected, and perfectly himself. The castle bell struck eleven. "One hour more," thought he, "and the season of danger will be past." A gleam of joy began already to steal over his features.

Thassilo, whom, for the future, we may as well call by his real name, Vittorio, had just parted with the countess, and was now waiting, at the head of a band of soldiers, the proper moment to enter the castle by a secret avenue unknown to Raimondi. The countess, now that the hour drew so near that was to decide the fate of an only child, restored to her, as from the dead, paced her apartment in an agony of suspense and terror. Lady Beatrice was with her, and strove to soothe her, although she, herself, stood in nearly as much need of consolation; for, added to her fears for his safety, she, of late, had had the unhappiness to perceive that his manner towards her was cold and restrained. The last peal of the midnight bell had not yet died away, when a shrill and prolonged blast of a trumpet, was succeeded by loud cries of Vittorio! Vittorio! Simultaneously, the tower where Marquino had established himself, was

lit up with so brilliant a light, that surrounding objects were as distinctly visible as at noonday. The sounds smote on the heart of Raimondi, and overspread his features with an ashy paleness; otherwise, there was no visible agitation in his appearance. He drew his sword, and rushing towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, said "Stand by me, my brave hearts, and this imposter and his adherents will be like withered leaves when overtaken by the tempest." A few promptly gathered round him, when the entrance of a female, magnificently attired, attracted the attention of all. It was Zorayne, who, advancing to the upper end of the hall, where fell the strongest light, expanded to its full dimensions, a splendid and newly-wrought banner. On one side were emblazoned the arms of Raimondi, on the other was inscribed, "*Power is with the innocent!*" Many of those, who had, at first, gathered round Raimondi, instead of advancing to check the approach of those who were rushing forward to the hall, stood gazing at Zorayne with an expression of mute wonder, as if they imagined she was some divinity, just dropped from the clouds. Their dream of wonder was short. The tramp of feet, the clash of arms, and the cry, "Vittorio!" even at the door, caused them to rally. It was only for a moment. Horror-struck they saw the late Count Raimondi standing before them. So they imagined, for, forgetful of the lapse of nearly twenty years, and the consequent changes which it must have wrought upon his person, they thought only of the last time they saw him armed for battle. The resemblance between the deceased count and Vittorio, his long lost son, dressed as he was, in the same armor which his father was accustomed to wear when he went to battle, was, indeed, sufficiently wonderful to mislead, for a moment, the excited imaginations of the old retainers, whose pride and delight, in their youth, had been to follow him to the field. There was no need of arms: all crowded round Vittorio, eager to recognize him as their chief. All, except Montone and his soldiers, who stood apart, regarding the scene in silence. But where was he? He, who a few minutes before, had styled himself lord of those who had showed themselves false to his cause. The sight of Vittorio had been to him, like the handwriting on the wall to the conscience-stricken monarch of old. He trembled—his knees smote together, and he leaned, for support, against a pillar. All had left him save the jester, Hans, and it was affecting to see the piteous and wistful looks with which he regarded him, and the occasional efforts which he made to attract his attention. Just at this crisis, the attention of Vittorio was aroused by the cries of Beatrice, who was calling on him for help. Following the sound, he found her struggling to free herself from the grasp of Montone, who had already made good his retreat with her, from the castle, into an outer court. As a number of Vittorio's men had followed him, Montone saw that it would be useless to dispute the yielding his prize, and was about to resign her, when the approach of a superior number of his own soldiers, made him alter his mind. "Guard her well," said he, to two of them, "and I will soon teach this boy to sue for his own freedom, as well as the

lady's." He drew his sword, and Vittorio following his example, they met hand to hand. The contest was short. Montone was disarmed, and was, himself, glad to sue to the youthful opponent he had despised. As Vittorio re-entered the hall, with Beatrice leaning on his arm, a low sound of moaning reached their ears. It was Hans bending over the prostrate form of his master. Approaching the spot, they perceived, at once, that the spirit had flown. An empty goblet by his side, which, on examination, was found to have contained poison, showed the means he had resorted to, to rid himself of life. Spreading a cloak, which lay near, over the remains, Vittorio and Beatrice sought the Countess. We will drop the curtain before the scene that ensued. The streams of affection, which gush from the deep and holy well-springs of the heart, are sacred. All may imagine—few portray them in their kindred and living hues of heaven. Each heart felt that a treasure of happiness was open to it, and that the sacred ties which it had formed, might be hallowed by misfortune and sorrow, but could never be broken and impaired.

What follows may be anticipated by the reader. When Fortune takes a happy turn, propitious events, for a season, generally follow in her train. The Baron Bertoli being made acquainted with what had happened at the castle, soon arrived in person, duly attended, and conducted the whole party, consisting of the Countess, the young Count Raimondi, Lady Beatrice, his daughter, Zorayne, and Sylvio, the page, whose health was now restored, to his beautiful villa, on the banks of the Arno; in a few weeks from which time, the marriage of Vittorio and Beatrice was solemnized with becoming pomp.

Original.  
THE PAST.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE PAST! *What is it*, but a faded dream  
Of promised joy?—of bubbles on a stream,  
Which flows unceasing to a shoreless sea,  
The boundless ocean of eternity.  
The Past! *Where is it!* In the eternal mind,  
It still exists, to all the *Future* join'd  
In one vast panorama! mortal eye  
Sees but the *Present*, as it passes by.  
The Past! *Why* is it that it leaves behind  
So sad a legacy to all mankind?  
Memory looks back with vain regrets and tears,  
While lingering o'er the urn of wasted years.  
The Past! How is it that we don't improve  
From these instructive pictures as they move?  
Precept—experience—how can man demur!  
"Be wise to day—'tis madness to defer!"  
Thus mourn the humble, with the grave in view,  
Thus teach the wise—and what they teach is true.  
But hope—sweet hope—illusive hope, still smiles;  
Points to the Future, flatters and beguiles—  
All trust her treacherous promises too far,  
The bubble bursts—and we are *what we are!*

Original.  
A FABLE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Said a shower to the sunshine, as they met upon the breast  
Of a silver-winged cloud that was sailing to the west,  
"Back, brazen-faced intruder! retain your proper sphere;  
What hath the haughty smile of Heaven to do with Nature's  
tear?"

She weeps! Fond Nature weeps to see her blooming children  
lie,  
Half withered 'neath the beams of fire that dazzle from your  
eye.

The blushing petals of the rose—the vestal lily-bell,  
Have felt your baleful influence, and shrink beneath your spell.

From them, and from the myriad-blooms that spring 'neath  
summer skies,  
I heard within my cool, soft home, a chorus sweet arise—  
A chorus of faint voices, as if the flower-sylphs lay,  
Sighing their last, warm, balmy breath, in that low prayer away.

They sang—"Oh! sportive cloudlet! that floatest gaily by,  
Like a white dove, with breast of down, and wings of silver  
dye,

Unfurl those gleaming pinions swift, and shake from every  
plume,

Its liquid wealth, to cool our brows and wake our rich  
perfume!"

The cloud has heard, and sent me forth to do my mission sweet;  
Back to your radiant throne of light, nor stay my flashing feet!"

"Nay, Shower!" said the sunshine, with a witching smile of  
love,

"Do not quarrel with the playfellow that's sent you from above!

"See! I have wreathed your dwelling with a chain of glowing  
gold,

And shed a gleam of glory into every snowy fold.

An angel bade me hasten here, your cloud-bark to illumine,

And seek, with you, the blossoms, that are withering in their  
bloom.

"Let us go to earth together! I will not harm the flowers;  
I will but smile upon them, while you plash amid their bowers.  
They'll tremble at your chilly touch, and droop the blooming  
brow,  
If the sunshine do not warm them with its light and loving  
glow."

Then the shower kissed the sunshine, and in beautiful embrace  
They lighted where the lily-bell looked down in virgin grace,  
And lo! beneath that pure caress, as softly they descended,  
A vision hung 'twixt heaven and earth—a rainbow pure and  
splendid,

As if the rose and violet—the tulip and blue-bell,  
Had lent their loveliest hues to air, where bright the vision  
fell.

Oh! thou who mournest hopes decayed, like blossoms in their  
bloom,

Scorn not the heavenly comforter, that comes to cheer thy  
gloom.

Let earthly Sorrow blend her tears with pure Religion's smile,  
So shall a glorious rainbow dawn upon thy path the while.

Faith's soft, celestial blue, shall smile by Hope's unfading  
rose,

While Peace, in sunny, golden light, beside them shall repose.  
They shall wreath thy way with beauty, and when earthly  
ties are riven,

Thy soul shall make that brilliant bridge its pathway into  
Heaven.

in activity among the dark sons of the forest. The boy, Alonzo, had long since given out and had been borne an unresisting and almost insensible weight in the stout arms of two powerful savages. Onward they marched—still onward—and it was only by the utmost and most resolute exertion that Hernando could maintain the steady, swift pace which his captors held, without one pant disturbing the calm tenor of their breathing, or one sweat-drop appearing on their muscular, swart frames.

Daybreak was near at hand—a deeper gloom had followed on the setting moon—the stars had set—and a chill freshness in the air betokened the approach of morning, although the skies were yet untinged by any gleam of light, when a low whistle was heard from the head of the long file—man by man it passed rearward—and all halted! After a second's space there was a forward movement, and after a few steps, Hernando might perceive that the path opened somewhat, and that the men, who went before him, fell orderly and steadily as they advanced into a column of three, front, halting, however, as they did so, in order that interval might be left in their line of march. Then scarcely had he moved half a yard beyond the spot, whereat the wider road commenced, before the tall chief, mentioned heretofore, and the man next behind moved simultaneously, by a quick pard-like spring, to either side of him, and grasped his arms above the elbow with a firm though not painful pressure. Meanwhile the heavens had brightened somewhat, and he might see that a huge rocky hill, or, as it might have been termed not inaptly, mountain, rose suddenly with an abrupt and giant barrier directly in their front. A narrow road, climbing the height by difficult, precipitous zigzags, so steep and rugged that even the well-breathed and active natives were forced, from time to time, to pause in the ascent to catch their failing wind, scaled this vast front of bare and shrubless rock, and as they paused at every angle, Hernando might look back upon the little progress they had made, and mark the almost inseparable difficulties which would present themselves to the advance of any civilized force, by so untamed a road. Rough as it was, however, and difficult of access, an hour of constant labor brought them at last in safety to the summit, where a scene widely different from the bleak, herbless crags which, with so much of labor, they had scaled, presented itself to the Spaniard's eyes. A table of rich, fertile land of many miles circumference, was here outspread upon the ledgy top of the huge hill, which fell abruptly down on every side, a precipice of several hundred feet in sheer descent, accessible alone by steep and zigzag paths, like that by which his weary feet had painfully surmounted its ascent. Groves of the richest verdure towered high above the black and broken rocks, which walled them in on every side—fields, richly clothed with the tall maize; mottled and twinkled in the morning air; streamlets of chrysal water meandered to and fro, until they reached the steep brink, whence they plunged in bright and foaming cataracts down to the vale below—and here, embosomed in the verdant groves, circled with rich and fertile fields, watered by rills of most translucent water—here, on a summit

never before trodden by the foot of European, lay the secluded fastness of the Charib Caonabo—a village larger and more neatly built than any which Hernando had yet seen in the fair island of Hispaniola. Some two, or, at the most, three hundred cottages, of the low Indian fashion, with roofs thatched by the spreading palm-leaves, and pillowed porticoes, scattered about in careless groups, irregularly mixed with groves and gardens, were carefully surrounded by a deep ditch supplied with water from a dam upon a neighboring streamlet, and a stockade composed of massive timbers of the already famous iron-wood, framed with much skill and ingenuity, in imitation of the Spanish Palisades. Columns of smoke were curling gaily upward from every cottage roof, and lights were glancing cheerily from every open door, and wide, unlatticed casement; and merry voices rang in friendly converse or unthinking song through the long village streets; but none came forth to greet or cheer the wounded, weary stranger, who was dragged on, right on, wistfully eying the bright fireside, and listening with anxious ears to the gay sounds of merriment, among which he stood alone and almost hopeless. At length when he passed every home—when the lights and sounds had faded into distance, the band, which might be said to bear, rather than now to lead him onward, halted before a towering pile of rock upon the farther verge of the small area of table land, contiguous to the stern precipice. A light was procured instantly by one of the inferiors of the tribe, and by it was revealed a natural aperture in the dark rock, defended by a grated wicket composed of massive beams of iron-wood securely fastened by a lock of Spanish manufacture. A key was instantly produced from the tall chieftain's girdle, and without any word of explanation the gate was opened, the Spaniard's bonds were loosened, a pile of cloaks of the rude native cotton was flung down in a dark recess of the cave, which by the dim light of the flickering torch appeared of immense magnitude. Hernando was thrust violently in, the torch extinguished and the gate closed on the moment, locked, and double locked behind him. For a short time he listened to the departing footsteps of his captors; and then, out done with weariness and wo, muttered his hasty orisons, and throwing himself down at full length on the simple pallet, slept tranquilly and soundly until the sun of the succeeding day was high in the blue heavens.

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Original.

HOME.

HOME! 'Tis a blessed name! And they who rove,  
Careless or scornful of its pleasant bonds,  
Nor gather round them those linked soul to soul  
By nature's fondest ties—whose priceless love  
And holy truthfulness make up a 'Home,'  
And make a heaven of home—and more, far more!  
Enfold the spirit in a sweet content,  
And bid it hope a second home in Heaven—  
But dream they're happy! H. F. S.

Original.

## HARD TIMES!

LETTER FROM FLORETTA TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN:—You see I am faithful to my promise of writing, as soon as possible, after I arrived in this great city, and shall at once proceed to acquaint you with all I have seen and heard since I have been here. I entered the city with a sorrowful heart, as, before I came, and on the way hither, the *hard times*, bad state of business affairs, and scarcity of money, had been so much the theme of conversation, that I felt much sympathy for the suffering inhabitants. I almost regretted accepting my aunt's invitation, fearing I should be a burden to her. However, the idea struck me she might wish to make me useful, in case she was forced to part with some of her servants, or take the children from school. As I never flinch from duty, I dismissed all my previous visions of parties, theatres, and walks in Broadway, and determined to spend the most of my time in the nursery and school-room—and even if it were necessary, share my allowance with my cousins. I feared they might have been obliged to leave their comfortable house, but was agreeably surprised, when the stage stopped, to see the same silver plate—although it was too dark to read the name—which told the stately granite mansion before me was still occupied by uncle Bankly. Hastily bidding adieu to the kind friends who had taken me under their protection during the journey, I followed the driver who bore my trunk up the marble steps. A dandy negro answered the bell—I was glad to see they had not been obliged to part with every servant. I was ushered into the front drawing-room, and while the waiter went to report my arrival I had leisure to examine the room and to admire the gorgeous carpet, velvet-cushioned chairs, satin curtains, the chandeliers, tabourins, girandoles, candelabras, and a hundred other articles of magnificence with which they were adorned. The servant requested me to walk up-stairs, and I eagerly tripped through the soft carpet hells and staircases, lighted and warmed as a parlor. At the landing, I was met by a neatly dressed chambermaid, who ushered me into my aunt's bedroom—an apartment which occupied the whole front of the house. Before a large *psyche*, whose richly gilded frame reflected brilliantly the fire light, stood aunt Bankly, undergoing the operation of being dressed for a party. She seemed very glad to see me, seated me in a luxurious red velvet *voltaire*, and after asking after you all, begged my permission to go on dressing as she was engaged out to a dinner party.

"Pray aunt, do not consider me as a stranger," I said, "I intend to make myself useful, and will do any work you may wish to have done."

"Useful, dear child," she said smiling, "I wish you to enjoy yourself; I have plenty of people to do my work."

I saw the ladies' maids smiling at each other, and felt confused. "Oh, I thought I might be of some use," I stammered, "the times are so bad, aunt."

"Are they?" she said, with an indifferent tone. "Jeanette, which turban shall I wear—the gold sprigged

lace with lappets of fringed gold, or the blonde lace and flowers?"

"Where are the dear children?" I asked.

"Dear me! I am glad you reminded me," said aunt, looking at her splendid watch; "it is past five and I have not sent for them. Jane just ring the bell for Thomas, and tell him to order the carriage immediately for the darlings."

It was with great pleasure I beheld my dear cousin Helen now enter the room. She wore a riding habit, and a man's hat, that being the most fashionable one to ride in at present. She ran towards me—was delighted to see me once more, and in spite of my entreaties she declared she would relinquish her dinner-party and spend a quiet evening with me. Her mother, with a remark that rest would do her good, as she looked jaded from being out so much, gave her consent to the arrangement.

I had expressed so much anxiety to see poor cousin Sophia, as I have called her ever since I heard of her husband's *faux* in business, that the next morning aunt ordered the carriage, and with Helen, we drove to her house. As it was now two months since we heard of cousin Cotton's misfortune, I was afraid they were suffering from privation. In the way thither I asked if they had changed their residence yet.

"Oh, no," said my aunt, "they are very well satisfied with their house, and when the new room is finished at the back, which they design as a picture gallery, I think they will be very comfortable."

"Dear me, I have been misinformed then," I said, "I heard Mr. Cotton had failed."

"What difference should that make—it is an event which often happens among merchants—one must live you know. Besides, your cousin has only suspended."

My ignorance of mercantile phrases was such that I really began to fear Sophia's husband had hanged himself in vexation at the turn affairs had taken.

"Suspended!" I exclaimed, staring at aunt, with my eyes and ears open, like a raw country girl.

Helen burst into a laugh. "I see you are no merchant, coz. Where a man has suspended, it means he has suspended paying his debts, and of course has more money to spend upon his family."

"Nonsense, Helen," said her mother, reprovingly. "You know nothing about business matters. Your cousin Sophia, I am sure, is obliged to use much economy lately." Helen shrugged up her shoulders and we rode on in silence.

As we approached Mr. Cotton's lordly mansion, two elegant carriages drew away to give us room. One, I was told, belonged to cousin Sophia, and the other to a visitor. The foot-boy opened the door—we ascended the steps, and were ushered, by a gentlemanly-looking waiter, into a room furnished in a style of princely magnificence. The walls were covered with rare paintings in massy gilt frames—the carpets, cushions, and curtains of the most costly fabric—the grates were of silver, and wherever I directed my eye it fell upon gold, or crystal, or velvet. A lady sat upon an embroidered divan who was introduced as Mrs. Manly. In a few minutes, cousin Sophia entered, equipped for a morning round of calls.

After the first greetings were over, we seated ourselves in a circle around the fire, and while the others conversed I amused myself gazing around me upon the new and splendid furniture. I saw no marks of the economy of which aunt Bankly had spoken, in any thing, except in cousin's dress, and I was glad to see her old things had been made over new. It was true, her collar was of delicate French work, edged with expensive point de Paris lace—her pocket-handkerchief was a mass of embroidery and mechin—and her dress a superb silk, surrounded with two flounces—but her hat, which was so small it would scarcely reach her forehead, I had no doubt had been made out of her last year's old one, the soiled parts being cut away had thus reduced its size. Her cloak, also, although of rich green velvet, had no doubt been one she had outgrown, as it reached only a little way below her knees, and was eked out with a silvery white plush. I commended her economy, but felt sorry for her as I imagined how the wind must blow in her face, and how cold the lower part of her body must be.

"So, Sophia," said aunt, "I see you have one of the new small hats. I have been waiting for the new fashions to appear in order to purchase my winter bonnet. I cannot imagine how you obtained yours so soon, as neither Mrs. Blond nor Madame Brussels have opened yet."

"I am so good a customer of these ladies," said my economical cousin, with exultation, "that they always give me the first choice of their new things. Madame Brussels sent me word two days ago that she had just received a box of hats from Paris, from which I might choose one before she opened them to the public."

"Really she is very partial," said Helen, with pique. "I am sure we waste money enough upon her."

"She made me pay well for this," said Sophia; "only think of her charging me thirty dollars for this little hat."

"Oh, I do not wonder," said aunt, "the rich lace and feathers make it worth that."

"Yes, one must pay for these things. But how do you like my new *palletot*!" she added, pointing to what I had foolishly imagined an old cloak made over and curtailed. "It has just arrived from Paris, and there is not another like it to be seen in the city. It cost me sixty-five dollars."

"Beautiful! charming!" burst from my aunt, while Helen gazed upon it with a gloomy discontented air. I supposed she was vexed with her cousin for her thoughtless extravagance, while her husband's affairs were so embarrassed.

"Mamma," at last she said, "I am so provoked I did not see cousin's cloak before. It is so lovely. I should certainly have ordered one exactly like it."

"I am sure, cousin," said Sophia, "your velvet mantillette is very handsome, with its beautiful fur edging."

"Besides," said her mother, "she has only worn it a week, and paid sixty dollars for it to Madame Reps, in Broadway."

"I am so tired of mantillettes—I cannot go in the street but they stare me in the face, of every hue and material. I want something new. However, I am determined to

have a new muff. Yours is pretty, Sophia—what do you call it?"

"Silver Fox."

"Very pretty," said aunt Bankly, taking it. "Are these expensive?"

"Oh, I only gave a hundred dollars for it," said Mrs. Cotton, quietly; "but Helen, why do you wish to get a new one? Your black lynx suits your mantillette so well."

"Dear me, you do not think I shall wear a black muff when light furs are in fashion. No, no; I shall get me a stone marten, or natural lynx, or Isabella bear."

"In the first place you must attend to your new hat," said her mother. "As you have seen the new fashions, what do you advise, Sophia? A dark changeable silk like your own?"

"Oh, by no means; I selected it for its novelty, but immediately repented, as I fear they will become so common."

"I can then change it," remarked Helen. "I much prefer it to those greys, drabs, and other grave colors we have been wearing so long. When July Fairfax came on here last summer, from the South, she asked if every one had become quakers, as wherever she turned, in church, street, or auction, there was one universal hue of drab or slate."

Mrs. Manly, who had withdrawn to the other room to look over some new annuals which lay upon a marble table, now returned.

"Ladies, with your permission," she said, "I will now fulfil the mission upon which I came. I am going around with a subscription paper in order to gain a little sum to relieve a suffering family."

How their faces fell!

"It is a disagreeable task, but I feel so much for them I shall not shrink from it. They were once doing quite well with a small shop, but the husband lost all by the failure of a merchant with whom he was connected in business, since then they have only struggled on, it would seem, to plunge themselves deeper into poverty and sickness." She then handed the paper to Mrs. Cotton. Her own name headed it for a reasonable sum.

"Really, Mrs. Manly," began cousin Sophia, "I do not know what to say to this. I have so very little to give away. When I ask for money for my own uses, I hear nothing from Mr. Cotton but 'hard times,' and 'scarcity of money.'"

"Surely from all this abundance which I see around me, you can spare something."

"Ah, that is it, Mrs. Manly; it takes so much to keep up this 'abundance' as you are pleased to call it. Those embroidered satin curtains cost me eight hundred dollars each—and there being four of them they required no trifling sum, I assure you. Then the expenses of house-keeping, and of entertaining company—but I suppose I must give something."

Placing a dollar in the hand of Mrs. Manly, Sophia turned to adjust her dress at the magnificent mirror which reached from the ceiling to the floor. Aunt Bankly, after many regrets of her little power to give, and muttered a little about "so many of these things

for overcoming"—and "she did not see why people could not support themselves in this land of plenty," gave her a half dollar. Helen declared she thought she did her share towards taking care of the poor by making fancy work for fair, and so excused herself. The sweet and benevolent smile, with which Mrs. Manly repaid me for what I deemed it my duty to give her, has dwelt in my recollection ever since.

I began to confound right and wrong. Every thing here is so different from my preconceived ideas, that I sometimes fancy I have always been under a mistake, regarding our duties to ourselves and others. If I should act upon these motives for action which I often see predominant here, I must not be myself—I, in the country, and I, in the city, are two different persons. Let us hope, while my ideas are so confused, I shall not—like the man who swore he was a changeling, and not he himself—lose my own identity—If I do you must be the "little dog at home" and prove that "I be I." However I have, as yet, seen but little in this wonderful maze of city life, and may judge erroneously. At all events I have viewed but one side of the picture, and should I ever send you another side, it may be a brighter one.

E. R. S.

Original.

## RETURN OF THE JEWS.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Will he never return? will the Jew  
In exile eternally pine?  
By the multitude scorned, pitied only by few,  
Will he never his vows to Jehovah renew,  
Beneath his own olive and vine?

Will the wrath of his God to him burn  
For aye, who the Nazarene vexed?  
Will not the Lord's slayer in penitence learn,  
And the nailer, and spearman, and mocker return,  
For their crime deeply stirred and perplexed?

Will he dwell with the Gentiles who slight  
His shrine, and make traffic their god?  
Slink in alleys and avenues where the dark rite  
Of London, is offered to Mammon, of right,  
Whose fathers Jerusalem trod?

Will he yield up his treasures of wealth  
On the rack, at the gibbet or stake?  
Shall his wife, daughter, son, shall his ease and his health,  
Ay, and life be cut off, or enjoyed but in stealth;—  
Shall he not from such tyranny break?

Will he crouch 'neath Mohammed's control,  
In suburbs pent up like a thief?  
And drink of contempt and reproachings the bowl,  
Who of chivalry, once, and of honor was soul,  
Whose nation, of nations was chief?

Shall his oil and his wine ne'er be reapt?  
Shall his harp, phang by Euphrates' tide—  
Whose music of sweetness for ages has slept,  
O'er whose strings bath no finger of cheerfulness swept,  
In songs of deliverance and pride?

Shall he ne'er at the Festival's sheen,  
The new-moon nor Sabbath attend?  
Where Zion in beauty and glory was seen,  
Where shoutings went up, trumpets calling between,  
While praises were wont to ascend?

Where the censer gave od'rous perfume,  
Where the Holy of Holies had place,  
Where the almond of Aaron was laid up in bloom,  
Where the Ark of the Cov'nant had resting and room,  
Where Shechinah gave token of grace!

Zion! name that brings freshly the sigh—  
Zion! name at which tears freely fall—  
Where the mosque of the Prophet peers proudly and high,  
Whence the Muzzein at noon sends idolatrous cry,  
Where Allah is worshipped of all!

'Tis the Zion, oh God, which thy arm  
Still embraces; for her hast thou set  
Most safe in thy love, deeply graven on thy palm,  
Secure from destruction, and terror, and harm—  
Her bulwarks before thee are yet!

And thy oath was to Abraham given,  
Thy servant, devoted to thee—  
As the sands on the shore, as the leaves by winds driven,  
As the hosts that then studded the Syrian heaven,  
Lo his children uncounted should be!

Like kings on their conquering car,  
They return! for their bondage is burst;  
"My sons shall be gathered, my daughters from far,  
To bear them where shines Jacob's beautiful star,  
Lo, Tarshish, with ships shall be first!"

I see them! I see them! behold!  
Every stream, sea and ocean is white,  
Where their canvass points home, where their standard's  
broad fold  
Waves on to the East, as it waved once of old  
When the Ark moved, enveloped in light!

I see them! How wondrous the crowd!  
From Ganges, from Humber, from Nile,  
As doves to their windows, they fly as a cloud;  
How roll their hosannas! how lordly and loud,  
Harp and timbrel give answer the while!

Be lifted, ye gates! for 'tis He,  
Once led by the rabble to die;  
Once spit on, and thorn-crowned, and hung on a tree,  
Now worshipped, anointed, exalted to be  
A Prince and a Saviour on high!

Who is He that of glory is King?  
To whom shall be lifted the gates?—  
Shout, thousands of Israel! Ye worshippers, bring  
Oblation! let Earth with her jubilee ring,  
THE CROWN FOR THE NAZARENE WAITS!

Then, Christian, reproaches and stain,  
No longer give thou to the Jew;  
For gathered with gladness to Zion again,  
He will own that Messiah, appointed to rain,  
Has come—the Great Witness and True!

Original.

## MARRYING FOR MONEY;

OR, *that* THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

THE incalculable influence of wealth, or the contemplation of its supposed benefits, in controlling the operations and destinies of mankind, is in nothing so lamentably conspicuous as in its effect upon the institution of marriage. There is a radical misapprehension in the community both of the structure of the human mind, in important respects, bearing upon the point in question, and of the solemnity and responsibility of the marriage tie. In support of the former clause of this proposition, it may doubtless be asserted that there are many who regard *Love*—such love as attracts the sexes to each other, as a childish fancy, baseless as the poet's dream; the result of preconceived notions, inculcated by mere custom, and strengthened by the perusal of novels, and poetry; and easily and effectually eradicated by trifling contact and concern with the *common sense* transactions of the world. There is a second class, which, if governed by no settled convictions of the same nature, yet contemplates the subject with a hesitating and uncertain judgment, as though it were excusable or even proper in the female sex, but utterly beneath the dignity of man; and who regard those who are so unwary as to be decoyed into the meshes of love as legitimate subjects for ridicule, and even pity. And again, even by those who recognize its potency, and do not think to nourish it, and make it, as it should be, one of the dearest treasures of their hearts, how few, even of these, have ever analyzed the sentiment, and accorded to it the consideration, the *respect*, which is its due! How few there are who look upon it as an inherent *quality of the mind*, implanted by Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to induce man, by the ecstasy of happiness it is capable of conferring, voluntarily to regard that fixed law of nature and of revelation, which assigns one woman to one man—the twain to be one flesh? We appeal to those, who, in the selection of a companion in weal and in woe, have abandoned themselves wholly to the guidance of true affection—have scorned to permit considerations of sordid advantage and convenience, to intrude themselves, and for a fancied good to entail an enduring curse—have not suffered false attractions to deceive them—nor sensuality to wear the garb of the pure *soul-love* of their hearts; to whom their home is dearer than houses and lands, and with whom the praise of the being who is its ornament and pride, more makes their hearts to swell with joy than would the most dazzling glitter of the world's renown—the loud shouted enthusiasm of man's acclaim; whose kingdom is in the bosom of that being—whose happiness is in her smile—and who, rather than to do her wrong, ay, though that wrong could be hid for ever as in the very bowels of the earth, from all, save God and the conscience, would perish ere commit it—perish, with no remembrance to prey upon their vitals as a consuming fire; who, though they may feel that were a universe the stake, they would not dismise from their hearts the love that is the peace of their

existence, *if they could*—yet know, with as deep a conviction as though it were written by the hand of the Almighty with a pen dipped in the lightning's blaze on the arch of Heaven that they *COULD NOT IF THEY WOULD*—to such we appeal, to be told if it be a phantasy which controls them—which illumines earth's pathway—cheers in the sunshine, and pilots in the storm—if it be not rather, as we have said it to be, a gift of the Eternal to mankind, and, as his gift and institution, not to be scorned, nor thwarted, nor degraded?

We have assumed in the second clause of our proposition, that the solemnity and responsibility of the marriage tie are not sufficiently appreciated. We do not refer in this charge to those who are so criminal as to render themselves amenable to prescribed penalties for absolute infractions of the marriage vow—but to a far more numerous class. We take a broader scope of observation, and in order the more readily to explain ourself will devote a moment's attention to the nature and extent of the responsibility imposed by marriage. Generalizing our argument, '*Love*' is the gift and institution of God; and by its high derivation, involving moral accountability in its neglect and defiance. Its immediate end is to promote obedience to that law of nature and revelation, which demands the union of one man to one woman; and its potency is ample testimony of its inherence in the mind, and its divine origin; for it is paramount to all law—all precept—all fear. When its dictates are opposed, it rages like a lion, and overleaps or rends asunder every barrier opposed to its progress and the satisfaction of its impulses—yes, often, although these barriers be the shackles of law—the support of friends—the peril of character; and the penalty of their destruction, guilt, shame, desolation, misery. It reigns alike in the bosom of the monarch on his throne, and of the lowly peasant in his cottage; and yields not, in its purity, to the calamities of circumstance or the mutations of time; but, buoyant over all, robs mere fortune of its power to wound, adds a deeper charm to the flowers of spring time, and makes the desolation of winter "to blossom as the rose." But the security of happiness to those connected by love, is, through the primal end to be observed, but the threshold to more absorbing results. The bond of marriage, though it may be fulfilled in the letter, is dead in the spirit, if its requisitions, directly binding on the parties, alone are considered and obeyed. The rearing and education of offspring, to fill the places of their fathers, and run with honor their earthly race, is the important, the solemn end to which all else should conduce. While the mother is specially appointed to guide her children, she requires in the task the counsel and aid of her husband; and if concord, that unity of heart which love creates, be wanting between parents, their instructions may clash and nullify each other; and the demoralizing lesson impressed by the example of their disagreements, produce, in the minds of their children, an abiding influence for evil. It is not enough then, in the union of man and woman, that friends desire or urge, that the possessions or expectations of the one or the other party will ensure protection from want, that their respectability—we speak in a worldly sense—may

be equal, or that, in exchange for wealth from the one party, will be bestowed elevation by the other. If *love* be a stranger, though all be possessed beside, the world will be thenceforth but a gilded prison house—the soul will feel that it is not fulfilling its destiny, and in the midst of all things that wealth and station can procure, will be miserable and alone!

We address ourself to *parents* then. One half the marriages in our country are instigated or controlled by parents. The responsibility of the most of those which are contracted on other bases than love, and involve the misery of one or both the parties, rests, it is not injustice to say, upon their parents. Let not the father, who listens to the offer of a wealthy suitor, and bestows his daughter upon him, flatter himself that because his child's heart is unoccupied, and in ignorance of herself, she willingly yields to his wishes, he is not doing violence to nature and the ordination of God. The heart *must have its aliment—it must love*; and when it yearns, in that child, to fulfil its destiny, and seeks an object upon which to pour itself out, loathing will usurp the place of indifference towards the partner of her fortunes who is not the partner of her soul, and woe, and agony of spirit, will be her portion; and then, there will come the wrestlings of virtue with the torture of unsatisfied affections, *perhaps to be conquered*, and to entail in its overthrow, the secret gnawings of guilt, or the withering blight of open shame!

"Gold hath power,  
To purchase joys; but cannot purchase aught  
To fill the void where love abideth not!  
It hath been curse to woman! Oh how oft  
Have sire and mother gazed upon the dross,  
Till it hath charmed their senses, and hath turned  
The genial stream of nature into ice!  
And they have sold their children for its sake!  
Ay, there's no softer word befits to use—  
Sold them to earthly misery. How oft  
Has the fond husband folded to his breast  
The wife his gold has purchased; and that wife,  
Doomed by a parent's hand, that should have been  
A shield about her, and her guide to good,  
How pines she 'mid the trappings of her state,  
Or madly nurses the expanding germ,  
For holy purpose planted in her breast,  
Till it doth shoot in dark and hideous crime!  
It is a common story!"

It is questionable whether the culpability of a parent in sacrificing his child to mammon be not greater than even that of the fortune hunter himself—the man who marries solely for money; for the latter, compassionating the condition of her whom he has made his victim, may so earnestly endeavor to atone for his crime, by devoted attention to the promotion of her happiness, that he may smooth, if he do not remove, the roughness of her path. Of fortune hunters there are two classes; the one composed of those, who, poor themselves, seek to obtain the means of support by marriage; the other of those who are already possessors of fortunes or competencies, yet who covet more. These last are by far the most degraded, unworthy, and criminal; as they are also the most numerous, for the poverty of the former is, at least, a shadow of excuse for their conduct; it is, at the same time, *prima facie* evidence of their designs, whereby the argus eyes of friends, and indeed of all sensible young women, liable to be victims, are opened wide, and success is precarious, except with shallow witted, romantic

misses, who know no better than to be beguiled—who would scorn love and marriage conducted in straight forward fashions—and are ready to leap with delight from a second story window, decked for Gretna Green, into the arms of any poor devil, who will run the risk of a lung fever a sufficient number of nights to serenade them; and who render the ill-fated wretches, who may be linked to their destinies, objects of the intensest pity, *malgre* the heaped up coffers they may bring. But the rich man, who marries only to increase his riches, is veiled by his possessions from reproach or scorn. The eyes of the friends of his intended victim are dazzled and blinded—mammon triumphs, and the heart's desolation and misery, though perhaps she knows it not now herself, are springing to rank luxuriance, beneath the costly jewels and attire of the bride, to scatter hereafter their noisome perfume, and poison and destroy!

In fine, '*Love*' is the child of heaven; and of all the woes and guilt with which man has encumbered himself, through disregard of his nature and destiny, none are comparable in extent or intensity, with those which spring from indifference to the dominion of this passion in the soul; and from attention to other and baser influences, in that union of the sexes of which it should be sole arbiter, and over which its dominion should be paramount and absolute.

The above dissertation on the tender passion has not much to do with a little tale we are about to relate; nevertheless, as it may claim perhaps a *cousinage* in the sixteenth degree, we have ventured to make it a preliminary.

There is a grey haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every fair day, in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that labored display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New-York. He does not ape the habits of a foreign aristocracy, by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage, though evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer by, as his eye falls upon it in the midst of the ambitious 'turn-outs' so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be the master of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up, body and soul, nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewiskered aspirants, who dash by him, as he leisurely rumbles along, in their flashy, gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former preserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness; the latter in the dawning of lustrous beauty. The dress of these ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity—that test of *true* elevation and real gentility—which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and, in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive milliners' signs, nor tell a tale, by extravagance or *outrance* of display, that, conscious of deficiency in mental superiority, they would



make a parade of the gaudiness of the covering, atone for the emptiness within it.

This gentleman came to the city when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing and a little pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket, all he was worth in the world—he turned his steps toward New-York; ignorant of mankind—of the world's guilt and crime—of the thousands seeking, like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of expectation—of hope—of determination—of energy. It was distant several days' travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door at which he applied at nightfall, was ever open to receive him, and a few hours of labor the succeeding day required—for he would have scorned to accept of charity—the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging house when at last he trod, with eager foot, the streets of the city, and, although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but sedulously employed himself in seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of its truth, made him his porter, never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant; diligent, industrious, honest, frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and by the light of his lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind. At the end of the four years, with what he had saved from his earnings and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small retail shop in an obscure street, wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded; slowly indeed, yet he succeeded. And the majority may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatever one's income may be, however trifling, *let him live within it*, and he is even then prospering and to prosper. In a great city, frugality never finds itself at fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meet to any quality of means; and he who casts false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that more ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity that nothing can shake; for though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the *soul* will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who, with an income of a few hundreds, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more extravagant than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding house—and then a better still—ever careful, however, not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty. The second change was rife with momentous influences upon his destiny; for there boarded in the same house, a widow and her pretty daughter, the last an heiress,

worth a *thousand dollars*! This widow, named Watkins—not her real name, by the by, for, on our veracity, we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not overstocked with wit, and piqued herself as much on her slender jointure and the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day, as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughters' thousand a million. Helen was sensible—very sensible; and resisted, in a good degree, the unhappy influences of her mother's weakness; but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the true value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was so constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine at last, her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg, after a time, loved her—loved her with his whole heart, and was as tenderly loved in return. He had always determined, with an honest pride, never to fall in love with a woman with money; “it should never be cast in his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations, that he was supported by her”—and there are few who will accuse him of averring from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on the wedding day, pursuant to her father's will, the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it in his business, and instead of dashing out with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. For a time all went well. A loving bride thinks little, for months, of any thing but love and happiness, and Helen never spoke of the thousand dollars. Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for her wants, and, indeed, for her desires—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise limiting her wishes. But when a year had gone by, she often asked for articles of dress or luxury—luxury to them—which her husband could not afford to give, and gently but resolutely denied her. “It's very strange,” thought Helen to herself, “that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won't let me have what I want.” Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on an occasion when she had set her heart on something which he refused to purchase, she ventured to vent her disappointment in reproaches; and referred to the thousand dollars, which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished, indignant; but restraining himself, kindly reasoned with her and represented to her how paltry a sum, in reality, a thousand dollars was, and how long ago it would have been exhausted, had it been in her own possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness; and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite, in her warped judgment, the suspicion that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand dollars came up again—and again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could bear no more. Without a rejoinder, he suddenly left the house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—that his face wore a startling expression, and regretful, penitent and alarm-

ed, she called earnestly and tearfully to him to return, but it was too late! It was a sullen, stormy, wintry, chilly day, when Flagg left his home that morning; it was, too, at the very climax of one of those mercantile crises when the rich feel poor and the poor, beggars; and Flagg, breasting the storm bravely thus far, had congratulated himself that in a few days more he should be safe, and his fortunes golden for ever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down Broadway that morning, plashing through the rain! He loved Helen dearly—he knew that she loved him. Their days were all happiness, save that destroyed by this one foible, and let come what would, he determined to give her “a lesson that should last her the rest of her life.”

He did not return to dinner. Helen waited for him, and, robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all the afternoon, looking from the window into the deserted and dreary street; weeping sometimes as though her heart would break. When day-light had nearly gone, and she began to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not—she dared not go to meet him, but when he opened the door, she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side, and taking her hand, said, in a voice broken by exhaustion and emotion, while he extended with the other a roll of bank notes—

“Helen, there are your thousand dollars. I have had toil, and anguish, and pain enough to get them for you, in these dreadful times, but I had resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them, do with them as you like, and we will be wholly happy; for you can never reproach me more!”

“No, no, not for the world!” sobbed Helen, sinking on her knees in shame; “oh, husband, forgive me, forgive me! I shall never be guilty again!” and she tried to make him accept the notes.

He was, however, resolute; and well knowing from his character, that what he had determined on, as a proper course, he would not swerve from, she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked her to what purpose she devoted her thousand dollars, but it was plain enough that she expended them neither for dress nor ornament. If any thing, she was more frugal than ever; and he was compelled to question her of her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them; as he was, liberally and freely, so soon as his prosperity would authorise it.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway; and that wife is this same Helen. That daughter—ah, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week to a young man not worth a penny—but who loves her, and cares not a pin for her father’s money, confiding, as he does, in his own energies—which the old gentleman took care to make sure of before he gave his consent. As to *that* thousand dollars, it has been accumulating this twenty-years—has been added to constantly by the mother, and now, a good round sum—we have it from sure authority—at least twenty thousand, will be a gift to her daughter on the marriage day; but we warrant

you, she will hear the whole story of “the thousand dollars,” and be warned not to suspect an honest, high-minded, loving man, of *marrying for money*!

Original.

C H A R A D E .

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE lady I love is as fair to see,  
As a blossom of June on a graceful tree,  
There’s a summer sweetness in all her looks,  
And her voice is as low as a running brook’s,  
I do not remember the hue of her eyes—  
There are thousand such in the clear night skies;  
Only from Heaven could light so fair  
Gleam on your gaze through the crystal air.

Her name—what is it? Reveal her name!  
On my heart it is written in words of flame.  
Thought sits like a Sybil and will not tell  
The mystic letters that mark her well!  
Yet listen, then ponder, and I may show  
In heedless verse what you seek to know.  
Come, lovely reader, to quench your thirst  
Of curiosity—hark to my FIRST!

My first lacks a letter—a consonant good,  
To make it the tender and marvellous food  
Which the Israelites found, when guided away  
With a fire by night and a cloud by day—  
When the matron came from the Patriarch’s tent,  
There lay the food that her God had sent—  
Fallen from Heaven and pleasant to taste,  
Like spots of snow on the trackless waste.

Her eyes! again I am trying to think  
If her eyes were the hue of a fountain’s brink;  
Azure and brilliant and soft and clear,  
Each set like a star in its own small sphere.  
Time has flown since I saw her last,  
Summer and Winter have glided past,  
Therefore their color I cannot say—  
But I know that my SECOND is French for “grey.”

Go to the West—and a plain you’ll see  
Unchequered by herbage or bush or tree;  
Nothing grows save the grass that waves  
In mimic billows o’er human graves.  
’Tis a dreadful thing alone to stand  
And look a far o’er that shoreless land  
Dreadful to hearken to storm and blast—  
The Saxon name of that plain’s my LAST.

What is “my whole?” I will tell you how  
To find it to-morrow or, may be, now.  
Seek for a figure slight and small  
Just like a sylph’s at a fairy ball;  
Seek for a face that is gentle and mild  
Just like the face of a beautiful child—  
Heart, and feeling, and mind, and soul—  
Find all these and you find my WHOLE.

Original.

## THE WITCH OF THE AVENTINE.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ARTIST.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

FIVE years have passed away since I left my native shore to bask in the sunshine of Italian arts;—ay—five years of such a dreamlike existence, that but for my pictures—those silent records of past scenes, I should sometimes be tempted to believe that memory was but the handmaid of imagination, and that I was but indulging in waking visions, when I seem to be recalling actual events. In my own happy country, where avenues to fame and honor and fortune are opened on every side, life must necessarily be a scene of action. We have no time to loitre by the wayside, either to pluck the fragile flowers of fancy, or to indulge in vague dreams of unattainable perfection. All are eagerly pressing forward as in a well-contested race, and the laggard idealist may consider himself fortunate if he be not trampled under foot by his more active competitors. But in Italy, to whose oppressed and degenerate sons nothing is left but the memories of the glorious past, life is only a dream; it may be one of voluptuous enjoyment, or of squalid wretchedness, according to the condition of the individual, but still it is only a dream. The noble seeks neither to add new honors to his illustrious name, nor to repair his dilapidated fortunes: the peasant is content to loitre amid his fertile fields, drawing a scanty subsistence from the bountiful soil, which, to industry, would afford affluence: the mendicant, reclining against some broken column or defaced statue, yields himself to the indolence which is his only source of enjoyment, and if he can but beg the pittance which is sufficient to purchase his *maccheroni* or *polenta*, asks no better destiny.

Indeed, few persons can reside long in Italy, without imbibing a taste for that '*dolci far niente*' which is so characteristic of the people. Living in an atmosphere so pure, that mere breath is enjoyment—surrounded by those lovely and gentle scenes in nature, whose effect upon the mind resembles that produced by the majestic grandeur of our own land, as little as the mighty cataract of Niagara resembles the beautiful cascade of Terni—encompassed in his daily walks by memorials of the ancient glories of a country which once gave masters to the world—beholding, on every side, forms of beauty such as never before visited his waking eyes—wandering as a mere pilgrim amid the treasures of art, for which he left his distant home, and rarely called either by duty or emulation, to employ himself in the active business of life, it is not strange that the young artist should become a dreamer like the rest. He goes to Italy to study his profession, but the labor of his life becomes, also, its happiness, when he has but to gaze on images of loveliness, and let their sweet influence sink into his soul. It is indeed a happy period of existence. He has not yet learned to despond over unattainable perfection, for, to the buoyant spirit of youth, all things seem possible, and imagination's magic pencil finishes his rudest sketches with the grace of a Corregio, and the coloring of a Titian.

We often hear of the analogy between poetry and painting, but few—none, indeed—save he whose mind is so thoroughly imbued with both, that only circumstances have decided his choice—can understand how closely they do resemble each other. The ivied tower and mouldering battlement—the leaping torrent and the gliding brook—the smooth green meadow, and the sequestered glade—the modest wild-flower, and the lofty oak—the daisied hill-side, and the beetling cliff, are painted by fancy's hand, for the poet as well as the artist; while the delicate visions of female loveliness, with its attendant virtues of patience, and gentleness, and constancy, and devotion—the noble images of manly courage, and chivalrous bearing, and disinterested friendship, and unsullied honor, visit the mind of the painter no less than the poet; though the one is only called to delineate the outward show, and the other, the workings of the hidden emotion. There have been moments when I have felt that none but the painter's skill could do justice to the thoughts that crowded upon my brain, and again I have longed to pour out my fancies in the ballad of knightly times, or the more passionate verse of our own age.

My pictures have hitherto served me as a journal. When I look on them, I can recall every circumstance connected with their progress—the time—the place—the very tints of the sky, as the soft light fell upon my canvass, are before me with all the vividness of reality. But I sometimes wish that others could enjoy my reminiscences with me, and in those hours which are hallowed by the presence of warm friends, who can enter into my feelings, I love to dwell on scenes so unlike the details of common life. My dreamy existence is gone by—I am now a laborer in the field of art, and as I sit in my lone studio, visions of the past mingle strangely with the common-place realities of the present.

\* One evening I was rambling on the Aventine Hill, gazing down upon the ruins which lie around its base, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a woman, moving amid the broken columns. In that place, and beneath such a soft, sunset glow, every thing seemed picturesque, but the figure which I now behold was pre-eminently so. Of a height far exceeding the usual stature of her sex, attired in a loose, black robe, which hung about her tall form like the drapery of some ancient statue, and bearing on her head a water-pitcher, which she balanced without the aid of her hands, she strode over the blocks of marble as if she had been treading a level pathway, while her upright carriage preserved, admirably, the position of the antique-looking pitcher. At that time, I never allowed a subject to escape my eager pencil, and I hurried down the hill in the hope of meeting her, and making a sketch. But my precipitation was the cause of disappointment. I stum-

\* A spirited sketch of an aged Roman woman, from the gifted pencil of Mr. F. Philips, and the artist's description of the effect produced upon him by the stern and almost mysterious bearing of the original of the picture, suggested thoughts which finally shaped themselves into the following tale. I need scarcely say that the incidents are purely imaginary. E. C. E.

bled over a heap of rubbish, and fell with some violence to the ground; when I arose, the object of my pursuit had vanished, and I limped home, half ashamed of the whim which had led me such a chase after an ugly old woman.

A few days after, I encountered the same woman in the lone and grass-grown street of the Lungara. Her figure was not to be mistaken, and she bore on her head a large bundle, in the same manner as she had formerly carried her pitcher. Her dress betrayed her poverty, and I therefore unceremoniously accosted her, offering to pay her liberally if she would sit to me for a sketch. While I was speaking, she drew herself up to the full height of her majestic figure, and sternly answered in the negative; then, without another word, strode onward, and was out of sight in a moment. I regretted her refusal the more, because I now saw that her features, though strongly marked, were eminently handsome, and there was a stateliness in her manner which suited ill with her mean garb and humble occupation. I frequently met her in my walks about the most desolate parts of the city, but she was never to be seen in the populous and busy streets. I never beheld her in company with others of her class; she was always alone, and generally bore a burden on her head. I remember another peculiarity, which struck me very forcibly, as being so very different from the custom of her people, and this was, her total disregard of the religious ceremonies to which the Roman peasant is usually so attentive. Though I watched her repeatedly as she passed the little shrines which abound in every corner of Rome, yet I never once saw her bend the knee before the symbol of her nation's faith, and once, when the tinkle of the little bell which announces the approach of the Host resounded through the street which she had just entered, I observed her turn rapidly away, as if to avoid bestowing the habitual reverence demanded from every good Catholic.

I had not seen her for some weeks, when, one evening, as I was loitering away the sunset hour on the banks of the Tiber, I was startled by the sudden apparition of the old woman, who was close at my side before I heard her step. In her usual stern manner she said, "You want my picture—pay me the sum you offered, and you shall have it."

"You have changed your mind, Signora," said I; "perhaps I have also changed mine."

Without another word she was turning away, when I detained her, assuring her I was still desirous of making a sketch of her, and inquiring why she now came to offer what she had once so sternly refused.

"Because the miserable body must be obeyed even in despite of the haughty spirit," was her reply. "I am starving; two days have passed since I have tasted food."

Shocked at her words, I thrust some money into her hand, and bade her buy food.

"At midday, to-morrow, I will meet you at the Fontana Paolina," said she.

"I will be there," returned I, "but be sure not to disappoint me."

"*Io l'ho promessa e sono Romana*—I have promised, and I am a Roman," was her proud reply, and I returned to my home, pondering over the character of a people whose nobleness of sentiment forms a singular contrast to their habitual laxity of principle.

I was, at that time, residing in the only habitable part of the once splendid Casa di Gherardi. Its beautiful site, and the few fine pictures which still decorate its gallery, had induced me to obtain the permission of its owner, (a distant branch of the ancient family to whom it once belonged,) to occupy an apartment in the half ruinous palace. His permission I had obtained for a 'consideration,' and I had been, for some weeks, domiciled with the old porter, when I first met the old sybil. At the appointed hour, I repaired to the Fontana Paolina, whose beautiful situation, surrounded by an ever-green shade, makes it one of the loveliest spots in all Rome, and true to her promise, the woman was there.

"Lead on—I follow," was her only reply to my salutation, and without further parley, I led the way to my abode. As I ascended the broad staircase which led to my apartments, I looked back and observed my companion suddenly start as if an unexpected and unwelcome object had met her eyes.

"What is it you fear?" I asked.

"Fear!" exclaimed she, while a malignant scowl dwelt, for an instant, on her expansive brow, "think you I can fear aught from you? No! when the *hopes* of life are crushed there is nothing left to dread; but I little thought to set foot in the Gherardi Palace."

"It is my home," said I.

"Your home?" murmured she, gazing intently on my face, "you are not a son of Italy; your face wears the pale tint of a colder clime, and your tongue betrays the rude accents of a northern race."

"I am an American," was my reply.

She shook her head—she knew nothing of the name which I so proudly claimed, and only muttered, "The Barbarian is in the halls of our princes."

Drawing her veil closely around her, she followed me with a hasty step, but when she entered my studio—a bare, unfurnished room, she became quite calm, and seated herself before me as stirless as a statue. After an hour's delay she arose, and simply saying, "I am weary," stalked out of the room, and the heavy doors clanged through the deserted corridors as she rapidly retreated. The next day, at the same hour, she returned, and I endeavored to draw her into conversation, for I had a vague presentiment that there was some mystery connected with her past life. But all my attempts were vain. She sat stern and motionless until fatigued, and then abruptly rose and left me. I prolonged the completion of my picture, because I was deeply interested in the singular being, and I well knew that when once her promise to me was fulfilled, she would carefully avoid me.

One morning I had been exploring the old picture-gallery, and having discovered a closet, which was half concealed by a projecting pillar, and seemed to have been used as the receptacle of the lumber which a painter often gathers about him, I set myself to the task of

rumaging it with all the glee of a schoolboy. My search was not unrewarded. Among broken easels, empty oil-bottles, cracked palettes, and many worthless pictures which had been, with great propriety, excluded from the gallery, I found two paintings of singular beauty. One apparently represented a mother and child, the other was a Magdalen—a fair young girl, with pearly skin and golden hair—the very personification of youthful grace, and with a face of such joyousness, that all the painter's skill had been insufficient to give it an expression of penitence. It was not a good *Magdalen*, but it was a beautiful woman, and after placing the other picture in a conspicuous place in the gallery, I carried the *Magdalen* to my apartment, in order to copy it. I had already commenced my pleasant task, when the old purblind porter, who sometimes favored me with his company, chanced to notice my occupation. He seemed greatly disquieted to learn that I had discovered the pictures, which he told me had been banished from the gallery by the order of the present representative of the Gherardi family. My curiosity being excited, I began to question him, and the old man, glad of an opportunity in indulging his garrulity, gabbled a long tale of love and murder, not the half of which I could understand. He was near the end of his story, however, when a slight stir in the apartment caused me to look up, and I beheld the old woman of the Aventine, standing in the attitude of deep attention. How long she had stood there I know not, but as she took her usual position before me, there was a wild glare in her eyes which looked almost like incipient insanity. As the old porter hobbled away, I took the *Magdalen* from the easel, and placed it out of view, intending to complete my sketch at some future time. But my mysterious sitter seemed to be unusually agitated.

"Did you listen to that old dotard's story?" said she, at length.

"No, I could not understand the lisped and mumbled Tuscan that fell from his palsied lips."

"Tis well: his tale was but an idle one. Listen to me, and you shall learn the fate of that fair girl whom you have chosen, as did her paramour, for her false beauty."

"Thirty years have passed away since the Count Gherardi brought to his palace his young bride, the daughter of a house as noble as his own. The Lady Ippolita was proud and haughty, but withal loving and devoted to her lord. He had been the first choice of a heart which had rejected the love of princes, and she who had spurned the homage of the proudest nobles in the land, bowed herself in lowly worship before her idolized husband. But Count Gherardi had wedded the Lady Ippolita less for the love he bore her, than for the sake of her broad lands and queenly dowry. He saw only the proud bearing of his stately lady, and he sought not to win the priceless treasures of affection which lay within the depths of her passionate nature. The light and laughing dames who sported amid the gaieties of a licentious court, were better suited to his taste than his pure and vestal-like wife—the last scion of a noble Roman race. A fair son had been born to them during

their first year of wedded happiness, ere the Countess had learned to doubt the fidelity of her lord, and as soon as the child could be taken from the bosom of his peasant nurse, he became the consolation and the sole treasure of the neglected wife.

"But Lady Ippolita did not submit, with patience, to her husband's estrangement. Many a harsh and bitter word passed between those who had vowed, at God's holy altar, to love each other till death, and, while all his insults failed to diminish her affection for him, every reproachful word that fell from her lips, seemed to alienate him still farther from her. Alas! she suffered but a woman's lot. Her errors were visited upon her as crimes, and her haughty temper was made an excuse for his broken vows.

"Three years passed away in this manner. The Countess mingled in the pomps of the court as became her station, proud of her spotless name, well knowing that the breath of slander dared not sully the purity of her who was pointed out as Gherardi's neglected wife. She moved among the light dames and frivolous gallants of the gay city, like some superior being, and the pride which forbade her to shut herself up in retirement, made itself visible in every lineament. It may be that she was wrong in thus towering above her companions—it may be that she thus deprived herself of the sympathy due to virtue, yet it was, at the worst, only an error of judgment. But a fearful blow, at length, fell upon her, which came near to crush her already wounded heart. Her child—her fair and beautiful boy—had been her constant companion after the few first months of early infancy—on him she lavished all the tenderness of her loving heart—for him she softened all the harshness of her haughty nature—to him she looked for the affection which alone could now solace her sorrowing spirit. But the finger of disease touched him—the rose faded from his round cheek, and in a few brief days, the seal of death was set on his young brow.

"The grief of the mother's heart may not be described. Many a weary day elapsed ere the Countess awakened from her trance of sorrow. Her health, her strength, nay, reason itself, seemed to give way beneath the mighty grief which overwhelmed her. When she recovered a little from the blow, she seemed like one in a dream, and old, familiar things were new and strange to her. One fatal morning she wandered, in vague reverie, to the picture-gallery, where hung a portrait of herself and child. It had been painted but a year before his death, by one of those artists whom Gherardi's love for the art induced him constantly to entertain in his palace, and it represented the sportive boy clambering on the curved oaken chair, in the act of snatching a rose from his mother's flowing curls."

"It is the same picture I found this morning," exclaimed I, as the narrator paused, "a stately, dark-browed woman, but with a sternness of expression ill-befitting her glorious beauty—looking as if she were born to govern kingdoms rather than to rule hearts by the gentle sway of female loveliness."

"It may be so—and yet she once ruled over the affections of some of Rome's noblest sons, though she could

not win the vagrant love of her own wedded lord. Proud of her ancient family, proud of her spotless name, proud of her superb beauty, which poets had sung and painters sought to imitate, it is no marvel if the consciousness of undeserved neglect from him on whom she had bestowed the priceless wealth of her affections, should have stamped her haughty spirit too visibly on her countenance. But it matters not now: the sternness and the beauty which still live on the painted canvass, have long since vanished from the face of her whom princes delighted to honor.

"The Lady Ippolita wandered, alone, to the gallery, to look once more on the pictured semblance of her darling boy, but ere she drew the curtain which concealed it from her view, she beheld another face looking down upon her, which seemed to exert an almost magical influence upon her senses. It was the Magdalen—but the features were so singularly familiar to her, that she felt herself constrained to look again and again, ere she could withdraw her gaze from the lovely countenance. At length, with a feeling of self-reproach for this momentary forgetfulness of her passionate sorrow, she drew aside the curtain and seated herself before the image of her lost child. But the face of the Magdalen was there, close beside her own, and, as if fascinated, she could not look upon the one picture without beholding the other. A strange and dreamlike consciousness of having seen that face many times, and a vague feeling of association between it and her lamented child, seemed to trouble her clouded mind. But when she pondered over her dimly shadowed remembrances, a sudden light flashed upon her, and she now knew that the face before her, was that of a young peasant-girl—the daughter of the nurse to whom had been confided her infant boy.

"The Countess knew too well her husband's falsehood to marvel at the intrusion of the humble Contadina amid the stately dames which graced the portrait-gallery, nor was it the jealous anger of an insulted wife which fired her eye as she gazed upon the loveliness of Gherardi's paramour. A fearful thought was struggling within her breast—a suspicion so horrible, that she shuddered at its approach, and yet could not banish it from her mind. Not gradually—but as if revealed by the blasting flash of the thunderbolt, she perceived the singular resemblance between the peasant-girl and the child which was clinging to her bosom. The same sunny locks sported on the brow of both, the same happy smile beamed on the rosy lips, the same soft blue eye lighted up the joyous faces of the peasant and of the heir of the house of Gherardi. The unhappy Countess gazed on the two pictures, until, to her overwrought brain, vague suspicion became certainty, and when she returned to her own apartment, the feebleness of excessive grief had given place to the feverish excitement of an aroused spirit. She confided to no one her suspicions, but *she wept no more for the boy who had perished like a blighted blossom from her arms.*

"She sought the peasant-girl, but all trace of her had disappeared, and the Countess brooded over her dark thoughts in secret, cherishing, as a virtue, the hatred which was growing up in her heart towards her faithless

husband. At length the dark secret was revealed to her. A menial, in the confidence of Gherardi, in revenge for some unmerited punishment, sought the Countess, and unfolded the tale of treachery. The child which the Lady Ippolita had borne, died a few hours after its birth, and Count Gherardi, instigated by the desire of having an heir to his honors, had substituted, in its place, the offspring of his illicit love—the son of the humble Contadina! It was over the child of shame the Countess had watched with all a mother's solicitude: it was over the offspring of guilt she had mourned in all the bitterness of a mother's grief. The servant's tale was scarcely credible, but the Lady Ippolita felt that it was true. She remembered that on the very day of its birth, her child had been entrusted to a woman chosen by her husband, and she recalled the many biting jests with which Gherardi had been wont to compare the infant's snowy brow with her own dark olive skin.

"But she was soon to receive additional proof of her husband's falsehood. The same base menial who had betrayed his master's confidence, taught her the time and place for confronting her husband and her rival. Perhaps the shock of such perfidy had overpowered her weakened brain: surely she was scarcely less than mad when she armed herself with a stiletto, and sought the private apartment of her husband. Concealing herself behind the silken hangings, she awaited the hour of meeting. It came—she listened to her husband's hushed words of tenderness, she beheld the fair brow of the Contadina resting on his bosom—and then—when aroused to absolute frenzy—the blow fell. The stiletto was dyed deep in the blood of the low-born peasant-girl, but ere it could reach the faithless heart of the Count, the weapon was wrested from her grasp, and she was struck to the earth by the hand of her husband.

"When the Lady Ippolita awoke from her long and deathlike swoon, she was immured within the walls of a madhouse. But she was not mad then:—no—it were better that she had been. Her indomitable pride, her haughty refusal to obey the wretches who were her keepers—her frantic attempt to free herself from her bonds, and the bitter cries extorted from her by mental anguish, were regarded as evidences of insanity. The scourge and the fetter were used to compel obedience, and when bodily strength had failed under the cruel treatment, the quiet of debility was regarded as a symptom of returning reason. But she was not mad; every indignity was stamped in characters of fire upon her heart; every incident of her past life was before her as if pictured on the walls of her noisome cell. She pined for the light and air of heaven, but ten long years did the proud Countess Gherardi linger in that horrid prison.

"At length an opportunity for escape occurred. She fled from the wretched cell where she had so long been buried, and hid herself amid the ruins of the ancient city. Fearing to be retaken by her tormentors, and destitute of every comfort, she was reduced to subsist on the herbs and roots which she could dig from the earth at dead of night. The simple peasants learned to tremble at the sight of her who lived so mysteriously, and thus, for

many months, she was enabled to baffle her pursuers. But when all fear of discovery was at an end, she came out from her solitude. She then learned that Count Gherardi was dead, and the estates having passed into other hands, there was none now to heed her existence; so she built herself a rude hut amid the remnants of old-world splendors, and there found more peace than had visited her in the palace of her fathers."

"I trust she repented of her sins in her seclusion," said I.

The glare of the old woman's eyes was absolutely terrific as she replied, "Would you repent of having crushed the venomous serpent which had struck its fangs into your heart?"

While listening to her story, I had caught the peculiar expression of her face, and transferred it to my canvass as it now stands. The fazzoletto thrown back from her forehead, the black veil which she always wore, flung over her head and shoulders, and the strong chiselling of her Roman countenance are all there, just as they then appeared.

"I have done," said I, as she rose to depart; "the picture is finished.

"And are these my features?" said she, at length, in a tone that seemed almost incredulous.

I presented a mirror to her, and asked her to judge of the correctness of my delineation; but she pushed it away, saying, "Twenty years have passed since I last beheld my own face in a faithful mirror."

"Will you not tell me your name?" said I, "that I may not bear to my distant land the features of one whose very appellation is unknown to me."

"Men call me the Witch of the Aventine."

"Why have they given you so ominous a title?"

"Because, at the full of the moon, I cull roots and herbs from the hill-side, of which the simple peasants know not the use, but from which the learned sage compounds many a healing draught. It is thus I win the poor pittance which supplies me with daily food. Besides, I mingle not in the holiday sports of the people, nor do I join in the mummeries of their faith; therefore do they shudder at my approach, and look on me as one devoted to the service of the Evil One."

With these words she departed. I never saw her again, but the night previous to my leaving Rome, I had been out until near daybreak with some friends, and when I returned to my studio, I found she had been there during my absence. My copy of the lovely Magdalen, together with the two pictures in the gallery, were gone, and a heap of ashes on the marble floor, alone signified their fate; while, beneath the picture of the old woman, was traced in small Roman characters the following words:—

"My revenge is complete; no trace of the false beauty now exists, and, in the Witch of the Aventine, is seen all that remains of the Countess Gherardi."

SCHOLARS are frequently to be met with, who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.—*Zimmerman*.

Original.

## THE GRAVES OF GENIUS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I do not think a holier or purer feeling can possess the human breast, than when musing over the ashes of departed genius. It is as if we were communing with the mighty spirits of the past. It is a rich, glorious, and holy sympathy; a tribute to the memory of the regretted gone. But it is not in the splendid mausoleum, where stand the storied urn or animated bust, that we enter into these congenial feelings. Such are but the idle emblems of pomp and fashion—a show of mummery without a meaning. The more lowly the last resting-place, the more sacred are the associations it creates. Give me the village churchyard and its moss-clad turf—the mouldering tombstone, and its doggerel verse—the ivy-clasped and hoary church, with the still more hoary sexton, mortality's best and truest chronicle—and there, in the pilgrim twilight, when all around speaks silence to the soul—while the crescent moon is pale in the heavens, and star by star comes sweetly forth, rapt in deep rumination, let me wander, lost to the world and its jarring sounds.

It was on the 28th of May, 1835, that I first beheld Stratford on Avon. The tall spire of the village church, towering into the clouds of a deep and gorgeous sunshine, was the first precursor of my proximity to it—that I was approaching the ashes of the poet-player—the angel-tutored bard—the mighty magician, at whose talismanic touch all secrets were displayed—whose name has spread from pole to pole—whose influence has been felt in every clime, and whose writings will endure until Nature, blazing on her funeral pyre—"leaves not a wreck behind." Thus lost in a reverie of delicious feeling, I jogged slowly on, for I am one who loves to hold sweet converse with fair nature's works. Yes! give me my staff and wallet—a buoyant heart—a summer sky, bright in cerulean beauty—the earth smiling in its robes of emerald—the music of the songster sounding from each bough, and on my pilgrimage of pleasure, who will deny that I am one of the happiest of God's creatures?

As I came close to the town of Stratford, I could fancy that the days of Shakspeare's boyhood were existing. Not a tree or stone but conjured up some association of his youthful moments. In "my mind's eye," I could see the fair-haired youth glancing on the page of Nature, and communing with her wondrous works. Then the story of the deer-stealing came to mind; but for which we might never have had a Shakspeare, for it was that act which destined him to play his mighty part in the world's arena—to challenge, not to be challenged—at once to seek the combat and triumph—and *how* he *has* triumphed, all earth has witnessed. Kings and conquerors sink to nothingness, when weighed in the balance with his gigantic mind.

But I am close on Stratford; I can already see the houses of that *holy town*—the *Mecca of the heart*. The lazy smoke is curling into the golden sunset, throwing a hazy softness over all, that sweetly harmonizes with the tranquillity of the scene. There runs a band of rosy

urchins, joyous from school—theirs is the pure freshness of heart—the soul-breathing shout of innocence. Even such a one was Shakespeare—young, innocent and joyous. It is a common-place reflection, but oh, what a myriad of unspeakable delights it conjures up! But hark! I can hear the hum of the busy throng—the tinkling of the anvil, and to crown all, the village clock rings out the hour of vespers. A few more paces, and I am in the venerable Stratford. As I have already said, evening is the time when I love to ruminate among the last lone dwellings of the departed, so at once I directed my steps to the tomb of Shakespeare.

The setting sun was streaming, in the brilliance of glory, through the oriel window of the village church—a solemn silence pervaded all things—the scrolls that teach us how to live and die, on every hand surrounded me, while the very echo of my footfall sounded as a voice of reproach for breaking thus the repose of the departed. My guide, occasionally, from custom and obsequiousness, kept directing my attention to the tombs of the illustrious departed, but I was too deeply sunk in the feeling of my pilgrimage to listen to him, until he exclaimed, “*And this is the monument of Shakespeare.*” It was like a voice from the grave! Involuntarily I knelt upon the stone which covers the ashes of the poet, and for many minutes was sunk in the intensity of veneration. Such moments are worth a whole existence! They are the pure and holy feelings of the soul, unmixed with “*baser matter.*” Here lay the dust of him who had won, for himself, a garland of immortality—the master of the human mind, who saw all qualities with a learned spirit—who left nothing untouched, or slighted—who lived into the deepest recesses of the heart, and with a simplicity which is ever allied to genius, portrayed each passion, thought and feeling, with a fidelity which leaves nothing to be wished for. The philosopher and the divine, the poet and the moralist, all can find, in his pages, rich and varied stores. He has painted Virtue in her loveliest colors, and Vice in her most abhorred forms. But I will not dwell further upon a subject, so rife with matter for the commentator and the critic. I profess only, as millions do, a strong enthusiasm for the genius of Shakespeare—an ardent admiration of his character and writings.

The shadows of night which had now taken the place of the golden sunset—the full moon which was peeping upwards in the east—the fluttering of the bat in the gloomy shadows of the aisle, with the impatient tread of the sexton, warned me that it was time to rouse from my abstraction, and bend my footsteps to the mansions of the living. Slowly and reluctantly I turned me from the shrine of the departed, and to mine inn returning,

“Did soothly swear—  
Was never scene so sad and fair.”

On the morning of the 4th of June, I reached Nottingham, the birthplace of Henry Kirke White, whose earthly course was finished in his twenty-first year.

The scene of one of his earliest productions, called “*Clifton Grove*,” written at the age of sixteen, is in the immediate neighborhood—a beautiful grove on the

banks of the River Trent. It is just such a place as must have accorded with the gloomy musings of the poet—its umbrageous coverings, formed by the tall and hoary beech—the murmuring of the river, and the solemn silence which throughout prevails. Here the young poet passed many of his lonely hours, and fashioned those productions which gave such promise of future excellence; but alas! he was marked by the spoiler for premature decay. Yet, perhaps, nature was kind in calling him from the world's throng. He had sounded the lyre of poesy—his aspirations had gone forth, and won for him a crown of honorable renown. Like a beautiful flower, when plucked in the morning of its blossom, so was it with the youthful White. He drooped in the morning of his glory, leaving behind him a fragrance of balmy sweets. His muse had begun to partake of melancholy and religion—and a longer day might have dimmed its lustre. Peace to his ashes—immortality wraps his name!

Departing from Nottingham, and pursuing my course through a country studded with some of those most princely mansions and beauteous cottages so indigenous to the character of England, after a walk of six miles, I reached the village of Hucknell, the church of which is rendered memorable from containing the remains of Byron.

It is a plain, barn-like building, surmounted by a kind of square tower. Within the church, near to the south window, placed against the wall, is a marble tablet, erected to his memory by his sister, Augusta Leigh, denoting that here lies the author of *Childe Harold*, who died at Missolonghi, in the struggle for the national independence of Greece. I like the modest and unassuming appearance it presents, with its effective inscription, “*the author of Childe Harold*,” a poem that contains all the wild and powerful imaginings of the poet, without the habiliments of creed or romance. The objections which are frequently thrown out against his writings, reach not this work. A disregard of morality cannot be found in this poem, by the most fastidious. It is a perfect historical, critical, and philosophical disquisition on the past and present ages. Byron was one of those creatures which nature fashions too finely for this every-day existence. He lived in an atmosphere peculiar to himself; he was conscious of his superiority over the mass with whom incidental circumstances called him to mingle, and feeling this consciousness, he despised the formal laws of society, and yielding to the fiery impetus of his passions, incurred the censure of the little and the ignorant; but he laughed at their malice, while they shrunk from the combat whenever he deigned to throw down the glove.

As a poet, next to Shakespeare and Burns, he possessed, in the largest degree, the *mens divinator*. His was the priceless quality of being conversant with the infinite variety of nature's works. He saw each and every link of her illimitable chain at once, with a vividness of conception, backed by an execution as vivid. Poetry was the language of his life; he thought in it—felt in it, and its consequence is the unquenchable fire which he has kindled upon the altar of immortality.



And here he now lies, in the silence of the tomb, mingling his ashes with those of the mother who guarded his infancy, when his eagle eye rested on the lofty Locknygar, and he roamed, a young Highlander, with his bonnet and his plaid. What awful changes have, since that moment, transpired! His fame has gone abroad to the uttermost parts of earth. At the very moment when all eyes were upon him—when, in the meridian of his fame, as a patriot, he stood forward the champion of the land of olden glory, the angel of death spread her mantle around him, and quenched the light of his existence on a foreign shore.

It will perhaps be scarcely credited when I affirm that the inhabitants of the village hardly knew that the remains of Byron rested in their church—yet there they have the portrait of the poet over the door of a hostelry, designated by the appellation of "*Byron's Head*." "*To what base uses may we not return.*" Yet, perhaps, this village will be the watchword of future ages: the spot to which the pilgrims of genius will direct their steps, to render their homage at the shrine of that meteor spirit.

Having made my way to Liverpool, I found a speedy conveyance to "the land of mountain and of flood," in the Solway steam packet, and landed near a small town, called Annan, the birthplace of the celebrated Scotch Divine, Edward Irving, latterly of the *unknown tongue* notoriety, as also that of the African traveller, Captain Clapperton. Fourteen miles from Annan, stands Dumfries, where the poet, Burns, finished his bright and short-lived career. In the north-west corner of the churchyard, is placed the mausoleum of the poet, in the vault of which are deposited his remains. Here we have a true emblem of the fate of neglected genius, and of the pride and pomp of parasitical mourners. Here stands a monument of most exquisite workmanship, to extol and record the talents of him who, when alive, could hardly keep the fiends of penury from his humble hearth; who, while the aspirations of his mighty genius were affording delight to thousands, was, himself, doomed to wither in neglect; who, with a soul too independent to flatter, and too proud to beg, stood aloof in the solitary pride of his heart, till, like the stricken deer, neglected, shunned, and forgotten—he perished, the victim of a heartless world!

It would be useless to search for or produce excuses to wipe away the indelible stain that must for ever rest on the age and country that thus allowed their darling son to perish. The vices of the poet have been eagerly seized upon by the canting hypocrite—they have been brought forward as a justification for his not having been protected and cherished, but in vain. With a heart alive to the precepts of nature, Burns saw mankind only in their honest colorings. He had not the germs of cunning in his composition, consequently he was carried away by the impetus of his passions. He was no casuist that could study and fashion his conscience to all grades and times. He regarded mankind with an eye of equality—kings, lords and knights were "but men for a shot," and his manly and honest heart could never deign to forget its poor but fearless independence, "to flatter a blown-up fool" for the sake of advancement. How

he has been rewarded, all earth be witness, and all nature blush. Here he lies in all the pageantry of pall and marble. His ashes have become the shrine at which the pilgrims of all countries render their devotions. His name is lisped by the Scottish infant in the lap of its mother, while it is lulled to repose by the warbling of his muse. It is a watchword to every northern heart—it is the proudest one next to the champion's who secured to them their charter of national independence. But alas, he was cradled in poverty, and perished in neglect!

Had one twentieth part of the lucre which has been expended on this proud mausoleum been bestowed on him while living, it might have snatched him from the arms of sorrow and disease, and lengthened a life which was blighted in its prime. But it may be said of him as it was of Butler—"He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone." Some have argued that he should have revealed his sufferings to the world. Never! True genius will perish in pride of heart, sooner than solicit what its country should voluntarily bestow.

It is the duty of the wealthy and the titled to foster the flower of genius when blooming in a lowly soil—to nurture and protect the modest blossom, and transplant it to a more genial spot. By such conduct they exalt their own fame by the inseparable link of generosity with genius, a prouder and a nobler boast than the brightest blazon in their escutcheons of ancestral grandeur.

As a poet, Burns founds his claims on the firmest basis—*Nature*. Like Shakspeare, he was fettered by no rules—he wrote neither for the times, nor in the hope of reputation—his "sweetest woodnotes wild" were sung without the most distant hope of future fame, or posthumous glory. They were the spontaneous effusions of unsophisticated nature. She was ever before his eyes, in the summer sheen or the autumn sear, the hoary winter, and its howling storms, and the last and best of God's creations, *woman!* She, it was, who first made him sound the lyre, whose strains will be heard while Nature spreads her mantle of beauty over dell, woodland, and thymy moor.

Though not a lover of posthumous pageantry, I could not but admire the design of the sculptor, which represents the poet standing in his rusty habiliments, with one hand on the shaft of the plough, and with the other, pressing his bonnet against his bosom, looking mildly, yes, majestically, to the genius of Caledonia, who is in the act of "*of throwing her inspiring mantle around him.*" The idea is taken from the dedication of his works to the *Caledonian Hunt*, and the sculptor seems to have caught, at once, the poet's feeling.

The figure of the bard is considered by those who remember him, exceedingly striking, and I was happy to hear so. The face realizes all that fancy could picture in a son of genius—a high and commanding forehead—

"Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

The features are strongly marked, but finely proportioned, and the body accords with all the manliness and strength which one would conceive the rustic poet to have possessed; in short, such a figure as he himself so

graphically describes in "*The Vision*," when the genius of Caledonia says—

"I saw thy pulses' maddening play  
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,  
Mialed by fancy's meteor ray—  
By passion driven,  
But yet the light which led astray,  
Was light from Heaven!"

The muse of Caledonia may be described, also, in his own words.

"Down flowed her robe, a Tartan sheen,  
Till half a leg was scripply seen,  
And sic a leg my bonnie Jean,  
Could only peer it,  
Sae straight, sae taper, tight, and clean,  
Nane else came near it."

Having subscribed my name among those of the many pilgrims, in a book, deposited for that purpose in the monument, I departed to intrude myself upon the society of "*bonny Jean*." In the immediate vicinity of the churchyard is *Burns' street*, where stood the humble mansion of the poet. It is a plain, unassuming, but withal, comfortable dwelling, and on the door was a small brass plate, with the words "*Mrs. Burns*." Having announced my name, and previously having forwarded a letter of introduction, I was at once admitted to her presence. She was not what the mind would be led to fashion her, from the poet's description. Her features were, and must ever have partaken of the sombre cast, but she retained, even at that day, a dark, intelligent eye, and a well moulded forehead. Her figure was of the middle size; and from appearance, I am of opinion, must, at all times, have been bordering upon the *en bon point*—she was, in short, what is called a buxom female. Our conversation, naturally enough, turned upon the poet, of whom she expressed herself in the most sensitive and proud terms, and when I ventured to say that I was afraid it would be long before we should look upon "*his like again*," she beautifully made answer in the dialect of her country; "*It's hard to say that, sir. Nature is a cunning quean, and she may ae day or iither gi'e ye as gude a poet, but this I am certain o', she can never gi'e ye a better man!*"

I asked her if there was any particular time which he used to devote to study. Her answer was—

"Nane by ordinary. Poetry was a part o' his existence; but he himsel' thought he used to write the maist natural things after a walk in summer's afternoon, or in the dewy gloamin, for he was nane o' ycr early risers, morning ower often blinkin' at him ere he closed his e'e, but that wana a' thegither his fault. Company was fond o' him, and he was often obliged to be fond o' company."

The truth of this remark was too fatally verified in the fate of poor Burns.

I told her I had just arrived from visiting the tomb of Shakespeare. "*And is it as braw as Robert's?*" asked she, meaning her husband's. When I replied in the negative, she exclaimed, "*Weel, that's odd. I'm sure it should be sae, for I've often heard him (Burns) say that Shakespeare was the greatest being that God ever gied to man.*"

Having partaken of her hospitality, she quaintly remarking "*That I wouldna be the waur o' a toothfu'*

*out o' the poet's bottle*," I bade her farewell, delighted with an interview which can never be effaced from my recollection, but by the spoiler of all.

From Dumfries I next proceeded to the tomb of Scott, passing through a country of the most varied aspect, sometimes lost in the clouds that encompassed the peaks of the mountains over which we had occasionally to climb—at others, traversing the most sylvan scenery, where not a brook, rivulet, river, tree, stone, or "*border keep*," but what was allied to some legend of olden time. Having reached the small town of Melrose, so celebrated for its abbey, and so well known from the charm with which the genius of Scott has invested it, I made preparation for a ramble to Dryburgh Abbey, where repose the ashes of the poet with those of his ancestors, in the family vault. To me, this pilgrimage had a double interest; first, I had known him from infancy, and secondly, I had followed in the train of his funeral. Even now he stands fresh before me, that tall, athletic figure, crowned by that glorious cranium of genius, which, as he occasionally uncovered to acknowledge the many salutations which greeted him on every hand, displayed the mighty pile of forehead, that palace of the soul.

The last time that I had beheld him, was in the May of 1830, in what is called the North Bridge of Edinburgh. Notwithstanding the advanced season of the year, the weather was extremely cold, and against its inclemency, the poet was closely buttoned in an overcoat of olive color—on his head was a hat of brimful dimensions, and in his right hand he carried a stout oaken cudgel, which materially assisted him in his walk, it being well known that he suffered from a malformation in his right foot. I was, at the time, in company with a young female, who had never seen him, and he was already close upon us, when I called her attention to him. Startled at my information, she involuntarily exclaimed, "*Ek! Who? Sir Walter Scott?*" The sound of his name attracted his attention; he fixed his small grey eyes upon her, while a placid smile of pleasure at her surprise, played over his bold, intellectual, and strongly marked features. Then suddenly dropping his eyes upon the ground, his usual custom, he moved briskly forward as if lost in his own communings.

My fair friend's curiosity was, however, not to be so easily satisfied; she insisted that we should follow in "*his wake*." I consented, and after some little time, we beheld him accosted by a plain-looking individual, over whose brawny shoulders were thrown the simple folds of a *rachan*, or, in other words, "*a shepherd's plaid*."

Their meeting was of the most cordial character, while, occasionally a loud "guffaw" or laugh, broke from the stranger, in the sounds of which I imagined I could recognize those of a voice familiar. Crossing, therefore, to the opposite side of the street, a full view of the stranger's face was presented to me. Who was it, gentle reader, think you? Who but the author of the "*Queen's Wake*,"—*James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd*, one of the far-famed heroes of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*. Two of the mighty spirits of the day now moved before me, a

sight which only those who have feasted on their writings can truly and deliciously appreciate.

They now turned their steps toward the Calton Hill, that mountain of beauty and monumental pride, where, for the better part of an hour, they continued in friendly intercourse, while the shepherd's rough, hale, hearty laugh made the welkin to ring around them.

We had placed ourselves on one of the little stone benches with which the walks of this hill are furnished, for the convenience of the pedestrian, and by which I saw the two poets would closely pass me. Speedily they approached, but though loud and joyous in their mirth, I could not catch a single phrase, save Sir Walter's exclamation, "*James, that puts me in mind of a trick I played when at school.*"

This was said with such a Dorian accent, and with such a burst of good humor, that it rings in my ears at this very moment. They passed on, and we followed them. The two poets parted at the door of Constable, the publisher, and the well known partner of Sir Walter, into which the novelist entered; while Hogg, wrapping his *rachan* tighter round his brawny chest—half walked—half leaped, till he mounted the steps of No. 17, of the same street, and ensconced himself within the walls of *Blackwood's*, alias "*Old Ebony's Sanctorum.*"

The school! The school! at which the author of *Waverley* was educated, kept ringing in my ears, and feeding the flame of my curiosity; accordingly, next morning I was early astir to find out the first seminary of the *Great Unknown*. I fortunately happened to be acquainted with a Mr. F——, a writer to the Signet, or in another phrase, an *Attorney at Law*. I had frequently heard him, with an honest pride, boast of his having been a class-fellow of Sir Walter's, and to him, therefore, I immediately directed my course, and gained the following clue to the gratification of my curiosity.

"You ken Bristo Port?" said the lawyer.

I answered in the affirmative.

"And you ken Hamilton's Entry there?"

I replied I did.

"Well, it was just there that Watty and myself first learned our A. B. C."

Brief as was the information, it was enough, and salving forth, I traversed some dozen lanes, *wynds* and closes, where once stood the dwellings of the lords of Scotland, till at length I found myself at the spot described by the lawyer.

It is situated in what is termed the old town of Edinburgh, at a short distance from the university of that city, and near to the only remaining part of the ancient wall, which, in days of yore, surrounded the same. Bristo Port was then the southern port, or entrance to the city, and, at a short distance from this, stands a lane or close—the latter, however, being "*more german to the matter.*" This close, designated Hamilton's Entry, is most contracted in its dimensions, and now inhabited by the poorest classes. On the north side of it stands the "*School Room*," now converted into several little dwellings for the residence of humble families.

It was here, in the year 1776, that Sir Walter, under the care of a Mr. Leechman, first commenced his scholarship,

and at which seminary he remained till the autumn of 1779, when he was removed to the *High School* of Edinburgh, as a pupil of the first class, then under the tuition of a Mr. Fraser, and there finished his preparatory course of classical study, under the celebrated Doctor Alexander Adams. But to return to the "*School Room.*" In the days of Scott's pilgrimage, it must have been a low, gloomy apartment, with three narrow windows faintly admitting the light. In this place did that great magician first imbibe the rudiments of that language which he has so marvellously fashioned into whatever form his exuberant fancy has been pleased to give existence to.

Not far from this, also, stands the birthplace of the poet—a spot which, singular to say, is little known to the admirers of his genius.

It is situated at the head of an alley, named the College Wynd, a short distance from "*The School.*" Like the other houses of the olden part of Edinburgh, it is divided into a series of flats, each being inhabited by a distinct family. In the second flat of the tenement resided the father of the poet, Walter Scott Esq., writer to the Signet, and in which the poet was born. The house was standing four years ago, and might have been recognized by a book-stall placed at the entrance of the building—but enough of this. I pretend only to give a sketch of my rambles to the tombs of departed genius.

#### Original.

### OCEAN'S WEALTH.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

On the sandy floor of Ocean,  
And its beds of ancient stone,  
Which neither sound nor motion,  
Since Creation's hour, have known,  
What heaps of countless treasure,  
And what hosts of bodies sleep,  
What gifts to Fame or Pleasure  
Lie a thousand fathoms deep!

There, side by side, for ages,  
Lie Mammon and his slaves;—  
Lo! they keep the golden wages  
Which they toiled for—in the waves;  
There, on one quiet pillow,  
The bones of foemen rest  
Who sent, above the billow,  
Death to each other's breast.

There gems and jewels gleaming  
In heaps of priceless height,  
E'en in the darkness, seeming  
To flash with innate light;  
Yet she who rests beside them,  
The youthful and the fair,  
Seeks not to twine and braid them  
Within her streaming hair.

More rich thy caves time-hallowed,  
Than the land, old Ocean wide,  
More life thy depths have swallowed  
Than breathes above thy tide;  
And in thy dark depressions,  
Death more enjoys his store,  
Than those, 'mid earth's professions,  
Who *kara*, and yet are poor.

Boston, 1840.

## THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The desolation which grieved the eye of the lovers of the drama in its nobler walks, subsequent to the surrender of Niblo's, by Mr. Wallack, has been brightened and dispelled by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff on the Park boards. The piece selected for their opening was 'The Hunchback,' and a full house assembled, to reap that delight which had already filled many a breast when dispensed by the same talented artists at another establishment. Although suffering from illness, Miss Vandenhoff's Julia was characterised by the same beauty of conception and execution which have hitherto elicited from us the tribute of admiration; while the Master Walter of her father fully embodied the ripe and skilful analysis of his powerful mind.

We interrupt the course of our detail of their performances at this point, to express some strictures upon what professes to be a criticism upon Miss Vandenhoff's Julia, which warred the pages of the "Spirit of the Times" of the 11th inst. We are unaccustomed to discuss in our work the opinions of our contemporaries which may differ from our own, preferring that the calm, unbiased judgment, which it is our endeavor on all occasions and of all individuals to express, should, of itself, from time to time, elicit respect without the aid of comparison. But the article referred to is distinguished by an insanity of perversity, and an evident substitution of personal prejudice for honest critical acumen, demanding a rejoinder. What that prejudice is, and how engendered, whatever may be our conjectures, we will not step behind the curtain to inquire. We early perceived its action; and we believe it even induced its possessor so far to forget himself as to record an adverse prejudgment anticipatory of Miss Vandenhoff's appearance; at any rate influencing him, in defiance of self-respect, seldom to refer to her without the ebullition of some sarcastic bile fully indicative of the fountain whence it emanated. Were Miss Vandenhoff an assuming pretender, deficient in talent, and dependant for success, in their stead, solely upon beauty of person and the fulsome encomia of friends, such a course might be excusable; but she is as far removed from such a character as is the zenith from the nadir. We quote a passage from the article referred to.

"Beyond the possibility of a doubt, we believe her performance of 'Julia' on Monday evening to have been one of the most crude and faulty attempts ever witnessed; we can recollect but one or two worse. Our condemnation extends both to her conception and her execution of the part. In the former, she seemed to lose sight altogether of the delicacy of feeling which should characterise the Julia of Sheridan Knowles. Love and pride should struggle in her breast, tempered by a refinement of feeling and a purity of sentiment which her secluded education had imparted to a soul, by nature warm and noble. If the fervency of her passion, the violence of her wounded pride, should find no check in the delicacy natural to her sex, sufficient restraints exist in the usages of the society into which she is thrown, and her deference for a guardian and teacher who has won all her respect and affection. \* \* \* But if her conception were faulty, so was her execution of the part. Literally it outdid termagant."

The reader, perhaps, after the perusal of such a passage, which, in its rash severity, plainly 'o'erleaps its self, and falls o' the other side,' and is distinguished by a falsity of criticism so peculiar as to excite a smile, may wonder at our attempt to overthrow a fabric which has crumbled to ruins by its own weight and the weakness of its materials. We are half-inclined, as it is, to lay down our pen and throw what has already been written upon the fire, but lest one unreflecting mind should be prejudiced by what we reprehend against an actress of the loftiest talent, we will persevere.

The *soi-disant* criticism of the 'Times' proceeds to deal unmeasured condemnation. In the first act "she lacks that graceful ease and playfulness which belong to the simple and enthusiastic May-queen." Subsequently, "she divests the character of that pathos which has so moved us when presented by others;" and in the fourth act she "is continually rushing about the stage, declaiming at the top of her lungs and working up every period into a noisy climax—it is absolute rant." In reference to her conception of the part, we have before recorded our opinion that its originality and beauty made it one of the pre-

cious gems of her performance of it. In the first act, there is dignified gentleness and yet a gushing fervency of spirit, as enlivened by playfulness as the character really admits. In the second, her treatment of Sir Thomas, to quote our own language, "did not exhibit, as in almost, if not every previous instance, a heartless levity and contempt for him, but a mere thoughtlessness, the result of circumstances, not a perversion of the heart." In the remaining acts, the intensity of passion at times bursting forth is relieved by a melting tenderness. What, notwithstanding the condemnation of our *quasi* critic, can exceed the 'pathos' of her sorrow at the destruction of Clifford's letter—of her parting from him after he has told her she may be his with honor—of her address to Master Walter, 'save a father's name, thou hast all a father been;' 'chile on, but turn to me'—calling, as they did, the tears of sympathy to every eye!

And now for the passion of the fifth act, so particularly condemned. Let the reader call to mind the address of Julia to Master Walter. A portion of it reads,

"Lay thy account to live  
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—  
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind—as one  
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace.

I'm young, rash, inexperienced—tempted  
By most insufferable misery!  
Bold, desperate, and reckless!  
\* \* \* I tell thee, at his feet  
I'll fall a corpse—ere mount his bridal bed!"

What do these lines indicate but the very frenzy of passion—careless of offence, forgetful of conventional decorum, respect, duty, womanly delicacy—all! Yes—scarcely halting on the verge of madness! And yet, in the opinion of our critic, "the fervency of passion should be checked by the usages of the society into which she is thrown, and her deference for a guardian and teacher, who has won all her respect and affection!" But enough. Let the author of the play be the umpire. Master Walter is made to say,

"What wast thou then with wounded pride? A thing  
To leap into a torrent! throw itself  
From a precipice! Rush into fire! I saw  
Thy madness!"

A word of Miss Vandenhoff's enunciation. To our critic, it "is formal and precise—too like that of a school-girl reciting to a watchful mistress." And yet the lady can rant so impetuously, as to outdo termagant! A smile is again excited at the incompatibility of these assertions. It is not the first time, however, that a true beauty has been condemned as a defect, by the fat of one wilfully or mentally incapable of appreciating it. With what unbounded gratification does every student of our language, accustomed to its analysis, drink in the pure, distinct, and admirable enunciation of Miss Vandenhoff; almost faultless in intonation, and enabling every syllable, in its just proportions, to be distinctly heard in every quarter of the house!

Before concluding his anathema, our critic admits that Miss Vandenhoff may have talent, and fearful that his previous remarks may recoil upon their author, endeavors to screen himself by explanations and partial retractions. They only avail to nullify the effect of his article, as a sound paper, and to excite pity for the feelings which gave it an existence.

The 'Hunchback' was followed by the 'Stranger,' in which Mrs. Haller was so sweetly performed by Miss Vandenhoff, as to create astonishment that so much impression could be made in the character. 'Richelieu' succeeded a repetition of the 'Hunchback;' and Mr. Vandenhoff, in his conception and execution of the part of the crafty Cardinal, redoubled the lofty estimate placed upon his talents. Julia de Montemar, in the hands of Miss Vandenhoff received ample justice. 'Ion' was also played; and without bias or flattery, it may be boldly declared, that Miss Vandenhoff surpassed the expectations of her warmest friends, and proved that her undertaking, so far from being presumption, was prompted by the dictates of a genius, confident of its own sufficient powers. The Adrastus of Mr. Vandenhoff is deserving of more particular attention, than we can, at present, bestow on it.

# QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

## SONG.

SUNG BY MISS SHIRREFF.

COMPOSED BY THE AUTHORESS OF "WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER."

**ALLEGRETTO.**

A-mid the glow Of pomp and show - - 'Tis mine with willing

du - ty, To bend the knee And honor thee, - - Thou peer - less Queen of Beauty! I would not

du - ty, To bend the knee And honor thee, - - Thou peer - less Queen of Beauty! I would not

own The proudest throne, Un-less I shared with thee its splendor; For smile of thine I'd worlds re-

*f p*

sign, And life it-self sur-render; For smile, for smile of thine, I'd worlds resign, And life

2     Could I display  
       Unbounded sway,  
 And rule the world at pleasure,  
       I'd freely bear  
       The toil and care  
 That thou might'st have the treasure:  
       I would decree  
       That all should be  
 Observant to revere thee,  
       With banded knee  
       Most courteously  
 Though Princes, Kings, were near thee!  
       With banded knee, &c.

3     I'd deck thy throne  
       With gems alone  
 Of Earth, and Sea, the rarest,  
       And then unfold  
       A "Cloth of Gold"  
 To kiss thy footsteps fairest!  
       At honours call  
       I'll venture all  
 Nor shrink from sternest duty;  
       Court even death  
       To win thy wreath  
 Thou peerless Queen of Beauty!  
       Court even death &c.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

We have received late advices from the several publishers at Philadelphia, whose issues we have usually been favored with, that they have been all regularly despatched so soon as published. We have reason to believe that some packages have not come to hand. If our suspicions be just, we hope that the carelessness or inattention which have compelled us to complain, may command examination.

LETTERS FROM THE OLD WORLD. *Harper & Brothers.*—Although the authorship of the two volumes bearing this title, is attributed on the title page, vaguely to a lady of New York, the frequent publication of her name in various journals, anticipatory of the issue of the work, authorises us to announce it to be from the pen of Mrs. Haight. A portion of these letters, and of a second series which is in due time to follow, was originally given to the world in the columns of a newspaper. The attention attracted by them occasioned that solicitation on the part of the friends of the authoress for their publication in a more substantial form, which succeeded in overcoming her diffidence, and in favoring the community with what must, of necessity and at once, take rank as a standard work. We record, with delight, the high value which the perusal of these letters has led us to place upon them. Their strong, perspicuous, comprehensive style is adorned by a clear, polished, smooth, elegant and glowing diction; while an occasional burst of eloquent enthusiasm enhances the gratification of the reader. The materials display the exercise of close powers of observation, and a lucid judgment, refined by an exquisite taste and elevated by a fervent imagination. We know not, in a word, when we have derived greater pleasure from a work of the kind; and hail its advent as a fresh contribution to the imperishable stores of literature.

PREFERRMENT: *Harper & Brothers.*—Mrs. Charles Gore, a lady of brilliant reputation, is the authoress of this novel. It is full of interest, well comparing with her former efforts. The scene is laid in England, and the pleasing, domestic plot is happily managed.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT: *John Owen.*—The annunciation of the name of Henry W. Longfellow, as author of the poems combined under this title, is a sufficient guaranty that nothing of questionable merit can be found among them; but a perusal induces a far more honorable decision; and suffices to increase the reputation of Mr. Longfellow, and to establish him, if indeed he were not already firmly so, as a poet of the first order. His versification is smooth and accurate; and there is that *spirit-melody* in his poems, not to be measured by the rule and plummet of criticism, but capable of defying such restraint and soaring, free as air, to renown. Mr. Longfellow happily fetters his imagination in flowing strains; increasing the charm of his productions. The 'Hymn to the night,'

*I heard the trailing garments of the night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!*

*From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,  
From those deep cisterns flows—*

is grand, sublime, yet full of a sweet simplicity. It is the one glistening diamond among the gems that accompany it.

THE SPITFIRE: *T. K. & P. G. Collins.*—This novel, a republication, by Capt. Chamier, author of the 'Life of a Sailor,' etc., is a stirring, interesting, very well written sea story, with a good plot and nothing particularly soaring, or, on the other hand amenable to censure. It is read with pleasure, and in the respects mentioned, does credit to its author. It is questionable whether the moral conveyed by the ultimate success of its hero, after a life of crime—that crime excusable indeed in a degree—does not militate against the extent of the favor it might otherwise receive; but the departure from the requisitions of the thinking portion of the reading community, in this respect, is by no means so flagrant as to be particularly reprehensible.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

DIARY IN AMERICA: *T. K. & P. G. Collins.*—This is the second series of *Marryat's Diary*, and let be said what may of his frequent errors, his rambling, barren and inelegant style, and his superficiality of observation, there is much excellent satire, real wit, and a good deal of sound sense. Our general remarks upon his former series will apply fully to this, and may be referred to for a fuller review. He treats, in the present book, of 'Travelling,' 'Stage Coaches,' 'Hotels,' 'Steamboats,' 'Government,' 'Women,' and the like themes—and we most heartily and especially concur in his views of 'Bar-rooms,' 'Stage Coaches,' 'Women,' and 'Patriotism.' One occasionally gets angry at misrepresentation, but there is a sufficient dose of wholesome and condemnatory truth, which, despite its nauseating qualities, must be swallowed.

TRUE AIMS OF LIFE: *Wiley & Putnam.*—This is the title of a little book comprehending an address delivered before the Alumni of the University in July last, by Cornelius Matthew. It is sound in its philosophy, clear in its deductions, comprehensive in its exhortations, and occasionally rises into eloquence.

FRIGHT: *Carey & Hart.*—We condemned 'Nan Darrell,' the previous novel, by the authoress of this, as being beneath criticism in every thing but the possession of an interest, which chained attention. With an equal degree of the only good quality of that work, 'Fright' possesses others which lead us to recommend it without hesitation.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

## EDITORS' TABLE.

LOSS OF THE LEXINGTON.—The paramount subject of interest, at the present period, and that of the most painful character, is the destruction of the steamboat *Lexington* by fire, on Long Island Sound. It will form an era in steamboat navigation in this quarter of the union, as the dreadful catastrophes attending the *HOME*, the *MOSELLE* and *ORONOKO* have in others more remote—and, also, a more grievous era in the hearts of thousands who mourn the sudden bereavement of beloved relatives and friends, by the terrible event. It is when death comes under such circumstances, that its features are direct, and its desolation most appalling. The heart shrinks from the contemplation of the bitter agony—itsself worse than destruction, of those doomed sufferers in the hour of their peril and despair. Without injustice to the kind-heartedness and skill of the dead, it may be presumed that, had an officer of more coolness been in command of the boat, many lives might have been saved. Illness had detained Captain Vanderbilt from his station and duties. His unsurpassed energy and decision of character—wonderful quickness, and reach of judgment, and imperturbable calmness and resolution in the moment of danger, induce and regrets at the bodily ill which confined him to his home. But regrets cannot snatch one body from the grave—or call back one spirit of the lost ones from its eternal rest!

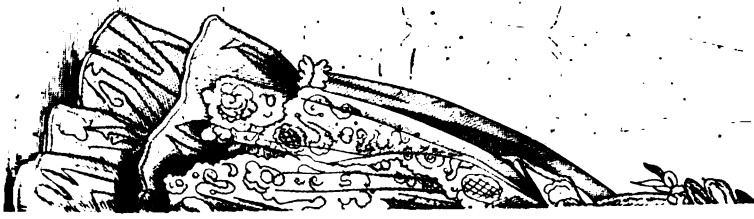
STEPHEN PRICE, ESQ.—In the sudden death of the senior manager of the Park Theatre, the drama in this country has lost one of its pioneers. Mr. Price had been, for upwards of thirty years, we believe, a manager of the Park; and the public probably owe to his energy and activity in the conduct of the establishment, the gratification experienced from the talents of many of the most prominent artists of past years. It matters not that his personal interest demanded such effort. Shakspeare wrote for bread—but his works are not the less treasured and immortal; and this consideration should, and, doubtless, does enhance the respect for the departed. Mr. Price was, whatever may have been his peculiar failings of character, a strictly honest man—whose word needed no bond to secure it; so admirable a trait, that in remembrance of it, many a weakness is buried in oblivion.

NOTICE.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the year of the *Ladies' Companion* commences in May or November. All subscriptions expire, either, with the April or October number. Persons receiving the first number of a new volume are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon.













*Spring (Summer)*





# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1840.

## EASTPORT AND PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

AMID all the grandeur of American scenery, that of Maine is by no means to be despised. Owing to its position, that state has not, in this respect, attracted notice from strangers, by any means commensurate with its merits. Its noble rivers, the Saco, the Kennebeck and the Penobscot, flow between banks of the richest and most various beauty; now gently inclining to the waters' edge, covered with primeval forests, as yet undisturbed by the axe of the pioneer of civilization—now adorned with the thriving village—anon compressing the maddened current between them, into a narrow and turbid channel, and darkening its surface with the shadows of frowning and overhanging rocks, from the crevices of whose precipitous sides, a stunted pine or birch, alone springs forth against the blue sky, deriving a scanty nourishment. Upon the one river—the Saco—are falls, truly picturesque and beautiful; while, as the dashing wheels of the steamboat convey the stranger over the waters of the Penobscot, through an abrupt bend of the river, where the spire of a beautiful village, high up among the old trees, lifts itself to heaven—wrapt in admiration, he feels that the scene would not lose much in comparison even by the side of the magnificent gorge of the world-renowned and glorious Hudson.

The coast of Maine is of the most diversified character. Its bays are studded with islands of all shapes and sizes, from the naked and desolate rock, inspiring terror in the heart of the mariner, to the sweet garden of fertility—a gem in the midst of the waters. Casco Bay, upon an inlet of which, stands the city of Portland, numbers hundreds of islands that rest upon its bosom; while the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Bays, are no less useful as excellent harbors, than delightful scenes for the admiring eye. Nothing can exceed the calm rapture of gliding in a summer's day, when old ocean is in a placid mood, and softly mirrors the smiling sky, along from Portland to Bangor, close in by the shore, and winding among the islands that dot the coast for its entire distance. Let the traveller see the beauties of the scenery of Maine.

We have given to our readers, the present month, a view of Passamaquoddy Bay and the town of Eastport, which is built upon Moose Island, so near to the main land, that a handsome bridge, twelve hundred feet long, was erected in 1820, connecting the town to Perry on the main. Eastport is situated at the very extremity of the limits of the United States, as the most of Passamaquoddy Bay is in New Brunswick. From its position thus, on the border, aided by a facile communication with the interior, by means of the St. Croix River, it has been able to secure a thriving commerce, and is the most commercial town in the eastern part of the state. Its harbor is one of the best in the United States, is capacious enough to contain a large navy, and of safe

entrance. The wharves, owing to the immense tides sometimes occurring in the Bay of Fundy, are built nearly or quite *forty feet* in height. The ordinary tides rise twenty-five feet. The shores of Moose Island, and the other smaller islands, have all the preparations necessary for curing fish, and unloading timber and other articles of commerce.

Eastport numbered in 1830, twenty-four hundred and fifty inhabitants. It contains a bank, printing offices, four or five houses of worship, nearly a hundred warehouses and stores, and some two hundred and fifty dwelling-houses. It was visited, some few years since, by a disastrous fire, which checked its prosperity and advancement, but from the effects of which it is fast recovering. It is ninety-three miles east of Bangor, two hundred and sixty from Portland, and three hundred and seventy from Boston. Communication will hereafter be held regularly with it, by means of a new steamboat, built during the past year, to ply between Saint John's, New Brunswick, and Boston.

The prosperity of Eastport has been much enhanced by its immediate contiguity to the border; and its inhabitants, doubtless, regard, with a keen attention, the progress of the "boundary question," since the method of its settlement will probably have a bearing upon their interests. All that Great Britain desires, is a communication between New Brunswick and the Canadas; which can only be maintained, with facility, by means of the valley of the Saint John's River and Lake Temiscouata. A proposition, it was reported, had been made, during the past year, to effect a compromise, by giving to the United States that portion of New Brunswick between the mouth of the Saint John's and Passamaquoddy Bay, and receiving, in return, all that portion of the disputed ground north of the same river; thus making the Saint John's the boundary, from its source to its mouth. One of the first counsellors of New Brunswick, 'Charlotte,' would come into the possession of the United States by this arrangement, as well as Fredericton, now the seat of government of the territory, and we are of the impression, a portion of the city of Saint John's, also. Yet, notwithstanding this, we believe that Great Britain, in the event of an impossibility to secure the object of the whole disagreement by any other means, would make the cession; however strong the opposition might be of those citizens of the territory, who would thus be transferred, *volens volens*, from her majesty's footstool, to shake hands with Brother Jonathan. But in such an issue, Eastport would by no means accord her satisfaction. The town would thus be thrown back a hundred miles from the border, and the peculiarities of her commerce, which have so materially assisted in her prosperity, would pass into other hands.

But the beauty of her position would undergo no mutation. The bay would yet roll its waters around its pretty islands, to realize to the eye of the stranger the charming scene of our picture.

H. F. H.

Original.

## 'JOE;' OR, THE MAGIC STONE.\*

A JERSEY LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," ETC

## PART II.

WHILE the skipper was relating the story of his brother Hans' adventure, Joe had greedily drunk in every word, his imagination, at the same time, ever active in devising means to bring about his long looked for good fortune, being busily at work in extracting something from it to his advantage. For all was fish, in the way of the marvellous, that came to Joe's net. When he found that all this magic appearance and disappearance arose from the power of an invisible stone, it at once occurred to his mind, that if he could get possession of this wonderful stone, he could, by making himself invisible, get possession of any amount of money: even walk into banks in broad day, and fill his pockets at his leisure. By this it will be seen that Joe's bump of conscientiousness was not quite so large as his organ of acquisitiveness, and that his notions of *meum* and *teum* were not regulated on the strictest scale of morals. But we are not vouchers for the honesty of Joe's principles; we take him as we find him, and so give him to the world, "nothing extenuating, and nothing setting down in malice."

Now, this idea of acquiring riches through his invisibility of walking into banks and helping himself to piles of dollars, was most grateful to a man who knew that he was destined one day to become rich by some extraordinary means, and had hitherto waited so patiently for the time. It was now clear that the time had come, and the means were pointed out to him. Thus Joe reasoned and formed a resolution at once. Incontinently he jumped from the lofty stool on which he had been perched, and rushed from the tap-room, with but one idea in his head, but one form of phraseology on his tongue: "Three-mile-run, and big Sycamore!" He hastened home through the storm, for the first time since he drew the lottery-ticket without stopping to pick up and carrying home to examine it, any thing he might stumble against in the dark. He stopped for nothing, but heedless of sleet and rain, he reached his door and bolted in.

"It's a pretty time o' night, ye lazy good-for-naught, for ye to be stavin' in to the house and wakin' up a hard workin' woman vot has been wearin' her finger ends off to elbows to keep ye from the poor-house. Get ye to bed, Joe, and devil a supper-bit do ye get the night from me. So ye may comfort yourself."

"Supper!" responded Joe, loftily, as he stumbled about in the dark. "I want none of your miserable cœn-cakes and salt fish. Wait a bit, wife, and you'll dine o' silver platters yet, and eat beef-stakes and plumb-puddings every day for your dinner."

"It's vot ye are ever talking, fool. It would be the poor platter ye would eat off at all, ye idle tap-room hanger-on, and drunken rum-guzzler, if I wa'nt at your hand to work for ye. It's a shame on ye and me, and a

slander through the town that ye treat your family so;" and Joe heard an incipient snuffle as if tears were soon to follow.

"Family! It's my family that treats me so; and doesn't the whole country know ye vollops me?"

"I vollop you, is it!" cried the rib, springing nimbly out of bed and laying her hand mechanically, in the dark, on the broom-handle that stood at her head. "I vollop you, is it! Say that again! say that again! say that again!" and with each adjuration she laid the weapon over Joe's shoulders with an emphasis and good will that have seldom been equalled. Joe capered about the room, defending his head as well as he could with a broken chair, against which the broom-stick rattled so merrily, that a distant listener would have supposed half a score of sons from the "gem o' the saa" were playing an affectionate game of shillelah together. All Joe said in return was to repeat with great volubility,

"Three-mile-run and the big Sycamore! Three-mile-run and the big Sycamore!"

At length these words arrested her attention, not however until she was tired of her exercise.

"And what do you mean by that, Joe, now?" she asked in a tone that bordered on pity for the victim of her wrath, for, like a wise woman, she always let her ire run out at the elbows and became mild and sweet as honey after.

Joe then told her what he had heard, and how that it was his intention to start off at peep of day before any of the rest of the Skipper's audience would get the start of him, and hunt for this stone. "I will be sure to find it, ducky," as he endearingly called his rib, said he, "but that I may be sure, I'll take the sack vot I took down to Perth Amboy and bring home all the stones that look like it."

Joe was, himself, so sanguine, and spoke with such confidence of success, and held out such glittering visions of the wealth the stone would enable him to possess, (he said nothing about the bank, well knowing his wife possessed a homely, strait-forward honesty in her notions of right and wrong, notwithstanding she 'would vollop him') that at length brought her over to consent to his going on this expedition.

At three o'clock in the morning, therefore, (for he slept none, with thinking of his enterprise, and building castles in the air with the wealth he was to acquire,) our hero sallied forth, armed with a capacious sack.

"See now, Joe, ye are back by dusk, or—you know vot," said his tender rib to him as he went out of the door.

"Yes, I know vot," muttered Joe, as he closed his rickety door behind him, "I knows if I doesn't find the stone, I'll get a volloping. But here goes, vollop or no vollop. The little stars shine out now which is propitious." Thus speaking, Joe turned from Burnet street, where, in a little, old, one story stone house, still standing on the water side between the town and the lower landing, he dwelt, and entering Albany street, set his face southward towards the three-mile-run, so called from its distance from Brunswick. The storm had cleared away, and the morning was fine and cool; and save that the

\* Concluded from page 166.

red soil of that region was made into paste something less than a foot deep, Joe had a pleasant walk of it. The road was strait, with farms and woodlands on either side, and now and then a farm-house on the way-side. By the time Joe reached the old wooden bridge that crossed the creek or ‘run,’ the dawn had broke and every object was visible in the grey morning. His way had been cheered by creations of wealth, and he had become the possessor of a great castle, and was about to marry (for Joe forgot his poor wife in his lofty aspirations) a princess, when unluckily he chanced to step into a mudhole and sink up to his knees, which brought him back to his present estate and condition.

“Wait a wee, as that Scotch Johnny says,” said Joe, “and we’ll see what’ll be what. I am glad I started so early, for there was something in the Scotchman’s eye I didn’t like so well, as Skipper was telling the story. I believe he had a notion after the stone himself. Thank the goodness I’ve got the start of him! There’s Peter Pug, too, looked as if he would like to get his avaricious clutch on the stone, and then he could get his liquors for nothing, and pick traveller’s pockets unbeknown to ‘um. I figs, I’ll use the stone to some purpose when I get it. I am here at the bridge just in time. The old Sycamore is a mile up the run. I’ll reach it if I walk smart, afore sun-up.”

Thus promising himself, Joe crossed the fence and got into a path along the bed of the creek, and with steady onward pace pursued his way towards the tree which had been sprouting in his brain all the night, ready to drop golden apples. As he approached the spot, he began to survey the pebbles in his path, for the rain had swollen the stream, and he thought it might possibly have been washed down below the original situation; besides, he did not know but that there might be other invisible stones in the same bed; and it was ever Joe’s principle, literally, ‘to leave no stone unturned’ in the furtherance of his groat end.

At length he came to a bend in the shore of the creek which brought him in view of the top of the “big Sycamore,” half a mile off, which, with its huge silvery trunk leaning over the water, flung far abroad its snowy arms, as if, to Joe’s imagination, protecting the invisible stone beneath it.

“There is the tree, and the stone is mine!” said Joe, exultingly, taking longer strides.

“Meikle may fa’ atween the cup and the lip,” said a broad voice close behind him.

Joe turned with instinctive horror, and saw the Scotch farmer striding behind him with paces full three inches longer than his own. He never said a word, but plied his legs more diligently.

“Ye ha’e o’er foul feet to come sae far ben,” said the Scotchman, as Joe distanced him.

“You are a breed o’ foul weather,” said Joe, without looking round, still plying his feet, “ye come unsent for.”

“Ye ha’e o’er meikle loose leather about yer breeks,” retorted the Scotchman, witnessing Joe’s enormous strides.

“You can take the measure o’ the fit o’ them,” said Joe, “if ye can get near enough.”

“Mair haste the waur speed, quoth the tailor to the lang threed. There was anither gotten that night ye were born, mon,” retorted the other, loosing his wind, and falling back. Joe kept on in triumph, and soon came in sight of the trunk of the tree. But beneath it, with spectacles on nose, and peering down closely to the ground with both hands full of pebbles, whom did his two eyes discover but little Peter Pug himself, the veritable host of “The Black Dog.” For once in his life Joe felt that he was, as he afterwards termed it, “tee-totally circumvented.” There was honest Peter looking for the invisible stone as earnestly as ever Joe looked for a copper in the street gutters. Indeed, so absorbed was he in his geological pursuit, that Joe came upon him, and forgetful of former favors at such a crisis, rolled him over and over like a small sized puncheon ere he was aware of his presence.

“Ish dis to vay you serves your frient Petrus, Sho,” was the gentle remonstrance of the little landlord of the Black Dog, as he got him to his feet; “ant I give ye so moche trinks of peer and ales for noting?”

Joe made no answer, but began diligently to look among the innumerable stones beneath his feet for the magic pebble. He had scarcely taken up one to examine it, when the Scotchman came up and gave him a push aside so unceremoniously, that he tumbled on his back with his heels in the air.

“Nae mair hasto than gude speed,” said he, as he got on his knees and began to search also for the stone, with Peter by his side, who was once more diligently in the pursuit in which he had been so suddenly interrupted. Joe, nothing daunted, also went to work, and for a few seconds the bed of gravel beneath the Sycamore presented a curious scene. Peter, with his spectacled nose close to the ground, was carefully inspecting every pebble; the Scotchman on his knees, took up first one after another, and to test its invisibility placed them in succession upon his hat beside him, which continued nevertheless, to maintain its visibility with persevering obstinacy. Joe was a little in advance of them, and not being satisfied with testing every stone he took up by asking Peter, as he held it out in his hand, “Canst see me, Peter?” he would thrust, afterwards, every one into his sack: for he had little faith in the honesty of his companions, who might deceive him for the purpose of making him cast away the stone which should chance to conceal him from their vision. Joe’s bump of caution was large, as can be proven on examination of his skull, which may be seen at Mr. Fowler’s phrenological rooms in Nassau street. Peter’s motive in rising early and seeking the magic stone, was, doubtless, for purposes similar to those Joe had hinted at in his reflections upon this worthy. The Scotchman’s object, no doubt, was a sensible and thrifty one—for an honest man might make very discreet use of a stone possessing such qualities as that of which the Skipper told. Joe’s object in coming is sufficiently plain.

After searching until the sun was two hours high, honest Peter gave it up as a bad job, and began to swear the Skipper had hoaxed him. The Scotchman’s zeal began to flag in another hour, though not until after every



stone had undergone his scrutiny, within ten yards of the "big Sycamore," save about a bushel of them which Joe had secured in his sack, which, being still visible, he was assured could not contain the invisible stone. He, also, began to feel ashamed of his credulity. As for Joe, he continued game to the last. Every stone he picked up he would look sharply at and repeat over to himself,

"Size of goose-egg—three corners—color, green, black and white."

To his imagination, every stone that he took up bore some of these features. One had two corners and perhaps, thought Joe, there is a third which the water has smoothed down. "I'll put it by." So into the sack it went. Another had a greenish hue—another was white with one corner—another was black, and each and all followed their fellows into the sack. Joe's notions of the size of a goose-egg seemed also to be very undecided and indefinite; for stones the size of his fist, as well as pebbles no larger than almonds, went into that common receptacle, the sack.

"Some goose's eggs is bigger and some are littler," said Joe; and as in the supernatural he knew there was a good deal of practical deception, he did not know but that the very smallest or the very largest goose-egg that ever was laid might be meant, to delude him, instead of an honest egg such as a respectable goose would lay.

Thus it chanced that when the Scotchman gave up the search and seated himself to rest beside Peter at the tree, that Joe had not only filled with pebbles, his bag, but all his pockets, and even his hat, in which he placed the choicest stones, and then restored it to his head. It was at this crisis that he observed sundry mysterious looks and winks passing between Peter and his companion; but not heeding them, he began, also, to fill the breast of his waistcoat, the only unappropriated place remaining about his ragged habiliments.

"Hoot, mon; ye tak' meikle pains wi' yer stanes. Tak' up the sac, chiel, an' I'll gar ye'll find ye hae the stane in't. It'll na be enevible 'till it loup on the braid o' yer back. I wish I had as muckle black spice as I knaw ye hae the stane i' the bag."

These words of the Scotchman had their effect upon Joe. He looked briefly up.

"Do you think so too, Peter?" he asked, his eyes glistened with hope.

"Dunner! Sho; if I didn't think you vent out ov zight vonce ash you vas put von shtone into te shac; but it vas so little time I vas not shure."

Joe was happy, and would have danced with joy at this reply if the weight of the stones about him would have permitted. He immediately, with the assistance of the grave Scotchman, raised to his shoulders the heavy sack which nearly bore him to the ground. It was no sooner settled on his shoulder than, to his unspeakable satisfaction, he heard Peter say to the other,

"Vere ish Sho, Sawney?"

I canna tell ye, mon. Deil fa' me he was here a minute syne aneath my thumb."

"Donner and blixen! he must have got te invisible shstone in his pag."

"Weel, its past jouking when the head's off; the laddie

ha'e gi'en us the loup o'er the dike. Let us be ganging; we ha'e staid lang wi' meikle wark and less profit; and we'll best be takin' our ain gait hame I'm thinkin'."

"Poor Sho!" responded Peter; "I fear te tyfil has got him zoul ant potty!"

"His puir wife'll greet her een oot for the chiel!" responded the other, in a tone of sympathy.

Thus talking together, the two turned their steps towards town, while Joe, now satisfied he had about him the invisible stone, inwardly rejoiced over his good luck, and began to stagger homeward under his load. For not knowing which was the charmed stone, and sufficiently satisfied that he possessed it, he was resolved to bear the whole to his house, and there, free from interruption, select it from the rest. With great difficulty, sweating and blowing, he succeeded in reaching the bridge, and gaining the highway, his ears regaled and his spirits cheered by the conversation of his friends who walked a little ways in advance, discoursing on his strange disappearance. They were, indeed, so indifferent to his presence, when from time to time they looked back, that he was more and more confident of his good fortune.

Peter, at length, got before him into town and prepared the villagers to play their part. When Joe came into it and turned the corner into Burnet street, secure in his invisibility, he passed his two friends on the walk with a grin upon his visage that nearly upset the gravity of little Peter and the Scotchman. Great was the amusement and surprise of the good people to see Joe plodding through the town loaded down with so vast a weight of stones; but Joe felt secure within the mysterious veil that he believed enwrapped him, and no one, by word or sign, gave indications of seeing him. One thrifty housewife, with a wicked smile, dashed a bucket of slops into the street as he passed her door, the majority of which lighted upon our hero. But this he only took as a stronger testimony of his invisibility.

"Don't you hear a noise as if somebody was walking by," said one dame to another as Joe came near.

"There be sounds like stones rattling and feet falling, to be sure;" replied the other. "I wonder what it is!"

Joe chuckled inwardly, and held his way steadily towards his own door. This he at length reached; and opening it softly, suddenly appeared in the midst of the only room his domicile contained, and in the presence of his wife. She was on her knees scouring the floor, and was the only person not let into the secret of her lord's invisibility. Her eyes therefore had no cloud before them—to her vision Joe was wrapped in no veil of mystery. He stood before her in all his attributes of tangible humanity. She looked up and surveyed him with a gaze that portended dire events. Joe trembled.

"You don't see me, ducky, do ye?" he faltered with a sinking heart, for her eye had that speculation in it, that showed it had for its vision something else besides "air, thin air."

"See you," she said, rising to one knee, her eyes at the same time wandering to each corner of the room as if in search of something.

"Yes, see me, ducky," articulated Joe, with rapidly failing confidence. "Aint I invisible?"

"Invisible! Heh!" she replied scornfully, and her eyes at length rested on a well known weapon of domestic use which custom had made as familiar to her hands as the birch to that of the pedagogue.

"I've got the stone, ducky, any how," said Joe, mustering courage. "I walked clean home with Peter Pug and Scotch Sawney, and they didn't never see me no more nor as if I wasn't a living man. Aint I invisible now, ducky? You're on'y joking!"

"I'll let you know, you wagabond, to let Scotch Sawney and Pug make such a fool of ye. I'll soon let you see whether I can see you or no!"

Thus speaking the ireful dame rose up and strode to the broom-stick, which she seized. In the meantime Joe dropped his sack on the floor and began speedily to discharge the contents of his pocket. Better had he let the sack remain, for though it made not himself invisible, it rendered his back so. It was a safe shield to protect it from the blows destined for it. But now he was left without armor, and thick and heavily the blows fell. In vain Joe pleaded his invisibility; and in vain he tried to make himself invisible by getting beneath the bed, into the closet, and even out of doors. But his active rib always foresaw and prevented every means he took to elude her, while she laid the well-worked broom handle over him without mercy or favor.

"I'll make ye invisible! I'll show you whether I can see your rotten carcass! I'll make ye feel me if I can't see you, ye lumping fool, ye! I'll make an invisible of ye, ye idiot!" and with each sentence came a blow that well nigh made an end of poor "Joe."

At length, for every thing has an end, even a wrathful rib's anger, she ceased from her toil and leaned upon her broom-stick, like a victorious warrior resting on the foughten field after the fight. Joe sat upon the floor among his stones, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, and wept, "more in sorrow than in anger," that fortune had so basely cheated him.

From that time forward Joe's spirits began to fail and his health to decline. In one year afterwards he was brought to his last legs and peacefully gave up the ghost. His last words, it is said, were,

"The world owes me a livin' and I'll get von in the invisible world where I'm going to. Wife, bury the broom-stick with me in my coffin. Tell Peter Pug I forgive him, but not Scotch Sawney. Tell the Saxton to look sharp when he digs my grave, for I feel quite sure he'll find a pot o' gold at the bottom."

Thus lived and thus died "Joe," better known in the last year of his life as "Invisible Joe," whose fortunes we have now followed from his marriage to his grave. He has left behind him a name and memory that will long survive him. Poor Joe! Peace to thy manes! Thou art gone, I trust, where thou wilt find riches better suited to thy state than all the pots of money the broad earth hides in its breast!

The curious stranger who saunters into the venerable church-yard of the Episcopal church in the town of Joe's nativity and death, New-Brunswick, will find a retired grave in the south-east corner, at the head of which is a crumbling brown colored tombstone overgrown with the

moss of age. This is the final resting place of "Joe." If he will there reverently get on his knees and put the long grass aside with his hand, he will read with difficulty, the inscription, which hitherto has puzzled the learned antiquarian:

HERE

LYETH YE BODYE

of

"IOE."

Who died, Sept. 10, 1716.

This stone was placed here bye  
his loving wife.

And ere, gentle stranger, you quit the spot, drop a *penney* on his grave, and thou wilt show thy manly sympathy, while the spirit of him who lies beneath, will rest happier therefor.

J. H. I.

Original.

## CUPID DISCOVERED.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

YOUNG Love stole out of the maiden's heart  
And bashfully stood in the light confessed;  
"Now pray, little imp! tell me what thou art!"  
Cried the maiden, with wonder and fear possessed!

And the boy tossed back, from his baby brow,  
Its clusters of sun-colored, curling hair,  
And said, with an eloquent smile and bow—  
"I am Love, at your service, lady fair!"

"Love! Love!" quoth the maiden, with start and scream,  
While the glow on her cheek to her temple stole,  
"What! Cupid! the vagrant—the thief! Do I dream?  
How dared you steal into my vestal soul?"

"Nay! don't be personal, Lady!" he said,  
"You, yourself, let me into it." "I, sir!—and when?"  
"In childhood, when 'mid the spring blossoms you played,  
I was playing there too—have I altered since then?"

I was fond of the flowers—I mistook your young heart,  
For a rosebud half-blown—and unseen, in I flew,  
Ah! when *once* nestled there, Lady, *could* I depart,  
From a home so o'erfraught with bloom, fragrance and dew?

No! no! tho' 'twas yielding as any young flower,  
And I free to come—and to go when I chose,  
I was far too well fed in that warm sunny bower,  
So I've revelled 'till now, 'mid the leaves of the rose."

"Well fed!" sighed the maiden, "I feel what you mean,  
And I have been nursing this wicked young elf,  
With fancies and feelings—so pure and serene,  
And innocent—tush! I'm ashamed of myself!"

When the rogue put his finger up in his blue eye,  
And said, "mayn't I come back? You'll be happier far!"  
"Yes, child!" said the girl, "go to sleep and don't cry!  
I can't do without you, Love, *wretch* as you are!"

Original.

## IL ZINGARO.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Ed io anche son pittora."—CORREGGIO.

FEW more improbable tales have ever been narrated, than the one which I am now about to tell, and yet, when we consider the peculiar spirit and manners of the age in which the actors lived, and remember that '*'l vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*,' we cannot refuse our credence to the well authenticated story.

Antonio Solario was the son of a travelling tinker, and, destined to follow the same mean trade, he had attained the age of eighteen without receiving the least education, or giving the slightest evidence of a mind superior to his station. On the contrary, he was characterized by a simplicity almost approaching to idiocy, and many were the practical jokes with which his boyish companions delighted to annoy 'il Zingaro,' or the gipsy, as those of his trade were generally styled. It happened that he was one day employed to repair some kitchen utensils in the house of the distinguished painter, Colantonio del Fiore. As he sat in the court, busily hammering the pots and kettles, he was startled by the approach of a young and lovely female, who, tripping across the paved court, disappeared in a wing of the building occupied by the servants. With open mouth and staring eyes, Solario sat gazing after the beautiful vision, until his hammer falling from his grasp, aroused him from his stupor, and reminded him of his business. Trembling with an emotion of which he had never before dreamed, he asked her name, and learned that she was the only daughter of the gifted painter, the heiress of his fortune and of his fame. Determined to see her once more, Solario had the address to leave his work unfinished that night, so that he might have an excuse for returning on the morrow. He had scarcely resumed his employment, when the beautiful vision again appeared, and, though she cast not a single look upon the begrimed face of the poor gipsy boy, yet his heart overflowed with joy at the sight of her surpassing loveliness. Solario was not ignorant of the trick which, if we may believe the old song, was common among his fellows; "In tinkering one hole he took care to make two," and a week elapsed before he had finished his work in the painter's kitchen. In vain the servants scolded the idle fellow; he was resolved to prolong the time as much as possible, and all their threats were unavailing. But at length all his excuses were exhausted, his tricks and subterfuges were at an end, and shouldering the bag which contained the implements of his art, the poor Zingaro took his departure.

He had proceeded but a short distance, when he perceived the mistress of his soul approaching, and as he hurried towards her, he perceived that she was standing on the verge of the carriage-way, apparently seeking for a place where she might cross without detriment to her little silk slippers. Delighted at the opportunity of serving her, he dropped his bag, and taking off his patched doublet, laid it down before her. Bursting into a fit of laughter at the address of the conceit, Elena

tripped over the rude carpet, and throwing him a piece of money to pay for the washing of his coat, hurried home. The simple Zingaro was in raptures. She had looked on him—she had smiled upon him—she had deigned to accept his humble homage, and the poor tinker was in ecstasy. Too guileless to conceal his feelings, his devotion to the beautiful Elena was soon discovered by his companions, and, in the hope of enjoying a good laugh at his expense, they advised him to demand from Colantonio, the hand of his daughter in marriage.

It required but little persuasion to convince him of the probable success of this plan, for Solario was too single-minded to suspect any deception in others. Accordingly, one bright morning, he presented himself at the portal, and desired to see Messer Colantonio. He was refused admittance, but no denial was sufficient to turn him from his purpose, and he persisted so loudly in his demand, that, at length, the painter, disturbed by the altercation, came out to ascertain its cause. Solario had no sooner caught a glimpse of him, than he darted past the servant and implored him to grant a private interview. Colantonio, who had heard of the Zingaro's gallantry, immediately anticipated some amusement from his simplicity, and bidding him wait a moment, entered his studio. Summoning his daughter to share the sport, he bade her conceal herself behind a huge screen which filled one side of the apartment, and then, seating himself before his easel, ordered that Solario should be admitted. The Zingaro entered with a low obeisance, and threw himself into the richly cushioned chair usually allotted to those who came to honor Colantonio with their patronage. The painter, almost convulsed with laughter at the sight of the tinker, with sooted clothes and unwashed face, occupying a seat which princes and nobles had often filled, could scarcely command himself sufficiently to ask his business.

"Messer Antonio," said Solario, "I love your daughter, and I am come to demand her in marriage."

Astonishment, for a moment, checked the painter's mirth, as he exclaimed, "You marry my daughter?—a poor tinker!"

"Yes," returned Solario. "I am a poor tinker, it is true, but that is not my fault. If I had been allowed to choose my own fortunes, I would have been a king, but it was the will of Heaven that I should be only a tinker; am I any the worse for that?"

"How would you maintain my daughter?" asked Colantonio, who now entered heartily into the humor of the scene.

"Oh, that matter is soon settled," replied the tinker. "Look you, Messer Colantonio; she is your only child; you have no one to keep your house if I should take her away, so I will marry her and let her still live with you. You will be made richer by the gain of a son-in-law, and though I shall be out at my work all day, yet when I come home at night, we will gather round a good supper and tell stories and crack jokes till midnight. What say you? Is not my plan a good one?"

"Excellent!" returned the painter.

"Well, then," said the tinker, "call your daughter, and let us settle the matter at once."

"Nay," said Colantonio, ready to burst with laughter, "you surely would not present yourself before my daughter in such attire; go home, put on a more suitable dress, and come to me at this same hour on the morrow."

Delighted with his success, Solario instantly obeyed, and scarcely had he left the room, when Elena made the whole house ring with her merry laughter, while her father, no less amused than herself, handed her a sketch which he had made of the simple Zingaro in his rude vestments.

Determined to enjoy the jest, Elena begged her father to allow her to be present at their next interview, and accordingly, on the morrow, Solario was immediately conducted into the richly furnished saloon where sat the painter and his beautiful daughter. Nothing but the fear of losing the best of the joke, could have enabled them to suppress their mirth at the sight of the Zingaro. Attired in a shabby court suit, which he had apparently purchased from some old clothes-man—his usually matted locks carefully combed out, and flowing in long curls upon his shoulders—a sword of unusual size buckled to his side, he certainly presented a most ludicrous picture. At the sight of Elena, he stopped in the middle of the room, and gazing at her with the strongest expression of admiration in his countenance, made a low reverence, but unfortunately his sword became entangled in the points of his velvet hose, and, as he attempted to advance, he fell headlong on the floor. Nothing abashed at this accident, or the laughter it occasioned, Solario turned to the painter as soon as he arose; "Look here, Messer Colantonio," said he; "my face is clean—I knew not before that it was so fair—my hands are as white as your own—my frieze jerkin is replaced by a velvet coat; what say you to me now?"

Colantonio, with a very grave air, complimented him on his improved appearance, and gave him permission to kiss the hand of his daughter. Springing forward as he spoke, the gipsy threw himself on his knees before the lady, and taking her hand, bent over it until his lips almost touched it.

"How is this, Solario?" said the painter, "call you that a kiss?"

"Sir," said he, earnestly, "the Lady Elena will forgive me; I love—I worship her, and I dare not approach too near the shrine of her purity. Oh," continued he, with emotion, "I know that I am not worthy of her—I know that the poor Zingaro is mad to raise his thoughts to such a creature; but only let me call her mine—let me be certain that such a prize awaits my exertions, and I will move heaven and earth to merit her."

The earnestness with which he uttered these words, while it excited the renewed mirth of Colantonio, called forth a very different emotion in the breast of Elena. A woman is never displeased at finding herself the object of a sincere affection. The guileless warmth of the poor tinker, and the deep respect with which he had evinced his affection, awakened in Elena's heart a far more pleasurable sensation than she had ever experienced from the homage of her more courtly admirers. Per-

haps, too, she was somewhat influenced in his favor by the fact that the Zingaro was by no means so despicable in appearance as he had once seemed. His finely-moulded head, with its long, curling locks, might have served as a model for sculpture, and his features, rescued from the grime which had so long obscured them, now shone out in distinguished beauty. While she gazed on the agitated youth, her heart severely reproached her for thus trifling with his feelings, and she felt a presentiment that the jest would end in sad and sober earnest.

Colantonio, after an hour's conversation with the gipsy, began to think the affair would not be so easily managed as he had supposed. After resorting to various expedients for getting rid of the unwelcome suitor, he was finally compelled to confess that he had only listened to his proposals as a jest, and that such an alliance was utterly impossible, since he was resolved to give his daughter only to the man who could paint as well as himself. "She is a painter's daughter, Solario," said he—"she must be a painter's wife. Show me a picture equal to that,"—pointing to a superb head of Saint John which stood on his easel—"a picture painted by your own hand, and my daughter is yours; *but not till then.*"

At this confession, the indignation of Solario knew no bounds. Starting from his seat, he poured forth a torrent of earnest and impassioned eloquence—the eloquence of the heart. He was no longer the simple Zingaro—he was now a true-hearted, high-souled being, who felt that the best and purest feelings of his nature had been outraged and trampled upon. Heretofore, his intellect had slumbered, but it was now aroused by insulted affection, and there was beauty and power—ay, and terror, in its awakening. Colantonio quailed before him as he depicted, in powerful language, the mischief of which he had been the cause—when he described the passionate love which filled his heart—the hope which had inspired him to look beyond his station, and the shame, the sorrow, which had been thus wantonly and wickedly brought upon him.

"There is but one reparation in your power, Signor," said Solario, when he had finished his passionate remonstrance. "You say your daughter shall marry none but a painter; now give me your written promise that if within ten years I fulfil your condition—if within ten years I paint a picture as well as yourself, your daughter shall be mine."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Colantonio. "Would you have me bind my daughter by a promise which may make her wretched for life?"

"No," replied Solario, "I would not that the Lady Elena should feel even for one moment such pangs as she has inflicted upon me; I would not bind *her* by the slightest vow, but I claim *your* promise, that if I return within ten years, and find your daughter free in heart and hand, she shall be mine. If, during my term of probation, some happier and nobler rival shall win her affections, then your pledge shall be given to the winds, and your daughter shall be free to wed with whom she will."

Colantonio hesitated.

"Father," exclaimed the agitated Elena, "give him the promise—we have erred—let us now abide the penalty of our folly."

Reflecting how little probability there was that Solario would ever fulfil the conditions, and finding it almost impossible to rid himself of his importunity, the painter at length consented, and left the room in order to prepare the required paper. At that instant Elena arose, and approaching the Zingaro, laid her hand in his, while she uttered a solemn promise to keep her hand free until the expiration of ten years.

"I will not promise to be yours when you return, Solario," continued she, "for the affections depend not upon the will, but I will never wed until I receive permission from your own lips. Preserve, unsullied, the noble integrity of your character, cherish the noble sentiments which lie hidden within your bosom, cultivate the germs of intellect which have even now begun to bud forth, and if you can win the smiles of Art, that most jealous of all mistresses, you need not despair of success with a painter's child." With these words she vanished from the room, and Solario, half frenzied with delight, was scarce conscious of Colantonio's return, until he was presented with the coveted promise.

Without loss of time, Solario immediately set out for Bologna. Utterly ignorant of the very names of distinguished artists, he was obliged to depend upon casual information to direct his first steps in his new career. He was fortunate in selecting, as his first master, the celebrated Lippo Dalmasi, and in his studio, by dint of close application and unwearied diligence, he soon acquired the principles of his art. Nothing but the hope of winning the beautiful Elena, however, could have nerved the poor Zingaro to pursue his laborious task. Perhaps there never was an artist who commenced the study of his profession under such discouraging circumstances. Exceedingly poor, and obliged to labor half the night at his old vocation in order to supply the means of pursuing his new one—compelled to make himself useful to Lippo as a color-grinder, to obtain the instruction which even then was grudgingly bestowed—enduring the scoffs and jeers of the wild youths who called themselves the students of his master, and conscious of the defects which his total want of education must necessarily occasion in his most successful efforts, the poor Zingaro devoted himself to his unwonted duties with an ardor and perseverance that at least merited reward. For seven years Solario continued to pursue his 'labor of love,' but at the expiration of that time, he conceived a suspicion that while his services as a copyist and back-ground painter were so useful to his master, he should never be allowed to advance much in his knowledge of art. He had acquired an accurate idea of the mechanical business of painting, and had thoroughly learned the effects of coloring, as well as the means of producing those effects, but he felt that his acquisitions were rather manual than mental. He therefore determined to quit the studio of Lippo, and to study the best models of art, in a tour through Italy. He had, by this time, become well acquainted with the great masters of the art, as well as with their different styles, and he

trusted to his own struggling genius for future success in the same path. Carefully studying the best models, measuring his strength by copying the most celebrated pictures, and testing his genius, by comparing his own unaided efforts with the works of distinguished competitors, he at last satisfied himself that he was indeed a painter. But so silently had he advanced—so obscure had been his condition, and so destitute of patronage was the poor Zingaro, that not a whisper of his growing fame had reached the ears of Colantonio.

Elena, true to her promise, had rejected the pretensions of many a wealthy and titled suitor, while her father, unable to find among her admirers an artist worthy to enter into competition with himself, was content to let her follow her own fancy.

One week yet remained of the allotted ten years, when Solario returned to Naples. Time, and a mode of life so different from his early employment, had entirely changed his appearance, so that no one would have recognized the squalid tinker in the fine countenance and stately figure of the artist. Assuming a feigned name, he obtained a private audience with the Queen of Naples, and relating his romantic tale, begged permission to execute a portrait of her majesty, as he had learned that Colantonio was then occupied in painting one. It was not in the nature of woman, even upon a throne, to hear such a story without deep interest. The Queen readily entered into his plans, and the portrait, which he immediately commenced, was finished on the very day preceding the termination of his probation. The Queen then directed Colantonio to appear at the palace with his newly-completed portrait, on a certain hour the following morning. He, of course, obeyed the mandate, but to his great chagrin, his picture was taken from him by some attendants, and he was ordered to wait in the anteroom until her majesty should be pleased to admit him to her presence. After the delay of half an hour, a page led him into an adjoining apartment, where, to his great astonishment, he beheld his picture placed beside another, on which the coloring was yet moist. Before he could recover from his surprise, he was summoned to express his opinion on the merits of the second portrait. Colantonio was of too frank a spirit, and too much devoted to his art to hesitate in avowing the truth. After the closest observation, he declared Solario's picture to be the best, at the same time asserting, that he did not believe there was a painter in Italy who could surpass it.

"The painter is a stranger," said the Queen, "but we can perhaps offer him some lure to detain him among us. You have a fair daughter, Messer Colantonio; would you not be willing to purchase, with her hand, the companionship of so rare an artist?"

"Right gladly, madam," returned Colantonio, delighted at the opportunity of thus fulfilling his own wishes, and of evading his promise to the Zingaro.

"Come forth, Solario, and claim your reward," exclaimed the Queen and from behind the rich hangings of an oriel window, appeared the Zingaro.

At the Queen's request, Solario related his story, not forgetting to dwell upon the love which inspired him to

persevere amid privation and insult, while her majesty well knew that, concealed amid the crowd of her ladies, stood *one* who would not hear the tale unmoved. Colantonio was foiled with his own weapons; the conditions had been fulfilled, and the Queen, leading forth the blushing Elena, now lovelier far in the graces of womanhood, than she had been when, as a beautiful child she won the heart of the poor tinker, placed her hand in that of the successful painter. Ere midnight the palace resounded with the echoes of mirth and music, which celebrated the nuptials of Antonio Solario and the beautiful Elena.

NOTE.—Antonio Solario, better known by the name of Il Zingaro, (an appellation bestowed by the Italians upon the gipsies who pursue the trade of tinkers,) was born in 1392. The manner in which he fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Colantonio del Fiore, the jest practiced upon him, and his final success as a painter, together with the father's conditional promise to the humble tinker, are all matters of historical record. He was greatly celebrated both for his merit as a painter, and the singular events of his life. He was employed in the decoration of various churches and chapels. In an altar-piece which he painted for the Canons of Latran, he placed his own portrait and that of his wife, in a group of saints surrounding the virgin. Some of his frescos yet remain in the convent of Sant. Severino, at Naples. He died in 1453. See *Vite di Pittore Napoletani*.

Original.

W A R .

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I SAW a plain whereon her store  
Of richest blessings Nature threw;  
And homes of men were there, which wore,  
In sunset's light, a joyous hue:—  
The morrow came; and with it came  
Two mighty hosts with fronts opposed,  
And o'er that plain passed death and flame,  
Between those armies as they closed.

Where calmest peace so lately reigned,  
Raged tumult wild, and passions hot;  
The flowers by bloody floods were stained,  
The fruits destroyed by fiery shot;  
And charging squadrons, shouting, wheeled,  
Where peaceful olives fringed the plain,  
And Death, with thousands strewed the field,  
Where stood, last eve, the waving grain.

Oh! if to such a scene as this,  
Of carnage, agony and woe,  
A spirit from the realms of bliss,  
Radiant with Heaven's pure, peaceful glow,  
Should wing its flight, how harsh and strange  
Such sounds and sights its sense would jar!  
How would it shudder at the change  
From heavenly peace to earthly war!

Oh! when shall dawn that blessed day  
Foretold by prophets of the LORD,  
When men shall cast their spears away,  
And turn to tillage, lance and sword?  
When hosts no more to slaughter led,  
Shall see the reign of carnage cease,  
And o'er the earth, unchecked, shall spread,  
The empire of the Prince of Peace?

Boston, 1840.

26

Original.

THE FEMALE SPY;\*

A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE American army was, at this time, encamped at Tappan, on the western side of the Hudson River, and as soon as Washington reached the camp, he sent for Major Lee, who was posted, with the Virginia light-horse, at some distance in front. This officer repaired to head quarters with celerity, and found the general in his tent, alone, busily engaged in writing. On Lee's entering, he was requested to take a seat, and a bundle of papers, lying on the table, was given him for perusal. In these papers, much information was detailed tending to prove that Arnold was not alone in the base conspiracy just detected; but that the poison had spread; and that a major general, whose name was not concealed, was certainly as guilty as Arnold himself. This information had just been received by Washington, through his confidential agents in New-York; and Lee immediately suggested the probability that the whole was a contrivance of Sir Henry Clinton, in order to destroy that confidence between the commander and his officers, on which the success of military operations depends.

"The suggestion," replied Washington, "is plausible, and deserves due consideration. It early occurred to my own mind, and has not been slightly regarded. But the same suggestion applies to no officer more forcibly, than a few days ago it would have done to General Arnold, now known to be a traitor. I have sent for you, sir, in the expectation that you have, in your corps, individuals capable and willing to undertake an indispensable, delicate, and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward on this occasion, will lay me under great obligations, personally; and in behalf of the United States, I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, this night. My object is to probe to the bottom the afflicting intelligence contained in the papers you have just read, to seize Arnold, and by getting him, to save Andre. They are all connected. While my emissary is engaged in preparing means for the seizure of Arnold, the guilt of others can be traced; and the timely delivery of Arnold to me, will possibly put it in my power to restore the amiable and unfortunate Andre to his friends."

Lee readily undertook to find a member of his corps capable of executing this hazardous service, but doubted whether he would consent to engage in an enterprise, the first step to which was desertion! The person he selected, was the sergeant-major of the corps, Edward Champe, whose name has already been mentioned in commendatory terms, in the course of this narrative. In fact, Champe was, at this very moment, in close conversation with 'Squire Clover, on the subject of his projected marriage with the 'squire's daughter, to which the old gentleman had given his conditional consent, in the following terms:—

\* Concluded from page 136.

"Yes, sir, had I twenty daughters, and twenty thousand pounds for each, I should be happy to reward a score of brave soldiers in the same manner; but not until they had fully discharged their duty to their country, by securing her independence."

To this, Champe replied, "I hope, sir, you do not doubt my devotedness to the sacred cause of liberty?"

"I do not," returned the squire, who was himself an old veteran of the former French War, in which he had been severely wounded; "you have done well, so far; Lee speaks of you in the highest terms. Go on as you have begun, and on the restoration of peace, Louisa shall be yours."

"With that sweet hope to support me, every toil will become a pleasure. Had every American soldier such a reward set before him, there would be no traitors."

"Our country's independence is a still higher reward," returned the patriotic father, "and yet we had an Arnold. Who can be safely trusted, since he proved false? By Heaven, the wretch who would sell his country, is without the pale of Christian charity. Eternal curses—"

"Nay, my dearest father!" exclaimed Louisa, who at that moment entered the apartment; "I have often heard you say that it is sinful to invoke curses on any one; but that we must leave them to Heaven and their own consciences."

"True, my child," returned her father; "and I am not ashamed to profit by the echo of my own precepts. I will not waste my breath in useless curses; but were this shattered knee as sound as it was on the morning of Braddock's defeat, my old musket there should speak a more effective language. But that unfortunate day has spoiled my marching. When Scipio returns, Louisa, send him to me," and the old gentleman repaired to his library. Champe then thus accosted his lady love:—

"My dearest Louisa, your father has kindly sanctioned our attachment; with the hard condition, however, of deferring our union until the restoration of peace."

"Do you call that a hard condition?" asked Louisa. "It would have been mine, had he not prescribed it. Speak candidly, now; ought the happiness of any individual, to come for an instant, in competition with that of our country?"

"My head and heart would prompt different answers. But may I depend upon the stability of your affection?"

"I could not change it if I would. Your worth and virtue first gave it existence; and with them, it will live or die."

"Then it shall be immortal!" exclaimed her lover, "for with such inducements to virtue, I should be a viler wretch than Arnold, to prove unfaithful. Henceforward, my motto shall be, '*Patriotism, love, and fidelity!*'"

At this moment a messenger arrived from the camp, announcing that Major Lee had returned from head quarters, and wished to see the sergeant major as soon as possible.

"I will attend him immediately," said the dragoon; "and now, adieu, sweet arbitress of my future destiny; teach your pure lips to pray for peace, while I prepare to fight for it."

"Farewell," replied the maiden. "Remember patriotism, and fidelity."

"Patriotism, *love*, and fidelity," returned her lover. "When I prove false in either, may the frown of Heaven, and the scorn of Louisa be my punishment;" and with these words he took his leave, and hastened to the camp, where Major Lee made him acquainted with his secret conference with the commander-in-chief. To which Champe made the following reply:—

"I am duly sensible, major, of the honor of this selection, for which I am indebted to your flattering partiality; and whatever be the nature of the enterprise, it shall never fail for the want of my most active co-operation and exertions."

"I assured his Excellency as much, when I named you to him," replied the major. "But to the point; for there is no time to be lost. You must proceed, if possible, this night, and repair immediately to the city."

"With a flag?" inquired Champe.

"No," answered Lee; "as a deserter from the American cause."

"A deserter!" reiterated the dragoon. "Edward Champe to be stigmatized as a traitor to his country! Surely, major, you do not seriously propose such a step to me?"

"Hear me through, my friend," returned the major. "From my knowledge of that nice sense of honor which has ever endeared you to me, I anticipated this objection, and ventured to suggest it to his Excellency. 'Tell him,' said he, 'that going to the enemy by the instigation and request of his commander, is not desertion, though it may appear to be so; and enjoined that this explanation, as coming from himself, should be urged upon you; and that the vast good in prospect, should be contrasted with the mere semblance of doing wrong.' This, my friend, ought to conquer every scruple."

"But the imputation of dishonor which must—"

"Will speedily be removed by your successful return," interrupted the major. "Think you that I would advise any step that would tarnish the honor of my friend? Think you that Washington, the very soul of genuine honor—the godlike Washington, would sanction an act in opposition to her most rigid precepts?"

"I do not think he would," replied the bewildered Champe; "but even for a moment, to be thought a deserter! I cannot endure the idea."

"An individual sacrifice, to achieve a great national good. Reflect on the very great obligation you will confer on the commander-in-chief, whose unchanging and active beneficence to the troops has justly drawn to him their affection, which will be merely nominal, if, when an opportunity thus presents itself to an individual, of contributing to the promotion of his views, it be not zealously embraced. The one now presented to you, has never before occurred; and in all probability, never will occur again, even should the war continue for ages. Posterity will not fail to reiterate your own words, and pronounce it a glorious enterprise."

The words "a glorious enterprise!" was, at this

moment, repeated by a voice near them, for they were walking in front of Lee's tent, at the time.

"Was that an echo?" asked Lee.

"No; a human voice," returned Champe, who immediately challenged the intruder. A figure advanced from the obscurity occasioned by a large baggage-wagon, and passed between the speakers, without answering the challenge, but repeating aloud the following lines:—

"A glorious enterprise, Sir Knight,  
To gild thy rising name;  
Then spur thy steed, and seek the fight,  
To save a maiden's fame."

"It is old crazy Peg, the fortune-teller," observed Major Lee, in a subdued tone. "Some call her the witch of Blaggo's Cove. Let her pass. She paid us a visit about a month ago, while you were on forage duty, to the great amusement of the soldiers. At that time her quotations were all *scripture phrases*; but it seems she has changed her key, and is now harping on the days of chivalry. That ballad, I'll be sworn, is three centuries old."

"And armed, too!" exclaimed Champe. "What a singular character! Where does she reside?"

"That is a secret," returned Lee: and the intruder continued her quotation:—

"The knight invoked his lady fair,  
And spurred his courser true,  
Till Roland's turrets, high in air,  
Arose upon his view.  
Beneath her prison tower he stole,  
While she, with cautious heed,  
Contrived to drop the precious scroll,  
Which he alone must read."

In repeating the last line, she placed a letter in the hand of the major, who read it by the light of a lamp in the baggage-wagon, while Champe exclaimed:—

"A spy in the camp!"

"Ay, and an honest one," returned Lee. "But explain, where is she?"

"Vanished, like Macbeth's witches," replied Champe.

"This letter," said Lee, "is from the city, and comes opportunely, for it contains information that will facilitate our purpose. The traitor's quarters are contiguous to the river. Will you not consent to gratify your general in the most acceptable manner, to be the avenger of the army's reputation, stained as it is by foul and wicked perfidy; and what is best of all, be the instrument of saving Andre from an ignominious death?"

"I know not how to determine," returned Champe; "my mind is tortured with opposite and conflicting emotions. To save that brave man I would sacrifice every thing but my honor."

"You may do still more," resumed Lee; "perhaps bring to light more, or relieve innocence from distrust; quiet the torturing suspicions with which the mind of Washington is now harrowed, and restore to his confidence a once honored general. The accomplishment of so much good is certainly too attractive to be relinquished by a generous mind, and when connected with the recollection of the high credit which the selection reflects upon yourself as a soldier, you ought not—nay, you must not pause. Trust me, your honor shall be safe. Come, sir, here is a detail of the plan of operations,

drawn up by his Excellency himself. Read, and admire the wisdom and humanity which framed it."

Champe finally signified his readiness to assent to the design. "But should I prove unfortunate in the attempt," he continued, "let my fame be protected by those who have induced me to undertake the enterprise."

"Leave that to me. But you must depart without delay, as there are strong indications of an approaching storm, which will injure the roads. Here are your instructions, with a few guineas for expenses; and here are two letters from the commander-in-chief, to individuals in the city, who stand high in his confidence. This one is for Doctor Trueman, formerly a surgeon in the American Army, but who has retired from the service, in consequence of a wound which he received at the surprise of Fort Montgomery. He now more effectually serves our cause, by playing the loyalist with Sir Henry Clinton. This one is for a Mr. Godfrey, a man of singular courage, enterprise and address; a real Proteus, when masquerade is requisite. In delivering these letters, be extremely cautious; for though both of them are in correspondence with his Excellency, neither of them is in the other's secret, nor must be, except in some case of great emergency, when you are at liberty to act as circumstances may require."

"You may depend upon my discretion," was Champe's reply.

"And bear in constant recollection," continued the major, "the solemn injunction so pointedly expressed in these instructions, of forbearing to kill the traitor, in any condition of things."

"I shall not forget," observed Champe. "Let us compare watches. I will regulate mine by yours. You will recollect the importance of holding back pursuit as long as possible. It now lacks nineteen minutes of eleven. I shall be compelled to zig-zag, to avoid the out-posts, and that will consume time."

"I will do every thing that I can, without exciting suspicion," replied Lee. "Your horse is the best in the corps; don't spare him on this occasion. Your hand! God bless you." And so they parted, Champe taking the road to Powles' Hook.

After Champe's departure, Major Lee threw himself on a couch, and pretended to be asleep, knowing that he would soon be called; and, as he suspected, Captain Carnes made his appearance, exclaiming:—

"Major, awake! A deserter must be pursued!"

"Well, well, let the enemy look to it," muttered the major, without opening his eyes. But Captain Carnes was not to be repulsed by this manoeuvre; but persisted in rousing the major.

"Major Lee!" he exclaimed, in a louder voice.

"One of our dragoons has deserted. I wait for orders to despatch a party on pursuit!"

"Charge their right!" exclaimed Lee, as if dreaming; "and drive them into the river!"

"For God's sake, major, awake!" shouted Carnes; when Lee partially aroused, and exclaimed:—

"Who's there? Oh, Carnes, is it you? What brought you here so late? Call in the morning; I can-



not attend to you now. My ride to head quarters has fatigued me extremely. I need repose."

"Major Lee!" exclaimed the importunate officer of the day. "My duty compels me to claim your attention for a moment. A dragoon has deserted!"

"A dragoon deserted! Impossible!" returned Lee,

"I wish it were," returned the positive captain.

"But one of our pickets has just reported that he fell in with a dragoon, who being challenged, put spurs to his horse, and escaped."

"Who could the fellow be?" asked Lee, coming forward, and rubbing his eyes. "Some booby of a countryman, I suppose," he added, with a yawn.

"No, sir," persisted Carnes. "The patrol distinguished him sufficiently to know that he is a dragoon; from the army, at all events; possibly from our corps. I have ordered out a detachment which awaits your commands."

"Pshaw! Carnes!" exclaimed Lee, in a tone of derision. "Such an idea is not only improbable, but ridiculous. Why, during the whole war, not a single dragoon has ever deserted from the legion."

"There must always be a first, major;" returned the pertinacious Carnes. "No general turned traitor before Arnold; and there is no calculating the effect of his example."

"Go, examine the squadron of horse you have assembled, and convince yourself that no one is missing."

Carnes instantly disappeared, when Lee said to himself, "This manoeuvre will gain a few minutes more of time for the gallant Champe. It is now nearly midnight. One hour's start will ensure his safety. Well, sir," said he, as Carnes re-entered, "are you convinced?"

"I am, sir, to my grief and astonishment. The fugitive is known."

"Indeed! and pray who is he?" asked Lee.

"No less a person than Sergeant Major Champe, whom you have so long honored with your confidence."

"Champe!" exclaimed Lee. "Impossible!"

"It is true, sir;" persisted Carnes. "Sergeant Champe, his horse, baggage, arms, orderly-book, all, are missing."

"Are you sure of that?" inquired the major.

"Too sure," was the reply. "The party is ready for pursuit, and I request your written orders."

"Champe missing! Oh! I see it all," cried the major, with an encouraging smile. "He is only gone to pass an hour with his sweetheart. This practice of leaving camp for personal pleasure, is an example too often set by the officers themselves, Captain Carnes; destructive as it is to discipline, opposed as it is to orders, and disastrous as it may prove to the corps in the course of service."

"I am very sensible, sir, that the practice is too prevalent," returned Carnes; "and yet I wish that the present officer is no worse. But the fugitive's course is in a contrary direction. I am certain that Sergeant Champe is now on his way to the enemy; and solicit your orders for the detachment to pursue him."

"Who commands it?" asked Lee.

"Lieutenant Goddard," answered Carnes.

"He cannot be spared," observed Lee, "as I have a

particular service for him in the morning. Summon Cornet Middleton for the present command." As Carnes departed, Lee thus communed with himself:—

"This arrangement will add to the delay; and I know that the tenderness of Middleton's disposition will be of service to Champe, should he unfortunately be retaken." At this moment the Cornet made his appearance. "This is an extraordinary affair, Middleton," said Lee.

"It is, indeed, major," returned Middleton. "An individual so much esteemed and respected for his valor and patriotism. But the treachery of Arnold is acting like an infection."

"Rigorous means must be adopted to prevent its spreading," observed Lee. Here are your orders, sir. See that they are instantly obeyed. Pursue as far as you can with safety. Bring the deserter alive, if possible, that he may suffer in presence of the army. But kill him if he resists or escapes after being taken. Now be expeditious."

"I shall be expeditious, sir," observed Middleton, examining the paper. "But this wants your signature, major."

"Ay, true! Give it me," said Lee, taking the orders and signing his name. "I am so bewildered with fatigue and watching, that I am scarcely awake. Zounds! what a mistake!" This last explanation was in consequence of his pouring the ink instead of the sand over the writing.

"The deserter still lengthens the space between us," observed Middleton, to which observation Lee replied—

"I will prepare another in a moment. Sixty-five minutes, and he has the best horse in the corps. I think he is safe. Here, sir; fly to the execution of your duty. And yet a minute more might prevent his ruin." Recalls Middleton:—

"Cornet Middleton," said Lee, as the officer re-entered the tent, "one caution is necessary. Be not so absorbed in eagerness of pursuit, as improvidentially to fall into the hands of the enemy."

"I will be circumspect, sir," replied Middleton, going—

"And, Cornet," continued Lee, still detaining him, "if you recover the deserter, take particular care of his horse and accoutrements."

"I will not forget a word of your instructions," replied the cornet, and he stayed no further question, but was instantly astride his Virginia courser, and in pursuit of the fugitive. As he left the tent of Major Lee, the latter thus congratulated himself:—

"Now my heart beats lighter! There is now little doubt of Champe's escape, and, if he succeed in his enterprise, a glorious victory will be achieved, purchased with the blood of none but the guilty."

On the following morning the family of 'Squire Clover was thrown into a state of great consternation by the news of Champe's desertion, communicated to them by Doctor Stramonium, who gave it the worst possible coloring, prompted by jealousy and disappointment. In a day or two, however, they were relieved from their worst apprehensions, by a clandestine visit from Mother Derby,

who delivered a letter to Louisa from Champe himself, which set all their minds at ease.

Mother Derby was well aware before she left the city of New-York to deliver the letter from Champe to Miss Clover, that her eldest son, Captain Derby, had been sent into the neighborhood of Tappan, to reconnoitre, and learn the fate of Sir Henry's aid-de-camp, Major Andre, about whom Sir Henry had begun to entertain the most serious apprehensions. She therefore took some pains to meet her son, in order to caution him against falling into the hands of the Americans, whose cause he had betrayed. After executing her commission to the family of Squire Clover, she bent her steps towards the Primrose cottage, with whose inmates she knew that her son had formerly been intimate. Here she arrived just in time to avoid meeting with her other son, William, the quack doctor, who had just been prescribing for the old lady, and left the house, in front of which he met the renegade captain, disguised as a countryman, who, without recognizing him, bade him good morning; and then, in a feigned voice, asked—

"Can you direct a traveller, sick, weak, and faint, to the nearest inn?"

"Sick, sir!" replied the quack. "I am rejoiced to see you. I am Doctor Stramonium, surgeon and chaplain in the continental army."

"You are attached to the army, then?" asked the British Captain.

"Not exactly attached," replied the doctor; "but have a great attachment for it; though its reputation has been sadly tarnished by *treason*. Bill Derby betrayed one important post, and Benedict Arnold attempted to betray another. You have heard of Bill Derby, I presume? He that received two hundred guineas, and a captain's commission, for leading the British troops to the rear of Fort Montgomery?"

"Yes, I have heard of him," replied the renegade.

"Well, a halter awaits him, if he falls into the hands of the Americans," observed the doctor. "But, as I was about to inform you, I have a few patients in this house, and should be happy to add you to the number."

"Who lives here?" asked the British officer.

"Mrs. Primrose, an elderly lady; with her granddaughter, the fair Miss Lucy."

"Formerly of Goshen?" asked the captain.

"The same," returned the quack. "They have a spare room, and will accommodate you reasonably."

"Lucy Primrose! God of Heaven!" ejaculated the captain, in a soliloquizing tone. "How that name can shake this stubborn heart! Oh! days of innocent delight and joyous hopes, whither have ye flown? By one rash, damning deed, I have forfeited paradise, and must now endure the hell I have made for myself. But stay! The lapse of ages may not restore this opportunity. I will feast my eyes with one look, and then—oh!"

Here the renegade uttered a piteous groan, upon which the doctor observed—

"You appear to be very weak, sir. Permit me to lead you in."

"Presently," returned the captain, and then recovering

himself by a powerful exertion, he inquired with a forced calmness—

"What news is there stirring?"

"Not much, but what every body knows, and is now the general theme of conversation."

"And what may that be?" inquired the stranger.

"The treason of Arnold, and the wonderful operation I performed last night," returned the quack, with his usual assurance.

"An operation!" reiterated the captain; of what nature?"

"Why, you must know, sir, that the celebrity of my name having reached the ears of our noble prisoner, Major Andre—"

"Of whom?" exclaimed the captain, seizing the quack by the arm, with the gripe of a giant.

"Bless me, sir!" exclaimed the trembling doctor; "you are not so weak as I took you to be. I spoke of Major Andre, who is to be hung as a spy."

"Quick—tell me!" demanded the fiery renegade, "what is his situation? Where is he? and what operation did he require?"

"The impression is good," soliloquized the quack.

"I must keep it up. Hem! You must excuse my not answering these questions, till we are better acquainted. For though I passed the whole of last night in administering spiritual consolation to the unfortunate prisoner, his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, earnestly requested me not to speak of his situation to any one. 'My dear doctor,'" said he—

"Instantly communicate every particular with which you are acquainted, or—"

"Why, you recover fast, sir," replied the quack; "but excuse me. The confidence of his Excellency must not be betrayed."

"Then you shall accompany me to one who will not be trifled with." On saying this the renegade raised a small ivory whistle to his lips, and blew a shrill call, on which a party of British soldiers made their appearance from behind the cottage.

"Seize that rebel!" exclaimed the captain, "and bear him to the boat."

"Galen and Saint Crispin!" exclaimed the quack. "But here's the devil to pay with a vengeance! Seize me? why, gentlemen, I am a physician—a chaplain—a man of science—a non-combattant; you cannot make a prisoner of me. Don't you know Doctor Stramonium? Every body knows me."

"Take him instantly to the boat!" interrupted the captain, "and wait there until I come, unless you hear an alarm, in which case make the best of your way to the city without me, and I will return by land."

At this moment, his mother, who had been watching his movements, exclaimed—

"Foolhardy valiant! desperately brave! 'Tis tempting fate, and daring Heaven's vengeance, to venture thus within the very lines, with ten rash comrades, on each head of whom a traitor's price is set! But I will save or perish with him." With these words she retired out of sight, behind the cottage, while the quack struggled and expostulated with the soldiers.

"Pray, gentlemen," said he, "don't think of making a prisoner of me. I have a patient here at the point of death, and the consequence may be fatal. Pray, captain, consider—"

"Stop his mouth, and take him along instantly!" thundered the captain. "Pinion him if he resists. Sergeant Tremour, stand sentry here while I reconnoitre within." With these words the captain rushed into the cottage, while the soldiers pinioned the quack, and forced him on board the boat, he still expostulating—

"Here is another pretty scrape for a physician! fine kettle of fish! Pray don't stop my mouth, gentlemen; I will confess the whole. I am no doctor at all; it is all a joke. I never saw Andre in my life. I am only poor Jack Derby, the shoemaker; I mean the musician—no, I mean the pedlar; no, no, not the pedlar, I mean the preacher—the lawyer—the schoolmaster—the—"

"Gag the chattering rebel!" interrupted the sergeant; "he will raise an alarm! and I don't much like my situation here, these rebels are up to so many Yankee tricks."

At this moment Mother Derby made her appearance from behind the cottage, saying—

"I have been detained too long; the alarm is given, the chase is up, and I must warn this desperate boy."

"Why, crazy Peg!" exclaimed the sergeant, "what brought you here?"

"To warn you of your danger, I am come," exclaimed the sybil; "riding post haste upon the whirlwind's blast. You have presumed to laugh my art to scorn. Learn to respect it. Beware an ambushed foe. Retreat like lightning, or else meet the thunder!" As she pronounced the last word, she fired a pistol in the air, and again disappeared behind the cottage, from which a shriek was now heard, and the captain rushed out, with his sword drawn.

"To the boat, captain!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Every bush and shrub conceals a rebel!"

"We must fight our way, then," replied the captain. "Prepare! for here comes one a piece for us!"

At this moment Carnes and Middleton made their appearance, each armed with a drawn sword; Carnes crying out—

"Resistance is vain. If your lives are worth preserving, surrender to us; our followers may be less lenient."

"I am not to be the dupe of Yankee finesse!" returned Captain Derby. "Come on, and let blows decide." At this, the four engaged with desperate ardor. Middleton soon wounded and disarmed the sergeant, and then assailed the renegade captain, beat down his guard, and threw him on the ground, standing in an attitude to strike.

"Yield! obstinate man!" exclaimed Carnes, "and ask for quarters."

"I will not ask for life," cried the prostrate captain, "from such rebellious hounds as you are. I am overpowered by numbers, but not conquered."

"We would not strike a fallen foe," said Middleton. "Yield to the fortune of war."

"I will not yield!" replied the renegade captain, drawing a pistol, which fortunately flashed in the pan.

"That base attempt at treachery seals your fate," continued Carnes. "Die, then, perfidious wretch!" Just as Carnes raised his arm to strike, the captain's mother rushed between them with a shriek—

"Save him! save him! for the love of Heaven!"

"Hence, meddling hag!" exclaimed Carnes. "He dies!"

"By Heaven he shall not die!" shrieked the mother, drawing a pistol, with which she wounded Carnes in the sword-arm, and thus rescued her son, who effected his escape.

In the mean time, Washington had received letters from Champe, which gave him hopes of his final success in bringing off Arnold, to suffer in the room of the unfortunate Andre, who was tried and condemned as a spy. But a complete disappointment took place from a quarter unforeseen and unexpected. Andre, on his trial, disdained defence, and so prevented the delay which was hoped for by the examination of witnesses, and the defence of the prisoner. Andre freely confessed the character in which he stood. He was accordingly declared to be a spy, and condemned to suffer as such. Washington approved the sentence, and ordered his execution to take place on the first of October. In this decision he was warranted by the very unpromising intelligence contained in another letter from Champe, which he had just received; by the still existing implication of other officers in Arnold's conspiracy; by a due regard to public opinion; and by real tenderness to the prisoner himself. For neither Congress nor the nation could have been, with propriety, informed of the cause of delay, had any been interposed; and without such information, it must have excited in both, alarm and suspicion. The secret was known to none but Washington, Lee, Champe, and a confidential agent in New-York, except the family of Squire Clover. Andre, himself, could not have been intrusted with it; and would, consequently, have attributed the unlooked for event to the expostulation and exertion of Sir Henry Clinton, which would not fail to produce, in his breast, expectations of ultimate relief; to excite which would have been cruel, as the realization of such expectation depended on a possible, but improbable contingency.

The enterprise of Champe was well concerted, and would probably have succeeded, but for an unforeseen accident. On the very day preceding the night fixed upon for the execution of the plot, Arnold removed his quarters to another part of the town; and Champe, who had become his recruiting sergeant, was, with all his new recruits, ordered on board the transports. He was compelled to proceed with Arnold to Virginia, when he made his escape, and rejoined the American army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of Lord Rawdon. His return to the American army, of course, cleared up the mystery of his disappearance, the true account of which was circulated far and wide, and covered the deserter with well-merited laurels. On the conclusion of peace, in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, he repaired to Tappan, where he was made happy by the possession of the lovely and faithful mistress of

his affections; and Mother Derby, who was present at the ceremony, has often recounted the particulars which have been here related, to the mother-in-law of the writer of this narrative. She continued in her hazardous employment until the British evacuated the city, when she bade adieu to her son, Captain Derby, and saw him safely embarked for Halifax. Her other son, John, afterwards turned farmer, and was known in Orange County as such, until within a few recent years.

In the summer of 1825, this tale was dramatized for the Park Theatre, where it was produced under the title of "*The Widow's Son*."

Original.  
BALLAD.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

OH! why sits the maiden alone in her bower,  
While others are wasting in revel the hour?  
And why are her dark lashes heavy with tears,  
While the sound of glad music still rings in her ears?  
'Tis the eve of her bridal—why weeps she to-night?  
Can sorrow have enter'd a bosom so light?  
Doth she think that her mother in sadness will mourn,  
And her father in grief wait his daughter's return?

It is not for these that the maiden hath gone  
To weep in her chamber, unhooded, alone;  
The future, dark shadows around her are cast—  
And she writhes in despair as she thinks on the past;  
Her lover's rich gifts she hath torn from her brow—  
She crushes the pearls, and she shrinks from the vow;  
"Oh! would that my heart in the grave had been cold,  
Ere its truth and affection were barter'd for gold."

She stands at the altar—oh! costly and rare,  
Are the jewels that shine in her raven black hair:  
But hope's holy light from her dark eye hath fled—  
Her cheek and her lip wear the hue of the dead;  
The rose-wreath is pure as a chaplet of snow,  
But pale is the brow that is throbbing below;  
And scarce can the bridegroom her trembling form hold,  
For her heart, her young heart, hath been barter'd for gold.

She hath wept her last tears on a fond mother's breast,  
And her father hath prayed that his child may be blest;  
While her bosom is bursting with anguish and pain:—  
On her heart's early love she must think not again.  
She hath gone with her lord to his mansion of pride,  
An honor'd, an envied, a desolate bride,  
For under the pearls, and the satin's rich fold,  
Lies a heart that was perjur'd, and barter'd for gold.

Oh! bright was the blossom, and green was the leaf,  
When she left her first love to the canker of grief;  
And sweet sung the bird in her favorite bower—  
Now, sere is the green leaf, and wither'd the flower;  
The gay bird hath flown to a sunnier sky,  
And her lover hath look'd on a laughing blue eye;  
But woe for the false one! the valley's damp mould  
Lies deep on the heart that was barter'd for gold!

WYSON, Penn.

Original.  
WINTER.

DARK winter's come, with frosty breath to chase  
The bloom of summer; in our cloudy sky  
He shakes his icy wings; his blust'ring winds  
Come bellowing from the hills. Our lovely bay,  
Whose glassy bosom lately bore, in glee,  
The boat of pleasure, with its streamers gay,  
In joyous pomp along; while music bland  
Floated on Zephyr's wings—that tranquil bay—  
In which, while wand'ring on its murmur'ing marge,  
We lately could have counted all the host  
Of twinkling stars, as truly as if on  
Their firmament we had upturned our gaze—  
Is black with storms; and, heaving from their bed,  
The angry waters lash the dreary shore.  
The bold Atlantic ships are driving on  
With topsails reef'd, the pleasure-skiffs are moor'd  
Closely in shore. Broad Hudson sweeps along  
With current strong, as if he would resist  
The icy bands, that soon will chain him down.  
'Tis winter all—the bloom that deck'd the groves  
Has no memorial but the leaves embrown'd,  
That in the blast career. Those noble trees  
Are leafless now, and bare, whose branches green  
Waved, lately, in the breeze, that summer sent  
To cool her evens—while on their dewy leaves  
The moonbeams glanced. How sweet the crescent pale  
Of Dian look'd, seen thro' those arching boughs!  
Seen by that light how sweet thy smile serene!  
At all times lovely—but more lovely then.  
Oh! who can look on beauty, when the moon,  
Walking in majesty, the azure vault,  
Sheds on her face that soft, celestial, light  
In which earth looks like heav'n, with heart unmoved?  
The coldest, stormiest heart, at such an hour,  
Would be ashamed to own it felt secure,  
And I—no adamant heart is mine,  
Yet if it were, one look of thine could melt  
Its obdurate pretensions, making thence  
Its ev'ry pow'r subservient to the will  
Of mighty love, whose sceptre thou dost sway.  
Then tho' the bleak winds of the frigid north  
Have stripp'd the earth of verdure, hushing all  
The music of the groves—the insect hum  
Of busy life—tho' when we seek the walks  
Where pleasure used to stray—deserted now—  
Our salutation is the bitter blast.  
I will not sigh for pleasures gone, thy smile  
Still beams upon me its delighting ray,  
With no deceitful promise, telling still  
Of joys to come. And can the breast, where hope—  
The hope thou hast implanted, blossoms fair,  
Care for the changes of the changing year?  
Lament that Nature, in her wonted round,  
Hath thus destroyed what she had made so fair?  
Wither'd the leaves of summer that the spring  
May soon replace them with her glowing buds?  
No! thou art all to me—of these possess'd,  
Whate'er the sum of my external things,  
Bliss must be mine superior to the power  
Of spring's delights, and hoary winter's reign. J. A.

Original.

## AUNT RUTH.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

READER dear, when thou beholdest one of those unappropriated ladies, one of those "better halves" of creation, who has dared to take the responsibility of going through the world alone in her blessedness, art thou for asking the reason? Art thou curious to deal out the wherefore of such an anomaly? I know thou art. And yet it is a vain fantasy; for ten to one thou wilt stray very wide of the truth, seeking for romantic incidents and heart-breaking catastrophes, when the cause may be found in the most common-place circumstances imaginable. Some may, and probably many do, remain "single," after the example of good Queen Bess, simply because their "proud stomachs" cannot brook any will but their own; others for any and every reason but the lack of an offer. But wherefore ask why? Did'st thou never behold an ambitious vine, springing in its loveliness, at first imploringly and gently spreading out its delicate tendrils for support, but none appearing, how it daily grew sturdy in its helpless solitude, the stock becoming more and more consolidated, knots and excressences making their appearance, till it stands alone, asking and needing help from none? Did'st thou never see this? Then why ask a reason for the solitary state of many of the beautiful of creation? Such is the fact, and that is enough.

I plead guilty to having suffered much from this kind of idle curiosity, especially in the case of *Aunt Ruth*, whose sketch I am about to give thee, and the result may serve as a caution to all, who are looking to find aught that is strange or marvellous in these things.

Aunt Ruth was somewhat small in stature, with black glossy hair, and sparkling eyes, a round, pretty forehead, a neat nose, and small mouth: I like to be explicit in these things, for, indeed, her little person was so pretty that it increased the mystery of her blooming solitude. I have often heard those who were familiar with my good Aunt in her younger days, tell of the conquests she achieved, and how every girl in the village, if she married at all, must be content to take up with one of the discarded lovers of Aunt Ruth. Many were the middle aged men pointed out to me, who at one time imagined themselves ready to die "all for the love" of Aunt Ruth. True, they were now sturdy, robust men, who looked entirely guiltless of such folly, but such had been the fact.

Perhaps Aunt Ruth might have been a little too prim-looking for a belle, even in her "palmiest" days, but then her bewitching smile must have done great execution. Even now, when I dare not "guess" at her age, she is exceedingly loveable, and would be entirely so, were it not for a certain air of precision and nicety, which must have always characterised her. She is now the very pink of maidenly neatness and propriety. I should be utterly horrified to behold a hair upon her head misplaced; and a crimp upon the skirts of her dress or a spot upon her muslins would alarm me with serious fears for her health, or the sanity of her mind. Her pocket-

handkerchief has always a peculiar fold, and her ruffles a particular stiffness, that make them look as if belonging to Aunt Ruth and no one else.

She is in great demand by all the married ladies, not one of whom, I verily believe, but rejoices at her state of "single blessedness," for the little hands of the good spinster are just the things for certain delicate kinds of needle work; and then nothing can exceed her admirable taste in such matters. Aunt Ruth, in return, will glance at the care-worn faces of the married ladies, and at their multifarious cares, and perplexities, and, with as much of a shrug as her fine taste will venture upon, declare, "well, it must be confessed, I am one of the wise ones."

She is secretary to most of our charitable societies, and missionary societies; indeed is an active member in every thing of the kind, except the Maternal Association, and it was at one time seriously considered whether she could not be made a member of this, for the sake of having her for secretary, for her penmanship is exquisite, looking like her own self, small, neat and firm.

Now, dost thou ask, why is she single? Gentle reader, thou must have divined the reason. It is simply this. Aunt Ruth was always so nice. Many and many were her admirers, and "offers," but somehow they didn't exactly suit. She couldn't always tell why, to be sure, but she didn't like them, and that was enough. One was as illiterate as a Hottentot, or as clumsy as a bear; another had carrotty hair, and a sheepish look—one was too sentimental, another too matter-o-factish, etc. etc.; and so the dear creature went on multiplying objections until considerable past twenty, and every body prophesied she would "go through the swamp and at last take up with a broken stick." The old ladies shook their heads and looked grave, the young ones curled their pretty lips, tossed their heads, and one after another married the rejected lovers of the fastidious maiden, and settled down into sober, every-day matrons.

At length the village circle was enlivened by the addition of another to the number of beaux, and, of course, one more to the list of Aunt Ruth's admirers. This was in the person of a black-eyed, dashing young sailor, all animation, wit and humor, and retailing his nautical yarns with the best grace imaginable. Henry Jackson walked, and sang, and talked with Aunt Ruth, and, for once, she seemed exactly suited. There could be no mistake about it. Whatever Henry Jackson might choose to say or do, he was sure to suit Aunt Ruth.

But, alas, with all his recklessness, he somehow lacked the courage to tell a lady that he loved her. Had it been otherwise, this sketch had never been written, and Aunt Ruth, instead of being as she is, the pink of maidenly precision, might have been humdrum Mrs. Jackson, and a slattern into the bargain. Henry knew every rope in a ship, and knew how to manage the toughest wind that ever blew, so that his snug little barque could ride it out in safety; wouldn't mind hoisting his colors, trimming his sails, and heaving to, to fire a salute to the commodore himself, when occasion served, for all these things were familiar to him; but somehow, all his daring forsook him, and he could never

give his lips the right pucker to say, "I love you." So he was forced to resort to pen and ink to say what every body knew before.

Now, Aunt Ruth was nice in all matters. She shuddered at the least infringement of maidenly decorum. No wonder, therefore, she delayed some days to answer the epistle of her lover. To do so earlier, might argue an indelicate precipitation. Unhappy maiden! the letter was destined to be her only solace through the rest of her solitary pilgrimage.

Henry waited, and wondered, puzzling in vain to conceive the cause of her silence; for, frank and ardent himself, he could scarcely be expected to sympathise with the scruples of a maiden so exceedingly particular. At length, from waiting and wondering, his pride became piqued, and to convince his "lady love" that, if rejected, he was inconsolable, in sheer revenge he offered himself to a village rival, with fewer charms indeed, but also with fewer scruples than Aunt Ruth.

In the mean time, the unconscious maiden feasted on the bonied words with which the warm-hearted sailor had clothed the language of his love, little dreaming of the storm that was gathering around her.

Propriety at length became fully satisfied, and she was seated at her desk to pen a response. Aunt Ruth must have weighed every word; the one chosen must have been just the thing, neither too warm, nor too cold; and every letter must have been made just as it should be. While thus occupied, a young gossip came in with the astounding intelligence that Henry Jackson and Lucy Cobb were published. Aunt Ruth turned slightly pale, and her small foot beat time to her thoughts. When her reporter had left the room, she took the paper on which she had been writing, and slowly, and thoughtfully, tore it piece by piece, carefully wiped her pen, arranged her papers, and closed the escrutoire, and from that day never *appeared* to think any thing more about it.

It was observed, that from that time Aunt Ruth began to wear a pocket, in which it was supposed the precious letter was deposited; for, more than once, she has been detected conning the characters upon a sheet of paper somewhat worn and discolored by age, which she afterwards deposited with a saddened smile and a suppressed sigh, in her pocket. Still further, she has been seen gluing strips of paper upon the severed angles of a decaying document, which she concealed in her own quiet way. It must have been the long-treasured letter.

Great hath been my curiosity to behold it—to luxuriate in its delicious periods. But in vain. When we have been inmates of the same chamber, and I have been witness to all the ceremony of a "Maiden Lady's" toilet—have witnessed the removal of one garment after another, each one being carefully folded before it was laid aside, and then the identical pocket deposited beneath her pillow; how I have longed to lay sacrilegious hands upon it! But no; Aunt Ruth's propriety had become contagious, and I could not—dared not do it. No, no, it were a cruelty.

But the luxury of perusing the precious relic was reserved for some saucy urchins, of twelve and fourteen, brothers. By some unaccountable fatality, the strings

of Aunt Ruth's pocket, one day, broke from their allegiance, and dropped it upon the floor. The two boys held their breath till she was fairly out of sight, and then pounced upon the prize. Scissors, thimble, pin-ball, and all the etceteras of an old maid's pocket, were unceremoniously tumbled upon the floor, and the sacred letter dragged out in a trice. Attracted by the noise, I found them kneeling in the midst of Aunt Ruth's treasures, and reading the letter with all the glee and eagerness of unsentimental boyhood. The bonied words, that had been like the dew of Heaven to the heart of Aunt Ruth, were gabbled over amidst shouts of merriment.

Scarcely had I discovered them, when she made her appearance. I will not attempt to describe the mingled apprehensions of her face. One instant she paused to take in the whole evil, and then rushed upon them. I had never before seen her flustered. The graceless rogues took to their heels, bursting out into a shout and laugh, such as boys only can utter. Since that I have overheard them repeating something to each other with a chuckling laugh, at which Aunt Ruth will color, and look uneasy, and I grow seriously angry with them for their unfeeling merriment.

Original.

## THE BOY'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

I AM the mountain shepherd boy;  
Beneath me castles rise in joy;  
Here, first, the earliest sunbeams play,  
Here, last, at evening, linger they;  
I am the boy of the mountain!

Here is the torrent's fountain head;  
I drink it from its rocky bed;  
As rushing wildly on its way  
Among the crags, I dash the spray;  
I am the boy of the mountain!

The mountain—it is all my own—  
The storm-clouds are its circling zone;  
From north to south they, howling, hush  
My song amidst their clamorous rush;  
I am the boy of the mountain!

While far below, the thunders tear,  
Here stand I, in the calm, blue air;  
I know, and call to them: touch not,  
But leave, in peace, my father's cot!  
I am the boy of the mountain!

And should the larum-bell resound,  
And beacon-fires flame up around,  
I then descend and join the throng,  
And swing my sword and sing my song;  
I am the boy of the mountain!

Original.  
THE CHARIB BRIDE;  
A LEGEND OF HISPANIOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE sun was high in heaven, when Hernando de Leon awoke from the deep but perturbed and restless slumbers, which, induced by the fever of his wounds, and the toilsome journey of the preceding day, had fallen on him, almost before his limbs were stretched upon their temporary couch. The bright rays streaming in between the massive beams that barred the portal of his dungeon, full of ten thousand dancing motes, had fallen full upon his face and uncourained eyelids, dazzling the orbs, within so that, when he up-started from his dreamless sleep, it was a moment or two before he could so far collect his thoughts, unaided by the promptings of his eyesight, as to discover where he was, or what had been the circumstances which placed him in that wild abode. By slow degrees, however, the truth dawned on his mind; and, with the truth, that dull sense of oppression, that dense and smothering weight, which, to souls of the highest order and most delicate perceptions, seems ever to attend the loss of liberty. For a while, therefore, he brooded gloomily and darkly over the strange events of the past day; the singular mode in which he had been so unexpectedly entrapped; the unexplained and unintelligible conduct of the savages; and, above all, the motives which had influenced their treatment of himself.

Hence his thoughts strayed, by no unnatural transition, to the mild features and kind ministry of the Charib boy; but though he probed his memory to its lowest depths, he could not satisfy himself of aught pertaining to those half-remembered lineaments. After a little space, wandering again, his spirit began to reflect upon the chances of his liberation; nor did he meditate long on this topic, before he came to the conclusion that for his present escape from the bonds of the fierce Cacique, and for his ultimate return to the settlement of his countrymen, he must rely entirely on his own energies. Hope of assistance from without was evidently desperate! The speed and secrecy with which the Indians had conducted their retreat—the ignorance of all his comrades respecting his own movements on that eventful morning—the death, flight or capture of all those who had been privy to the time or place of his encounter with Herreiro; and, above all, the great and almost certain probability, that some ulterior object—involving inroads on the Spanish posts, of magnitude sufficient to engage their occupants, exclusively, in their own self preservation—had drawn the wily Caonabo to such a distance from his usual fastnesses—all these considerations led the young captive to believe, that on himself alone—on his own often tried resources—on his own resolute will, and unflinching nerves—on his own deep sagacity and dauntless courage—on his own hardihood of heart, and corresponding energy of thews and sinews, depended all his hopes of extrication from an imprisonment which promised to be long indeed, and painful, unless it should be brought to a more speedy, though no less unwished termination, through the medium of a violent and cruel

death. Stimulated by reflections such as these, to something of exertion, Hernando rose from his lowly couch, with the intent of exploring, to the utmost, the secrets of his prison-house, which, so far as the uncertain light, chequered and broken by the gratings through which it found its way, permitted him to judge, seemed of considerable depth and magnitude; when, to his great surprise, as he raised himself, he perceived that during his slumbers, his dungeon had been visited by some one, who had left, hard by his humble pillow, a calabash of pure cold water, with a slight meal of fruits and the cassava bread, which formed the principal article of nutriment among the simple Indians. So sound, however, had been his sleep, that the noise of opening the heavy, creaking gate had fallen unheard and unheeded on his dulled senses. To lave his heated brow and hands in the cool element—to quaff a long, long draught, more soothing and delicious in his present temper, than the most fragrant wines of Xeres, or the yet more renowned and costly *bal de Peñas*, was his first impulse; but when, refreshed and reinvigorated by the innocent cup, he turned to taste the eatables before him, his very soul revolted from the untouched morsel, the rising spasm of the throat, the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear, convulsed him; and casting the food from him, he buried his hot, aching temples in his hand, and remained for many minutes plunged, as it were, in a deep stupor—then, by a mighty effort, shaking off the lethargic gloom, he drank again more deeply than before, sprang to his feet, and strode with firm and rapid steps, several times to and fro the area of his prison, immediately within the wicket, where fell the brightest glances of the half-interrupted sunlight.

"Shame, shame!" he cried, at length, giving articulate expression to his thoughts—"shame, shame, on thee, Hernando!—to pine and give way thus beneath the pressure of so slight an evil—for what is this to thy hard, soul-cankering captivity, among the savage paynimry of Spain—when, fettered to the floor, thou languishedst for nine long months, unvisited by the fair light of heaven, Shame! it must not be!"—and he manned himself upon the instant by a single effort, and turning from the light, explored with cautious scrutiny, each nook and angle of the cavern. It was of large extent; wide, deep, and full of dark, irregular recesses; and seemed to have been used as a species of magazine or store-house; for piles of dried fish, baskets of wicker-work, heaped with the golden ears of maize, or roots of the cassava, cumbered the floor, while on rude shelves were stowed away the simple fabrics of the Indian loom, matting, and rolls of cotton cloth fantastically died; and in one, the most secret nook, protected by a wooden door, a mass of glittering ornaments, some wrought of the purest gold, and others of the adulterated metal, which the savages termed *guanin*, breast-plates, and crowns, and bracelets, enough to have satisfied the avarice insatiate of a Pizarro or a Corte. Nor were these all; for, visible amid the darkness, by the rays which their own gorgeous substance concentrated, lay bars, and ingots, and huge wedges of the virgin metal, besides a pile of unwrought ore, gleaming with massy veins, of value

utterly incalculable. Slight was the glance which the young Spaniard cast upon these more than kingly treasures—a single crevice opening to the outer air, had been to him a discovery more precious than the concentrated wealth of all the mighty mines of the new world—a single coat of plate, with helm and buckler, and a good Spanish blade to match them, he would have clutched with hand that scorned the richer metal—but these were not; and he turned from the Cacique's treasury with a heedless air, to resume his hitherto unprofitable search. Not far did he go, however, before another wooden door presented itself, closed only by an inartificial latch, which yielded instantly to his impatient fingers. It opened, and before him spread a huge and stately hall, for such it seemed, wide as the cloistered chancel of some gothic pile, and loftier, walled, paved and vaulted by the primeval hand of nature, first and unrivalled architect, with the eternal granite—not as the outer chamber, obscure or dimly seen by half-excluded daylight, but flooded with pure, all-pervading sunshine, which poured in, unpolluted and unveiled, through the vast natural arch which terminated the superb arcade. His heart leaped, as it seemed, with the vast joy of the moment, into his very throat! All suffering, all anxiety, all woe was instantly forgotten! for he was free! free as the fresh summer winds that wanted round his head, rife with the perfumes of a thousand flowery hills! free as the glowing sunshine that streamed in so gloriously through that broad portal! With a quick step and bounding pulse, he leaped toward the opening! he reached! he stood upon the threshold! Wherefore that sudden start, wherefore that ashy pallor, pervading brow and cheek and lip? One other step, and he had been precipitated hundreds of feet from the sheer verge of the huge rock, which fell a perpendicular descent of ninety fathoms, down to the cultured plain below! His feet were tottering now upon the very brink, and it required a more than ordinary effort of his strong active frame, to check the impulse of his forward motion, which had been so impetuously swift, that but a little more would have sufficed to hurl him into empty air. With a dull, leaden weight, that sudden disappointment crushed down the burning aspirations of his soul—his heart fell sick within him—he clasped his hands over his throbbing temples—he was again a captive! It was, however, but for a moment that he was unmanned; before a second had elapsed, he was engaged with all his energies in the examination of the smallest peculiarities of the place, hoping, alas! in vain, that he should still discover there some path whereby to quit his prison-house; but not the faintest track—not the most slight projection, whereon to plant a foot, was there; above, below, to right and left of that huge arch, the massy precipice was smooth and hard and slippery as glass—and after a minute inspection, the Spaniard was reluctantly compelled to own to his excited hopes, which vain would have delivered themselves, that nothing had been gained by his discovery beyond the power of gazing forth over the beauties of that boundless scene which stretched away, for miles and miles, beneath his feet to the blue waters of the ocean, which lost themselves in turn in the illimitable azure of the cloudless skies. Wistfully did he strain his eyes over the wide-spread plain, which,

from that lofty eminence, showed map-like and distinct, its every variation of hill, or sloping upland, tangled ravine, or broad and fertile valley, clearly delineated by the undulations of those mighty shadows, which, thrown by the strong sunshine from a hundred sweeping clouds—careered, like giant wings, over the glittering landscape. Many an Indian village did he mark, nestling beneath the umbrage of its sheltering palms, or perched upon some bold projection, around the base of which murmured, with chafing waters, some one of those bright streams, hundreds of which might be seen glancing gold-like to the morning sun; but though he gazed till his eyes ached, he could descry no tokens of his countrymen. The settlements of Isabella were either too far distant to be reached by any human glance, or were, more probably, concealed by some dark, forest-mantled hill, for he could neither discern them, nor even recognize the curvature of the fair bay on which they stood. Suddenly, while he lingered yet over the distant prospect, a faint sound burst upon his ear—a sound oft heard and forgotten; though so faint, that now it scarcely rose above the whisper of the breeze waving the myriad treetops of that untrodden solitude, and the small voice of the far river, whose angry roar was mellowed by the influence of distance, into a soft and soothing murmur. He started and glanced hurriedly around—again that sound—nearer and clearer than before—the remote din of ordnance! Toward the east he gazed; and there, winning their quiet way through the calm waters in close propinquity to the green margin of the isle, he saw four caravellas, with every snow-white sail spread to the favoring gales, with fluttering signals streaming from their mast heads, and by their oft-repeated saloos, soliciting the notice of their countrymen. It was—it was, past doubt, the squadron of Columbus—long wished for, and arrived too late! That squadron which he had so fondly, anxiously desired, the pledge and sanction of his nuptials with his adored Guarica—which was even now making its destined harbor; while he, a hopeless captive, lay in a living tomb, his fate unknown, his prison unsuspected—and she, his dark-eyed love, endured, he knew not what, of disappointed love, of intense yearning, and of hope deferred—perchance of barbarous outrage, prompted by the suspicion or the jealousy of her wild kinsmen. Hopeless although he was, he watched those caravellas with a gaze as eagerly solicitous as that which the benighted sailor keeps on the beacon of his safety—while, one by one, they were lost to his sight behind some towering promontory, and reappeared again, each after each, glittering forth with all their white sails shimmering in the meridian light. At length he might behold them shortening sail, as though their haven was at hand; and by and by they shot into the shadow of a wide wood-crowned hill; and, though the watcher kept his post until the sun was bending down toward the western verge of the horizon, they issued not again upon the azure waters, beyond that mass of frowning verdure. With a heart sicker than before, he had already turned away, in order to go back into the outer cavern, when a sharp, whizzing sound beside him, attracted his attention, and, ere he could look round, the long shaft of a Charib arrow splintered itself against the rocky arch



way, and fell in fragments at his feet. The first glance of the dauntless Spaniard was outward, to descry, if possible, the archer who had launched that missile, and with so true an aim! Nor was he long in doubt—for, perched on a projecting crag of the same line of cliffs, wherein was perforated the wide cave within the mouth of which he stood, a hundred yards, at the least calculation, distant, he saw the Charib boy, who had so kindly ministered to his most pressing wants during the toilsome march of the past day. A quiver was suspended from his shoulders, and a long Indian bow was yet raised in his right hand to the level of his eye—but by the friendly wafture of his left, he seemed to deprecate the notion that he was hostilely inclined. Again he waved his hand aloft, pointed toward the broken arrow, and turning hastily away, was out of sight before Hernando could reply to his brief, amicable gestures. As soon as he had roused his scattered energies of mind, the youthful Spaniard turned his attention to the fragments of the splintered shaft; and instantly discovered a small packet securely fastened to the flint head. Tearing it thence with eager haste, couched in the Spanish tongue, and traced upon the scrap of parchment by a remembered hand, he read the following sentences:—

“Be of good cheer—friends are about us. When the moon sets to-night, watch at the cavern mouth—a clue of thread shall be conveyed to thee, by which thou shalt draw up a cord sufficient for thy weight—means of escape shall wait thee at the cliff’s foot—these, through the Charib, Orozimbo, from thine  
ALONZO.”

He tore the billet on the instant, into the smallest fragments, and, lest some prying eye should fall on its contents, scattered it piecemeal through the rocky porch to the free winds of heaven. This done, he looked around him carefully for some projection of the rock whereunto he might fix the rope, on which he was to wing his flight down that precipitous abyss, that no time might be wasted when the appointed hour should come for the adventure, and soon discovered a tall stalactitic pillar, close to the brink of the descent, the strength of which he tested by the exertion of his utmost power. Satisfied now that he had nothing more to do, but to avoid suspicion and to await the actions of his friends without, he returned instantly to the exterior cave—secured the door with care, and dragging back the cotton mattress on which he had slept the preceding night, into the darkest angle of his prison, stretched himself on it, to expect, as patiently as might be, the approach of evening. Not long had he lain there, before a grim-visaged, old, wrinkled warrior entered with a supply of food and water. Without a word, this tawny gaoler deposited his load upon the rocky floor, and then, with uncouth courtesy, applied fresh bandages, besmeared with some sweet-scented Indian salve, which acted almost magically to the refreshment of the wound upon the wrist, which had been pierced by the Charib arrow. Having done this, he peered about with silent scrutiny into each angle and recess of the cave-dungeon, and then, having severely tested the strength of the wooden barriers, swung to, and locked the heavy lattice, and departed. Slowly the hours of daylight lagged away; but to the slowest and the longest term, its end must come; and gradually the long shadows, which the setting sun

threw over the green landscape, melted into the dimness of the universal gloom; and one by one the stars came out in the dark azure firmament, and all was still and sweet and breathless. Anon the moon came forth, climbing the arch of heaven in her pure beauty, and bathing all on earth in peaceful glory. It seemed to the excited spirit of Hernando, as if she never would complete her transit over the deep blue skies; and it was with no small exertion that he compelled himself to wait the time appointed. Well for him was it, that he did so! for when she had attained her central height, a band of dusky warriors, with the great Cacique, Cañabo, at their head, well armed with spears and war-clubs, and equipped with many and bright torches, paused at the grated entrance, and summoned him to show himself to them, his captors. After this measure, evidently of precaution, he was left quite alone; and shortly after he fell asleep for a short space, although his slumbers were disturbed and broken; and the moon had not set, although her lower limb was sinking fast into the forest, when he woke. Cautiously he peered out through the dungeon grate, to see that all was still without, ere he should seek his post; then satisfied that no spies were upon the watch, he noiselessly unclosed the inner door, fastened it softly after him, and stealing through the larger cavern, showed his tall figure in the archway, just as the last ray of the moon glanced on the cliffs around him, ere she should disappear. She sank, and all was gloom.\* A moment, and a shrill sharp whistle rang on the night air; and again a shaft whizzed by him, and fell harmless. A slight thread was attached to it, which fathom after fathom he drew in, until a stronger line supplied its place, and next, a stout cord, and at length the promised rope! With eager hands he gathered it, link after link, coil after coil, fastened it to the lofty stalactite, and after having tried by a sudden jerk the safety of the knot, leaned forth over the rocky brink, to see if thence he might descry aught of his trusty friends! Diminished by the distance, into a twinkling gleam, scarce larger than the firefly’s spark, at the crag’s base, there blazed a single torch; and this slight glimmer seen, without one word or doubt, the dauntless youth grasped the stout cable, and launched himself over the perilous brink, into the viewless bosom of the air. The rope had been prepared with knots at each foot of its length, through every one of which was thrust a tough bamboo, forming a rude extempore step-ladder; yet, though facilitated somewhat, the descent into that black, and, as it seemed, bottomless abyss, was still perilous in the extreme, and yet less perilous than fearful. Steadily, however, did Hernando, grasping the short rungs with an iron gripe, and planting his feet one by one, descend that fearful ladder; nor, till he stood unscathed on the firm soil below, did his brain reel, or his stout nerves tremble, and there, on his recovering from the transient tremor and bewilderment that fell upon him, he found himself clasped in the fond arms of the faithful Guarica; while round them gathered the bold page, Alonzo, and Orozimbo, the true Charib boy, Guarica’s youthful brother, who had alone designed with skill, and with success accomplished, this desperate adventure of escape.

Original.

## THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD.

Miss CAROLINE FRANCES DEWEY, (a daughter of the Rev. CHESTER DEWEY, professor at Williamstown College,) died at her father's residence in Rochester, in September last. She was a young lady of most uncommon loveliness of mind and person—the ornament and admiration of a numerous circle of acquaintances, as well in this city and at the South, as in her own more permanent place of residence. We lament, in this instance, (as we are frequently compelled to do, for the loveliest and most beloved among our young countrywomen,) an early death by consumption. The following lines were written a short time previous to her death.

"There was a brilliant flash  
Of youth about her—and her kindling eye  
Poured such unearthly light, that hope would hang  
E'en on the archer's arrow, while it dropped  
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toiled  
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,  
Still wasting, like a snow-wreath which the sun  
Marks for his own, on some cold mountain's breast,  
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light."—TIGHE.

A FLOWER, of purest, softest bloom,  
Ope'd its fair leaves upon my sight,  
Shining through its sweet perfume  
Like moonbeams thro' the dews of night.  
A thing more sweetly, purely fair,  
Found never birth in earthly air!—  
E'en now, before my saddened view  
Fond memory paints its every hue.  
It faded like a passing sigh,—  
The fairest eye are first to die;—  
Drooped on the stem its gentle head,  
And straight its perfumed brightness fled.  
How lonely now that parent tree,  
Where such bright blossoms wont to be!  
Grief perches now, with sombre wing,  
Where these fair flow'rets learned to cling,  
And makes a sad and gloomy shade,  
Where erst the loveliest sunbeams played.  
And, in the scroll of human life,  
Records like this are ever rife:—  
List to that lonely man of care—  
"Earth's fragile things, are still most fair!"  
His brightest child, his darling one,  
The binding link to those long gone,—  
His own fair girl—his earthly whole—  
His hope—his prayer—his heart—his SOUL!—  
Is fading like that summer flower,  
E'en in her beauty's brightest hour!  
So bright, she seems for earth too fair;—  
Too pure, for aught but upper air,  
Where angels soar on buoyant wing,  
And on the winds sweet warblings fling;—  
So fond, that e'en the Heaven above  
Might learn from her, how pure is love!  
And gentler, than that summer breeze  
Which still so softly waved the trees,  
That they in stillness met its kiss,  
Fearing to break the spell of bliss  
By e'en a breath as soft and lone  
As listening Silence calls its own!  
Thus bright; thus fair;—but oh! as frail  
As gossamer's light, floating veil!—

The soul, within its earthly bower—  
Like rainbow-insect round a flower,—  
Seemed hovering light, with trembling wing,  
As doubting if to soar or cling;  
And through that eye's transparent blue—  
The evening sky's most holy hue!—  
You gazed upon a soul of thought,  
With more than "earthly fancies" fraught,  
Which, bright before your gaze, unfurled  
Pure traces of a better world.

Yes! like a brother's, this sad heart  
Doth swell with grief to bid thee part;  
And fain would suffer years of pain,  
To bid thy beauty bloom again,  
And see upon that pallid cheek,  
Returning health in blushes speak,  
And sparkle through that beaming eye,  
In radiance caught from worlds on high.  
Sweet sister!—such indeed thou art,  
In all the ties that bind the heart—  
Though bliss awaits thee in the sky,  
'Tis vain to teach each bursting sigh  
That thou art called to happier spheres;—  
Grief cannot see them through her tears!  
There was a deep and placid spring,  
Round which the sweetest flowers did cling;  
And bright beneath embowering shade,  
The stars amid its ripples played.  
One star there was, of holiest light,  
That glassed itself there every night,  
And looked up in each gazer's face  
With such a modest, placid grace,  
That, thus embowered in shade and bloom,  
The fountain seemed its fittest home.  
You never felt, that, bright on high,  
Its dwelling was the distant sky,  
And that its fount-reflected beam  
Was "baseless as a fleeting dream."  
The fount receded, day-by-day,  
Till its last wave had passed away:—  
The star, as passed its latest trace,  
Had lost its earthly resting-place;  
And homeward sped its lovely ray,  
'Mid the blue ether far away.  
How shall it ever greet our sight,  
Among a world of stars as bright?—  
While mirrored here it sweetly shone,  
We deemed its brightness all our own;  
It gladdened here the sombre shade,  
By neighboring darkness bright displayed:—  
Now, undistinguished, meets our sight,—  
One ray amid a world of light!  
And thus, we know our friend shall shine,  
An angel, in a world divine;  
But oh! to light our earthly track,  
Her radiant form will ne'er come back!  
We can but weep, tho' God has given  
A seraph's harp to Her in Heaven,  
For sadly wandering, faint and lone,  
We miss from Earth her music tone!

Original.

## MIDNIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF 1688.

BY MRS. EMILY W. ELLSWORTH.

It was a cloudless evening in September. A light, soft haze slept on the landscape, subduing, but not impairing the brilliancy of the most beautiful autumnal scenery. The sun, now scarce an hour above the horizon, threw forward the lengthened shadows of the tulip, the locust, and various other forest trees, which, in this virgin soil, had attained to a gigantic height—his oblique rays, cresting their majestic tops with burnished gold, chequered with exquisite light and shadow, the rich and mellow landscape. Occasionally, might be seen some isolated shrub or tree, over which was sprinkled the orange or ruby tinted foliage, indicative of prematurity, or peculiar susceptibility to the first chill breath of autumn. Here and there untrodden wastes of long wavy grass, stretched away to the brink of a wild and graceful stream—a tributary of the Susquehanna, over the opposite banks of which, rose abruptly, perpendicular masses of rock, bold and precipitous, which seemed to frown upon the tranquil beauty slumbering at their base, consisting, far as the eye could reach in the unmeasured distance, of tracts of dense forest trees, and their infinitely varied greens, with some few intervals of unwooded meadow. No where was the power of cultivation felt or seen. The landscape told of no Creator but the Omnipotent God. How eloquent is the repose—the holy stillness of so vast a solitude!

Far in the horizon might be seen, in a clear atmosphere, the smoke of a small encampment of the Leni Lenaps, or Delawares, who had migrated westward of the main settlement of the tribe. With this exception, no vestige of human habitation could be traced, save one log house—the dwelling of Vanarden. A pioneer of the earlier settlements, he had penetrated these pathless wilds—erected a warm and commodious cabin of logs and clay, neatly plastered within, and hung with the skins of wild animals. One extremity of this dwelling was separated from the other apartments by a partition of trunks of huge trees, filled in with moss; and served as a kennel for several superb hounds. Half buried within a copse of laurels and white blossomed box wood, midway to the summit of the lofty rock, stood the lone dwelling. Like the nest of the mountain eagle, it seemed elevated above all peril from the intruding foot of man, and exempt from every danger, except such as might arise from swollen torrents, or sudden gusts which occasionally swept through the gorges of the range, with irresistible violence.

Such was the chosen retreat of Vanarden—his hopes, his wishes were all bounded by the circling horizon. In front of the cottage, upon a rude bench, sat a maiden, who had scarce yet reached her eighteenth winter. In her hand she held a rack or distaff, which she seemed to have taken up mechanically, for she was evidently abstracted; her eyes and her thoughts being fixed on some far distant object.

Marion was not, like ordinary heroines of romance, a being of faultless, dazzling beauty. She was a very woman. Yet her faults were only the excess of her virtues, and her beauty was from the bright emanations of an enthusiastic soul—a heart glowing with love and tenderness to all God's creatures. Health, good-humor, and contentment, cast round her a perpetual halo. Youth, gave elasticity to her step, and lent a bright carnation to her cheek; while her voice, like sweet music, sank into the very hearts of her hearers. She was now in the attitude of an expectant, and the careful arrangement of her simple toilet, evinced that it was for no indifferent visitor. Her dress, having no reference to the fashion of the period, was a robe of white linen gathered in folds round the throat, and, falling below the ankle, was confined to the waist by a cincture of leather, ornamented with the delicate quills of the porcupine, from the nether edge of which, dropped a fringe of small feathers, the spoils of the brilliant oriole. The front of her zone was secured by a small arrow, formed of some dark wood, resembling ebony, highly polished, and finished by narrow bands, or flat rings of chased silver. Her little feet were encased in half boots or moccasins of dressed deer skin, embroidered like the girdle. From her neck depended a cross, made of the same materials with the arrow, and of similar workmanship.

Crouched at the feet of the young girl, was a lion-like mastiff—the faithful Tromp, which, for years, had been her constant companion and guard. Just within the door was placed a rifle, with other accoutrements of the hunter, together with a pile of small game.

Vanarden, after a day of exertion, with weary step, was kenneling his terrier, and feeding his large canine family, while his daughter was endeavoring to reconcile herself to her disappointment. Already the beautiful things of earth were fading from the sight, and the locks of the maiden were damp with the dews of evening. Lingerer on the threshold to listen yet a little longer for a well known step, she patted a kind good night to her dog, who, as she drew the bolts within, stretched himself upon a mat before the cabin door, and commenced his nightly watch.

Marion was to be married in the morning; but where was the priest? And where was Rudolph?

From her thirteenth year Vanarden's daughter had shared his solitude, and lightened by her engaging attentions, the cares and pains from which no situation is entirely exempt. How grateful to the doting father, were the untiring assiduities of the gentle girl, whose highest earthly happiness was found in the approving smile of her parent. Early grief, rather than time, had blanched his thin hair, and given him the appearance of advanced age, while yet his broad and sinewy frame was equal to the hardest achievements of his youth. Still he could ferret the bear from his haunts among the caves of the cliffs, and return laden with the shaggy trophies—the couches and curtains of his dwelling. Still he could chase the deer from hill to dell, doubling and winding, with the speed—the fire—and almost the recklessness of boyhood; putting in daily requisition, his skill in the peculiar wood craft of the American forester, to supply his

table, and furnish food for his hounds, as well as to contribute to the accumulating hoards of furs which he exchanged for ammunition, and such necessities as the forest could not supply.

Marion was content, for she scarce remembered any other life, and hitherto the calm current of her years had flowed serenely on, in the quiet discharge of her simple duties. Her father had learned at last the art of being happy. Time had, in some measure, obliterated the grief caused by the death of his excellent wife, and had transferred to the youthful Marion the confiding tenderness with which he had been wont to regard the partner of his choice, the mother of his child. Vanarden, while yet a mere stripling, accompanied his father, among the early adventurers and founders of the colony of New Amsterdam, on the island of Manhattan, and remained in that flourishing settlement until the decease of his father, several years subsequent to the loss of his beloved wife. Vanarden had married from romantic attachment, a bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lass, who lived but two years after their union—and dying, bequeathed to his care, her infant daughter—inheritiress of her mother's name, and of her many admirable qualities. Unhappy and unsettled, he resolved, while Marion was yet a child, to penetrate into the heart of the wilderness, there to revel in the luxury of solitude. Unshackled by conventional customs—unrestrained by laws, so wholesome and so indispensable in communities, he knew no law but that of his own will, was free as the sportive breeze that rippled the bright waters of the Juniata; and though not proprietor of a single acre, felt himself one of the masters of this unmeasured domain—a territory equal to his highest ambition—a wealth beyond the dread of want.

It was about the period of the celebrated treaty of Shackamaxon, when, by the philanthropic policy of the sagacious Penn, his just and most conciliatory conduct towards the Aborigines had secured peace and friendship to the intruding white men, that our hero ventured to fix his home in the wilderness of the interior over which extended his benign legislation.

Then, and there, the red man was the friend of the daring pioneer, and sometimes came to his door to exchange the customary tokens of amity—to eat bread with his pale brother, and not infrequently, in tempestuous weather, to accept the offer of a pallet for the night. Then would the Indian, taciturn as he is often represented, rehearse the exploits of the chase, and recount the warlike deeds of the chief of his tribe or of some near relative, already gone to the Great Spirit who rules over the world of the red man.

Among the occasional visitors from distant Indian encampments, was a youthful chief of one of the tribes of the Iroquois, who, having seen Marion, had dared to make proposals to Vanarden for his daughter. He was repulsed, of course; with courtesy indeed, but with a firmness of manner that left no hope.

Aronack was a man that a woman could not choose but *admire*, and, at the same time, how must she fear him too! Tall, muscular, symmetrical, active as the roebuck, and graceful as the wild horse on his native prairie; he was foremost in every danger, insensible to

fatigue, and cunning in the chase, as in all the wiles of Indian warfare. His dress, although in accordance with the costume of his nation, was elegant and costly of its kind—he looked a very model for the chisel of some modern Phidias or Praxiteles. This was the outward man; but dark and fiery were the passions that stirred his soul within, and threw an expression of ferocity over his handsome features.

Aronack was the most implacable of his race; many of whom, among some noble qualities, cherish deep-rooted love of revenge, and the vindictive remembrance of injury. Could you have seen the scowl of those angry eyes—the heavings of his broad chest—the harsh guttural mutterings, which escaped from between his closed teeth, while his hand, trembling with passion, involuntarily closed over the hilt of his two edged knife, you would have shrunk, as from a demon. How like, indeed, he seemed to the arch-fiend, plotting the destruction of innocence!

The nuptials of Marion were at hand. Could Aronack forgive his fortunate rival? Could he pardon Marion the disgrace of a rejection?

"Never!" cried the infuriated savage, as he strode from the presence of Vanarden, "Never, Rudolph, shall the pale girl be your's. Blood! blood! Nothing but blood can wash away an indignity like this! And I will have it!"

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And who is Rudolph, whom the "pale girl" so greatly prefers to this strange devotee at the shrine of love? Rudolph, like Vanarden, was a forest ranger, and being a prime shot, of unerring accuracy, was called, by the trappers, "Rudolph, the True." The grandfather of Rudolph was a Swede, and among the earliest, and as it proved, unsuccessful colonists, on the banks of the Delaware, during the reign of Gustavus Adolphus. This feeble band were finally defeated in their conflicts with the Dutch, now so firmly established in their new territory, that the infant colony of Scandinavians was wholly unable to compete with them.

Thus they became disheartened, some returned to their father-land, others dispersing among their more powerful neighbors, the Hollanders, were for a time extinct. At this juncture, the father of Rudolph removed to a small French settlement in Canada, where he married a French demoiselle, and immediately thereafter engaged in the peltry trade.

Rudolph, with all the hardihood of the northmen, possessed the sprightliness and elasticity of the French temperament. With an inexhaustible fund of humor and wit, qualities most highly prized by the isolated forester, the exceeding loneliness of whose life, rendered the arrival of a visitor a peculiarly welcome event, Rudolph's visits were hailed with joy, for mirth was his inseparable companion, and he brought cheerfulness, as it were sunlight itself, to the heart of his host. Rudolph and Vanarden frequently hunted in company, and made common stock of the furs obtained in these excursions, which the former would dispose of at the most convenient mart, furnishing to the recluses, by exchange, some of the essentials of life.

The cottagers had retired. Deep is the sleep of health, and sweet the repose that is earned by active toil. No iron tongue tolled the passing hours; or patient watchman gave assurance that "all is well." They slept—though the melancholy whippoorwill repeated his sad complainings—the screechowl hooted her forebodings of evil, and the *aurora borealis* lighted up its fearful fires to tell of coming dangers. Now it was that the lurking Indian crept from a fissure of the mountain, and descended stealthily to the cabin. With light and noiseless step, he gained the little casement of Marion's room, in the rear of the dwelling, opened it, and pressed unheard, but not without difficulty, his herculean frame through the narrow window. Pausing, he listened for an instant, then glided to the pallet of the slumberer. Beautiful, in that pale light, was the marble whiteness of her placid and innocent brow, over which, parted, in rich luxuriance, her bright wavy tresses. Her person was scrupulously covered with a robe of white linen; and a mantle formed of the plumage of small birds, interlined with down, was folded round her, constituting a warm and graceful covering.

Aronack bent over the low couch, gazed on the unconscious being, and listened to her quiet breathings. For a moment his cruel heart relented. "Can I? Can I?" involuntarily escaped his lips. "But shall I spare her to become the wife of that grinning devil, Rudolph? It must be done!" His hand grasped the two edged knife which he had whetted to a razor's keenness. It gleamed in the soft light of the stars, as he raised and aimed it at the heart of the helpless girl.

Hah! One loud prolonged howl, and Tromp, darting through the open window, seized the throat of the savage. But, oh, the ready knife! Raised for another sacrifice, it was quickly sheathed in the side of the faithful dog. Freed thus from the gripe of the dying animal, Aronack turned to finish his murderous work. Marion was gone! The terrified girl had vanished through a door behind her couch, which communicated with the room of her father.

The loss of her affectionate and faithful dog was Marion's first sorrow. Her own peril and escape were, for a time, forgotten, as she drew the head of her companion, guardian, friend, upon her lap, and with bitter tears and lamentations bewailed his inevitable death. "Live, dear Tromp, live for my sake!" she exclaimed, carressing him; while Vanarden endeavored to staunch the flowing wound. Their cares were vain. Turning his eyes upwards to the tearful face of his mistress, he nestled to her bosom, and, with low moans, expired.

Thus occupied, her heart filled with indignation and sorrow, Marion perceived the approaches of day; the morning, she believed, of her wedding day. The bright and beautiful world looked joyful and smiled a thousand welcomes on the glorious sun, as he rose in unclouded brilliancy from the deep blue horizon. The rich and ever varying notes of the mocking bird echoed the songs of all the feathered choristers, filling the forests with their witching melody, while the sportive water falls, gushing in a thousand tiny rills from the rude rocks, met midway, and rushed, sparkling and foaming, from one

jutting crag to the next, and the next below, then leaped in one smooth sheet into the impetuous river. So, far above all sources of human sorrow, all painful vicissitudes, whether of nations or of individuals, moves on the course of Nature, true to her laws, and immutable as Him who fixed them.

"How can the sun shine so very brightly?" thought Marion; "and the birds! how blithely they sing, as if nothing had happened—while my poor Tromp is dead—my brave, loving, generous Tromp! Dead! and even now to be buried from my sight for ever! How can they sing while my heart is almost breaking!" But sing they would, and they caroled wild, sweet requiems over the fresh sods of the grave, while Marion watered the turf with tears of affection and regret.

Scarce were the traces of weeping removed from her cheeks, when the far distant sound of a bugle floating at intervals on the breeze, reminded her of the multifarious and interesting duties of the day. To set about the preparations for a breakfast—go renew her neglected toilet, and make all ready for her approaching visitors, were tasks which admitted of no longer delay, and in variety of occupation, Marion found grief's best panacea.

Hour after hour passed on. The sun reached his meridian; and now the shadows were thrown towards the east. Another soft, hazy sunset succeeded, differing from that of the preceding evening only in the gorgeousness of the clouds, that hung like festoons of crimson and gold, over the couch of the monarch of day, as he sank to his rest, through which ethereal drapery, as if in playfulness, peeped, ever and anon, the beautiful star of evening, Hesperus, so loath it seemed to bid the lovely earth good night.

Again the hush of twilight—again the funereal stillness of evening—again the farewell glance abroad, ere the cabin was closed for the night—midnight once more, and doubly midnight seemed the hour, mid the gloom and seclusion of a wilderness! But where was Rudolph?

Aronack, disappointed in his nefarious attempt upon the life of Marion, and well aware that precautions would be taken to prevent a second essay of the kind, had formed a new scheme of mischief; and the hour of its accomplishment was now come.

With a malignant smile, which spoke both triumph and derision, he stole again from his hiding place among the ragged rocks. In addition to his usual appendages, the Indian weapons, he was laden with a rough crate of dry moss, sticks and other combustibles which he placed round the cabin and proceeded with demon-like cruelty to ignite, patiently watching the kindling sparks as the winds fanned them into active flame. One wide sheet of fire quickly wrapped the little dwelling in its terrible embrace, while, mid the roar and crackling of the rapid flame, were mingled the yells of the imprisoned hounds—the wild shrieks of terrified woman, and the shouts of an agonized father, who forgot that he was far away from human help or pity.

One moment sufficed to snatch his daughter from her flame-wreathed pallet, and to liberate his companions of the chase—but that single moment was the last that

was left him; to repass the entrance and save the merest necessities was impracticable.

Hurrying to a place of security, they gazed in dismay on the blazing ruins of their little happy home. The flames, tossed by the winds, threw a lurid, fitful light upon crag, and tree, and sky, rendering the aspect of nature, frowning and gloomy.

"Some enemy hath done this, my father!" whispered the maiden. At this instant she started and pressed closely to his side, from a new cause of alarm, for on her nervous, sensitive ear fell the well known sound of the strained bow and parting arrow. The missile whizzed over the bosom of Marion, grazing the feathery mantle that enveloped her, and entered the breast of Vanarden.

"My God! My child!" he murmured, dropped heavily to the earth, and with one fierce and terrible struggle yielded up his life.

But Marion! who can describe the utter desolateness and heart-sickness of this lone being? In the depth of a wilderness—at the fearful midnight hour—houseless, friendless, unprotected, conscious of her helplessness, and too well assured of the proximity of a deadly foe! How strange and melancholy the scene around her—faintly illumined now, by the flickering light of the fire which had nearly finished its work of destruction; now hidden in sudden darkness—then thrown out to distinct view by the quivering blaze, which shot up in fitful spires as it caught new aliment, while the deep darkness of the back-ground afforded a striking relief to the picture. The winds having risen, after night-fall, now whistled shrilly through the breaks of the mountains and murmured among the forest-trees, which stretched for miles in dense masses beyond the river, producing a sound resembling the roaring of the distant ocean, while heavy pall-like clouds were scudding over the sky, sometimes obscuring, then again revealing the quiet stars, as they looked coldly down; and the accumulated horrors of the night seemed aggravated by the howling of the dogs, as they scampered wildly past their dead master, snuffed the air, and wailed over him, vainly seeking to elicit some token of his regard—or dashing furiously towards the ruins, chased each other in circles round the mouldering cinders.

There she stood, among the crags of the mountain, beautiful in her purity and child-like grace, pale and cold as a statue of monumental marble. Casting her mantle over the lifeless remains of her adored father, she imprinted a kiss of filial tenderness upon his brow—then cried audibly, as she stretched her arms to heaven, "I am not alone, even here, I am not *all alone*;" and she poured out her soul in fervent prayer to Him whose eye never slumbers—whose mercy seat is at all hours acceptable to the voice of anguish. "Be *Thou* my father," she cried, "and teach me to put my whole trust in thee; evermore, be *Thou* my Saviour and my God!" And the prayer of faith went up from that dark, desolate cliff, as on cherub's wings, to the Omniscient, who scans the human heart, and sheds over the trustful one, a spirit of holy resignation, with fortitude to endure—and if need be, with even more than mortal strength, to meet and combat the manifold ills of life.

This was Aronack's moment of complete triumph. He gazed on the victim of his cruelty, now wholly in his toils. As she rose from her devotions, he darted from his recess, snatched up the young girl as if she had been an infant, and throwing her, shivering and exhausted, across his shoulder, sprang forward towards the valley. With the agility of the wild goat, he leaped the chasms—threaded the mazes of the brush-wood—crushed with giant strength the draperies of wild vines, which, with interlaced boughs, often impeded his way—swung himself from the over-hanging rocks, and soon plunged into the depths of the wooded valley.

Where was thy guardian angel, then, thou lone and helpless one? He was *faithful* to his trust, and thou wert safe in the midst of dangers. Even thy fell persecutor, the proud Aronack, was but a minister of Heaven's purposes of good, to thee!

Aronack had adventured but the third of a league after winning the ravine, before he was alarmed by the sound of voices, and the tramp of many footsteps. He hesitated, listened, glanced around, then listened again. The narrow path was bounded on one side by smooth, perpendicular cliffs, which it would have been difficult to scale, under any circumstances. No nook or bush could he descry, which offered a place of concealment. Among the approaching voices, he distinctly recognized the merry tones of Rudolph—the hated Rudolph! One moment of irresolution, and the next the savage dashed into the foaming current of the Juniata. An involuntary scream from the affrighted maiden betrayed the savage; for instantly Rudolph and one of his comrades were breasting the stream, in eager and determined pursuit.

A waning moon was just gliding the eastern horizon, but though imperfect the light that penetrated the broken masses of trees which overshadowed the opposite bank, was sufficient to enable the pursuers to distinguish the uncovered bead of the Indian, girt with a fillet, from which dangled a broken plume of white feathers.

Rudolph gained upon the savage who now became intent on his personal safety. The prize seemed no longer worth the risk and the trouble it cost him. And Aronack tossed his light freight to a distance with execrations upon the whole family of white men—giving to the strong and rapid current the prize for which he had watched so zealously, and stained his hand in innocent blood so remorselessly. Forced by an eddy towards the margin, Marion was caught by her dress and held firmly by some reeds or briars that dipped into the stream, until Rudolph was able to reach her. The momentary arrest saved her from inevitable death. "The voice was her's!" cried Rudolph. "*Le Diable!* Aronack! He shall have *summary justice* for this act of villany. By the Holy Mother, he is swimming to hell, or I'm no marksman! *Un bon voyage!*" and he whirled his hatchet aloft with such force and dexterity, that it descended full upon the naked head of the Indian, cleaving the skull, and burrying the weapon to its helve, in the gushing brains. Slowly sank the once brave and powerful chief, while the blood-stained waves closed for ever over the remains of Aronack.

*Hartford, Con.*

Original.

AN INCIDENT IN  
THE EARLIER HISTORY OF ATHENS.

BY CHARLES M. F. DEEMS.

"What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To view each lov'd one blotted from Life's page,  
And be alone on earth—as I am now!"—*SVRON.*

The story is laid in Attica.

The sky smiled serenely upon the city of Minerva, as it lay quietly in the warmth of the summer's sun. The chess and the dice invited the citizens from the indulgence of the couch, to their afternoon amusement. Almost unobserved, the slight form of a boy passed through the streets, and moved up the ascent of the Parthenon. With downcast eyes and melancholy demeanor, he seemed unconscious of what was passing around him, but gave himself up to the absorbing interest of his own thoughts. He did not visit that temple of his country's liberty for the mere gratification of viewing the beautiful Ionic and Doric pillars which ornamented its portico. From his nurse's arms he was wont to admire their splendor as they seemed to pierce the heavens, and keep a guardian watch over the city of his nativity. His mother had led him, in her evening walks, to gaze on its towering majesty, and his father had told him of the noble Pericles who erected the Propylæa, and recounted his brilliant deeds, until the fire of admiration flashed from the eye of the young enthusiast.

But he came not now, as then, accompanied by those who were dearer to his heart than his own life. Solitary, alone, dejected, he sought the Acropolis. Slowly and sadly he wandered through the temples that crowned that consecrated height, and the frequent sighs that heaved his bosom, told that a weight of sorrow lay like an incubus upon his spirits. Occasionally, his gait was hurried and rapid, when the thoughts that swayed his mind became quicker and more intense. A hot, scalding tear started from his eye, and coursed down his cheek, which protracted disease had robbed of its fullness and freshness.

An approaching footstep caused him to start, and he hastily brushed off the tear that still stained his face; for the sensitive mind is jealous of the sorrows which afflict it, and feeds upon the very poison which destroys it, as the fevered lips quaff with avidity the cooling draught which must needs increase its malady. The lad lifted his eyes from the ground, and recognized the orator, Callistratus, who noticed him with a benignant smile and kind salutation. To one who, for months, had not received a pleasant word, and for years had felt the want of parental care and attention, this condescension was peculiarly gratifying. He immediately conceived a love for the orator; and ever after, the praises of the populace bestowed upon his favorite, came to his heart with the genial warmth which the success of a loved object always imparts. How often do we bestow all our favors upon our prosperous associates, whose hearts may be as callous as adamant, while we withhold the smiles which would make sunshine around many a widowed heart, and brighten the pathway of many an abandoned orphan.

The fair and sunny land of Greece lay like a lovely virgin in her *siesta*. Patriotism was the first principle implanted in the heart of that enthusiast boy, and he looked upon his native land with the pride that thrills a lover's heart as he gazes in adoration upon the idol of his affections. The phantom images of past ages fitted before the mind's eye of the wrapt visionary. "Sea-born Salamis" slumbered upon the bosom of the water; and he fancied he caught a glimpse of the splendid figure of Alcibiades, as his victorious fleet swelled up the bay on their return from the Hellespont. He listened to hear the hum of the bees of Hymettus, as they floated on the fragrant atmosphere which hung around its thyme-covered sides; and the monotony which accompanied their labor was in unison with the melancholy which depressed his heart. The sparkling fountains threw up their water amid the graves of the Lyceum, and gurgled on in their beds, to cool the grassy banks of its gardens. The Areopagus lay before him, as stern as Justice; and the Forum, the Temple of Eloquence, caught his eye as he glanced over the city. He looked upon the Crimices, where slumbered the great and good of his country, whose departed spirits hovered, with guardian care, over all that was dear to them in life; and the Academy which had listened to the silver-toned voice of the heroic Socrates, and was even then consecrated by the presence of the divine Plato.

The lad gazed on all that fair picture—but it only increased the loneliness of his heart. He was deserted. The first strugglings of an ambitious spirit, bound down by the fetters of circumstances, were stirring within him. He felt as every towering soul must feel when a consciousness of enduring undeserved opposition steals over its lofty aspirations. Such opposition to one who is truly and inherently great, is only like the temporary confinement of the eagle, which prompts it to higher and more rapid soaring.

"Yes, Greece, thou art beautiful!" he murmured—"beautiful as the visions of Poesy can paint thee. The very sun smiles with pleasure at the sight of thy loveliness, as he looks from his lofty throne upon thee! Well may the poet sing of thee—well may the warrior die for thee! It is glorious to be thy son—thy lowest son, as I am! Yes, I am the least of thy children. The wisdom of the philosopher may gather around him disciples who venerate him; the multitude will hang upon the words of the orator, and crowds will drink in the notes of the poet: but who thinks of the orphan—but to mock him, and add another unpleasant ingredient to the cup of his misery, which is nearly as bitter as wormwood! They call me *Batalus*—why? Because the fates have not given me a body as perfect as that of others; because disease has nursed my infancy in her arms, and fever has deepened the slumber of my cradle. The casket, forsooth, must dim the lustre of the gem which it contains. I wish I could die," he added, after a pause; "the world has no pleasure for me. And I should see my father and mother, and their smiles would make me an Elysium. But I am an orphan now!"—and a large tear started to his eye—"every body speaks crossly to me, if they deign to speak at all. My tutor frowns—not

because I am negligent, but they do not reward those who instruct one who is despised. Oh! I could lay me down and sleep quietly under that little mound that springs up at the side of the Ilyssus; and its waters would sing my funeral dirge; and many a beam would fall upon my grave from my bright and beautiful favorite star. The moon would not frown upon me—nature has more feeling than man. The gentle evening breeze, as it steals off the water, will kiss the wan cheek that has known no kindness since it last felt the warmth and softness of my mother's hand. Oh, my mother!"—and he clasped both his hands upon his heart as though struggling to crush some emotion which was too painful for utterance, but could not be suppressed.

He seated himself upon a slab of Pentelic marble which ornamented the portico of the Parthenon, and burying his face in his hands, abandoned himself to the control of his feelings. A flood of tears relieved his burdened heart, and he arose with a soothed and gentle expression of countenance. Sunset threw its intensity of saffron light upon the Temple of Minerva, which crowned the summit of the promontory of Sanium, and its pillars of spotless white seemed to lean gently against the eastern sky.

The citizens began to collect in the Agora, and move along the banks of the Cephissus, and the philosophers gathered their disciples into the Academy and Lyceum, to enjoy a sunset which was never witnessed out of Greece. The lonely boy cast one more glance over the loveliness around him, and soon mingled with the busy hum of the stirring citizens.

"Hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied."—MOORE.

A beautiful girl was walking alone near one of the rivulets which watered the suburbs of Athens, gazing upon the varied tints with which the setting sun painted the western sky. Her mind was recalling the ever-interesting recollections of childhood; the sports, the haunts, the companions of her earlier days. The restrictions which a more advanced age had imposed, were such as could never be thought agreeable by one who had been accustomed to follow the inclinations of her own will, and have the guidance of her own wanderings. She remembered, with peculiar pleasure, the delight she took in the company of one whose pensiveness threw a charm about him, and tempered the joyousness of her spirits, as the soft summer cloud mitigates the intensity of the sun's light. How her little heart would beat as the plaintive cadences of his voice fell upon her ear! How deep was the blush that suffused her face when he brought her the beautiful pebbles which he had gathered for her amusement, and twined the rich and fragrant roses which he himself had culled, with her luxuriant tresses! Her father's removal to a distant part of the city, had broken off this connection—but she still cherished his remembrance. The words in which he expressed the high-toned and poetic sentiments of his soul, uttered with the impassioned eloquence of boyish enthusiasm, stole upon her memory's ear like the soft echo of

dying music; and the expression of his intelligent eye gleamed up before her as the phantom-like recollection of some pleasant, but almost forgotten dream.

"Myrrhina!"—she was startled to hear her name pronounced when she supposed that she was alone. She turned quickly, and saw the object of her thoughts standing before her. A blush mantled her beautiful cheeks, and the agitation of the moment almost prevented her from speaking.

"Myrrhina!" he repeated, "I need not say how happy I am in being permitted once more to speak to you, although I cannot hope that your eyes will be turned upon me with the same affectionate regard which made sunshine around hours that were too blissful to last for ever." He raised his eyes, which were bent upon the ground in a vacant abstraction, while pronouncing the closing words of a sentence which called up the ghosts of buried joys, and touched a rock whence gushed a stream of melancholy, but pleasurable recollections—and they met the deep gaze of her melting eyes, the intensity of whose liquid fire seemed to thrill through his frame.

"And why cannot you entertain such a hope? You know little of my heart, if you suppose that the sentiments of kindness which you wrote there when we were both quite young, have ever been erased. And even if a few years have made my heart any harder, the impression which your kindness made upon it *then*, would only be retained in more durable characters." The soft yet firm tones of her voice, which, in her excitement, spoke very eloquence itself, stole upon her listener in sweeter accents than the utterance of familiar household words to a wanderer in a strange land.

"But, Myrrhina, I have been so long away from you that I supposed you had entirely forgotten me."

"I must forget my childhood and myself first," was the quick and ardent reply of the passionate girl.

"Yes!" he returned, after several minutes of deep abstraction, "the remembrance of childhood comes to the mind which has passed from its happy scenes into the whirlpool of youthful passions, or the conflicting actions of more mature life, like the perfume of flowers over the waste of the desert. But we are not now as we were then. I cannot expect that the little kindnesses which won your affections *then*, would even attract your attention *now*. And I am changed!"—his voice falteringly pronounced the last word—"changed in outward circumstances, but still the same in heart and feelings."

He then recounted with the eloquence of indignation, the shameful manner in which those who should have been bound to him by the holy ties of consanguinity, had deprived him of his ample patrimony, and the cold and cruel treatment which he had received from his nearest relatives. At the conclusion of his tale of bereavement and sorrow, he saw a large tear floating on the liquid blueness of Myrrhina's eye, and the consoling thought that he was not all alone in the world, came with a balmy influence to his heart.

"Myrrhina! does the recital of my sorrows and my wongs start a tear to your eye? Then there is one heart which yet feels for me—one whose affections have not



become so entirely engrossed with the things of this world, as not to be moved by higher and holier motives than those which prompt only to the attainment of earthly objects!"

"The new moon's modest bow grew bright  
Amid the flush of crimson light"

which attended sunset, when these two hearts held communion with each other. The softness of the scene, and the gushing up of feelings which had been hermetically sealed in the deep recesses of their bosoms for years, created a joy which was new and rapturous. The eloquence of silent communion was making melody about their hearts. A few words of momentous import, murmured by her enthusiastic companion, fell upon the ear of Myrrhina, revealing a passion which years had nurtured, and which had received its sustenance from the tears of his solitary moments. He needed not that a response should be spoken by her lips—the glance of her soft eye, and the trembling of her delicate hand which he held in his, spoke what words have never expressed:

"For what may tongues and words avail  
When hearts and looks are all our heaven."

The approach of her nurse, in the distant part of the avenue, warned Myrrhina that it was time for her to retire; but the minutes had flown on such downy wings, that she scarcely had noticed their lapse. Her young lover impressed a thrilling kiss upon her ruby lips, and bounding into the adjoining copse, gained a neighboring hillock, while his almost disembodied spirit hovered about her path, and kissed the ground which was consecrated by the pressure of her foot. As her form died away in the distance, he sent the warm wishes of his heart upon the zephyr, and turned to seek his chamber, where he gave himself up to the embrace of sleep; and on the wings of love and dreams, hasted away to the presence of the object of his adoration.

\* \* \* \* \*

"View the patriot's hand on high—  
Thunder gathering on the brow,  
Lightning flashing from his eye!"—CARY.

When Philip, the sire of the "Mighty Murderer," made Greece the theatre of his conquest, and swept over the land, like a desolating sirocco, the city of Minerva, with its wealth and its influence, became an object to attract his attention, and tempt his ambition. But at that period, she had a defence which was more valuable than ships, and more sure than walls and fortresses. The spirit of eloquence took there its abode, and spoke "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned," from the lips of a powerful orator.

Proverbially fickle, the Athenians retained not the stability of counsel, and the decisions of the morning died with the setting sun. This noble orator—this son of Mercury, was their stay and their surety. When dissension arose, he spoke; and, as if Omnipotence resided in his voice, the storm was hushed. When the spirit of lethargy deadened the energies of the citizens, the thunder of his appeals imparted life and vigor. His eloquence put weapons into the hands of the unwilling, and arrayed the timid in the armor of defence. Listening to his soul-stirring accents, the cold, slow blood of the aged,

coursed more rapidly to their hearts, and the slumbering fire of youthful enthusiasm burst into a blazing flame. He was the presiding genius of the city—he smiled upon the calm, and guided the storm: childhood lisped his praise, and the hoary head bowed before him. There was a magic in his voice that conferred more honor upon him, than a crown could have done. So great, indeed, was his influence over the people, that a Macedonian General was forced to exclaim—"Take him from Athens, and she will be as mean as the other states of Greece!" Philip, himself, feared him more than he did all the rest of the city. And yet he attained this eminence by overcoming the most discouraging obstacles, and with the most incredible labor.

But he was not elevated to so high a situation that he was free from the attacks of enemies—for the very superior whiteness of a man's robe often seems to tempt the malignant to defile it. In the enthusiasm of her devotion, his native city had bestowed a crown of gold upon him, for his generosity in expending his private fortune for the purpose of rebuilding a part of her walls. The envy of rivals, and the bitterness of foes, were excited by this superior mark of his country's favor, and means were taken to arraign before the judges, the person at whose suggestion the crown was bestowed.

The day of the trial, was one of excitement unparalleled in Athens. The two greatest orators in the world were to implead each other. The judges were inclined, by their political prejudices, to the side of the accuser, while the affections of the populace were devoted to him who was the object of the accusation. The surrounding country had flocked into the city, to be present at this powerful contest, and all hearts and all thoughts were engaged in this absorbing subject. Athens, that day, had but one thought, one hope, and that was the triumph of her favorite.

With the most majestic and commanding eloquence, the cause was opened by the accuser. The countless multitude almost held their breath while he pronounced his oration, and caught each word, as though it were to seal their own eternal destiny. And well did the orator exert his mighty power, for he was conscious that the elevation of his rival would prove his own degradation. The tones of his voice grew stronger and stronger as he approached the climax of strength, and he hurled, with the concentrated force of a giant, the weight of his accusation, like a thunderbolt, against his opponent. When the sound of his voice died upon the ear of the populace, a busy murmuring spread through the whole assembly. Some shook their heads in disapprobation, others cast a suspicious eye upon the accuser, and many turned their countenances, beaming with an expression of confidence, upon the orator who had been the subject of such powerful opposition.

He arose in the cool collectedness of conscious rectitude, and cast his eye over the living sea that rolled in uneasy surface beneath him. His glance had a magic influence, and the silence which succeeded, was unbroken by a single murmur. The first words he uttered, trembled from his lips, for the excitement produced by the oration of his adversary, had not yet subsided. But

as he advanced, his voice became firmer and stronger; his brow, which was calm, not light, when he arose, began to contract into a dark storm, and the brilliancy of his eye kindled into lightning as his feelings became more intense. His sentences, which were, at first, concise and disjointed, became round and connected. He drew himself up to his most majestic height. His energy increased like the swelling river, and at the acme of his power, he dashed the flood of his eloquence, like an overwhelming cataract, upon his accuser. His success was complete. The echo of his voice died in the surrounding buildings, like the murmur of the distant thunder; the decision of the judges was given in his favor, and the feeling of the populace, until now, pent up, ratified it by an unrestrained and protracted shout.

With his "blushing honors thick upon him," DEMOSTHENES retired to his dwelling, accompanied by the most illustrious of Athens' citizens, and hastened to the presence of Myrrhina, who, for a few years, had been the mistress of his house and heart, to tell her of his success, and assure her of the increase of that undying love—the confession of which he had long since imparted to her, in the impassioned language of youthful enthusiasm and devotion.

That evening, the Acropolis, the Areopagus, the Agora, and the banks of the Cephissus, were alive with the praises of DEMOSTHENES; and the lonely boy, the persevering student, and the ardent lover, had become the greatest man in Athens.

Original.

# CITY LYRICS.

EPISTLE TO JANE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

You ask me, lovely Jane, to tell  
You all the pranks of this gay city,  
To weave them into pleasant rhymes,  
And write them in a flowing ditty;  
You ask of me, a serious man,  
Quite past the season of romancing,  
To sing of parties, galas, routs,  
Of talking, walking, flirting, dancing.

There was a time—how long ago,  
Let these grey hairs of mine discover,  
When I could prate of ladies' eyes,  
And smile, and sigh, and play the lover;  
There was a time—those happy hours,  
You can, if any can, remember—  
When all the world was May to me,  
And never ended in December!

But now, alas! those hours have flown,  
And I am getting dull and sober,  
And though my Winter has not come,  
I'm verging fast to brown October;  
And all my leaves, that grew so green,  
Are fast becoming rare and yellow,  
And all my roses droop and fade,  
And little fruit is left, that's mellow.

Still, to divert a passing hour,  
I fain would now some moments linger,  
And slyly on the dial's face,  
Turn backward Time's slow-moving finger.  
I would revisit old delights—  
The joys that with the past are numbered,  
Ere Fancy folded up her plumes,  
And on the breast of Reason slumbered!

There have been half-a-dozen balls,  
Which all the people said were splendid,  
Begun with music and quadrilles,  
And with quadrilles and music, ended.  
The gentlemen imbibed Champagne,  
The ladies sipped sherbet and ices,  
The young folks chatted of the play,  
The old folks of the "present crisis."

We've had a fall or two of snow,  
And merry have the sleigh-bells sounded,  
As swiftly through the sparkling streets  
The gaily-harnessed coursers bounded.  
We've had a thaw, and some fine days,  
Indeed, all kinds and sorts of weathers;  
The ladies keep house when it rains,  
Lest they should spoil their bloom and feathers.

Of sermons we have had enough,  
And evening lectures by the hundred,  
And what they all amounted to,  
The folks, that went to hear them, wonder'd.  
We've had some riots, rows, and sprees,  
And mobs composed of snobs uproarious,  
And fires by day, and fires by night,  
That made the arch of heaven look glorious.

Eloppements have been rather rare,  
The marriage-fever is not raging;  
But though the girls are not "engaged,"  
I'm sure they always look *engaging*.  
When stocks are down, and money's scarce,  
And times are hard, and banks stop payment,  
Young gentlemen are apt to count  
The cost of *double* food and raiment.

Good bye, sweet Jane! if I had time,  
I could relate some curious capers,  
Which have not been reported in  
The Morning or the Evening papers.  
But I must pause—though well aware  
There's something in a scree of scandal,  
More charming to the female ear,  
Than notes of Strauss, Mozart or Handel.

Nay! curl not so your pretty lip—  
Nor tear my letter into tatters;  
Mine is no courtier's pen, you know,  
That never stirs unless it flatters.  
Farewell! we soon may meet again,  
And then I give you leave to scold me.  
Oh, Jane, 'twill seem a thousand years  
Till these expectant eyes behold ye!

Original.

## THE QUEEN'S VOW.

A TALE OF ELIZABETH.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

## CHAPTER I.

"There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,  
Of pleasure unambitter'd,  
And not a trapping deck'd my power  
That gall'd not while it glitter'd."

SELDOM, since Mary, the first Queen, ascended the throne of her father, had the oaks of merry England echoed such cheering music as resounded through the greenwood park connected with the rambling, irregular old building, which the Princess Elizabeth had selected for her country retirement, rather than submit to the indignities heaped upon her at her sister's court. It was a glorious morning. The park, almost a forest in dimensions, sloped down to the east, receiving the broad sunshine amid its masses of billowy foliage, till the play of light and shadows, was like the smiles and frowns which chase each other over the face of an April sky. A light breeze came rippling along the foliage till the wet leaves trembled on the boughs of the old oaks, and the sound of a hunter's bugle, came, at intervals, ringing merrily through the green glades; now with a burst of clear silvery music, and anon broken by the deep mounded baying of a pack of hounds, in full cry, on the track of a noble stag, which a party of hunters had, that morning, aroused from his lair. At length the bugle notes were re-echoed from various directions of the park—the cry of the dogs was broken, and it would seem that the poor stag had escaped, or at least puzzled his pursuers by his abrupt windings around the brow of a broken mass of rocks and vegetation, which formed a picturesque feature in the scenery. The western side and the summit of this eminence were not only jagged and broken up in cliffs and furrows, but covered with massive trees, and a thick undergrowth, which, while it scented the air with the balm of wild blossoms, yielded many a fragrant shelter and shadowy hiding-place for the hunted stag. On the eastern side, which, with the whole body of land, rolled gently downward, a deep gully had been worn into the earth by the overflow of a small stream, which went murmuring and sighing along the bottom, with a sweet silvery ripple, that gave but slight warning of the turbid strength which a sudden shower, or a spring thaw, sometimes imparted to it.

While the hounds were wandering around this eminence, scenting among the rich herbage for a track of their prey, and the huntsmen were scattered over the park, two persons, a gentleman and lady, rode slowly round the brow of the hill, and at length drew up their horses some hundred paces from the stream, just within the shadow of a rock overgrown with fresh turf, budding mosses and creeping plants, heavy with dew and wild blossoms, which lay out from the mass of earth, with its front bathed in the sunshine.

The gentleman was mounted on a young and fiery horse, black, slender, and firmly limbed, with broad, restless nostrils, and eyes burning with animal fierceness.

He seemed impatient of his master's will, chafed at the bit, and pawed the turf with a degree of wildness that would have threatened the safety of a less skilful rider. But it was no common hand that curbed his fierce spirit. Seldom, even in that age of manly beauty, could a more noble specimen of English aristocracy have been produced than that lordly rider. There was pride and lofty intellect pictured forth in his high forehead, and in the clear dark eyes flashing underneath, which none could have mistaken, though he had been habited in a beggar's raiment; but his tall, well built form lacked none of the appendages which became his rank. A hunting-dress of heavy velvet, green as the autumn leaf when repining to its fall, betrayed his just proportions. A chain of rough, massive gold was suspended from his neck, passing underneath his left arm, to which was attached a bugle of dark metal, inlaid with veins of emerald and fine gold. His dark cap, tufted with one black plume, was sufficiently inclined on one side to expose the lofty contour of his head, and a mass of black hair, glossy as the plumage of a tropical bird. A lordly man, and every inch a match for the queenly Elizabeth, was Courtney of Devonshire, as he urged his suit that morning to the half haughty, half coquettish Princess, beneath the greenwood boughs. Yet few women could have rivalled the Lady Elizabeth in grace or personal grandeur, as she curbed her hunter, and listened with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks to Devonshire's impassioned pleadings. She was then in the first bloom of womanhood; her high spirit tamed by persecution, and her personal beauty enhanced by the healthy air and exercise of a country life. Yet something of the future imperious queen might have been read in her appearance even then. She was mounted on no ladies' palfrey, carefully trained and daintily caparisoned, such as most dames of gentle blood would have chosen. Though slender and exceedingly graceful, her milk white horse was such, both in size and spirit, as any gentleman might have proudly bestrode. Her riding-dress, of a rich blue where the sun fell upon it, but almost sable where the shadows slumbered in its folds, swept in ample drapery over his snowy shoulder and the purple saddle-cloth, throwing out her figure in strong relief by a contrast of colors. She wore no stomacher; but a vine of delicate needlework ran up the front of her habit from the full, graceful waist, and curving gently outward, spread over her fine bust in a rich embroidery of grape leaves and tiny clusters. The starched ruff, then so much in vogue, was curtailed of its usual unseemly width, sufficient to expose the haughty curve of a neck which alone might have betrayed the proud house from which she sprung. Her wealth of hair, abundant and bright, but almost too deeply tinged to be termed golden, was scarcely confined by a velvet cap, looped up at the side by a string of small, pure diamonds, each burning, as with a spark of living fire, as the sun-light struck fitfully upon it through the overhanging boughs. The links of a light Venetian chain glittering over the embroidery on her bosom, to which was suspended a small golden bugle of exquisite workmanship; the swelling mouth was rimmed with jewels and a delicately chased design, twined round the horn to the stem, formed

of a single ruby, perforated and polished for the scarcely less red lips which were to give forth its music.

Never, in her after state, did the Lady Elizabeth look so lovely, so feminine, and yet so regal. For the first time her heart had opened to that sweet dream of love which forms the rainbow of every woman's life—which bends over the secret fountains of the mind, tinging their troubled waters with some faint hues of the past, till the hand of death locks up all in his icy fetters. Storms may come—clouds may lower over her destiny, but a sweet memory will still linger in the mind of a true woman of that hour, when her soul first folded its wings, and was gathered to the heart of another. For that moment Elizabeth was all feminine; the ring dove had supplanted the eagle in her heart, and its soft music seemed breathing a new beauty over her features—her lips reddened with a brighter color—her heart swelled with a quick, delicious tremor beneath its glittering vestment, and the blood of Henry Tudor thrilled through her veins with as sweet a gush as if it had been inherited from the life of a shepherd. There was a soft rose tinge waving in her cheeks, a smile of mingled joy and tenderness beamed in her fine eyes, and a gentle drooping of the lashes which betrayed how deeply her most generous feelings were excited. She was very happy. Hounds, huntmen, the chase—all were forgotten in the thrilling sensations of that blissful moment. She was loved, not for her state or station, but for *herself* alone. Loved with a devotion that satisfied the cravings even of her proud nature. Yet she was strangely bewildered; the voice of affection was breathing in her ear, her hand was trembling in that of the impassioned Earl, and it was all like a sweet, wild vision—as if she had dropped to sleep in a grove, overladen with wild blossoms, and was hushed into a dream by their breath of balm, and the soft voice of the morning wind. For the universe she could not have spoken, or even by a look have answered the eloquent man by her side. She knew that he was pouring forth the hoarded tenderness of a proud heart, that, even as she sat, with royal blood coursing through her veins, and the next heir to a throne, he was pleading his cause as tenderly, and yet with a dignity as true to his manhood as if she had been a humble peasant girl. Yet she, the proud lady, and the future sovereign, could not answer. She was overpowered by the wealth of her own rich tenderness, with a consciousness of being beloved by one, before whom, even her high intellect might bow and become exalted by the homage—but a soft dream, or the silken cords of love, could not long enthrall the mind of a being like Elizabeth. The haughty, imperious, and subtle spirit, which was afterward so strongly developed in her character, had even then begun to put forth its blossoms. It is humiliating to think what slight outward circumstances may disturb the sweetest dream that ever fell upon a human heart! How many ideal worlds have vanished at the sudden opening of a door! How many castles in the air have tumbled beneath the voice of a servant! And what sweet visions of bliss have vanished at the fall of a book, or the untimely chirp of a pet bird.

Devonshire was speaking, and Elizabeth's heart was

still enthralled by his voice, when a bird which had been nestled amid the boughs above them, fluttered out from the leaves with a musical cry, as if in fear that her nest would be invaded. The lady started as if there had been a human witness to her gentle folly; instantly she became self-possessed and conscious. Devonshire heeded not the intrusion, but grasping her hand more earnestly he still prosecuted his suit.

"Speak to me, lady," he said, in a deep earnest voice; "say that I have not offended; grant me some token—a look, nay, this simple glove; any thing to prove that I am understood, and am not deemed presumptuous!"

As he spoke, Devonshire drew the glove from her unresisting hand and was about to thrust it in his bosom. Elizabeth lifted her eyes to his—there was an anxious tenderness in their clear depths, and a working of the lofty forehead, which told how lasting was the power she had obtained over his high nature. It is marvellous how lightly, sensible, strong-minded women will, at times, trifle with the most precious hopes of their existence. An hour before, and Elizabeth would have made any sacrifice to have obtained the certainty of Devonshire's attachment to herself. But when once confident of her power, an impulse of weak vanity, so common to her extraordinary character, arose in her heart and contaminated its first generous impulses. She received the homage, which was more precious to her than any thing on earth, with a degree of coquettish levity, unworthy of herself and almost insulting to the Earl. A mischievous spirit curled her lips and laughed in her eyes, as she lifted them to his face.

"The glove, my Lord of Devonshire, were a slight gift to cause so many words: if you have a fancy for such trifles, my tiring-woman shall give you a dozen of them. As for the rest, it were strange, if a King's daughter received not, with fitting humility, the vows of a belted Earl, especially when so eloquently urged."

"Lady!" exclaimed the Earl, bending his eyes earnestly on her face. The blood rushed to his temples. That one word was uttered in a tone of haughty reproach, and he held forth the glove as if expecting her to resume it. Elizabeth lifted her hand, but whether to take the glove, or motion him to retain it, was uncertain; for that moment, the hounds set up a fierce cry, just round the shoulder of the hill on which they had halted. There was a crackling of branches near by, and then the poor stag came, with a bound of desperation, sheer over the rock on their right—paused and fixed his large, frightened eyes on them for an instant, and plunged madly towards the rivulet, his nostrils frothing with foam and blood, and his coat torn with the brambles which had given him a moment's shelter. Instantly the dogs came tearing through the brushwood in full cry, and horsemen were seen dashing with eager speed through the boughs, and leaping the stream at its narrowest pass, some few rods below them.

"On, on, my lord!" cried Elizabeth, seizing her bridle and waving her small, uncovered hand in the air. "The hounds are upon him—we shall be late in."

She touched her spirited horse, which leaped forward

with a vigorous impulse, and cleared the chasm, at its broadest part, with the ease and grace of a bird in flight.

Devonshire was less easily excited. Mortified and vexed by the levity with which his suit had been received, he remained motionless with suspense; and it was not till he saw the turf and wild blossoms fly from beneath her hunter's hoofs as he cleared the stream, that he tightened his rein to follow.

The banks were high, and the bed of the brooklet deep where Elizabeth had made her passage. Devonshire's horse, young, wild, and but imperfectly broken, vaulted twice, and refused to attempt the leap. He was about to wheel round a third time, when the Princess looked back, and lifting the bugle to her lips, while her horse was at full speed, blew a loud, clear blast, as if in mockery. Devonshire's steed plunged and reared at the sound, but irritated by her unfeeling levity, and determined to show a spirit, reckless as her own, the Earl plunged his spurs madly into the restive beast, and still urged him forward. Had the rider been cool, and his horse better broken, the attempt might not have proved dangerous, though the wild creature was already so near the brink as to prevent full play to his limbs. As it was, before his front feet had struck the earth he gnashed the bit fiercely between his teeth, and made a desperate plunge. His hoofs smote the opposite bank, but a mass of turf gave way, and the poor beast turned sheer over, and hurled both himself and rider to the bottom of the stream. There was a struggle, a sharp, unearthly cry, mingled with the groans of a human being, and all was still again.

Eager with excitement, Elizabeth dashed through the thickest trees, supposing the horseman, who followed close in her track, was the Earl, but he was, in truth, but a member of her household, who had also wandered from the hunt, and finding his mistress unattended, had kept his horse close behind hers. Deceived as to her companion, and guided by the deep, eager cry of the hounds, she rode gaily forward, and arrived at the scene of death in time to witness the last throes of the noble stag. Two of her foresters were beating the oldest hounds from their prey; another turned the carcass on its back as she came up, and a fourth unsheathed his hunting-knife, as if expecting her to dismount, and try the quality of the slain stag. There were several gentlemen of birth and breeding, eager to be selected as her representative in the unfeminine ceremony, but she had, even in the excitement of riding, found time to repent of her ungenerous conduct to the Earl of Devonshire, and resolved to make him some atonement.

"No, no," she said, motioning the knife away with her yet ungloved hand, "present it to my Lord of Devonshire; he shall act for me in this, at least."

The last words were spoken in an undertone, and as they were uttered, Elizabeth turned her look on the attendant, who had taken his station behind her, expecting to receive a glance of forgiveness and gratitude from the dark eyes which, a few minutes before, had dwelt so reproachfully upon her. She saw only the heavy horse and weather-beaten features of an old serving-man. For a moment she became pale with apprehension, then her

proud eye kindled, and she turned an eagle glance round the company, to ascertain if the Earl had, indeed, left the hunt. There was a brave group collected around the poor stag—beautiful ladies and lordly men, but no where appeared the one loved face. At first, her heart grew faint, for the dread of some indefinite evil fell upon it; but after a moment's reflection, the bright blood again deepened on her cheek, and her lips were slightly compressed, as was habitual to her when excited, but even then, dissimulation had become a portion of her strange nature, and, though her haughty spirit was aroused by the contumacious desertion of her lover, she remembered that the eyes of that party were upon her, and checked all indications of feeling with a resolution worthy of her riper years. Turning graciously to a gentleman of her train, she requested him to take the knife.

"Our Lord of Devonshire has proved laggard," she said blandly, "so try thou the depth of yon poor animal's fat, and bring his antlers up to our house yonder." As the youth dismounted to obey her, she turned to the old serving man; "See that the venison is cared for, and safely bestowed in our larder," she said, in a low voice, "and that the skin is properly dressed; it is a brave beast, and should furnish our table for a week to come."

The old man bent his head, nowise astonished at this trait of provident economy, and drew back to his place again.

The Princess was excited and ill at ease, but she forced herself to appear interested in the state of the venison, complimented her youthful representative on his skill in woodcraft, and bandied jests with the ladies of her train, seemingly as light-hearted and merry as the gayest among them. When she had seen the hounds called together by their keepers, and the deer flung across a horse to be conveyed from the scene of slaughter, she excused the company from farther attendance on her person, and accompanied by the aged serving-man, turned her horse, and retraced the way which she had pursued to the hunt. It was through the densest wood, and along the most broken and rocky portion of the park that she had ridden. The old man wondered why she had chosen it again, and was more astonished that, on reaching the stream which flowed near the eminence where the deer had found covert, she turned her horse to that part where the water was deepest, and the banks were most widely asunder. He observed that the expression of her face became sad after leaving the company, and that she approached the brink of the stream slowly, and as one tired of excitement, or oppressed with painful thought. As her horse paused, and gathered up his limbs to perform a second time the leap he had once taken so bravely, the lady cast her eyes downward, and curbed the generous animal back with a cry so sharp and full of agony, that the old man's blood chilled in his veins as he heard it.

Well might the haughty woman shrink and tremble on her recoiling hunter—for, there, far down in the bed of that stream, lay the body of a horse, wedged in between the banks, which, so low down, were scarcely far enough apart to admit his length. His hoofs were

in the air, and his head doubled forward on his chest. There were no marks of a struggle, for the poor animal's death had been as sudden as if a bullet had cleft his heart; his neck was literally broken. Underneath the body, with his limbs entangled in its soiled trappings, lay the unfortunate Earl. One arm was flung outward, and the shallow stream rippled over a hand pale as a fragment of sculptured marble. His head rested on the brink of the waters, the white face was turned upwards, and his black hair swayed to and fro with the current, which was faintly tinged with blood. After a moment, given to horror and self-reproach, the Princess let herself slowly down from her saddle, and looked with a pale, agonized face, toward her aged attendant; her lips quivered, but uttered no sound, so she turned away, and moved close to the bank, shuddering at every step, and grasping the folds of her dress firmly in one hand, as if she could make the glittering fabric feel some portion of her agony. She bent over the brink of the rivulet and looked down. That hand moved! It was but the waters lifting it on their feeble swell, but the wretched lady mistook the motion for a vital impulse. A quick, gasping sob, which amounted almost to a cry, burst from her lips, and seizing the stem of a young tree, rooted in the bank, she flung herself over the edge, and clinging to the tough grass and plants that lined the chasm, descended to the bed of the stream.

When the attendant came up, bewildered at the strange agitation of his mistress, he found her bending over the prostrate nobleman, and exerting all her frail strength to free his limbs from the entanglement with the horse. When her follower's shadow fell across the chasm, she lifted her pale face, and beckoned piteously with her hand. The terrified old man was unable to descend where she, in her desperation, had found a passage, so he went down the stream to a place where the banks arose less abruptly, and retraced its bed to her assistance. Not a word was spoken by mistress or servant, till the unfortunate Earl was rescued from the stream, and laid upon its dry margin. Then the lady sat down upon the earth, and lifting his pale head to her lap, bowed her face over it with an expression of sorrow, the more touching that it was silent and calm.

"What is that?" she inquired, suddenly lifting her head as the old man attempted to remove some wet substance from the hand which had been in the water.

"It is a glove, lady," replied the old man, in a low voice—"a—a—" He stammered, and turned away his eyes, for they had fallen on the fellow to that glove upon the Princess' left hand.

Elizabeth took the glove, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and pressing her lips down upon the cold forehead of the Earl, kissed him wildly again and again. It was a moment of utter abandonment. She laid his cold cheek to hers, called him by every endearing epithet, and besought him, in terms of wild tenderness, to revive for her sake, and to forgive her cruel mockery of his love.

"Lady," said the old man, brushing the tears from his eyes as he spoke, "I beseech you let me remove the body."

"And is he dead?" inquired the lady, with a gentle-

ness which was very touching in one so lofty, and which brought tears afresh into the old man's eyes. "No—no, good Herbert, do not say that. See—is there no warmth 'neath the doublet, and lay your hand on his heart."

The old man obeyed her, but shook his head mournfully, and turned his eyes away to avoid the eager glance which he felt that she was fixing upon his face.

"Is there no life?" she inquired, in a low, thrilling whisper.

The old man did not answer immediately. It was a moment of terrible suspense to the heart-broken lady, but after a time, he withdrew his hand with a deep sigh, broken and tremulous, but not one of despair.

"Take comfort, lady," he said, while the tears rolled down his withered cheeks. "He is not dead; there is a motion of the heart like the faint shiver of a dying bird—twice I have felt it."

A gleam of wild joy flashed over the Lady Elizabeth's face. "Help me, good Herbert," she said, earnestly. "Let us take him up to the pure air. Alas, you are old, and have no strength. Stay!" A sudden thought presented itself, and lifting the bugle to her lips, she drew a blast so clear and loud, that it re-called a party of her retainers, who were making their way homeward from the hunt. Before they reached the scene of disaster, Elizabeth had recovered some degree of composure. It is true that she remained very pale, and that her voice was changed with emotion, but she sent off a messenger for the nearest leech, and gave directions that the wounded Earl should be removed to her own residence, with her usual decision. So perfect was her self-command, that no one present could, for a moment, have believed her capable of yielding to the anguish which had overwhelmed her but a few moments before; none but the old servitor. He gazed upon her proud form as she rode slowly beside the litter, and his heart was sorely troubled, for he loved the Lady Elizabeth, and felt that the passion which, in the abandonment of grief, she had that day exposed to him, was doomed to be unfortunate, for he had learned, among the retainers of the Earl of Devonshire, that Queen Mary, herself, had entertained thoughts of marriage with their lord.

Three days after the hunt which we have described, Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, lay pale and senseless in the state chamber of Elizabeth Tudor's dwelling. The leech had just departed with a solemn look, and an ominous shake of the head, which spoke volumes of evil prophecy to the good old nurse, whose province it was to minister to the sick Earl during his waking hours. When he slept, another pale, anxious creature would hover around his bed, and more than once the delirium of his fever had been calmed by the pleadings of a sad voice, which only in seasons of oblivion or extreme danger, was heard near his pillow. That anxious, grief-stricken watcher was Elizabeth, the future Queen of England. Yet none, to have looked upon her, as she crept around that dim chamber, with the gentle tread and hushed breath of a being who deemed all her earthly hopes lay perishing in the form before her, would have recognized the high-spirited girl who had ridden forth to the hunt but a week before, elated with youthful energy,

and proud from a consciousness of station and power. Within that week a lovely change had settled on her person; her step was quiet and humble, a misty languor brooded in her eyes, and her haughty mouth wore an expression of chastened grief. There was something in her low, meek tones, which went to the heart of those that listened, and the attendants who had before feared, now began to love her, almost with devotion. The persecuted lady had much to distress her spirits, independent of the Earl's severe illness. Queen Mary had, in truth, fixed on the man who possessed the first rich affections of her half sister. This had long been a subject of conversation at the court, but the retirement in which Elizabeth had lived, kept her ignorant of it till the rumor came to add double sorrow, where she was already deeply afflicted. Elizabeth was aware that she had much cause for apprehension from the vindictive spirit of her powerful sister, should that ungenerous woman ever learn that the man designed to share her throne, had been the inmate of her hated rival's dwelling. The liberty, nay, life of that rival, might be in danger, for she who had signed the death-warrant of a Lady Jane Gray, was not likely to hesitate in ridding her kingdom of a being whom she hated and pursued with a degree of malice worthy of her detestable character.

When the old nurse became certain that her charge was in a deep slumber, she stole softly to an adjoining chamber where the Lady Elizabeth was sitting alone, lost in gloomy forebodings.

"Lady," said the old nurse, with a degree of affectionate reverence, engendered by the intercourse of a sick room, "he sleeps now, and a deathly slumber it seems; will you not come to him? There is no fever flush left, but when he awakes—if he ever does awake—it will calm him to feel the cool touch of your fingers on his forehead. Come, lady, and look upon him as he sleeps—another hour—"

The old woman did not finish the sentence, for she was appalled by the deathly paleness which settled on her lady's face as she arose and gathered up the black folds of her robe, as if fearful that they might create some noise by disturbing the fresh rushes scattered every morning over the sufferer's chamber. The nurse was about to follow her as she passed in, but Elizabeth motioned to be left alone, and gently approaching the bed, and lifting the heavy curtains, gazed sadly upon the pale features of the sleeper. The fever had indeed left him, but so enfeebled, that he scarcely seemed to breathe. His state was fearfully like death; not the motion of a finger, or the quiver of an eyelash, betrayed the presence of vitality. The damp hair fell in raven masses over his forehead, and his lips were slightly parted, but motionless as marble. It was a grievous sight to the heart-stricken girl. She questioned herself if his sleep was not, indeed, for ever, and her heart grew heavy with a fear that he was dying, if not dead. She bent her face to his lips. There was no sound, but she was satisfied that a faint breath met her cheek; scarcely perceptible, it was, and, more like the air disturbed by the trembling of a rose-leaf, than the respiration of a human being.

Satisfied that he was not yet dead, the lady sat down

with moist eyes and trembling lips, to check her grief as she best might, till the hour of fearful uncertainty should be over. That was a sorrowful vigil; every thing about her wore a melancholy aspect, as if all outward things were taking a funeral hue before the time. The massive furniture seemed filling the apartment with darkness and shadow. The dense crimson curtains fell from the huge square bedstead in piles of cumbrous drapery, and the light struggled faintly through the dim windows, shedding a gloom more chilling than darkness, over the dusky heap of velvet, and increasing the ghostly paleness of that loved being who lay outstretched beneath them, so like a recumbent statue.

When more than two hours of intense stillness had passed away, there was a slight shivering of the bed-drapery, and a low, feeble voice murmured a name. Elizabeth arose to her feet, and a waving gleam shot over her face as she bowed it to that of the sufferer. His eyes opened, and a faint smile played over his pale features, when he saw who it was that bent so anxiously over him. With a burst of passionate feeling, the Princess sunk to her knees, buried her face in the counterpane, and sobbed aloud.

"It was but another dream," murmured the invalid, closing his eyes, weary with the light; "a sweet vision, but gone like the rest. I thought she was bending over me with looks of sorrow and love. Strange that such fancies will seem so real."

The Lady Elizabeth hushed her sobs, and listened. The sad tones with which he uttered the last words, fell upon her heart like a reproach. She started up with clasped hands, and her whole face kindling with generous feeling.

"It was no dream, Devonshire!" she said, taking his pale hand, which she covered with tears and passionate kisses. "She is here, penitent and sorry for the past—overwhelmed with regret." Her voice broke, and was drowned in a fresh burst of tears.

The Earl was dangerously agitated; a faint crimson broke over his thin cheeks, and his eye-lashes began to quiver.

"Do you indeed love me?" he whispered, twining his fingers faintly around her hand.

"Heart and soul—with my whole strength and being!" replied Elizabeth, looking upon him through her tears, and trembling with intense feelings as she spoke. "Our fate is clouded, but I am thine—or, if not thine, Elizabeth Tudor never weds, never, so help me Heaven!"

Devonshire heard the oath, but had no strength to reply; the tinge of excitement died from his cheek, his eyes closed, and he fainted.

*To be continued.*

#### IMAGINARY EVILS.

If we except the blessings of strength, health, and the testimony of a good conscience, all the other conveniences and pleasures of life depend on opinion. Except pain of body, and remorse of conscience, all our evils are imaginary.—*Rousseau.*

Original.

## HARD TIMES!

## FLORETTA'S SECOND LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN:—And now that I have made all due inquiries about the good people at home, I will, since you request it, continue my adventures in this city. You may remember Mrs. Manly, whom I met at Cousin Sophia Cotton's. She has called upon me, accompanied by her daughter, Cornelia, and we were so well pleased with each other, that we have become quite intimate since. They are a charming family—quite a contrast to the worldly people among whom I dwell. He is a merchant of great probity, and is reputed wealthy. His wife and daughters are well educated women, possessing refined manners, and are, withal, very pious. They live in a handsome house, richly furnished, and move in what is called 'good society.' All this is, however, in moderation, for among their furniture, one never sees useless, expensive articles, nor do they devote much time to company, as this would be incompatible with their religious duties. They are beloved and respected by all, even by persons who have no religion, and who imagine those professing it, to be either fools, or pretending to be better than their neighbors. Yesterday, Uncle and Aunt Bankly, Helen and myself, dined *en famille*, with Cousin Sophia Cotton and her husband. After dinner we repaired to the drawing-room, where we seated ourselves around the fire, uncle standing in front, with his back to the fireplace.

"I have some news for you," he said, "which I would not communicate before dinner, lest it should spoil your appetites." We expressed our curiosity. "Charles Manly is declared a bankrupt."

I uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Poor girls! what will become of them?"

"Oh, he will *go on* again," said aunt.

"Not he; *failing* is not with him as with some others; he is an honorable man who will surrender all to his creditors." Mr. Cotton winced. "He will beggar himself rather than retain a cent which he thinks their due."

"What a silly man!" said Sophia. "With his family to support, he ought to have struggled a little longer."

"Do you know, Sophia, I admire his conduct," said uncle. "He has determined to sell every thing, however, which I think rather severe."

"Stupid man!" exclaimed aunt.

"I talked to him in the same way—mentioned his family, and asked him if he had not better re-consider the matter. 'Bankly,' he said, 'since you are not willing to allow the honor and piety of my proceeding, I will give you another motive. You will own man seeks first his happiness, and in this matter, mine is deeply engaged. I might perhaps have struggled longer, and kept up appearances, but I should have been most wretched while knowing I was diminishing my creditors' property. When heavy losses began to come over me, I feared the event, although still hoping to swim above the waves; but, when all those houses failed, which owed me so much, I knew, if I continued, it must be by borrowing, and as the result was uncertain, I *stopped*."

I shall sell my house, reduce my debts all in my power, and trust Providence will show me some means of paying all, in future!"

"What are they to do? Must they starve?" asked Sophia.

"I made the same inquiry," said uncle. "'We have health and strength!' said Manly, 'and must labor with our hands.'"

"How vulgar!" said aunt. "Pray how are those delicate girls to work for their living?"

"I asked Manly this," replied uncle. "'Better people than we are, have lived by daily labor,' he said. 'Paul made tents—Lydia kept a shop, and Joseph was a carpenter.'"

"Paul, and Lydia!" ejaculated aunt, with contempt. "Are we to take them as patterns of living? He reminds me of the man who carried Robinson Crusoe about in his pocket, and upon every emergency, resorted to his book to see what Crusoe did before he acted. Really, if the Manlys behave so oddly, I must strike them off my visiting-list!"

Mr. Cotton sat, during this conversation, leaning his head on his hand, looking gloomily in the fire. While her mother was talking to Sophia, Helen whispered to me, "I think Mr. Manly behaves perfectly right. It is a much more honorable course, than to live in luxury after one has *failed*, while one's creditors are suffering."

"I have heard your whisper, Helen," said Mr. Cotton, raising his head, while Helen colored scarlet, "and it has decided me. I will imitate Manly. I have shrunk from such measures, in pity to my Sophia, but surely, she would rather see her husband act the part of an honest man, than that of a mean-spirited creature, who shrieks from his duty. This house and furniture are too costly for the dwelling of a bankrupt."

"What! you would sell all, and retire to some obscure hole I suppose!" said Sophia, aghast.

"We shall be together, dear, and shall have the consolation of knowing we have acted rightly." Sophia burst into tears.

"How can you talk thus, Mr. Cotton?" said aunt.

"He speaks like a man!" said uncle. "If he follow my advice, he will surrender all he possesses to his creditors. I intend to reduce my establishment, and live in a plain, quiet manner, until times are better."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed aunt Bankly.

"I mean what I say, dear, and what I have intended to say, for some time past. I shall sell off carriages and horses; discharge some dozen of useless servants, give no entertainments, and reduce my expenses as much as in me lies. Business is at a *stand-still*—I make no money, and spend thousands. Is that a judicious proceeding, while I have a large family, and young children? If I always *take out* and never *put in*, will there not be an end soon, think you?"

"Nonsense, James! there is no need of retrenchment, if business is low now, it will soon revive again."

"So you ladies imagine, who stay at home and enjoy what we acquire with so much anxiety. We merchants have exhausted every means of increasing business, and I do not really see what we can do—do you, Cotton?"



Credit system—banking system—every system tried, and still 'hard times'—'money scarce,' is all the cry. The best thing we can do, will be to go and *plough*."

After much conversation upon the same subject, our assembly broke up in 'admirable disorder,' and we returned home. A few days of stormy weather kept us all in the house. The sky, however, cleared at last, and a bright sun soon dried the streets. Sophia called upon us to invite us to join her in a shopping expedition; Helen declined, but I, thirsting for fresh air, accompanied her. Broadway looked very brilliant. Its shops were filled with rich goods of all descriptions, and its side-walks crowded with ladies, clad in robes of costly silks, furs, and feathers, looking as if the words *retrenchment* and *hard times* were never uttered by their pretty Grecian mouths—and if they ever entered their little classic heads, were soon dislodged by a scornful toss, and sent down the wind for the use of more vulgar people.

I soon saw they had been scouted by Sophia. After sundry visits, and much shopping in various parts of the city, our sleigh drew up before a fashionable confectioners. We entered, and to my surprise, Sophia ordered confectionary to a great amount. When we had re-entered the sleigh, I said—

"What are you going to do with such a quantity of *dulces*?"

"I don't say you are surprised," she replied, "after all the nonsense Edward said, the other evening, about economy, and such vulgar things. I soon talked him out of it, and gained his consent to give a large party; for I can do any thing with the dear good soul."

I was so struck with Sophia's weakness, that I could not speak cordially to her for some time. How could she thus abuse the power she possessed, and make use of the very love her husband bears her, to influence him to conduct which his judgment condemns? She saw I disapproved of her proceedings, and we rode on in silence.

"One more shop, Cousin Floretta," she said, "and then I will drive you home, as you seem so fatigued." I declined entering, as I did not wish to countenance her extravagance; but she said she should be very long, as she wished to select an evening dress, and my seat being rather conspicuous, I entered the shop. I stationed myself near the stove, while Sophia advanced to a counter, where she was soon surrounded by a host of clerks. One of them came to the stove, and stood mending a pen. I was unobserved. A second ran up to him, whispering—

"That is the rich Mrs. Cotton; be sure you put an extra shilling on every yard; she will buy it the sooner, as she detests cheap things."

"But do you not know her husband has *failed*? Be ware how you trust her."

"Oh, that makes little difference—the ladies seem to spend the same as ever."

Sophia flew like a butterfly from flower to flower, as they lay spread over the counters. "Look at this magnificent silk, Mrs. Cotton," said one clerk, holding it up in every imaginable light—"look at the lovely shade!—the lustre!—it would make a splendid evening

dress!" After looking at all the silks and velvets, Sophia bought a rich silk, rivaling the brocades of old, and passed on to the laces. Here, after long hesitation between silver and gold, she at last purchased lace sufficient for flounces and trimming for her dress—broad blonde embroidered with golden flowers—a French pelerine for fifty dollars, seemed to complete her purchases. She was not, however, let off thus. Sundry articles, highly recommended by the gentlemen of the shop, were bought 'just to be in the fashion.' A *sun screen*, however, she purchased from necessity, as the small bonnet which she wore, could not defend her eyes from the brilliant sun, which, even in winter, is very annoying to the face. I at length prevailed upon her to leave the shop, and we drove to Mr. Manly's where I had been long anxious to call. We opened the parlor-door, and to our surprise, perceived a long range of tables placed across both rooms, passing through the folding doors, loaded with glass, silver, and china.

"Hey dey!" exclaimed Sophia; "are you going to have a dinner-party?"

"Oh no!" said Cornelia, advancing smilingly towards us, "we are to have an auction." Surprise and concern kept us silent. "I suppose you have heard of the unfortunate termination of my father's business," she continued, "and we are now selling off every thing in order to pay his debts, and live in a manner more befitting our circumstances!"

Sophia gazed gloomily around, and I saw the idea crossed her, that such might soon be her fate. Mrs. Manly, who had been engaged with the auctioneer, now joined us, and, at her invitation, we followed her across the hall to a small library. Here we were welcomed by Ella, Mrs. Manly's youngest daughter, who was busily engaged cleaning plate.

"Now do tell me what this is all about!" said Sophia, throwing herself, with an air of vexation, in a chair, near the fire around which we had all seated ourselves.

"Surely, you have heard my husband has become a bankrupt," said Mrs. Manly, in a gentle, resigned manner.

"Yes, and that you were to sell your house and lot—but why the furniture?"

"Simply because Mr. Manly is in debt, and we hope, by the sale of house, plate, horses, carriages and furniture, he will be enabled to pay all he owes."

"What are you to do when you have sold all?" asked Sophia, in a querulous tone; "beg, I suppose."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Ella, "we have charming prospects for the future."

"Dear girls!" said their mother, wiping a tear from her eye, "they have acted nobly, and have extracted almost all the bitterness from their father's troubles. We have had our gloomy hours, and the trial was more severe to poor Manly when he thought of his delicately-nurtured girls; we have, however, left it all to the will of God, who has promised never to leave or forsake those who rely upon him for support. Our friends have all been very kind," she continued, cheerfully; "they have offered us houses and money in abundance. We have, however, only accepted the loan of a small but

convenient house, belonging to my brother, to which we shall remove soon, and, until Mr. Manly shall again obtain some business, we shall support ourselves by keeping school."

"Keeping school! what, you, Cornelia, and you, Ella, so delicately reared, to be school-mistresses?" Sophia burst into tears at the idea.

"Why should we be exempted from life's cares," said Cornelia, "when so many are suffering for bread, and for a roof to cover them? That we have hitherto lived a life of luxury and idleness, is rather an argument for resigning them. We have had our share of sweet, and now must not shrink from the bitter."

"I think you might have reserved something to live on," said Sophia. "Your father's creditors are very grasping."

"You do them injustice, Sophia; they have expressed themselves so pleased by father's endeavors to pay them, that they have offered him *longer time*, and insisted upon his keeping the furniture. We shall not need such elegant articles, but father has consented to retain enough of the proceeds of the sale, to furnish our new house decently. Until we obtain scholars, or father something to do, we shall maintain ourselves by needle-work. Will you patronise us, ladies?" added Cornelia, smiling.

"How can you talk so, Cornelia!" exclaimed Sophia, petulantly. "You cannot mean it!"

"Certainly, we do, dear Sophia, and we are thankful we have health and strength to second our father's efforts. Sewing is not new to us, nor keeping school, as we have always taught a class of Sunday scholars."

"You are strange people!" exclaimed Sophia; "for my part, I should die under such a fate. Tell me, how is it you are thus enabled, not only to endure affliction, but to meet it thus cheerfully?"

"Sophia!" said Mrs. Manly, taking her hand, and gazing solemnly and tenderly in her face, "it is religion alone which thus lightens misfortune! Oh, how much of the best, and most efficient wisdom is lost to those who have not religion to steer them through the breakers of life! To say the sting of *death* is taken away, will not affect you, as few think of their death-beds, but if you only knew how much of the sting and bitterness of those *earthly evils* which we all are daily experiencing is rendered harmless by religion, you would leave all to obtain this priceless talisman. I do not advise you to laugh and brave misfortune, with a stoic's scorn; that were not a Christian's course, for affliction, we know, is sent us, by our Father, for a wise purpose, and we should not render ourselves insensible to it; but let us not complain of 'chance or change' in our destiny, for it is the fate of all around, and must be ours. Believe me, dear Sophia, it is not the best wisdom to cling too fondly to a world which is moving away from under us; if we have no grasp *above*, what woe is ours!"

"I know it is not best to love the world too much," said Sophia, wiping her eyes, "but then one must be comfortable. It is very well to talk about it coolly, before hand, but when one comes to live in a small, inconvenient house, furnished with common carpets, and no curtains—and poor dinners—and no servants—and,

of course, no visitors—oh, dear! my very soul shudders at the picture! much do I fear I shall one day be forced to bear it all."

"For my part," said Cornelia, "I can—

'See all these idols of life depart,'

without a sigh, for I feel they were growing around my heart. I was loving, too well, the elegances and luxuries with which I was surrounded; these beautiful, but idle weeds of life would soon, I fear, have impeded the growth of better plants; they were taken from me by a kind Father, who saw my danger, and I bless the hand which plucked me from the precipice!"

The face of Cornelia glowed with holy emotion, as if the heaven towards which she raised her eyes, was shining down upon her.

Sophia gazed at the young Christian with a troubled and wondering look; she was perplexed with all she had heard; a new world seemed opened upon her—glimpses of better things came to her heart—of a spiritual life, opposed to her own worldly one, and she could not hesitate which of these two were the better choice. A deep sigh, and a mournful shake of the head, showed she feared it a hopeless thing for her to obtain that envied state of mind, which elevates the children of men to a communion with their unseen God.

"Dear me!" exclaimed young Ella, who had pursued her work in silence, "what need is there for all this philosophy and fortitude? What have we lost? a little money! Shall we pine for this 'yellow slave,' when we have life and health, and love?" She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fervently. "While I have mamma, and father, and sister, and heaps of relations, and my dear Sunday scholars around me," she continued, with animation, "what care I if I live poorly and labor all day?"

"Ah, Ella, you are young, yet!" said Sophia, but she gazed upon our pious friends with a look which spoke her admiration and envy of their noble endurance of the evils of their lot, and firm reliance upon their Saviour. As we rode home together, Sophia seemed sad and subdued.

"Those Manlys are inexplicable people to me," she said. "I wish I had their fortitude and endurance. Listening to them, has almost induced me to permit Charles to sell all, and live less expensively, until business revives, and his difficulties are over; but then, again, I could not support a life of privation as the Manlys could. I am so *very delicate* I should sink under it—and so very refined, that my soul revolts at the idea of squeezing up in a small house, with corn-beef, or pork and beans for dinner—disgusting!"

Oh, dear! why will not people reflect! If Sophia would not thus crush down her better nature—if she would reflect a moment, she would see the Manlys, in all their poverty, are a thousand times more happy, and more respectable, thus doing their duty, than she can ever be while living in splendor which she is conscious she does not deserve, and ought to resign. Every one acknowledges happiness does not lie in silver and gold, and yet they cling to it, they fasten their souls to it, as if their silver and gold were of purer metal than that of

other people, and they might surely trust in it for felicity. Will they not heed the lessons of sages? Will they not listen to the dying testimony of Cræsus, that *millionaire* of old? No; these things were not written for their edification—they pass them over to their neighbors. As Cræsus called upon Solon, I invoke the Wise-man of Judæ. "Oh, Solomon! Solomon! would the world study thy experience more deeply, they would not so eagerly 'join house to house,' and 'gather silver and gold,' and surround themselves with 'men-singers and women singers, and all the delights of the sons of men.' They would count thy estimate of these things as true, and with thee, would join in wisdom's chorus—

"And all this is also vanity!"

Good bye, cousin—or rather, *amen*, for I have sent you quite a homily.

E. R. S.

#### Original.

#### BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.\*

O'er the dark wintry wave, the low night wind was sighing,  
The moon's pallid smile faintly gleam'd in the west,  
When a boat, o'er the water, was rapidly flying,  
Like a sea-bird at eve, to a haven of rest.

There were many warm hearts in that ocean-home beating,  
Who late had departed from friends they held dear,  
But the hopes of return, and the fond thoughts of meeting,  
Could bid every pang of regret disappear.

And some were then speeding to home's peaceful pleasures,  
Who long had been braving the perilous main;  
They were dreaming of bliss, for their heart's dearest treasures  
Were near, and in fancy they clasp'd them again!

No gale in her pathway—no storm-cloud above her,  
No fierce ocean-tempest displaying its power—  
Oh! why should the spirit of dark ruin hover  
Above that lone boat, at the calm evening hour?

In secret and silence a dread foe is stealing,  
To do his dark deeds in Night's shadowy gloom;  
And soon the sad truth, all its horrors revealing,  
Proclaims to the victims, their sorrowful doom.

The boat is in flames! Hark! Afar o'er the ocean,  
Rings the wild cry of fear, and the shriek of despair!  
'Tis a moment of anguish and fearful commotion,  
For many a doom'd one is perishing there!

The red fire is bursting in fury around them,  
There's no path of retreat, and no power to save;  
The wide waste of cold, wintry waters, surrounds them—  
No hope and no choice, but the flame or the wave!

One thought to their homes, and one prayer raised to Heaven;  
One shuddering look on their merciless foe;  
A shriek, a wild plunge—and the victims have given  
Themselves to the grave that is frowning below!

More fiercely and fast the wild flames are careering;  
More faint grow the sounds and more fearful the scene;  
Beneath the cold wave they are fast disappearing,  
For Death and Destruction triumphant have been!

'Tis morn, and the sun o'er the water is beaming;  
No traces of shipwreck and ruin remain;  
But many a heart, in deep anguish, is dreaming  
That Night's scene of misery over again!

\*Many verses have been published upon the awful catastrophe which is the subject of the above; but as there is much of the spirit of poetry in these, we have waived that objection.

#### Original TRENTON FALLS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THOUGH much has been said and written upon the beauties of Trenton Falls, yet I have never seen any thing like a detailed description. I will, therefore, describe what I saw, even at the risk of being convicted of presumption. I am afraid my account will be like those pictures of the Chinese, which lack the beauty of a landscape, though its different objects are carefully preserved. But I will place before the reader, as well as I can, some of the things seen, and his imagination must supply all defects by investing them with the glory they possess—the glory of life and poetry.

Leaving Utica, you travel northward some fifteen miles over a rough and broken road, which yet has some fine displays of scenery. One high hill commands a noble panoramic view of Utica, and the surrounding country, with its back ground of lofty blue mountains, indistinct in the distance. I will suppose you to have admired this, and to have breakfasted comfortably at the hotel, near Trenton Falls. Were you not in haste to make acquaintance with the object of your journey, you could long survey with delight the charming landscape, undulating, rich and varied, that may be seen from the piazza of the hotel. But at present you are too impatient to see the

"Many colored, many voiced vale,  
Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail  
Fast clouds, shadows, and sunbeams!"

After a short walk through the wood, you descend by the ladder into the ravine. It is deep and narrow. The morning sun shines on the western side of the wall of rocks, leaving the stream in shadow. The first impression is of the solitude and profound quiet of the spot. The dark, towering pile on either side shuts out the world; you have only the blue sky far above, and the roar of the fall sounding dreamily in your ears. The peculiar character of the stream next strikes your attention. It is so narrow that one might leap across; very deep, and black as night. The water flows impetuously, but with almost noiseless force. A broad platform of rock, which is overflowed in the wet season, extends along on either side; from this platform, the walls, of black carbonate of lime, rise perpendicularly. They are covered at the summit, and a little way down, with forest trees. The platform and layers of rock in every direction are made up almost entirely of the remains of animals, which geologists say lived ages ago, and were successively entombed. If you are a naturalist, you will stop to hammer out some of these curious specimens; but if inclined to prefer the living loveliness of nature, you will cast a glance up the gorge, where you have a view of the first rapid, gushing from the arms of the woods. It is picturesque beyond description. A short walk northward brings you close beside it; and the head grows giddy with watching the furious conflict of the waters grappling with the rocks, and lashing themselves into cream-colored foam, till their power is triumphant, and they subside into the quiet current below. The bare

cliffs have a castellated appearance, and are so near, that the shadow of the trees on the eastern, are thrown upon the western side. The leaves that drop down, fall into the stream. Passing the rapids, you turn to the left, still walking on the ledge; and the first fall bursts upon your view. You have a side view of an immense quantity of water, churned into amber-foam, crowded, in its fall, between two black, ancient-looking rocks. The contrast of these, with the rich, creamy blue of the agitated waters, streaked, too, with black, is superb. On the other side, a thin, wide stream trickles over the verge, an ethereal veil, that scarcely hides the dark, uncouth form behind it. On the rocky seat, between the two cascades, a poetical traveller remarks, that the spirit or nymph of the place might be supposed to sit—"invisible, twining her hair, which falls in the surf, with her own arborescent leaves, and gracing her fair, cold brow, with crystals from her own rocks, while she glances upward to the monarch on the cliff, who now hurls down the severed mass—or bathes in the misty showers that rise from its palace of waters!"

Here is a noble amphitheatre of bare, smooth rock, crowned with foliage. The dark wall, opposite, is sprinkled with moisture, and the drops trickle down its sides. There is a recess in the woods, looking full of gloom, which would be the very spot for a noonday slumber.

You climb the rocks, assisted by the chain, and reach the level of the first fall. The woods are around you like a rich curtain; enjoying their refreshing coolness, you walk under the projecting rock, to the bridge, some distance above. Crossing it, you ascend the eastern precipice; not by its face, half covered with green moss, dripping and sparkling, but by a substantial wooden ladder. The second rapids are below the bridge, but you turn from them to gaze, entranced with admiration, on the beautiful view, commanded by the elevation you have reached. The second and third fall, which cannot be seen from the other side, on account of the winding of the stream, are fully visible. They are considerably wider than the first, and the second fall is composed of four small ones. This view is the subject of a beautiful sketch, an engraving of which, hangs in the parlor of the hotel. The rocky gorge—the tall, frowning piles—the ragged trees on the verge, and half way down—the swiftly-flowing creek, or river, as it should be called, at your feet—the succession of falls a little way up, together with the varied assemblage of objects which the pencil, not the pen, must portray—form, altogether, a picture whose wild loveliness surpasses the most gorgeous creation of fancy.

Re-crossing the bridge, you may rest awhile in a sweet arbor, shaded by overhanging foliage. The shelving rocks form a seat, and grass and moss grow thickly in their crevices. Here may be plucked many a fairy wild flower. The opposite side, which was rather sloping a little way below, soon begins to ascend, precipitous as before. The face of the rock is, in some places, shrouded with bright green moss, which, in other spots, is peeled off in large flakes. Further on, the steep ascends still more abruptly, and the sharp trees seem to pierce

the very skies. A few birds may be seen skimming over their summits, like specks on the fair sunny blue of the firmament.

The stream, at the foot of the second fall, is wide, shallow, and broken by fragments of rock. Ascending, the path winds through the bushes on the left. Coming forth from the leafy screen, you find yourself in another amphitheatre of imposing magnificence. The third fall divides itself in two streams; one of which descends in a thin, transparent sheet, while in the other, the whole majesty and impetuosity of the waters are concentrated. There is more of force and grandeur here, than in the other falls; and perhaps less of the wildly picturesque. The cascade seems more willing to rely on its own claims to our admiration, without calling in the aid of abrupt turns, or startling contrasts. It descends with thunderous roar, and flings up clouds of spray, which are sometimes decorated with a lovely rainbow. The craggy precipices on either side, are covered with patches of luxuriant foliage. Pointed trees are growing in their clefts, and present a very singular appearance.

The observatory stands near the top of the third fall. If you wish to refresh yourself after climbing up, with some excellent cold spring water, you may do so there, and be furthermore indulged with a splendid view of the glen below. Before the erection of this little building, however, nature had provided a cool retreat in which weary travellers might rest. It is a narrow cavern, roofed and walled on one side with rock, while the roof of an upstart tree sheltered it on the other. There are seats of soft green moss; and a little rill gushing from a fissure, communicates a delightful freshness to this lovely arbor. Here the prospect may be enjoyed in greater perfection. A ravine of startling depth is below you; yet the cliffs seem never weary of rising skyward. The eye cannot discern any considerable diminution in their height, although you have ascended more than two hundred feet.

Walking on the platform some distance, you come to the fourth, or milldam fall, so called from a saw-mill upon the opposite side. Here you lose sight of the bolder features of the landscape; the view of the glen is cut off; the creek is smooth and wide. It is now a placid stream, embosomed in a gentle valley. Among the bushes, you may find a pretty spring bubbling out of the rock; and some kind hand has added a spout, through which its crystal water may refresh the lips of the thirsty wanderer. You proceed about a quarter of a mile, and again the scene is changed. The stern bluffs tower over your head once more; and to the right may be seen the lower part of the fifth, or Cascade Fall, dashing wildly over piled and broken rocks. Its tumultuous roaring, amidst this scene of quiet beauty, might remind one of the frenzy of a tragic queen, when the silent spectators stand aghast at her distracted demeanor.

At its foot is a lovely basin, in which the water is of the color of jet, but perfectly clear. So wall-like are its sides, that standing on its margin, you may drop directly down, a pole six or eight feet long, without being able to touch bottom. I did so, at least, and cannot pretend to conjecture what is the real depth. A much longer pole

might have been used, probably, with the same want of success. The water in the basin looks sluggish, but its numerous whirlpools show an under current. The masses of white foam, like snow-drifts, that float on the surface, contrast beautifully with its black hue. Here is a fine echo. I remember hearing a shout from the brow above, answered in peals of thunder by the reverberating cliffs. If the Giant of the Ravine had visibly uttered his voice, we could not have been more startled.

The cascade fall rushes from the bosom of rocks and woods. The steeps rise abruptly from its sides; and there are rifts in the rock, which seem to show that some mighty shock has suddenly rent asunder the solid mass. One of these is partially filled by huge stones; and the pile bears some resemblance to the figure of an Indian, armed with bow and arrow. It carries the imagination back to the infant days of our country, when such scenes were indeed haunted by the revengeful savage.

Go up a few feet, and you have the whole view. A majestic wall of rocks encloses a circular space, shaded by tall hemlocks, and other forest trees, and intersected by a narrow rift, through which rushes the headlong stream. On high, huge masses project over the beetling verge; and trees, rooted on the edge, are hanging in mid air. A little stream that falls from the top, is dispersed in a shower of spray. Just in front is a smooth, rounded mass of rock, "a stern round tower," which might, indeed, pass for the ruins of a tower of other days. A cavity corresponding to its shape, on the other side, shows plainly that the mountain has been riven by some terrific convulsion. The creek, or river, which is narrow and swift, bends a little, and sweeps round the base of the tower.

You stand close to the cascade, on a slippery shelf, but supported by a chain on either side of the path. This precaution was adopted in consequence of lives having been lost here. This spot has been fatal to more than one. A single misstep, and no earthly power could rescue the victim. The waters do not descend in one great sheet, like the third fall; but hemmed within narrow bounds, clash tumultuously over broken ledges of rock. The fall is more properly a rapid, with the stupendous force and grandeur of a cataract. I know not, indeed, what can convey such an idea of power, of overwhelming, restless power, as the furious, foaming sweep of this pent-up flood.

Once more, and for the last time, you climb the steep; and may stop to rest, if you like, in an arbor close by the top of the cascade fall, shaded by an overhanging hemlock, and impervious to the sun. At length, fall the sixth greets your eyes; and this scene is, perhaps, the loveliest of all. It is the most romantic glen imaginable. The scenery is bold, if not as striking as before. Rocks are piled upon rocks to a dizzy height, and the walls, on each side, approach close to each other. The brow of the cliff is luxuriantly wooded. The stream is narrow and swift. The fall itself is less awfully grand, but quite as beautiful as the one immediately below. Close beside it is a deep pool in the solid rock, which bears the name of "Jacob's Well." It has apparently been scooped by the continual revolving of stones washed into a crevice

by the water, which, at certain seasons, overflows the whole platform. The well is circular, and about two feet in diameter, being some five or six feet deep. The water is black, like all the rest, but so clear, that by laying your face to the brink, you may count the stones on the bottom.

A few rods above the sixth fall, the stream makes a sudden bend to the left, and is lost to sight. The foamy speed with which it comes rushing round the rock, intimates that there are, at least, some rapids concealed; but further progress is impossible. The path ends here; and unless you were an eagle, to scale the sky, or an insect, to walk along the bare side of the cliff, your curiosity must remain ungratified.

If you have feeling for the grand and beautiful, I need not say what will be your emotions during this astonishing survey of the glories of nature, while your ears drink in "the old and solemn harmony" treasured here for ages. Will you not be convinced that the secret strength

"Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome  
Of heaven, is a law—"

inhabits here?

And

"What were this—what earth, and stars, and sea,  
If, to the human mind's imaginings,  
Silence and solitude were vacancy?"

Original.

## TO THE STARS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

FLOWERS of eternal fire! your forms I see.

Scattered athwart the plains of azure bright,  
Sunning your breasts in Luna's brilliancy,

Who upward peereth in her lustrous light.

Blossoms of glory! dewed with sparkling tears

From the empyrean fount of Heaven's king—

Brightly ye flourish—silver-crested spheres—

All beauteous in your holy blossoming.

Around your bosoms, borne on viewless wings,

Angelic beings flit their happy way,

Gathering the fragrance ye, sweet flowers, do fling,

To balm the zephyrs of undying day.

Realms of the just! Oh! in your glorious bowers,

Be mine a wreath of your eternal flowers!

Original.

## THE SINNER'S APPEAL.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THE sinner placed a verdant spray,

Within her dead child's hand,

And turned, in wordless woe, away—

A lost one—barred and banned!

In that mute act were prayer and vow!

Oh! be her guilt forgiven!

Her dovelet bears an olive-bough,

To make her peace with Heaven!

Original.

## THE PRICE OF A HEART.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"WELL, Margaret, what have you now?" asked Mrs. Liston, of Bond Street, of her maid, upon her return to the parlor from answering the door bell the second time, within ten minutes of the first.

"Another note, ma'am," replied Margaret, placing it in the extended hand of her mistress.

"So, so! For Miss Charlotte, too, as well as the other. Do you know the person who delivered it, Margaret?"

"Yes, ma'am;" returned the maid; "it was Mr. Cordis' footman."

"Take it up to her," said Mrs. Liston, after she had sufficiently inspected the exterior of the note. Margaret disappeared, and Mrs. Liston, a graceful woman, with a very round head, bright expressive eyes, regular features, and possessed of a very insinuating, almost stealthy manner—leaned her cheek upon her hand, and was, for a few moments, absorbed in cogitation; then, rising and placing the lace collar, upon which she had been engaged, upon the work-table beside her, she went up the stairs to seek her daughter.

Charlotte was rapidly walking her chamber in much agitation, when her mother softly opened the door. Her lip was trembling—her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkling. The two missives, apparently most important in their contents, to be productive of so much excitement, were lying wide open upon her bed. Mrs. Liston's entrance arrested her progress midway in the apartment, and, as she caught the peculiar and meaning smile, which prevailed her mother's features, the crimson on her cheek spread like the lightning's flash, until it suffused forehead, face and neck, and the poor girl, half gasping, sank upon her bed, concealing her face within her hands. Mrs. Liston glided to her, and, partially removing one hand, kissed the portion of forehead thus revealed; then passing one arm around her daughter's waist and seating herself beside her, took with the other the letter which had first arrived.

Charlotte had not seen the gesture by which this was accomplished, but she intuitively recognized the action; and, suddenly lifting her head, while that blush, almost fearfully deep, clouded her clear complexion again, and her bosom heaved, and her lips were fully parted in the intensity of her emotion, she extended both hands for the letter; and as her parent, to retain it, held it at the length of her arm, clasped them imploringly, only articulating, in great emotion,

"No, no! Dear mother, no!"

"I am your mother, Charlotte;" answered Mrs. Liston, soothingly, yet in a tone that implied her maternal right to be the confidant of her child. Charlotte submitted without further expostulation, and Mrs. Liston proceeded to peruse the letter.

As may have been anticipated, both the letters which have been brought in question were surcharged with the protestations and implorings of love! They were from

gentlemen possessing very diverse characteristics, as might have been predicated upon the dissimilitude of these epistles—their representatives. The one that had first arrived, and which Mrs. Liston was now about to read, was on a white fine letter sheet, neatly, but plainly folded—the impress of the seal being the initials of the writer's name; the second on the most delicate note paper, highly perfumed, gilt edged, and having a full blown rose painted upon its corner; while its seal was two cupids bearing a transfixed heart. The writer of the former was a young merchant, of comparatively humble but respectable parentage, whose birth-place—and the home of his youth—was in the interior of this state; he having sought the city for fortune's sake. He had been well educated, and, with industry, perseverance and economy, was slowly but securely winning his way to success. He had never enjoyed the benefits of intercourse with polished society, until Mr. Liston, whose store was near his own, and with whom he had had some business transactions, pleased with his conduct and address, invited him to his house. Possessed of strong powers of observation, and those inborn graces of character which distinguish the natural gentleman, he was guilty, in the beginning, of no very observable *faux pas*, and speedily assimilated his manners to those of the society into which he was thrown. The result of his frequent visits at Mr. Liston's had been the enkindling of fervent love in his heart towards the child of his friend, and the tender of his affections in the letter before us.

The perfumed note was the exquisite production of Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis; who was the son of his deceased father, Simeon Cordis, who died worth a half million, all of which, minus a few trifling legacies, came into the possession of this, his only scion. The bereaved orphan had scarcely deposited his parent in the grave before he sported a crack turn-out, with footmen and tiger to match; whiskers, mustachios, and imperial; dressed always in the height of the ultra ton; was guilty of every fashionable dissipation and folly, and took himself to be—as his hangers on declared him—a wonderfully fine gentleman. Ambitious, like Knowles' Wilford, to enjoy the notoriety of possessing the handsomest wife in the town, he had paid his devoirs to, and now offered his hand, to Miss Charlotte Liston.

Love scenes and love letters, it has been said, are of no interest except to the parties concerned in them; but as it would be tedious for our readers to wait all the while that Mrs. Liston is perusing the particular two addressed to her daughter, we will venture to look over her shoulder and read with her. It may be interesting too, to notice peculiarities of character, demonstrated by that unswerving index, the heart.

The first note read thus:

Mrs. Liston: Should you deem these words presumptuous, I fervently pray you to pardon them in consideration of the feelings which prompt them. I dare not smother them longer, lest, should they find no sympathy, where alone it would be of value, my peace should be wrecked beyond the hope of restoration. As it is, I have dared to love you—and that with my whole heart! It is written, and my fate hangs upon your decree.

I have seen you under many and various circumstances; in the brilliant ball-room, and the calm unity of the family circle—and in all I have seen evidences of an elevation of mind and

character, which demanded respect from my judgment while they so deeply impressed my feelings.

For myself, you are already aware of my connexions and prospects. I am not rich—but with the degree of success that, with the blessing of health, I may reasonably presume upon; I shall be able to provide a family with every comfort, and, it may be, with as much of luxury as would be consistent with the proper use of the largest fortune. I know that with you the question of fortune will be nothing; or I should have hesitated to address you thus.

I feel that an act like that in which I am now engaged, possesses a solemnity greater than the world is willing to allow it; and it is with a full conviction of the sacred responsibilities which I profess myself by it, to be ready to assume, that I commit it.

Whatever may be the tenor of your reply, may Heaven—I speak it fervently and prayerfully—bless you in all things, and be to you an unfailing friend—and such, at least, I can subscribe myself,  
CHARLES P. ELLISTON.

Before Mrs. Liston had half concluded, Charlotte had recovered from her confusion, and, bending her eyes with a gaze, earnest as though she would read every thought of her soul, on her mother's face, watched for the display of some emotion by which she could estimate the impression the letter had made. But Mrs. Liston's features were calm and serene throughout, and she laid down the letter and took up the perfumed billet without a word. All Charlotte's interest in her movements seemed at once to end. She gently disengaged her mother's arm from her waist, and starting up, began again her walk to and fro. Onco or twice she came behind her mother by the bedside, and with hands clasped above her shoulder, gazed upon Elliston's letter with a brightening eye, a long drawn breath, and a softly stealing smile, that, had he been a witness to it, would have called from him a burst of rapture.

But we must have the second note;

MY DEAR MISS CHARLOTTE: I am altogether overcome with your surpassing loveliness and accomplishments, which have made you the admiration of every one. I am impatient to throw myself at your feet and claim you as the empress of my affections. Should you smile upon me, you will fill with ecstasy, the heart of  
Your adorer,  
PHILIP LAURENS CORDIS.

Deeply contrasted as were the characters of the letters, the emotions of the writers, while penning them, were equally so.

Elliston wrote as though a great stake in life were to be played; after intense reflection, and in solitude. His hands trembled while he folded the sheet, with the excitement of his feelings—and as he sent it to its destination, his eyes were lifted in an involuntary prayer for its success. Cordis wrote with a sear in his mouth, and a companion looking over his shoulder; and as he superscribed the note, rose up, contemplated it with the extreme satisfaction, and drawled out, "Jack, I fancy that's the perfection of a love letter. It'll be successful beyond the possibility of a doubt. You know I'm devilishly fastidious, and if it suits me, it must, of course, suit her." After this very humble train of reasoning, he called his footman, sent the note, and went out for a game of billiards.

There was no exhibition of her thoughts on Mrs. Liston's countenance when she had perused the note, more than when she had concluded the letter. The glance which Charlotte cast at her was foiled in obtaining any clue to her feelings; and, with the painful suspense in which she was placed, and the emotions which her situ-

ation called into activity, she was ready to sink to the floor. Her mother spoke and relieved her.

"Charlotte, my dear," said Mrs. Liston, with a smile, and carelessly, "you have, of course, no prepossession in favor of either of these gentlemen."

If Charlotte's agitation had before been extreme, it was now agonizing. Clinging to the bed-post, she only gasped forth with difficulty "No, mother—that is—" and she paused in the midst through absolute inability to utter more.

"I'm very glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Liston, feigning to hear no more than the faintly uttered and half retracted negative; "since it is extremely unfortunate for the feelings to become interested in a matter of this kind before the judgment has decided upon it."

Charlotte did not understand this reasoning, and a look of wonder was her only reply.

"Here, my dear," said Mrs. Liston, beckoning to her daughter to seat herself by her side. It was done—the mother continued—

"You look astonished to hear me say so, my dear, but you are misled by false notions, as thousands have been before you. I hope that you will not suffer yourself to be so far deceived as to ruin your prospects in life, as thousands, also, have done. Listen calmly, my love. You say you have no prepossession in favor of either of these gentlemen. So we can discuss their pretensions without any improper bias. I am no advocate for this flimsy, imaginative love, my dear. It has no basis—it is like the air—"

"What!" interrupted Charlotte, suddenly, "do you not, and have you not always loved my father?"

Mrs. Liston reddened a little at this home thrust, and hesitated a moment before she replied.

"Understand me, my love. I mean that wild, poetical love, which we read of so much in novels. Certainly, I love your father—but it is a feeling arising from respect, and admiration of his good qualities. I say now to my daughter, under present circumstances, what I would not make known to the world, because it is so very apt to misinterpret. I say freely to you, that I never entertained towards your father any sentiment of the nature of that which I reprobate—I was too guarded. For I, too, my dear, had several lovers at the same time, and had I indulged myself in every girlish sentimentality, I should not have been able to select from among them the one who possessed the surest means to secure my happiness. Love matches are very fervent, and gratifying in the outset—but the cement doesn't always adhere. Now, in a marriage, in which proper respect is had to the connexions and property of one's lover, the wife can calmly estimate her husband's character, overlook his weak points and be contented with his strong ones; and so life will pass away in a very rational manner."

We will not pursue Mrs. Liston's reasoning further. Its object is undoubtedly already understood, to induce Charlotte to accept Mr. Cordis and refuse the poorer and more humble Elliston. She continued her wily address for more than an hour; represented the condition of the latter in the most unfavorable light, and excused the 'foibles,' as she termed them, of the former. She

concluded by an insinuation that opposition to her will would forfeit her love.

"But I know," she added, rising, "that my Charlotte will trust her mother's judgment, and gratify her wishes. Sit down now at once, and write to Mr. Cordis, that you accept his offer. A word will do. That's a dear."

She opened her daughter's desk, took out a sheet of note paper, arranged a seat, and with a kiss, led Charlotte to it.

"A word will do," she repeated, passing to the door. "Have it done before dinner. It *must* be done before dinner, my dear," and she closed the door behind her. Charlotte had not uttered a syllable all the while her mother had been speaking; and now sat motionless as a statue and almost as icy cold.

Mrs. Liston descended to the parlor and resumed her work. Every few moments she drew her watch from her belt, anxiously noting the departure of the time. She listened, ever and anon, to hear if she could distinguish any sound in Charlotte's chamber above. All seemed in perfect silence there. She questioned every servant that entered the parlor, if Miss Charlotte had left her room. None had seen her; and, finally, when the dinner hour had nearly arrived, and Mr. Liston was every moment to be expected home, she went again upstairs. There sat Charlotte by the table, her arms extended across it, her face downward upon it, and her whole frame convulsed with agony.

Somewhat alarmed, Mrs. Liston raised herself upright in her seat; and, by the action, the note was revealed, not a word upon it, but wet with tears. This disappointment checked the little of motherly tenderness which had gushed up within her, for she felt that her whole plan might be frustrated, should Mr. Liston arrive before the acceptance had actually been despatched to Cordis. Her vexation found vent.

"I'm very much surprised, Charlotte. Not a word written yet. You think little of my wishes. I say I am exceedingly surprised."

Her tone aroused Charlotte, who had wept herself almost into insensibility. Her look of utter misery and the mournful accents of her imploring tones, would have melted any heart save that of a managing mother.

"Mother, dear, dear mother! how can I marry *him*!"

"Well, well; dismiss the subject, now. There, your father is coming in. Dry your eyes, and don't for the world let him see that you have been so agitated. His business has troubled him a great deal of late, and any more anxiety of mind might throw him into illness. Arrange your dress and come down as soon as possible. You mustn't slip a word of these letters—mind, dear."

Mrs. Liston knew that Charlotte's love for her father was so intense, that she would sooner have, herself, ten thousand afflictions, than to pain him with a single one. The falsehood respecting his business she considered an admirable *ruse de guerre* to prevent any explanation.

Before Mrs. Liston opened the parlor door, she had provided another string to her bow, still more effectually to avoid an *enclaussement*.

"Ah, wife," and the warm hearted Mr. Liston came

forward and shook her by the hand, as was ever his custom on meeting her. "But where's Lotty?" he continued. "She's generally here to give me a kiss, when I come home!"

"She's above stairs, and will be down soon. The fact is," Mrs. Liston's voice dropped to a whisper—"she has just heard the news of the death of a very dear schoolmate, which has really troubled her very much. Pray don't, now, Mr. Liston, say a word to her about it, for she said to me only a moment ago, 'I hope father won't see that I've been so silly as to cry so bitterly.'"

"Silly! If it's silly to have feelings, I'm confounded if I should know what to call wise. That doesn't sound like Lotty! However, if it's so, I'll say nothing."

All seemed perfectly secure. Charlotte appeared after a few moments, having vainly endeavored to destroy the traces of her suffering and tears. Her father kissed her very affectionately, without making any particular remarks; and dinner being announced, the family descended to the dining room.

Charlotte could not eat. Her usual cheerfulness was all gone; her father's sallies could not elicit one lone ray of a smile, and silence gradually ensued. Mr. Liston, finally laid down his knife and fork, and turning to Charlotte, had half opened his lips to speak, when Mrs. Liston, in the anxiety of fear, lest he was about to develop her deception, anticipated him with—

"Charlotte, my dear, you may retire if you choose, your anguish disturbs your father—go, my dear!"

Glad of an escape, Charlotte rose with a tear trembling in either eye, and her lips quivering with emotion.

"No"—replied Mr. Liston firmly. "I wish to speak to her, and she must stay. Sit down, Charlotte."

He spoke reprovingly, and so seldom did she listen to any accents from his lips, save those of affection, that her wounded heart, which did not deserve this suffering was torn asunder anew, and she sunk, gasping into her chair.

"Why, Mr. Liston!" cried his wife, in a tone of reproach, springing up and endeavoring by the bustle of concern for her daughter, to divert the dreaded revelation—"Come, love, come to your chamber, I'll go with you."

She assisted her to her feet, and they had nearly attained the door, when Charlotte suddenly turned and fell down by her father's side, and laying one hand upon his shoulder and grasping his arm with the other, sobbed out—"Do not speak so, dear father! indeed, I am not to blame!"

"I think you are, my child. Such grief for a mere school companion from whom, perhaps, you have been parted for years, is immoderate."

"Father!" cried she, in astonishment—"School companion!" He looked up from her face to that of Mrs. Liston, who, now that detection was absolutely inevitable, changed color and was silent; and, in a moment all flashed upon him. It was not the first period of agony he had endured, at the deception of his wife. She had deceived him first, in professing to love him, ardently—for he was the wealthiest of her suitors, and the most highly connected—and his life had been robbed of serene



ity and happiness by her constant exhibitions of scheming and duplicity. But his sorrows in that respect were strictly confined to his own bosom. He could not hold her up to his child, in that holy light in which a mother so brightly shines—as her pattern for purity and truth—but he never uttered a rash word against her in that child's presence. Even now, he drew Charlotte closer to him, pressed her affectionately to his bosom, kissed her forehead, again and again, in remorse for the suffering which a mother's deceit had inflicted, and said tenderly—

"I am wrong then, my dear child. What is it? Tell me without fear, what has so afflicted you? Your father is a true friend to you. He will counsel you well!"

"I know you are, dearest father—I—I have"—She hesitated. Mrs. Liston, anxious to make her peace with her husband by a display of sincerity, undertook the narration for her.

"Charlotte has received from Mr. Cordis, a tender of his hand and heart," said she.

Why did she not reveal the whole truth? Even in that very moment the thought glanced through her mind that she might arrest the tale thus but half communicated, and succeed in her hopes at last!

"Cordis!" exclaimed Mr. Liston, with a sneer in the tone that would have withered the puppy who bore the name, had he been in his presence; "when such a one marries my daughter, it can only be when I am in my grave! Cordis!"

What a change those few words wrought in his child. Life—bounding life and joy, swelled in her veins again—pain was forgotten—beauty painted once more her eye, cheek and lip—and she stood, in her own recovered gladness, by her father's side. Mr. Liston gazed upon her with delighted astonishment.

"There is some deeper cause for grief than the mere reception of the note"—thought he to himself. His wife's interference in Cordis' behalf, so consistent with her cold-heartedness and worldliness, naturally suggested itself.

"Your mother would have had you marry Cordis, my child," said he, carelessly. There was no reply and his suspicions were confirmed. "I always endeavor to agree with her in her plans for your prosperity and happiness, my daughter, but I fear we shall not be of the same mind now. You can never while I live, be wife to Cordis. Perhaps I know more of him than your mother does!"

It was easy for him to appreciate what a morning Charlotte must have passed under the infliction of the artful persuasions of her mother. He drummed on the table, and said—unconscious that he spoke aloud—loud enough at least for Charlotte's ear to catch such ecstatic words,—

"If Elliston had been bold enough to push his suit, all this might have been spared!"

"He has, dear father! He has!"

The fruition of every dearest hope contained in her father's words, forced the exclamation from her lips; but modesty, instantly recoiling, robbed her cheek of its rose again. Her father soon restored her.

"He has," cried he, starting up, "then all is well! Why have I brought him here week after week, but that I felt he was the man to be the husband of my child? I have seen that you love him—I know, Lotty, for I've watched you when you little thought of me! Heaven be thanked!—But I have overstayed my time—you needn't write to him—I'll bring him up to tea." Thus speaking, for he could not longer restrain his emotions at his wife's conduct, he suddenly left the house.

"Jack, as I'm a living man, the purport of this note is beyond my anticipation, or rather I should say, my comprehension. Did you ever read any thing so cool in your life?"

Thus ejaculated the beau-ideal of perfection, Mr. Cordis, as he extended a note which he had been reading at arm's length, through his eye-glass. Jack took it and read as follows:—

Sir: Expressing my obligations for the preference you have exhibited for my daughter, I am commissioned by her to inform you that she must decline your proffer. I am sir, yours, &c.  
MORRIS LISTON.

"That is cool," said Jack.

"Isn't it? Shall I call him out?"

"No. He isn't fly to that. He'd be for horsewhipping, or the police office."

"Oh! then you think I'd best let him alone! Well, I'll take your advice, but I'm in a high state of inflammation notwithstanding. I say Jack, I'll keep my eye on that creature still. Her mother goes the death for me, that I'm sure of, and something may turn up, to bring her to her senses yet. One thing, Jack,—if ever I do get her fairly belted, I'll pay her for this, demme!"

Mrs. Liston felt that full forgiveness from her husband was now impossible. The dextrous skill with which he had avoided exposing her to Charlotte did not soften her, and a feeling of revenge was enkindled towards Charlotte, whose hesitation to become the victim of her unfeeling plans had placed herself in so much lower a grade in Mr. Liston's eyes, and at the same time had frustrated a scheme which she had long been engendering. But she exercised the distinguishing trait of her character, in fully repressing any manifestations of her feelings, and was, if possible, more kind than ever to Charlotte.

As for Charlotte, she was all happiness. Every day's sun went down upon the fullness of her joy. Elliston was daily with her, for Mr. Liston had forbidden their marriage until a sixmonth, at least, should have passed away; that they might enter its holy state with a full perception of each other's characters—that if any incompatibility of thought or feelings should exist to wither the flower of love, it might not, at too late a moment, scatter its leaves and sweetness upon the air.

*To be continued.*

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—*Cowley.*

## THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Mrs. Fitzwilliams,—whose versatility of talent strikes us with more and more astonishment, the oftener we behold her performances—succeeded the Vandenhoff. We are sorry to record that her houses were, for the most part, discouraging, and exhibited but a poor appreciation of her powers. Particular comment upon her is unnecessary as she only repeated the characters, with one addition, which we have before remarked upon with delight. Opera followed her, in the shape of Donizetti's *Love Spell*, a light, airy, and charming composition, first introduced upon the Park boards by Madame Caradori Allan. Its melodies and choruses are exceedingly winning, and some of them have been nightly encored. The vocal parts were, in one instance, finely, in the others, respectably sustained. Mr. Gubitel is a rich basso, and rose superior. Miss Poole, as ever, was pleasing, and interesting, singing very sweetly, yet not with that degree of scientific skill indispensable in a Prima Donna. More years of study will, with her powers, fully initiate her into the mysteries of the operatic art.

In the course of the present month the Park boards will be trod by the Vandenhoffs again; and as their first appearance will probably be in the play of *Love*, of which, we have not yet been able to express opinions, we will devote some attention to it at the present time.

The plot and poetry of the play are already well known. The idea of the plot was, doubtless, suggested to Knowles' mind by the beautiful episode of the Countess and the Page in his own *Hunchback*. But unfortunately, suggestions derived from himself do not end with this. In the perusal of the play, and while we are listening to it when acted, the ghosts of the author's several previous dramas will come up and sit before us in dim array, intangible, yet with distinctive features, now singly and alone, and now in groups, half concealing each other. There are new and glorious passages, it is true, but as a whole, it is but a medley compound of what has been done before. Again, although Mr. Knowles has a happy faculty of discarding upon what "Love" can do, and what it cannot, of what it is and of what it is not, he has in this play rung the changes upon it, rather too frequently, for our taste. We should sigh beforehand with the certainty of our fatigue, were the task set us to count the several invocations to, explanations of, and speeches about, "*Love*," in this one play.

The plot is not happily managed. We find it easier to condemn, than in all respects distinctly to define why we are dissatisfied. The interest, in representation, is climacteric, as far as the scene between Huon and the Countess, after his return from self exile, in the suite of the Empress. That was intended doubtless, by Knowles, to be somewhat of a counterpart to the great scene between Julia and Clifford; but it fails of creating an effect by any means commensurate with such an expectation. Wherefore it is so, we can scarcely analyze to our mind. There is nothing apparently wanting in the language—which sounds to the ear as though it should excite, and that actively, the feelings. We are not laboring under an ill impression obtained from poor acting, since two artists, acknowledged of the greatest genius, sustained the several parts of Huon and the Countess; and from their mouths every word fell as it should have fallen. But such is the impression of the scene; and the interest, instead of broadening and strengthening, dwindles thenceward to the close, except when renewed and regenerated by the Countess' defiance of the Empress. The introduction of the Empress, also, at so late a period of the play, to be at once prominent in the plot, when we have known nothing of her before, creates an unpleasant effect; an officer or lady commissioned by her to deal with the Countess, would, perhaps, have been more in taste.

Huon believes himself married to Catherine the serf, instead of Catherine the Countess—and when the Countess throws herself at his feet, and claims him for her husband, in reply to his exclamation—"I married Catherine." She says—

"My name is Catherine, as thou oughtst to know,  
But did not know?"—

or something very like it. This ignorance of Huon's is not

only impossible, after having been brought up from childhood with her, but so unnecessary as to be ridiculous. A bold point might be made by an actress, daring enough, (a very pardonable offence) to help Mr. Knowles to what he should have said, and a full round of applause be heard, where there is comparative silence now.

Mr. Knowles injures the winding up of some of his plays by deferring the denouement of the underplot until after the main plot has been fully concluded. This occurs in both the "*Hunchback*" and "*Love*;" but in the latter it has far the worse effect, since the finale of the underplot is much protracted, and the chief personages are lost sight of. Nor do we admire the underplot. This magic change of a woman to a blustering young man by the mere donning of man's clothes, and a sword, and the blinding of even her lover's eye in broad daylight, and during several interviews, entranches too much upon the fantastic to be worthy of one whose powers should never be exerted except to elevate the drama. Madame Vestris may render the character very agreeable, as it was written expressly for her; but cannot redeem its violation of probability and taste.

The Vandenhoffs, in portions of "*Love*," both father and daughter, seemed to soar above their former achievements. In the first act, the haughty imperiousness of the Countess, and the grovelling demeanor of the loving serf were placed in admirable contrast, and formed a bold picture of that state of serfage, such as Huon's, infinitely more degrading than that of African slavery—wherein the vassal of a domain is no better treated than the kine he feeds, who is sold with the land he tills, has no chronicles, no individuality—scarce a name. When afterwards, Huon's bosom swells with natural dignity and resolution, and, required to commit an act which will wreck his own peace and that of another, he prefers to die in manly independence, than to be in so far the tool of a master, the gradual change exhibited by Mr. Vandenhoff as, daring to reason and to resolve, he feels the greatness of his own emotions, was masterly in the extreme. "*My Lord, I will not sign*" was magical in power—the whole scene with the Duke, indeed, was conducted most admirably.

Miss Vandenhoff can be subjected to no comparison in the part of the Countess, and the conception and achievement of it must be attributed to her own unaided powers. The conflict of feelings at the injury of the serf by the lightning, and his recovery, was most skilfully managed, and drew down unstinted applause;—and her scene with the Empress was a display of enthusiasm of passion and wild abandonment of power, accomplishing a full triumph on the occasion, and establishing her claims.

The company of the Park has not, for years, combined greater talent than during the present season. That talent has been called into active and unsparing exercise. Yet we regret to say that the last benefits of several, who have hardest labored, and are favorites too, in a high degree, were so but in name. The days when a stock performer could count upon the aid of his benefit, are gone by. If this state of things continue longer, what encouragement has a performer to persevere, through a laborious season, for the gratification of that public who look upon his exertions so indifferently?

NEW CHATHAM.—This neat and comfortable establishment has been re-opened under the management of Messrs. Flynn and Thorne. The present company is by no means inferior; and novelties of every description have been presented, to win the attendance of the public—with good effect. Mrs. Gibbs has passed through two engagements with much success, drawing down repeated encores for her songs. Mr. Browne, the very mention of whose name excites a laugh, has amused with his commicalities and eccentricities, and Mr. J. R. Scott has appeared in some of his favorite sailor characters. Constant effort, warily bestowed, must make the Chatham a flourishing establishment. Its position is in every respect superior, for a house of its class,—it is neat, pleasant and commodious, and its prices do not draw heavily upon the purse. Tact, more than lavish expenditure, is the secret of management now-a-days, and the managers of the Chatham certainly do not lack it.

## THE INDIAN MAID.

## BALLAD.

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENT BY S. NELSON.

POCO ALLEGRETTO CON ESPRESSIONE.

Crea.

Morn-ing's dawn is in the skies, Whilst o'er the

Callando. *pp*

moun-tain height, Fast the glo-rious beams a-rise; Hall we their gol-den light:

Ere the brightness of those rays, Dies on the dis-tant sea, May the hopes of

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Ere the brightness of those rays, Dies on the dis-tant sea, May the hopes of".

my young days, Be warm'd to life by thee; May the hopes of my young days, Be

This system continues the melody. The lyrics are: "my young days, Be warm'd to life by thee; May the hopes of my young days, Be".

warm'd to life by thee.

*Cres.* *Callando.* *p*

This system concludes the first verse. It includes dynamic markings: *Cres.* (Crescendo), *Callando.* (Ritardando), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "warm'd to life by thee."

## SECOND VERSE.

Fairest flower 'neath eastern skies,  
 Stored in thy peaceful mind;  
 More of wealth for me there lies,  
 Than in the gems of Ind.  
 Never from thy trusting heart,  
 Na'er from thy smiling brow,  
 May the hopes, the peace depart,  
 Which beam upon them now.

## THIRD VERSE.

Hours and days will wing their flight,  
 Still never day shall fade;  
 But I'll share some new delight,  
 With thee, my Indian Maid.  
 In the passing hour of gloom,  
 Rest thou thy cares on me;  
 To restore thy Pleasure's bloom,  
 Will my best guerdon be.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

**MICHAEL ARMSTRONG:** *Harper & Brothers.*—This tale, which was written to expose the cruelties of the Factory system of England, appeared, across the water, in monthly numbers. It is almost beyond conception and belief, that the horrors herein depicted can have their foundation in truth; but Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, says, "let none dare to say this picture is exaggerated, till he has taken the trouble to ascertain, by his own personal investigation, that it is so." Here, then, is a slavery more horrible, ten thousand times, than that in our own South. The latter, is to it, as the sun to utter darkness! And yet, English statesmen point to America with scorn! There is a certain saying in the wisest and best of all books, "First cast out the beam, etc," which will richly apply in this case. The tale is very affecting, but we do not think well managed. The rescued factory children are elevated in the end, to too high a station. It is ill-judged, and it may be said, absurd, to make as good as "lords and ladies" of them.

**MARIAN:** *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a tale by that charming writer, Mrs. S. C. Hall. An Irishwoman, she delights in portraying the peculiarities of the Irish character, which is by none better understood than herself. Marian is a delightful tale.

**MEMOIRS OF FRANKLIN:** *Harper & Brothers.*—Certainly an essential feature of the Harpers' most valuable Family Library would have been wanting, had it been brought to a close without numbering among its volumes, one or more, containing the life of a man whose memory is so dear to his countrymen, and whose precepts have been so celebrated, as those of Franklin. His "Life, written by himself," which has been the general medium for obtaining information of him, is imperfect in detail and analysis of character, as every autobiography necessarily must be. The materials for a comprehensive compend of his leading principles of action, and the events of his noble career, have, of late, from various sources, been placed in command, and we are glad to find them given to the public by the Harpers, in the attractive garb of their "Library." There are two volumes, and the work is embellished by a well-engraved portrait.

**FRENCH REVOLUTION:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—These "Memoirs of the French Revolution," by Madame Tussaud, a lady who was on terms of personal intimacy with most of the chief personages notorious in its bloody annals, contains many anecdotes of peculiar interest; especially in the closeness of detail, and the subjects of observation which would be expected from a woman. The translation, however, has not been very happily effected.—*Carville.*

**ROMANCE OF TRAVEL:** *S. Colman.*—In a handsome volume Mr. Colman has given to the public, several tales by N. P. Willis, Esq., which originally appeared in the pages of a periodical. The collection forms a pleasant volume.

**TRIALS OF THE HEART:** *Lea & Blanchard.*—The tales under this title, are by Mrs. Bray, an authoress of some celebrity. The moral of the first story is decidedly bad. If a young lady be affianced early in life, by her parents, to one who cares not particularly for her, and before the marriage, she loves another, and is loved by him in return, she exhibits no "heroism" and "magnanimity," as Mrs. Bray teaches us, to adhere to the former one; but is, rather, deficient in true moral courage, and is in the highest degree, criminal. The rest of the tales are very well; but some of the remarks thrown in by the authoress, here and there, lead us to believe her prejudices to be strong, and her judgment not of the soundest character.

**A WORD TO WOMEN:** *Carey & Hart.*—This volume is from the self-devoted, benevolent, pious Mrs. Fry, authoress of the *Listener*. It consists of many short essays on various subjects; among them, "English Prejudices," "The Love of the World," "The uses of 'Hospitality,'" "Music," "Hearing," "Dancing," "Reading," etc. The fervently religious character of these essays, may be anticipated from a knowledge of the authoress' previous works.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

**GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS:** *E. P. Walton & Sons.*—This novel is from the pen of the author of a tale, written some years since, which attracted considerable attention, entitled "May Martin, or, the Money Diggers." It introduces the notorious Ethan Allen to the reader, since its scene is laid in his trying times. The story is well written, interesting, and, as it may be presumed to give an insight into Vermont life at the time, instructive.—*Robinson & Pratt.*

**CLINCH'S POEMS:** *James Burns.*—"The Captivity in Babylon," is the title of the major poem of this collection. It is in the Spenserian stanza, and throughout, breathes the spirit of poetry. Sometimes it rises into the noblest strains. We cannot say but that we think Mr. Clinch has been more successful in some of his less pretending efforts. One or two of the minor poems in this collection are very superior, and some of his odes, hitherto published, deserve to be accounted in the first rank of American poetry. This volume is beautifully bound and printed.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

## EDITORS' TABLE.

THE warmth and rains of the past month have, at a far earlier period than usual, unlocked the bosoms of many of our streams from their icy fetters, and given an earnest of an early spring. The flying steamboats already ply their dashing wings, and, we sincerely hope, that the starting up of nature from her torpor, may infuse a life and energy into our business classes, that will lighten, in a measure, at least, the darkness of their hopes. May our streets swarm with strangers, thronging to this great mart—and may the sound of men's gladness echo the carnival voice of spring.

**HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT COMPANY.**—The boats of this company are undergoing complete repairs and renovations, and will shortly be in full career. We understand, also, that several new boats, of the most elegant construction and model, which have been built during the past season by the company, will be placed immediately on the line. The public will then possess facilities for travel on our noble river, never equalled for comfort, speed and convenience. The commanders of the several boats of this company are gentlemen, in every sense of the word, and those whose interest or pleasure will lead them often to pass up and down the Hudson, will do well from the outset, to adhere to those boats, wherein there is so manifest a concern to secure the happiness of every passenger.

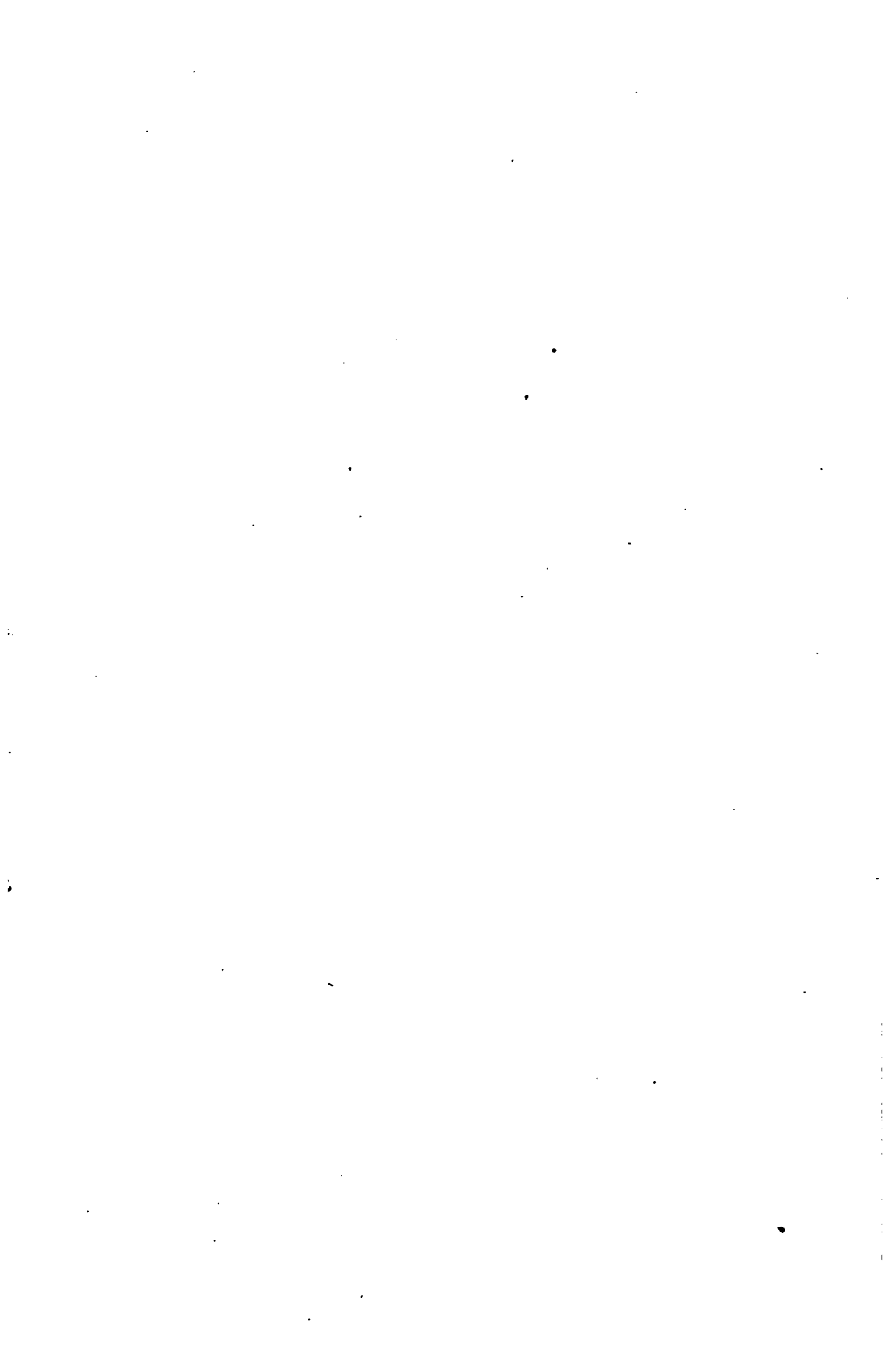
**PUBLIC BUILDINGS.**—At an early period of the season, we hope to see the workmen busy upon those grand structures, the Custom House and the Exchange. They will prove, when finished, two of the most chaste specimens of art in the country, and will honor as well as ornament the city. We are impatient to see them in completeness and beauty.

**OUR SPRING FASHION PLATE.**—After much trouble and at no little expense, we present our readers with an unrivalled plate of the Spring Fashions for the present season.

**EVENING DRESS.**—Fancy silk robe, with low Grecian corsage, trimmed with lace quilling; short sleeves, puffed very full, with quilling of lace; skirt, full, double flounced, with quilled lace to correspond with the corsage and sleeves. Cord and tassels and long kid gloves, trimmed with lace. Hair, plain, with full plaits at the ears.

**WALKING DRESS.**—Robe of heavy silk; skirt, full, with three flounces; the corsage made half high, with sleeves demi-large; shawl, of silk, large size, embroidered, richly fringed. Hat, small, crown placed far back, decorated with ribbons and bouquet of flowers.

**BRIDAL DRESS.**—Elegant white silk robe, skirt, full, with two flounces of rich lace, headed with silk cord; corsage low, trimmed with antique point lace to correspond with the skirt; sleeves short and full, trimmed with silk cord in tassels, and terminating with lace ruffles. The front hair disposed in ringlets, ornamented with a coronet of flowers. Veil of lace, entwined in the braid of the back hair.



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W. L. C. Y. 1892

THE

*Engaged for the Ladies' Companion*

# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

less mother makes chance her child's moral instructor, and he is left to have his good faculties blunted, and his bad ones quickened and enlarged by evil companionship. HOME is, or should be, the nursery of character—the mother, the watchful gardener. Let the mother think,

VOL. XII—31

RECEIVED BY THE LADIES' COMPANION

"Her womanhood!  
'Tis when I think of that, I feel how great—  
How solemn 'tis, to own a parent's love;  
A parent's duty! 'Twill be mine to nurse  
This little bud, and shield it from the storm,  
And make it ripe for Heaven! If she be fair,



*Engraved for the Ladies' Companion*

# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, APRIL, 1840.

## THE YOUNG MOTHER.

THERE is nothing so delightful in contemplation, as the innocent gaiety and thoughtlessness of childhood. Many—many a literal wanderer over earth's desolate walks—against whom fortune has seemed to set herself in unappeasable opposition—whose grey hairs, perhaps, there is no near relative to cheer—gazes upon the congregated bands of laughing urchins, who, in their sport, interrupt him, it may be, in his perambulations, and, as vivid memory retraces the scenes of his career, drops a tear of woe, and sighs to be a boy again! And so, sometimes, have the most of us—yet few would repass the ordeal of vanished life, were there more than speculation in such a desire.

But early childhood—the infancy of the mind's expansion—when each new thing makes the little one's eye kindle, and its whole face glow with the curiosity of awakening reason—then is childhood most interesting—yet then is it invested, in general, in the parent's mind with no measure of the true interest which should attach to it. It is a plaything—its half-framed phrases of speech—its exuberant outbursts of delight—its exhibitions of affection—all render it dear. But many an infant mind, at that period, drinks in the careless word that may be treasured up—indistinctly, yet with effect—to stamp its conduct in the future. The ear hears, and the mind understands the speech of elders, far earlier than it can frame thought into words. And acts, too—the outbursts of anger—the eye kindled into fury, are lessons. The tale of deceit—perhaps to that child itself—may be a lesson; for how can the period be designated when the distinctive outlines of truth and falsehood develop themselves in the mind of a child? Who shall presume to declare it?

We have given, this month, a beautiful engraving of a young mother and her child. The train of reasoning to which it has led us, in illustration, is, we know, trite, yet what subject can, with better effect, be brought up, and up again, for discussion and exhortation? There are mothers who will go with us through this short essay with no sneer upon their lips, though we say only what has been said over and over again. We have before expressed our views, in this magazine, that the mother is appointed, more especially, to be the instructress of her children. *That*, too, the education of her children—that noble, glorious duty, solves the mooted point of woman's sphere—for that is her sphere—and it is radiant, exalted. Generation follows generation to the grave. It is not in schools and academies that the character is formed. It may be, indeed, when the thoughtless mother makes chance her child's moral instructor, and he is left to have his good faculties blunted, and his bad ones quickened and enlarged by evil companionship. *Home* is, or should be, the nursery of character—the mother, the watchful gardener. Let the mother think,

then, early—*early*, that her child is to be a *MAN*. Let her look forward to the good he may do—the station he may win, when the hairs of her head are silvered with age, or the grave has enfolded her for ever—let her think, too, on the other hand of the woe—the evil he may entail—of the curses that may be heaped upon him in life—of a friendless death, and a memory black with infamy—let her think this, for she should do so—and while she smiles from the unfathomable depths of maternal tenderness upon the prattling child upon her knee—a sense of what it is to be, will render it more than a plaything, and fill her breast with a solemn feeling of her responsibility.

To one from abroad—we mean from out of our own city—when he walks up Broadway of a pleasant day, the dress of many of the children creates a feeling of even astonishment. We have seen gentlemen pause, and ladies, too, in amazement, at the miniature men and women, scarce able to more than totter, yet bedizened with every attribute of the extreme of fashion. Thus to dress children in New-York, has become a fashion—a sad and lamentable one. No argument is required to develop its evil tendency. Every time such clothes are put upon a child, an appeal is made to *Vanity*—a feeling strong enough, in almost every character, without extraneous applications to increase it—and intolerable, when stimulated and excited to unwarrantable and disproportionate action. It is, we say it again, a sad fashion—to make a puppet of a child, with the almost certainty, in a greater or less degree, of such dreadful results. Thoughtlessness gave it birth, doubtless—may *thought* abolish it at once.

The mother must temper her fondness with discretion, remembering how excess of dress—of adulation—of attention—trifling as it may seem, at the time, may be productive of lasting evil. It is the *future* which we would impress upon the mind of the mother, in connection with her child—the dim and doubtful future! We would repeat *that* again and again—it should be written—if it be not on the mother's heart—where her eye may rest upon its truthful inculcation day after day—"Remember the Future when you look upon your child!" And the young mother more especially—who, for the first time, has felt the absorbing glow of maternal love—she is, more than all, apt to forget—to look only at the present—to make her child no more than her plaything. We would impress the responsibility of her charge upon such a one, and teach her to reflect what her child is to be—that it is to be fashioned for action—for life—for good.

Thus should every mother reason. The quotation refers to a daughter.

"Her womanhood!

'Tis when I think of that, I feel how great—  
How solemn 'tis, to own a parent's love;  
A parent's duty! 'Twill be mine to nurse  
This little bud, and shield it from the storm,  
And make it ripe for Heaven! If she be fair,

And move the cynosure of wondering eyes,  
 It will be mine to guard from vanity,  
 And teach how fairer far all beauty is,  
 That bath companionship with inner grace,  
 The beauty of the soul! how worthless else!  
 If Nature stint her gifts, and unadorned  
 The casket be, mine 'twill be to impart  
 So rich a lustre to the jewel in't,  
 That, for its sake, no halting thought will pause  
 At the poor case that holds it! Oh, in sight  
 Of glorious occupation like to this,  
 Be it my sole ambition to achieve it  
 To the content of conscience! All my hope  
 For fame and honor, that my child may be  
 So paramount in goodness, that the mind  
 Shall backward turn to her whose anxious care  
 Did help to make her so, and I be thought of  
 When I am in my grave!"

Such is, indeed, a mother's highest earthly renown—  
 to have her virtues reflected back in her children. There  
 is a higher point—the moral obligation to fulfil a duty  
 appointed by Heaven—to achieve what Heaven has  
 established as one great aim of woman's life—this careful  
 rearing of her children—to which supreme regard  
 should be paid.

H. F. H.

Original.

## FAREWELL TO GREENWOOD.

BY MISS C. F. ORNE.

FAREWELL! that mournful word, farewell!  
 It comes like some enchanter's spell,  
 The current of our joy to chill,  
 And makes brief pleasure, briefer still.  
 Thou murmur'ing stream, with ruffled breast,  
 That oft has soothed my soul to rest,  
 From thy green banks how can I go,  
 And bid my sorrow check its flow?  
 Fickle as Fancy's wildest dream  
 Art thou—an ever-changing stream;  
 Now calm and tranquil as in sleep,  
 Now rushing by with murmur deep.  
 Then, by the storm to fury driven,  
 By rugged rocks thy waves are riven;  
 Thy foam-capped crests in desperate ire,  
 Threaten destruction deep and dire.  
 'Twere dangerous then, thy wrath to dare,  
 The boldest seaman might beware.  
 But when the sinking orb of day,  
 Sheds on yon hills his latest ray—  
 When gorgeous clouds of every hue—  
 Rose, purple, crimson, scarlet, blue,  
 Wait round their monarch's dying bed,  
 To catch the latest glory shed  
 From his effulgent beams; then thou  
 More and more beautiful doth grow—  
 Thy placid surface one broad sheet,  
 Where all the living splendors meet.  
 The verdant banks within thy stream,  
 As lovely, bright, and real seem,  
 As though another world as fair  
 As our own orb lay hidden there.  
 And round the Point, behind the trees,  
 With pennons fluttering in the breeze,  
 Glides many a vessel fair and bright,  
 With swelling sheets of canvass white;

And many a gallant little boat  
 Swift o'er thy dancing waves doth float,  
 And many a strong arm plies the oar,  
 Midway between each rocky shore,  
 While rushing by with speed and force,  
 The steamer holds its steady course.  
 And here and there a porpoise grave,  
 Leaps, for a moment, from the wave,  
 Then rolling awkwardly away,  
 Leaves the faint traces of his stay.  
 But thy smooth waters calmly glide  
 Where treacherous rocks their terrors hide;  
 And oft, too late to save his bark,  
 The seaman may his danger mark.  
 Montessor's Island greets the sight,  
 Laved by thy waters glist'ning bright;  
 The distant hills are clearly seen,  
 Clad in their many-tinted green.  
 Thy heights, Weehawken! boldly rise,  
 Seeming to join the earth and skies.  
 With vapor-wreath of spiral curl,  
 The rattling steam-cars onward whirl;  
 All o'er thy banks, with glimmering sheen,  
 Stately old mansions fair are seen,  
 And noble trees stand proudly by,  
 Waving their graceful boughs on high.  
 One mansion than the rest more fair,  
 Rises in simple beauty there.  
 With slender leaves, that brightly shine,  
 Glitters the silver-glancing pine—  
 The solemn fir—the cypress green—  
 The willow's pensile boughs are seen;  
 The proud magnolia's bloom of snow—  
 The oleander's crimson glow,  
 The hydrangers, profuse of bloom,  
 And many a flower of rare perfume.  
 Birds of sweet song and plumage gay,  
 Flit with light chirp, from spray to spray.  
 And the bright golden sunlight streams  
 O'er the green lawn in brilliant gleams.  
 Echo gives back the glad some shout,  
 Rung by young voices gaily out.  
 Figures of youthful beauty fair,  
 Are seen disporting freely there.  
 One graceful form of fairy mould,  
 With waving curls of sunlit gold,  
 Chases the bird or gem-like fly,  
 With bounding step, and sparkling eye,  
 Or lures with accents soft and bland,  
 And crumbs from her own tiny hand,  
 Of feathered tribes a num'rous band.  
 Nature's aristocratic bird,  
 The peacock's loud, harsh cry is heard,  
 And strutting by with stately pace,  
 He moves in all 'the pride of place.'  
 Scene of Enchantment! fare thee well!  
 No more in thy green shades, I dwell;  
 Would that I had an artist's power,  
 To paint thee at the sunset hour!  
 Though scarcely needs the aid of art,  
 To paint what's graven on the heart!

Cambridgeport, Mass.

Original.

## THE CHARIB BRIDE;\*

A LEGEND OF HISPANIOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

BRIEF time had the young Spaniard and his Indian princess for explanation, or for converse; for while she was yet clasped to his grateful breast in the first, sweet embrace of love, a long, wild yell rang far into the bosom of the night from the cave's mouth above; and the broad glare of a hundred torches, tumultuously brandished by as many strong and savage hands, disclosed to the eyes of the astonished fugitives, the fierce Caçique, himself, surrounded by the flower of his wild chivalry, armed at all points with bow, and buckler, war-club and javelin, and pike, thronging the rocky threshold of that deserted dungeon. Each swarthy figure stood out revealed on that bold eminence, like animated sculptures of the famed Corinthian brass, the sinewy frames, the well-developed muscles, nay more, the very features and expression of every stern Caçique, the plumed crowns and pictured quiver, all clearly visible, and palpably defined against the fierce red glow, which formed the background to that animated picture. Brief time was there, indeed, for instantly discovering the mode by which the fugitive had left his place of confinement, and guessing, as it seemed, that his flight was but recent—for though the crimson glare of the resinous torches rendered the group above as visible as daylight could have done, it lacked the power to penetrate the gloom which veiled the little knot of beings at the base of that huge precipice. Two of the boldest of the great Caçique's followers addressed themselves to the pursuit by the same fearful and precarious ladder; while many others might be seen casting aside the heavier portions of their dress and armature, and girding up their loins in preparation for a similar purpose.

"Haste, haste, Hernando," whispered the Indian maiden in a voice that fairly trembled with agitation—"haste to yon thicket by the stream—fly thou, Alonzo, and unbind the horses! come, Orozimbo—brother."

And as she spoke, grasping her lover by the arm, she hurried him away to a dense mass of thorny brushwood, which, overcanopied with many a vine and many a tangled creeper, clothed the bank of a wide, brawling streamlet, flowing with a loud and incessant murmur, though in a slender volume, over a bed of gravel, and small rocky fragments, detached, in the lapse of ages, from the tall crag that overhung it. Here, fastened to the branches, stood three Spanish chargers, equipped with the lightest housings then in use; except that one, in addition to the saddle, was provided with a velvet cushion attached to the cantle, and kept in its place by a thong, securing it to the richly plated crupper.

"Mount, mount, Alonzo," cried the maiden; "stay not to hold your master's stirrup—mount, and delay not. Every minute, now, is worth a human life." While yet the words were on her lips, the page had leaped into his

saddle; and swinging her slight form, with scarce an effort, to the croupe of the tall charger, Hernando, without setting foot in stirrup, vaulted into the saddle before her; grasped the reins firmly with a practised hand; and stirring his steed's mettle with the spur, rode a few paces down the channel of the stream till he had reached a place clear from the overbowing brushwood—the boy, Alonzo, following hard on his traces, leading the third horse by the bridle at his side.

"Where—oh, where tarries Orozimbo?" whispered, again the Charib maiden, in the sweet low music of her native tongue; "without him, all is naught!"

Ere she had well done speaking, they had cleared the thicket; and by the strong illumination of the lights above, a fearful scene was rendered visible. The foremost two of their pursuers were half way down the ladder, while three more of their followers had commenced the perilous descent, and were now hanging to the topmost rung! But where was Orozimbo? for, though the torchlight was of far more avail to them who profited by its partial lustre from a distance, than to those whose eyes, blinded by its near presence, looked abroad vainly into the surrounding darkness—the bottom of the precipice, and all the thicket round, were buried in impenetrable gloom. Where, where was Orozimbo?

A sharp twang broke the silence which had succeeded to the yell of the infuriate Indians. A keen, sharp, ringing twang! a hurtling sound, as of some missile in quick motion followed—a long dark streak was seen almost immediately glancing, within the circling radiance of the torches, toward the leading Charib—at the next instant he relaxed his hold—a piercing yell of anguish and despair pealed up to the dark heavens—headforemost the tawny figure of the savage plunged earthward—and the soft, heavy, plashing noise with which it struck the soil, announced, as plainly as the clearest words could tell, that not one bone remained unbroken after that fearful fall! Another twang—and yet another—and, almost simultaneously with the small shrill voice of the fatal chord, another, and another of the wretched Indians, transfixed by the unerring shaft of Orozimbo, were precipitated—one shrieking hopelessly but incessantly through the deaf air, until the awful crash finished his cries and agonies together—one mute in his stern despair—from their slight foothold; while, daunted by the deadly archery of their unseen enemy, and ignorant how many foes were launching death at every shot among them, the survivors retreated up the ladder with wild haste; and, when they reached the summit, a long-drawn yell, strangely expressive of malice frustrated, and disappointed vengeance, told those who heard it from below, that they abandoned that precarious method of pursuit. Another moment, and the light passed away from the verge, and a loud burst of dissonant and angry voices, receding rapidly, betokened that the pursuers had turned off to some easier exit from their hill-fortress.

Secured, thus, by the bravery and foresight of her stripling brother, from a pursuit so instantaneous that escape would have been scarce possible, Guarica called aloud, no longer fearing to betray their proximity to the enemy by her words.

\* Concluded.

"Hasten, good brother, hasten! We tarry for thee, Orozimbo," and guided by the accents of her well-known voice, panting from the rapidity of his previous motions, and from agitation in a scarcely less degree, with his full quiver rattling on his naked shoulders, and the long bow, which had, of late, done such good service, swinging at his back, the Charib boy dashed down the slight declivity, and wreathing his hand lightly in the courser's mane, bounded, at once, upon his back.

"Follow, Guarica, follow me close; there is no time for words," he exclaimed, as he snatched the bridle, and dashing, at once, into a gallop, drove down the pebbly channel of the stream—the small stones and the water flashing high into the air at every stroke of the fleet steed, and indicating to Hernando the direction which his guide had taken. No easy task was it, however, to ride at the fierce pace which Orozimbo had taken up, down that wild water-course; for though the streamlet was so shallow that it barely reached the horse's knees, the rugged inequalities of its bed—here thickly interspersed with rough and craggy fragments, here paved with round and slippery boulders, and there with broad, smooth ledges of hard, slaty rock, polished by the incessant rippling of the current, till ice itself would have afforded a less treacherous foothold, rendered it perilous indeed, save to a cavalier of the first order, to put a horse to his speed among its numerous obstacles. At first, the youthful Spaniard could not conceive the cause which should have tempted Orozimbo to lead him by so strange a path; but, busy as he was in holding up and guiding the stout charger which nobly bore his double freight, his mind was actively employed; and almost on the instant remembering the wondrous instinct, scarcely inferior to the scent of the sagacious bloodhound, with which the Charib tribes were wont to follow on the track of any fugitive, he saw the wisdom of this singular precaution. For something more than two hours they dashed on unwearied through the sparkling waters, which, driven far aloft, had dragged all their garments from buskin to the very plume—the stream now winding in bold curves through rich and fair savannahs, now diving into the deepest and most devious shades of under-wood and forest. Still on they dashed, whether the free night wind, laden with its freight of ten thousand dewy odors, sweeping across the open meadows, brought freshness to their heated brows—or the damp mist-wreaths of the steamy forest chilled the very life-blood in their veins. Still on they dashed, rousing the wild-fowl from their sedgy haunts on the stream's margin, scaring the birds of night from their almost impervious roosts, till now the stars began to pale their ineffectual fires, and a faint streak on the eastern sky to tell of coming day. They reached a smooth green vega, broader than any they had yet passed or seen, and here, for the first time, Orozimbo paused from his headlong race.

"All is well, now, Guarica—pursuit is far behind; three leagues hence, just beyond that fringe of wood which you may see glooming dark against the opening morn, tarry your gallant kinsmen, Don Hernando. *Many would blame us for the deeds which we have*

wrought in thy behalf, young Spaniard. *All our countrymen must hate us; and if we 'scape this 'venture, our future home must be within the scope of Spain's all-powerful protection. All peril is now over for a space; and if thou art weary, my sweet sister, here may we rest awhile.'*"

"No, no!" Guarica interrupted him, breathless from the wild speed at which they had thus far journeyed.

"No, no! no, no! we will not pause till we have reached the cavaliers."

"At least, however," interposed Hernando, using the Indian tongue, which was no less familiar to him than his native language—"at least, let us, if we be free from present danger, ride somewhat gently, in order that our steeds may so regain their wind, and be in case again to bear stoutly, if aught should call for fresh exertion of their mettle."

"Be it so," answered Orozimbo, turning his horse's head, and riding, as he spoke, up the green margin of the rivulet, till he stood on the level meadow, where he was joined immediately by his companions—"be it so. Well, I am assured no foeman can have followed with such speed as to be less than two leagues distant in our rear—and on this open plain, none can approach us undetected. One hour's advance will bring us to a band of horsemen, under the bold Ojeda, that would condemn the might of Cañabo's tribe."

Taking the lead once more, he trotted gently forward; the daylight brightening more and more, till the great sun burst from the cloudy veil that curtained his bright orient chamber, and filled the earth with lustre and rejoicing. Oh, how sweet, to the weary fugitives, was that glad sunburst; awakening, as it did, upon the instant, the matutinal chorus of ten thousand joyous warblers, and calling forth unnumbered odors from the up-rising flowers, which had lain sad and scentless during the absence of that glorious bridegroom. Hope, which had languished in their bosoms during the long night hours, was now, at once, transmuted by nature's wondrous alchemist, into gay, cheery confidence—Love, which, oppressed by doubt, anxiety and care, had been remembered only to aggravate their sorrows, and enhance their apprehensions, resumed, beneath that gladsome light, its more legitimate and wonted function, and, before many moments had elapsed, Hernando was recounting to the attentive ears of the sweet Indian girl, his confident and certain expectation of an immediate termination to all the obstacles which had thus far opposed their union; while he inquired eagerly into the late mysterious history of his surprise, imprisonment, and rescue. Few words sufficed to make all clear. Chance, alone—blind and sudden chance had brought about his capture—a chance, which had, in fact, preserved the Spanish settlements from certain peril—probable destruction. Apprised of the relaxed discipline, and contemptuous negligence of military usages, which had crept on the garrison during the absence of its great commander, the wily Charib had assembled all his bold tributary hordes, and was even then in full march to commence an onslaught, on walls which he would most assuredly have found mounted with culverins unloaded,

and watched—or unwatched rather—by sentinels unarmed and sleeping. With the unwearied diligence of true affection, late on the night preceding the intended duel, the sweet Guarica, having learned, accidentally, the march and purpose of her savage uncle, had started from her distant home, on foot and unaccompanied, with the intent to warn her lover of the approaching peril; while, to avoid suspicion, she had directed Orozimbo to join the Cacique's expedition. Frustrated, however, and delayed by many an unforeseen mischance, she would have come too late; but for the fierce encounter between Hernando and his treacherous foe, which had retarded the advance of Cañabo, who, wary and suspicious, had fancied the detection of his plot in the Spaniard's unexpected presence at his appointed rendezvous. As it was, she arrived at Isabella a short half hour, at most, after her lover had set forth into the forest; and, disbelieved by the lazy watchers, would even then have effected nothing, had she not happened to encounter the heroic partizan, Alonzo de Ojeda, even then setting foot in stirrup to ride forth on some daring foray. Telling her simple tale to this brave leader, who failed not to perceive, upon the instant, the probability of such a movement on the part of Cañabo, and who, with intuitive rapidity of mind, detected somewhat of the truth of her connection with Hernando, she obtained instant and implicit credence. Before ten minutes had passed by, the tocsin called the garrison to arms; the guns were scaled and loaded; and with his own peculiar band of fleet and fiery skirmishers, Ojeda mounted to ride forth and skirr the country, having learned, from some chance expressions dropped by Herreiro in the gateway's hearing, the place of meeting fixed for that morning's sanguinary pastime. Ere he had ridden forth, however, Don Guzman's servitor came at furious gallop from the scene of action, having escaped, though not unwounded, by dint of desperate spurring from the wild chieftain's archery. From his report, the truth of all Guarica's tidings was now confirmed past doubt, with the addition of Herreiro's death, and his more generous rival's capture. Ordering the maiden to be carefully detained, but with all honor, in the fortress, the gallant partizan dashed out in the vain hope of securing his bold companion. Nor, though too late for this, did he fail to avenge him; for, after sweeping many a league of forest and savannah with his fleet chivalry, he had, near nightfall, met the returning force of Cañabo; who, satisfied that the meeting of the Spaniards was wholly unconnected with his onslaught, having detached a hundred of his men to escort his much valued captive, was hurrying back, to swoop, as he fancied, on his unprepared foemen, in the dead of night. Charging, immediately, with lance in rest, although his little band numbered not one sixteenth part of the Charib forces, Ojeda, like a thunderbolt, drove through them; and, as they fled diverse, dividing his small party into companies of five, pursued them fiercely with a hot fire of pistols, until they reached the shelter of the swamps or thickets, impervious to the charges of their steel-clad enemies. Fifty slain Indians, and a single captive, attested the rash Spaniard's prowess; and, ere the moon had risen, within the walls of

Isabella, the prisoner was confronted with the lovely niece of the fair Queen Anaçona. The instant result of this conference, was the return of the Charib maiden, escorted by Ojeda, with a fresh band of forayers, to her native home; where she was joined, at daybreak, by her faithful brother, with ample tidings of the captivity and destined fate of her young lover.

No time was to be lost, for the infuriate Cañabo, whom Orozimbo, hurrying homeward, had met on his retreat, baffled, and desperate, and bent on vengeance, had openly declared, that on the third day thence, he would march with ten thousand followers, and slay his captive before the very walls of Isabella, and in sight of his helpless countrymen, with the most direful tortures. The simple plan was soon arranged, and in pursuance of it, Orozimbo forthwith returned to the hill-fortress, where he was destined to watch constantly for an occasion of communicating with the prisoner. This, by aid of Alonzo—whom, less carefully guarded, he had easily visited, and whom, at early twilight, he contrived to liberate—was speedily and thoroughly effected. The horses, with Guarica, had been secreted in the thicket, by a plan preconcerted, as soon as the night had become dark enough to veil their movements. Ojeda, who had come so far with her, returning to array his troop, and cover their retreat as soon as he was well assured that the escape of his companion from the dungeon was now well nigh certain, and that his presence on the spot would hinder rather than advance their flight.

All this Hernando soon learned from his sweet companion, and as they careered easily and freely over the fair green plain which stretched for miles around them, and on whose broad champaign existed neither dingle, brake, nor glen, to shade a lurking foeman, the certainty of safety and of freedom lent wings to the young lover's buoyant and exstatic soul. Well mounted, and well armed with weapons of defence—for, with his charger, the bold and wary partizan had failed not to send rapier, and pistolets, and battle axe—he would have cared but little had he been destined to fall in with a score of roving Indians—but, as it seemed, no such encounter was to be looked for—much less apprehended.

And now the wide savannah was already passed, and at the verge of the forest, within a short half mile of the spot where Ojeda waited their arrival, with ears and soul intent on every sound that might betoken their approach, they had to cross a narrow streamlet, running through deep and wooded banks. Orozimbo, who as their guide, had led the way, was in the middle of the ford; while Hernando, with the maiden, was descending the steep path which led to it, when the well known twang of the Indian bow was heard, and an arrow whizzed through the air so truly aimed, that it passed through the Spaniard's high-crowned hat.

"Push on," cried the quick-witted youth, upon the instant, "push on, boy, to close quarters;" and as he spoke, snatching a pistol from his holster, he dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks, and passing Orozimbo in mid channel, drove up the opposite ascent, followed by his page, sword in hand.

Then from the brushwood rose a loud, wild yell, no-

accompanied by a flight of the long Charib shafts; close to the head and breast of De Leon they hurtled, but none took effect on him, or on Alonzo. A sharp cry rang, however, from the rear, followed almost immediately by a splash in the shallow water; and then, with bridle loose, and blood-stained housings, the steed of Orozimbo darted at a fierce gallop onward. Scarce had Hernando reached the brow of the ravine, before, with levelled pikes and brandished war-clubs, a dozen Charibs rushed against him, and one more daring than his fellows seized on his bridle rein. Not half a second did he keep his hold; for, levelled at a hand's breadth of his head, Hernando's pistol flashed with unerring aim—the bullet crashed through the Indian's temples, and he fell, without a word or groan, beneath the charger's feet. Rising, upon the instant, in his stirrups, the bold cavalier hurled, with a sure and steady hand, the discharged weapon in the face of his next opponent, and before he had even seen the effect, although it felled him stunned and headlong to the earth, unsheathed his trusty rapier with one hand, while with the other, casting his bridle loose, he drew and discharged, fatally his second pistol. All this had passed with the speed of light; and Alonzo, having, at the same time, cut down the first of his assailants, the Indians broke away on all sides, and it seemed as if they would have effected their escape; and so, in fact, they might have done, had the young Spaniard chosen to abandon Orozimbo to his fate; but such was not his nature. Reining his charger up, he turned his head, and called aloud upon the faithful Indian; at the same point of time, the Charibs, who had scattered diverse before his headlong charger, began again to rally, and one, the boldest of their number, fitting an arrow to his bow-string, drew it with steady and swift aim quite to the head; the chord twanged sharply, and the shaft took effect, right in the broad breast of the war-horse, transfixing his embroidered pottrel; headlong he fell to earth; and, as he fell, the savages gaining fresh courage, made a simultaneous rush upon the hapless rider. So speedily, however, had the skilful soldier regained his foothold, and so powerfully did he wield his rapier, that they still dreaded to close with him absolutely. Not so, however, with the fair Guarica, for, dislodged from her seat by the shock of the charger's downfall, she had been thrown to some yards' distance, and seized, as soon as she had touched the ground, by a gigantic savage, who, all athirst for vengeance and for blood, brandished his ponderous war-club round his head, in very act to smite; while, hampered by their numerous foemen, neither Hernando nor the page could possibly assist her in this fearful crisis. Just at this moment, the thick, fast-beating tramp of many horses, at full gallop, was heard by both parties, and the continuous crashing of the brush-wood, through which, with furious speed, a band of Europeans were, it was evident, advancing. The near sounds, it would seem, inspired both parties with fresh vigor; the savages striving to finish their fell work before they should come up to the rescue, the Spaniards gaining confidence and hope from the vicinity of friends. Too late, however, would the arrival of Ojeda, on the scene of action, have proved to save Guarica; though

now he might be seen within two hundred yards, plying his bloody spurs, and brandishing aloft his formidable rapier. Thrice did Hernando rush upon the Indians in the vain hope of succoring his promised bride, striking down, at each charge, a Charib warrior; but each time he was driven back by force of irresistible numbers, and nothing could have saved her from sure death, had not a bloody form, grim, ghastly, and death-stricken, arisen, like a spectre, from the channel of the stream, armed with a Spanish blade—faithful in death itself, young Orozimbo. Though faint and staggering, he plied his keen sword with such mortal energy, that all shrank back from its downright descent. The chief who had seized Guarica, and whose averted head beheld not the approach of this new combatant, received the full sway of its sheer edge on his bended neck. Through muscle, spine and marrow, the trenchant blade drove unresisted; loosing his grasp upon his captive, he dropped dead without a word or struggle, and carried onward by his own impetus, the Charib boy fell over him, and lay beside him in his blood, motionless, although living still. A second more, and with their battle-cry, "Saint Jago," the fiery Spaniards were upon them, with flash and shot, and stab and stroke, till not an enemy remained alive upon the bank of that small stream, which late so pure and lucid, flowed now all dark, curdled, and thick with human gore. Ere yet the mortal struggle was well over, Hernando caught Guarica to his arms, while the page had upraised the body of her faithful brother from the earth, and wiped the foam and gore from his pale lips, while the stern Spaniards stood around, mute and awe-stricken, leaning upon the weapons which reeked yet with the homicidal witness. One form was there, beside Alonzo de Ojeda, on whom Hernando's eyes, engrossed by the sad spectacle before him, had not yet fallen—a tall and noble form, gorgeously clad in scarlet, with much lace and embroidery of gold. But it was not the gorgeous dress—scarlet—nor lace—nor gold—but the long locks of snow shading that broad and massive brow, the air of conscious dignity and inborn worth, the impress of unutterable thought united to invincible resolve, that stamped upon that face and figure a natural majesty exceeding that of princes—a majesty becoming the discoverer of worlds! Silent he stood, and sorrowful, while the boy, Orozimbo, placing the fair hand of his sister, who, with her lover, knelt above him in speechless agony of woe, in that of the young Spaniard, strove hard but fruitlessly—against the grasp of death which was now grappling with his very soul—to give his feelings sound—gasping forth something of which naught could be heard but the words—"Take her, love and protect"—his eyes rolled wildly, as he struggled still to fix them on the beloved brow of her for whom he died; his lips were fearfully convulsed, and with one murmur—"Sister, sister!" he sank upon the earth, as still and senseless as its least valued clod. Then that great man broke silence—

"This is the visible and present hand of God! Take her, Hernando; she is yours—yours in the face of men, and before God! Take her to be your wife for ever and for ever, and as to her you do prove faithful, true and

loving—so may it be with you and yours here and hereafter!"

And the wide forest aisles re-echoed to the deep "Amen" which burst impressively from the stern lips of the Spanish warriors.

The tenderness of her espoused lord effaced, in time, the cloud from the fair Indian's brow; and if the course of their first early love was troubled, so was it not with its meridian tide! Happy they lived and honored; and when, at length, they paid the debt which all must pay to nature, it was among the tears of children so numerous and noble, that, to this very day, many, the proudest families of Spain's nobility, are proud to claim descent from Don Hernando de Leon, and his bright Charib Bride!

H.

Original.

## LOVE RULETH FOR EVER.

BY J. YATES BARTLETTE.

OVER the earth, and over the sea,  
Wherever the light of the mind may be;  
In wilds of the West, or groves of the East;  
'Neath the soldier's helm, and the cowl of the priest;  
'Neath every garb which man can wear,  
Through every deception how deep, or how rare,  
Love ruleth for ever.

The red man roveeth thro' forests wild,  
Where civilization hath never smiled;  
Strong is his arm, and the wild deer's pace  
He far outstrips, in the eager chase;  
Yet the untaught son of warrior's bold,  
Into kindness melts when the tale is told,  
Love ruleth for ever.

Away with the wind o'er the rolling wave,  
For ever careering above his grave,  
The sailor long clings to the taper mast;  
When the storm shrieks loud, and the rain falls fast,  
Whispers seem borne on the eddying wind,  
To tell with his sweetheart, tho' left behind,  
Love ruleth for ever.

The great, the lowly, and the proud,  
Beneath its magic power are bowed;  
Thro' its vortex wild, all hearts are whirl'd,  
Its subjects are all, and its kingdom the world;  
Its life is eternal—priceless its dower,  
And a million tongues proclaim each hour,  
Love ruleth for ever.

It ruleth alike, in Heaven and Earth,  
Creation gave the first tale of its birth;  
It moveth each world, and it lighteth each star,  
Which in the blue ether is beaming afar,  
And the angel harp with quivering chords,  
Re-echo, again, to each other, the words,  
Love ruleth for ever.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Original.

## THE FAIR YOUTH OF NAMUR.\*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

IN the good old Flemish city of Namur, dwelt a widow, who lived very retired and quietly. None, except those who saw her at church—where she was never missing—or in her little retail shop, where she dealt in silk stuffs and fine laces, were aware of her existence. Perhaps Madame Le Blond would have died in the same obscurity in which she lived, had she not been blessed with a son, who, ere he reached his two and twentieth year, became an object of interest to at least half the city, and what is better, to the fairer half. He was a good youth, and had been piously educated; had never seen worse company than that of his excellent mother and her relations; had no opportunity of spending money, for the dame inherited nothing from her husband's effects, and the avails of her shopkeeping were barely sufficient for their support. Her son was therefore moderate in his wishes, as well as honest, sensible and industrious. But all those virtues would hardly have made his name known in Namur, had he not possessed the most rare and exquisite beauty of person. No youth, in the town or country, could be thought of as a match to him. Not to mention a figure of faultless symmetry, there was an irresistible charm in his noble features, in his blue, melting eyes, and the most perfect mouth in the world. On account of the rich golden curls that clustered about his temples, and the clear rosy hue of his complexion, he was called, instead of Mr. Le Blond—"the Blondin," simply. It was then the fashion for young gentlemen to wear periwigs and swords. Madame Le Blond, for the sake of economy, insisted on her son's wearing an ell measure instead of a sword; and his own bright locks supplied the place of the perwig. And most of his fair acquaintances thought it a very pretty innovation.

The Blondin, himself, thought very little of the matter, nor knew how deeply he had bewitched the hearts of the damsels of Namur. He had always been used to kind looks and caresses; and if any of his fair customers chose to detain him in discourse, he made no other observation, mentally, than that women loved to talk. If, in a fit of abstraction, any lady chanced to press his hand, he returned the pressure as in courtesy bound, and suffered her to depart.

Madame Le Blond soon found her shop a great place of resort, and preferred even to more showy and splendid ones. After a day's vigorous employment in selling silks and laces, she would say to her son, "Lee, my child, how it pleases Heaven to bless our industry, prudence and honesty!" They both gave thanks for the blessing; which, notwithstanding, seemed not always to follow their exertions. The good dame was certainly as diligent and as prudent as her son; yet when *alone* in the shop, it was very seldom she could drive a bargain with her capricious lady customers. Her goods were ever second rate—her prices unreasonable. But to the young

\* Freely translated from the German.



man, they would pay the same prices without a murmur. "Well, child," the mother would say, "I am old and morose; I have not your arts of persuasion. It is my time for rest. I have managed, and worked, and scraped together, long enough. It is now your turn. Take to yourself a wife. I will nurse my old age with you."

"But where to look for a wife?"

"Leave that to me, my child," said Madame Le Blonde.

"What think you, mother, of my Cousin Marie? You know my uncle said long ago, that Marie and I were made for each other. She is a clever damsel. I remember we used to play man and wife when we were children. My uncle spoke to me on the subject only a few days ago."

"And to me, also," interrupted Madame Le Blond. "But, my dear, that can never be, for just one hundred and fifty reasons. I will tell you the first half dozen, merely. First, so long as we were unsuccessful in business, your uncle would have nothing to do with us. Now he is more cordial—he knows we have prospered for some years past. Secondly, Marie is a good, clever, managing girl, but she has nothing. A merchant should not ask what his wife is, but what she *has*. She has nothing—you have nothing. What is the product of nothing multiplied by nothing? Thirdly, you are first cousins, and both human opinion and divine laws oppose the union of near relations. Fourthly—"

"Enough, enough, mother!" cried the dutiful son. "It was only a first thought of mine. Choose me another."

Madame Le Blond soon fixed her mind upon the daughter and heiress of the rich cutler, M. Paulet. The young lady was rich, but inconceivably ugly; hump-backed and one-eyed, and otherwise disagreeable in person. She could never have dreamed of finding a husband, had she not had gold to purchase lovers. The cutler closed, at once, with Madame Le Blond's proposition, and Mademoiselle Paulet, delighted at the thought of being courted by the handsome Blondin, blushed so deeply, that her yellow face looked almost green.

The innocent youth, when informed of his mother's negotiation, felt as if every thing before his eyes had turned green. When he had recovered from his first horror, he held up both hands and exclaimed, "Mother, I will give you three hundred reasons why I cannot marry Mademoiselle Paulet. First, a fever which seizes me whenever I think of her; second, a nausea; third, a giddiness in my head; fourth, a rushing in my ears; fifth—"

"Stop!" cried the dame, who had no inclination to hear the other reasons; you talk like an apothecary, not like a respectable merchant. Only calculate Mademoiselle Paulet's gold invested in our trade, and increased ten fold, as it may be!"

But the mother and son could not agree in their reckoning. The one set her old head against the other's young heart. She became more peevish; he more melancholy. Although it was cold weather, he grew, all at once, fonder of walking out than he had been, even in

summer, to escape maternal solicitations at home. Nay, had he not been withheld by his filial affections, he would gladly have left the city, and gone abroad into the world to seek his fortune.

One morning he went, after his custom, to hear the mass. Near him, in the church, knelt a young lady, dressed in rich, though simple travelling apparel; her face shaded by a veil embroidered with gold. Her fingers diligently plied her rosary, but many a furtive glance from under her veil did she direct towards the handsome youth. Poor Le Blond's heart was very heavy, for it was full of the hideousness of his proposed bride, and the anger of his mother. As he left the church, he saw the lady who had observed him so attentively, go out, accompanied by another, and followed by two gentlemen. They stepped into an elegant carriage, and drove off. The Blondin knew that they must be people of quality. He met, the next day, at the stone bridge in the lower city, the same ladies walking; and was so fortunate as to save one of them from falling, as she slipped in the snow upon the steps. It was the lady in the embroidered veil. She had hurt her foot slightly, and leaned, for support, on the arm of the young man, while she asked him a number of questions. When she heard he was a dealer in laces, she expressed a wish to purchase some, and directed him to bring them to her hotel, at such an hour, next day. He was to ask for the Countess St. Silvain. She would have chatted longer with the beautiful Blondin, but at the moment the two gentlemen came up, to inquire the reason of her delay. She told them of the dreadful accident she had escaped by aid of the youth; they assisted her into a coach, and the young man was left alone.

At the appointed hour he repaired to the hotel with the goods, and was shewn to the apartments of the Countess. He showed her two boxes full of costly laces. She made choice of some, paid him his demand, added a gold piece or two in reward for his trouble, and again engaged him in conversation. When, among other things, he told her he had never been out of Namur, the Countess said, "Will you engage in my service? You shall then travel through France. I will give you a better salary than your business would yield. You shall be mine, or my husband's private secretary."

She spoke in a sweet, persuasive voice; and the Blondin felt almost tempted to embrace her offer, particularly when he thought of Mademoiselle Paulet, who had a strong nasal twang in her speech. But his old mother! he could not resolve to leave her; no! although he had sworn an hundred times to run away, rather than marry the cutler's daughter. So he refused the enticing proffers of the Countess.

This resolution was a noble one, and deserved the reward with which Providence honored it in the sequel. But it was sorely shaken, when, on his return home, Madame Le Blond assured him that the negotiation between her and M. Paulet, had gone too far to be honorably receded from; and that he must, perforce wed the hump-backed heiress. In bitterness of spirit, the youth went, next day, to the Countess' hotel; but returned

quietly home to the shop, for the lady and her suite had already left Namur.

This adventure was soon forgotten. His domestic trials ceased not, but the young man bore them with patience and firmness a whole year. Meanwhile, Louis the Great, of France, took it into his head to increase his greatness. In 1692 he advanced in person, at the head of his army, to Namur, and at the expense of some hundred weight of powder, totally demolished the scheme of marriage pending between Madame Le Blond and M. Paulet, in behalf of their offspring. For, after eight day's siege, the king took the city, the castle in twenty; and the good old dame fell ill of her fright and died.

The Blondin, no doubt, felt indebted to the French monarch for his military interruption of his nuptials; but he sorrowed sincerely for the loss of his mother. She left him a larger substance than he had expected. Without his knowledge she had laid by a pretty store of gold, for the purpose of enlarging her stock at some future time. He put her design in execution; left the small shop, and opened a large and handsome one in one of the principal streets. He was particularly pleased in his new abode, by a garden that belonged to his share of the building—for he loved the culture of flowers. This garden adjoined another, belonging to a house in a parallel street; the two were divided only by a thorn hedge, in which there were many gaps, owing to neglect in training the branches. Le Blond had in his a lovely jasmine arbor, where he resolved to spend much time in study. The house in which he had hired apartments was that of President —, the superior bailiwick.

One summer's morning, on approaching his arbor, he saw sitting there a young damsel, with a book in her hand, studying diligently. She was apparently about nineteen; and exquisitely beautiful; such a maiden as Le Blond had never before seen. So dazzlingly fair her brow, her neck so voluptuously rounded—so softly tinted with carmine her lips and cheeks—so rich the glossy abundance of her dark hair, that fell in lovely ringlets down to the prettiest shoulder in the world! The youth stood bewildered, and only after a long pause ventured to approach. The beauty seemed not a little embarrassed. She was evidently a stranger. She rose and bowed, and each commenced a faltered apology. A conversation might have ensued, but did not; for in the first place, the young man's understanding seemed transferred from his ears to his eyes; and in the next, the fair maiden was almost entirely ignorant of the French language. This much, however, was made out: that they were neighbors. The young lady lived in the house fronting on the street St. Fiacre, parallel to that in which Le Blond resided. She had been studying the French grammar, for she was only three months out of Italy. While these explanations were taking place, with the help of signs and gestures to translate Italian into French, a female voice called "Jacqueline!" The fair girl instantly hastened away, leaving her book in the arbor.

The Blondin was quite intoxicated with the vision of beauty that had crossed him. A sudden desire seized him to learn Italian; he had before wished himself master of that language, spoken by so many of his customers;

but now he vowed a vow, not to rest till he should be able to tell the lovely girl, in her own tongue—he knew not what.

Towards evening he went out into the street St. Fiacre with the half-formed purpose of restoring the French grammar to its fair owner. He came in front of the house, a large noble-looking building. In the lower part, over a ware shop, he read the sign—"The Misses Buonvicini, milliners from Milan." He had no doubt that Jacqueline was one of these; but he could not summon courage to call and deliver the volume she had forgotten.

Le Blond was not a little pleased with his fancied discovery that Jacqueline was a milliner. He thought it would suit well his own business in the silk and lace line. She was certainly the only damsel in the world who would suit him for a wife.

He was under a mistake. Jacqueline resided in that house, but was not one of the Misses Buonvicini. She was the only daughter of General de Fano, who had been severely wounded in the siege of Namur, and remained in the city for the recovery of his health. And poor Le Blond, who was no great politician, had never even heard of General de Fano, one of the ablest officers in the service of Louis XIV.

Jacqueline, on her part, was not less interested in the handsome youth with whom she had formed so unexpected an acquaintance. She knew who resided in the house to which the garden with the jasmine arbor belonged, and supposed the youth the President's son.

On the fourth day after their first meeting, Le Blond, from his arbor, saw the fair Jacqueline walking in the milliners' garden. He joined her quickly, her book under his arm; and, to make a long story short, it was arranged that they should meet at certain hours to give and receive lessons, the one in French, the other in Italian. Jacqueline proved an apt scholar, but the youth was less quick of apprehension. The conjugation of the verb *amare*, for example, proved a stumbling-block to him; for he never could get beyond "*tu ami*." Jacqueline was obliged to add the third person; and when she bade him repeat after her "*noi amiamo*,"—we love,—he forgot his Italian, and could only cover her hand with kisses. In short, the young people were incurably enamored with each other.

The lessons proceeded day after day, and Le Blond learned to speak Italian tolerably; but both he and Jacqueline were much disturbed at the discovery of the mistake they had mutually entertained. "If I were only rich!" sighed he.

"If I were only poor!" murmured she.

To increase their unhappiness, winter came, and stripped the arbor of its foliage, and covered the garden walks with snow. They met more rarely—and many difficulties were in the way of their intercourse. Both had sworn eternal constancy; but doubts destroyed the peace of both.

One evening, in gloomy mood, Le Blond went to a tavern in the neighborhood. He had not for eight days spoken with Jacqueline. She, in the meantime, had been invited to balls and parties without number, and that very evening was present with her parents at an

entertainment given by the President. Her lover closed his shop early and went over to the tavern, that he might not hear the dancing over his head. He was thoroughly miserable.

Near him sat a man in a grey surtout, grave and stern in appearance. He was sipping a glass of Pontac, and nodded to the youth. "Are you not," said he at length, "are you not M. Le Blond?"

The youth looked at the stranger, but could not recollect his name, though he remembered having seen him several times within the last week, once particularly at his shop, where he purchased a large piece of silk. There was something striking in his lean, sallow face, and he had a pair of eyes that seemed to pierce one through.

"You seem not in a good humor!" observed the stranger.

"Very possibly. One cannot always be so," said Le Blond.

"Will you drink?"

"That will not make me more cheerful."

"I am very sorry. Can I do nothing to help you?"

"I do not know."

"Try me. I am more interested in you, young man, than you imagine. You know not my name; let us be friends, nevertheless. I can and will assist you, if you will have confidence in me."

"You are very good."

"Has any one injured you?"

"No one, sir."

"Have you, then, met with a loss?"

"Not that I know of."

"Come, come: I can guess what ails you; but depend upon me. You are a child of fortune. Will you trust me? You shall not repent it."

"I will."

"Good. But here is no place to talk of what I have to say to you. Let me see—I am a stranger in Namur. Will you accompany me to my hotel, and spend to-night with me?"

Le Blond hesitated to accept this singular invitation, but then he thought of the ball at the President's, and Jacqueline dancing over his head. "I will go with you," said he—and followed the stranger.

He was introduced at the hotel into a luxurious apartment. Several servants were in waiting, and a splendid supper was prepared. The youth saw that his friend in the grey surtout must be a man of property, who might command better society than that of a poor silk merchant.

"With whom have I the honor to talk?" at length asked he, much embarrassed, of his entertainer.

"I am called simply Abubeker," replied his host; "I am a Chaldean by birth."

"A Chaldean! And how came you so far from your native country?"

"I was curious to visit other lands. I think of going to Iceland as soon as the weather is a little milder."

"To Iceland! And how long is it since you left Asia?"

The Chaldean seemed to hesitate a moment, and then answered in an indifferent tone—"It is about one hundred and twenty years since I came over."

"Great Heavens! One hundred and twenty years!" cried the bewildered Blondin. "May I ask how old you call yourself?"

"Just three hundred and twelve years. I know you will think I am jesting with you," said the stranger; "but you shall hear other things, if you will only trust me. This I ask—do not judge me by my words, but by my deeds."

Here the servants announced supper. They sat down to rich viands, and the choicest wines. When they had supped—"Now, dear friend," said Abubeker, "banish reserve—speak openly to me."

The youth did so—though he had some internal misgivings as to the character of his friend. "And you, master Abubeker," he added, "have been entertaining me with fairy tales, can you expect a reasonable man to believe you?"

"That is as you please," returned the other, indifferently. "Only do as I require. You may observe that I am skilled in secret learning. Have you never heard of necromancy?"

"Certainly—but never had much faith in it. I know there are such things as juggling and deception."

"Possibly—among you ignorant Europeans; but in our Chaldee it is very different. Look you, young man: I have taken a great fancy to you; I tell you, you were born under a lucky star. I have it in my power to help you. You are in need of money. There is a treasure buried in the earth, near the castle St. Valerien des Anges."

"A treasure?"

"Yes—a very considerable one. You are destined to obtain it—you, and no other."

"When?"

"As soon as you choose to make the journey."

The youth hardly knew what to make of the information, and the gravity of the stranger. He thought awhile, and then said, "Very well, master Abubeker. I have to-morrow to pay a note for five thousand livres. As you say I am destined to possess this treasure, will you have the goodness to lend me that sum upon the security of it?"

"With pleasure!" replied the Chaldean. "You shall have it to-night," and thereupon he changed the conversation.

It was late when Le Blond took his leave. He did not remind his friend of his promised loan, for to say truth, he had only pretended to stand in need of that sum to make trial of his sincerity. But as he was going, Abubeker begged him to wait a moment; went into another apartment, brought out four bags of gold, laid them on the table, and ordered a servant to carry them to the lodgings of M. Le Blond.

When the youth awaked next morning, his first thought was of the Chaldean, as it had formerly been of Jacqueline. He could not help thinking the old fellow a humorist, or a fool, and entertained no doubt that his bags were filled with sand and stones. He was not a little perplexed, on opening them, to find louis d'ors bright as if freshly coined. He took a few to a goldsmith, who pronounced them pure gold. He was now ashamed of doubting the stranger's story of the treasure.

He went next day to Abubeker's hotel, confessed his little fraud with respect to the gold, and laid open his whole heart to him. The Chaldean seemed much interested. "Dig the treasure," said he; "purchase an estate with a handsome income, appear as a wealthy suitor before General de Fano, and see how willingly he will give you his daughter."

"And what must I do if I go with you?" asked the youth.

"Arrange your business, and give out that you are going on a journey. Say not a word of its object, for my assistance depends on your silence."

"May I not tell Jacqueline?"

"Tell her of your journey—of your hopes of better fortune; but nothing of Valerien des Agnes, or of the treasure."

"When do we set out?"

"In three days from this time."

In three days Le Blond left Namur in his friend's carriage; they set out at midnight, and arrived the next evening at a hunting lodge in the midst of a wood. "Do we pass the night here?" asked the youth—for the accommodations seemed rude, even to him.

"The castle ruins are but a few rods off," replied the Chaldean. "At midnight—not earlier, nor later—we must be on the spot. Let us sup, meanwhile, by this warm fire, and refresh ourselves."

The young man was shivering with cold. He warmed himself, and drank eagerly the cup of wine given him by his companion. They passed the evening in drinking and relating pleasant stories. When they went forth at midnight, Le Blond was so overcome with fatigue and the fumes of the wine, that even the hope of possessing a treasure could not keep his eyes open. The Chaldean went before with a dark lantern, motioning to his young friend to follow him, a short way through the wood, to the ruins of a wall. There he bade him wait a few moments, while, by the light of the lantern, he commenced reading from a book. He closed the book in about fifteen minutes, and turning round, found the youth fast asleep.

Le Blond slept some hours, and on awaking was surprised to find himself again in the lodge. The fire burnt low in the chimney; the old forester stood by the window, and seemed to watch him, for, at the moment, he stepped to the door, whispered, and the Chaldean came in.

"Where am I? where is the treasure?" cried the young man, rousing himself.

"You fell asleep, and suffered the hour to pass," said the other. "We must now devise other means of obtaining it. Come—return with me; the carriage is at the door; the day is breaking."

Though much disappointed, Le Blond could not refuse to obey. They set out on their return. To the young man's impatient questions, the Chaldean only answered, that he too was exhausted with watching, and that it was his turn to sleep. At length they stopped near a bridge to change horses. The Chaldean alighted, pretending that he would immediately return; but in his place, a broad-shouldered, rough-looking fellow stepped into the

carriage, seated himself beside the youth, and the coachman drove on.

Le Blond was about to remonstrate; but a pistol threateningly pointed at him by his new travelling companion, enforced his acquiescence.

"At your first ill word," said the man, "or motion towards escape, I have the honor to plant this knife between your ribs, or send this ball on a voyage of discovery into your head. And for greater security, you must permit me to bind your eyes, till such time as I think proper you should see." The young man submitted with rather a bad grace, for he thought he had worse to apprehend than being made sport of.

After a long journey, the carriage stopped, and his guard ordered him to get out. He obeyed, and stood still as he heard the vehicle rolling away, waiting to have his eyes unbound. At length he ventured to ask where he was. No answer. He lifted his hand cautiously to his head, but felt not the dreaded knife between his ribs. He tore away the bandage. All was darkness; and he began to fear he had really lost his sight. But he soon saw the lights gleaming from a row of houses, and from different carriages that rolled past him. He was in Namur, in the well known street directly in front of the President's house, and his own shop, which was closed, because it was midnight. His late travelling companion was nowhere to be seen.

By dint of vigorous knocking, he roused his clerk, and gained admission into his own domicile. He was glad enough to throw himself on the bed and sleep till sunrise—but the morning brought self-reproach and vexation that he had suffered himself to be thus fooled. He determined, however, to keep his promise of secrecy to the Chaldean, and to be less credulous in future. Twenty times that day he went into the garden, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the fair Jacqueline, and at night walked in the street St. Fiacre. The next day it was worse. On returning to inquire after the family of General de Fano, he learned that they had quitted Namur, it was supposed, to return to Italy. The disappointed lover wept bitterly, for he now thought Jacqueline lost to him for ever.

But one cannot always weep. The young man shut up his grief and despair in his own bosom, and went quietly about his affairs, resolved to fulfil his duty, though his heart was broken. Thus passed six weeks. At the end of that time a letter was brought to him, among other business papers, bearing the superscription—"To M. de Blond de Laure." The house and street in which he lived were named, so that the missive appeared meant for him, though he knew not what to make of the aristocratic *de* before his name, nor the additional "de Laure." It was dated from the estate de Laure at Gailiac, in Languedoc. The writer signed himself Martin Crispin, most humble servant and steward of monsieur, his patron. The contents were in substance as follows: That M. St. Valerien des Anges, having purchased for M. de Blonde the princely estate de Laure, with all lands and titles thereto appertaining, the factor and steward thereof craved leave to recommend himself to the favor of his new patron, and hoped still to retain the

trust he had hitherto held. All the servants of the household desired nothing so much as that their new master should come in person to rule over them. But in case he should not choose to do so at present, the said Martin Crispin craved to know in what manner he should remit the monies coming in quarterly from the estate, etc.

M. Le Blond read the letter three times—then flung it aside and muttered—"Martin Crispin is an ass!" and as the name of St. Valerien des Anges recurred to him—"It is another piece of the Chaldean's foolery! No, no, master Abubeker! This time you do not find me so ready a dunce!"

A few days after came another thick letter. It contained a deed, drawn up in legal form, of the estate of Laure, in the name of M. Le Blond, as owner of the property; with divers other legal documents confirming his title. Among these a note caught his eye, which contained the following words:

Sir: You are now in possession of your treasure, converted into a pleasant and valuable estate. Enjoy it, and be silent.

ABUBEKER.

The youth could no longer doubt, but he was bewildered at his good fortune. He submitted the papers to legal investigation, and being satisfied as to their validity, and the real existence of his possessions in Languedoc, quitted Namur, resolved that the first thing he would do, would be to travel over Italy in search of General de Fano and his daughter.

He entered the province of Languedoc, and had alighted at Abby, when he saw pass a coach and four, accompanied by several outriders, and driving at a rapid pace. As they passed him, he caught a glimpse of those within, and to his utter astonishment, saw the well-remembered, sallow face of the Chaldean, earnest in conversation with a young lady, who was no other than Jacqueline herself. No words can describe his amazement; but ere he had recovered from the stupor of surprise, the coach was out of sight, and he knew it would be useless to pursue them.

That night he slept at Gaillac, but his wonder and vexation were scarcely removed by a sight of his estate. He had lain sometime in bed, when the door of his chamber unexpectedly opened, and a servant with a light announced a visitor, who entered unceremoniously.

The young man sprang from the bed—"You, M. Abubeker?" he exclaimed.

"Nay," interrupted the Chaldean, "I am here no longer Abubeker. In France I bear a French name—I am called M. St. Valerien des Anges."

"Very good, M. St. Valerien des Anges!—but—"

"I have now fulfilled my promise to you, M. Le Blond. I am going to Iceland, to find the philosopher's stone in the fires of Heccla."

"Excellent, most worthy sir; but permit me one question—Is Mademoiselle de Fano to help you find the philosopher's stone?"

"What an idea!"

"You have carried off my beloved. Take back your treasure, and restore me Jacqueline."

"Who told you I had carried her off?"

"My own eyes. I saw you driving together yesterday."

"Causeless jealousy! I have brought her back to you. I am married to a fairy on Mount Caucasus. I would punish your suspicion, could I be angry with you. But my time is short. Your fortune is made; enjoy it with discretion."

"But Jacqueline?"

"Patience. She is here—in this city. Do you accept the invitation you will receive to-morrow. Farewell!—be prudent and happy." With these words he left the room. Le Blond threw on his clothes and hastened after him; but was too late. He was obliged to go back to bed, still vexed with jealousy and doubt.

The next day a stately stranger called upon him, bearing an invitation to dinner from the Archbishop of Abby. At the appointed hour, our young friend, as M. de Laure, in a rich dress, descended from the carriage at the Archbishop's door. The noble host was in his garden, surrounded by several of his friends. After the presentation was over, Le Blond received the congratulations of all present on his newly acquired possession.

"We must be better acquainted, since we are henceforth next neighbors," cried an old man who was lame of one leg. "I am General de Fano. My daughter has spoken to me of your acquaintance in Namur."

The youth grew red and pale by turns. The old General smiled as he observed his emotion. "Give me your arm," said he, "to walk. Jacqueline is yonder in the arbor. She knows you are here."

Le Blond did not spend time in attempting to unravel the mystery of his present delight. He spoke at once to the point, and asked if M. St. Valerien des Anges had informed General de Fano of his intimacy with the young lady.

"That he has done," replied the old soldier; "and has given me so good an account of you, as to make me happy to welcome you as my son-in-law. He has known you from your acquaintance with the Countess St. Silvain; and being a humorist, and possessing immense wealth, with none to inherit it, thought he could not do a better deed than make happy a youth who proved so dutiful a son, to say nothing of the other good qualities he discovered. Enough, here is Jacqueline;—nay, I shall have to support you! Let me, at least, hobble out of the way!"

Is it necessary to lengthen my story?—to tell how M. de Laure was declared the betrothed of Mademoiselle de Fano at the Archbishop's table; how the marriage was celebrated with all splendor, and the happy couple retired to the estate purchased for Le Blond by the provident Chaldean, on account of its neighborhood to General de Fano's; how the young bridegroom thought the jewels on the neck of his Jacqueline less bright than the tears of happiness in her eyes; and how he never caused her to shed any other?

It remains but to mention, that the fair youth bore away the palm of beauty from all the men of his day, and that under Jacqueline's tuition, he acquired great fluency in the Italian language, particularly in conjugating the verb *amare*.

Columbia, S. C.

Original.  
TIME'S ORATION.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Oh! I am but a poor and simple wight,  
Who sit and rhyme in my own quiet ways,  
And at my pleasure to the world indite,  
Regardless of its censure or its praise,  
Though I have had conferred, in black and white,  
A share of both upon my simple lays,  
By divers magazines and sheets veracious,  
By editors ferocious some, some gracious.

So you had best receive what we shall utter,  
With all humility—for if you dare  
'Gainst Time or his interpreter to mutter,  
One nor the other can your anger scare.  
We sail i' the wind's eye like a sharp-nosed cutter,  
Nor ask for tide or summer breezes fair—  
Our course is onward, and doth not depend  
On any help that you or yours can lend.

Thus much I have indited for preamble,  
And introduction to old Time's oration;  
My Muse, you knew before, delights to ramble—  
But, broken now, at my least intimation,  
She'll either walk, trot, canter, pace or amble;  
In short, including all in one summation,  
She is a quiet sort of a Pegasus,  
That fine, but old, and somewhat hard-rid race-horse.

"Hearken!" said Time. "That sea upon whose sands  
Lie strewed the shapeless wrecks of countless ages,  
On which, obedient to old Fate's command,  
Written upon his dim and dreadful pages,  
I've laid, in anger, my destroying hand—  
That sea whose dark and constant fury rages  
From mine into Eternity's dim realms,  
No age like this within its bosom whelms.

Ay, ye are wiser—better! ye will stand,  
Henceforth, nearer that illimitable sea,  
A fearful beacon on a fearful strand,  
To show how faithless—foolish—man can be;  
To show that, like the buzzard, he can band,  
To rob the weak, and prey on poverty—  
A watchword of unutterable scorn,  
To nations, ages, worlds, as yet unborn.

Why ye have measured out a nation's soil—  
Their fathers' graves and bones, by lottery;  
Unto their Christian robbers as a spoil;  
Ye are content to future time to be  
A beacon and example—yet ye coil  
Yourselves within, and boast your sanctity.  
Religion, hear ye talk, your bread and meat is—  
And yet, at one blow, ye break nineteen treaties,

To which your sacred honor had been pledged,  
Your faith, your manhood, your eternal souls—  
No cause—no crime—no faithlessness alleged.  
Go! search in history's guilt-blackened rolls  
For crime like this! Most nobly ye have fledged  
Your pinions! Weep, oh, weep the luckless Poles!

Then on the Indian pounce—bald-eagle-like!  
And only when ye fear no vengeance, strike!  
Lo! 'tis the dead of winter! Look, and learn!  
An exiled nation is upon their way  
To their new desert home. Often they turn  
Their sad gaze backward, as the god of day  
Mounts upward—while his courser's fire-hoofs spurn,  
Beyond the Mississippi's waters grey,  
The broad fields where their fathers' bones were laid,  
Now rudely tossed up by the white man's spade.

Onward they face—the infant and the old—  
All plodding on their weary way afoot—  
And barefoot, too—while bitterly and cold  
The winter wind blows round—and even the brute  
Shrinks from its keenness in the sheltering fold,  
Yet on they go, despairingly and mute,  
Plunging amid half-frozen pools of mud,  
Or tracking the hard clods and flints with blood.

Loaded like beasts of burden, on they crowd,  
Hungering, half-naked, and with painful tread;  
Behold the brave, by ignominy bowed,  
Clanking his chains because he dared to shed  
His blood for freedom—while, without a shroud,  
The ghastly corpses of their many dead,  
Piled by the road-side, tell a fearful tale  
Of wo and famine, to make men's hearts quail.

And when they halt, the sick, by twenties cooped  
In narrow wagons, on the earth are strewed,  
To moan away their life—mothers that drooped  
Along the road, bring up their famished brood;  
And huddled round the fires, in all their "looped  
And ragged wretchedness," they clutch the food  
Doled out to them by Avarice's hand—  
A weary, faint, heart-broken, squalid band.

Is this your boasted magnanimity?  
Is't thus ye trample on a fallen foe?  
Insatiate spoilers! in your tyranny  
Have ye, in truth, so early fallen so low?  
Hungry for domain as the hungering sea,  
Onward the waves of your dominion flow;  
Yet, miser-like, ye stoop to stint for bread,  
Those whom your avarice disinherited.

Theirs was a fair inheritance and name—  
Freedom her golden sunlight round them shed,  
And made their toil and hunger sweet. Ye came,  
And happiness for ever from them fled.  
The lions of the forest now are tame,  
Moved by contractors, at 'o much a head.  
Your government must manage at this day,  
To turn a penny in an honest way.

I know ye fully; those who have not shared,  
Sit tamely down in meek and cold inaction—  
As dogs will cower, by the night-wolf scared—  
Or, as they might do, having made a paction  
With bolder robbers. When upon them glared  
The foulness of the mean and base transaction,  
It was their duty both to God and man,  
To rise in arms, and on it place their ban."

Original.

## FORTUNE-HUNTING; OR, THE HEIRESS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Her love is not the hare that I do hunt."—AS YOU LIKE IT.

"Is it possible I find you for once idle?" said Charles Errington as he entered the office of his friend Lindsay.

"You may always find me unemployed at this hour, Charles; my week's labor is finished, and I was just about to turn the key upon my musty deeds and documents. There are a few things which excite me to such lightheartedness as the sunset of a Saturday afternoon, for it is always the harbinger of repose and enjoyment."

"You are a strange fellow, Lindsay," said Errington, "you work like a galley slave all the week and, when compelled to desert from positive fatigue, you deem this mere cessation from labor—*enjoyment*. I wish I had some portion of your easy temper."

"Perhaps the sources of contentment are not open to you, Charles, as they are to me. My unremitting exertions are necessary to provide for the support of my mother and sister; and when, after severe toil, I sit down with them amid the comforts and even luxuries of life;—when I see the cheerful fire, the plentiful table, the neatly appointed household, all of which have been purchased by my industry, I believe my enjoyment far exceeds that of the *millionaire* in the midst of all his wealth. If your father had left you no fortune, Errington, you would have learned by this time that the true secret of content is *industry*."

"Faith, then I shall soon have a chance of being as wise on the subject as yourself, Lindsay, but I am afraid it is too late to begin the necessary discipline. Do you know that I am a ruined man?"

"Impossible!"

"Nay, it is too true: you certainly must have heard of the failure of the great mercantile house of which my father was, at the time of his death, one of the principal partners."

"Yes, but your whole fortune was surely not involved in that?"

"My father had unlimited confidence in the persons connected with him in business and this has been my ruin. He died before any developments had been made of their imprudent if not dishonorable conduct, and as he left all his estate in their power, they have benefited themselves at my expense. An annuity of one thousand dollars is all I can now command."

"I am sorry for your loss of fortune, Errington, but really I cannot consider you poor. With a thousand dollars a year and a profession, a man may be independent. You have talents, and if I mistake not, knowledge sufficient to give you a high rank among scientific physicians."

"Faugh! the very thought of my profession disgusts me. This penetrating into the dens of disease, breathing the close and fetid atmosphere of a sick room, and exposing myself to the contact of pestilence is not to my taste. I hate the sight of suffering and always avoid it, if I can."

"But a good physician possesses the enviable privilege of *alleviating* suffering."

"Yes, at the expense of his convenience, his comfort, perhaps his health. He gives his time, his care, his skill; his feelings are daily harrowed up by scenes of distress, and what is his reward? why—if the patient dies, the physician is blamed; if he gets well, his first business probably to dispute his doctor's bill. No—no—I cannot live by the practice of my profession."

"Well if you are resolved to abandon your medical studies, your income will amply suffice for your support while you pursue some other path. Suppose you try the law."

"What! become a delver and digger into the rubbish of centuries! Waste my youth threading that interminable maze of words in which equity is hidden from vulgar eyes!—and when all is learned—when I have woven my web of wiles, then quietly ensconce myself in the midst of it and wait for victims, as a spider watches for flies. No, *that* won't answer."

"What if you should adopt a holier calling? your fine figure would appear to a great advantage in the pulpit, and you are quite handsome enough to be a favorite preacher among the ladies."

"Excellent—to declaim to a multitude against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world while my whole heart was panting after their enjoyment. Whatever I may become in later days I am not yet qualified to play *Tartuffe*."

"Nay, in my last suggestion I did but jest, Errington, for I believe there are few heavier sins than that of making the church-aisle the path to worldly advantage. But what do you mean to do? Remain a bachelor and live upon your annuity?"

"That is one of the impossibilities—my income would scarcely pay my tailor's bill. There is but one resource for me,—I must *marry a fortune*."

"And thus sell *yourself* for gold—ha, Errington?"

"No, I would put in one scale my fine person, my talent, my fashionable reputation, and in the other the lady's fortune; so that one should counterbalance the others. It would be only a fair exchange."

"And what do you mean to say to your little friend, Mary Danvers?"

"For Heaven's sake, Lindsay, don't speak of that girl—I dare not allow myself to think of her. I love her to distraction, but I can no longer hope to make her my wife."

"Why not? With her domestic habits, her refined tastes, and the economical ideas which her parents' limited means have necessarily imparted, she would make an estimable wife for a poor man."

"Yes, for a man like you, Lindsay, but not for one whose extravagant habits are too deeply rooted to be destroyed by a change of circumstances. I hesitated about marrying Mary, when I thought myself rich, because *she* had no fortune, and I certainly cannot afford it now. I have not seen her since I learned my poverty."

"My dear fellow," said Lindsay warmly, "I have known the want of money so often that I am fully sensible of its value; but the wealth of a *Cæsar* would not

tempt me to barter my affections. There is but one way to test your feelings towards an heiress; ask yourself whether, if she were dowerless, you would love and seek to win her. If your heart replies in the affirmative you may, with a safe conscience, make her your wife; but if you feel that her wealth is the only magnet of attraction, then act like an honorable man, and withdraw from a pursuit which can only end in sorrow. A woman is easily deceived when her feelings are interested, and the man who, under false pretences, would rob her of the treasure of her affections, is a greater villain than the thief who steals her gold."

"You are quite eloquent, Lindsay."

"Because I have witnessed some of the suffering caused by this accursed spirit of *fortune-hunting*. It is scarcely three years since I drew up a marriage settlement for a young and warm-hearted woman, who bestowed a large portion of her wealth upon her impoverished lover, and would have given all, without restriction, but for the caution of her guardian. She was not attractive in person, but she was an affectionate and lovable creature, proud of her husband, and happy in the thought that she had been enabled to bestow on him the wealth which surrounded him with luxury. He wedded her only for that wealth,—he obtained possession of all her available property, and then gave himself up to the unrestrained gratification of his vicious tastes. His cruelty drove her mad, and a commission of lunacy which he has taken out, enables him to control the income of that portion of her estate which is secured from his rapacity, while she pines within the walls of an asylum for the insane."

"But you cannot suppose, Lindsay, that all men are equally base."

"Do you remember the story of Hazael, who, when the prophet predicted the murder and rapine which he would afterwards commit, exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' and yet the prediction was actually fulfilled by him to the very letter. He who can enter upon so sacred an engagement as that of marriage, with a consciousness that on his part it is only a matter of interest,—he who can sin against his better nature in thus deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him; cannot say what will be his future conduct. No man can stay the tide of evil within his heart, and he who will commit one unprincipled act, may be easily led to continue his career of crime."

"You argue well, Lindsay, and yet I cannot afford to be convinced by your reasoning. I want money—I have a thousand expensive tastes and habits which must be gratified, and I shall seriously undertake the task of courting an heiress. But I had nearly forgotten the object of my present visit. I intend setting out for the Springs next week, can't you spare a few days from your business, and take a trip with me to the summer resort of Fashion?"

"I have been thinking of indulging myself in a little extravagance, Errington; I feel the need of relaxation, and was debating whether to travel North or South, but the inducement of your society, Charles, is sufficient to decide the question."

"Thank you: I am glad to find you so accessible in

this matter. We shall exchange characters for a little while; you will be the idle man and I the busy one,—you will appear as a mere spectator, and I as an actor on the stage of fashion, for I mean to commence the practice of my new profession among the belles of Saratoga."

So saying, Errington flung away the end of his cigar and sauntered out of the office.

"There goes one," said Lindsay to himself, "whom the world has spoiled; his generosity has degenerated into profuseness, his liberality has made him a spendthrift, his wit has drawn around him a crowd of unworthy associates, and the talents which might have won for him the admiration and regard of the estimable portion of society, are wasted upon the idle frivolities of a life of fashion."

In pursuance of their plan, a few days after their conversation, the young men repaired to Saratoga, where, among the young and gay, the intellectual and the fashionable, the sensible and the frivolous, the modest and presuming, the unaffected and the arrogant, both found ample scope for the indulgence of their individual tastes. But a few days were sufficient to satiate Lindsay with such a life of excitement, and he was already beginning to think of home, when a new arrival induced him to prolong his stay, and excited the keenest interest in the breast of his friend Errington.

The usual crowd were one day assembled on the piazza of the hotel, to speculate on the new comers as they descended from the stage, when a party alighted which was destined to interest several classes of observers. It consisted of an elderly gentleman and two ladies, one of whom was attired in style of display but little adapted to travelling, while the other, in a simple straw bonnet and dark dress would have seemed like an attendant, had not the old gentleman been so particular in dividing his attention equally between both. As they retired to their rooms, various remarks were made respecting them, and as one or two persons present recognized the gentleman, the company were soon in possession of all the information which could be derived from slight acquaintances. It was stated that Mr. Ardley, was an Englishman, of large fortune, and remarkable only for his love of claret, and his fondness for a prudent game of whist; that one of the ladies was his daughter and the other, the daughter by a former marriage, of his second wife. Such was the story set afloat immediately after their first appearance.

The father was a jolly, good-humored man, with a very red face, very white hair and a sly twinkle of the eye which betokened a love of the good things of this life, whether they came in the shape of substantial viands, pleasant beverages or sparkling bon-mots. Before his daughters ventured to exhibit themselves, he had already made acquaintance with half the gentlemen in the house, for it was quite impossible to resist his 'infinite humor, especially as he had a habit of thrusting his hands in his pockets immediately after uttering a jest, and jingling the 'small change' with which he was always abundantly supplied, thereby giving the company auricular demonstration that his jokes were uttered by a 'man who had monies.'



If their characters might be judged according to their style of dress, there could be but little similarity of disposition in the two half-sisters. Attired in a rich embroidered satin robe, and loaded with jewelry, her emaciated figure contracted within the smallest possible compass, Miss Ardley entered the saloon with the air of one who is conscious that nothing is wanting on her part to ensure success. But the report of her father's wealth could not blind people to the fact that her drab-colored complexion, light blue eyes almost destitute of lashes, and hair of the tint and quality of tow, afforded small claim to admiration on the score of personal attractions. Her sister, Miss Mountfort, was no beauty; a petite figure slightly inclining to *en bon point*, a face beaming with rosy health, a dark eye sparkling with intelligence, and teeth of pearly whiteness, redeemed her want of regularity of features, and made amends for a mouth *rather* too wide, and a forehead somewhat too low. A plain silk dress displayed the finely-rounded waist and well proportioned figure; her dark hair, simply parted in front, was gathered into a full braid, in accordance with a fashion, which, though not becoming to more than one person in fifty, is admirably calculated to exhibit to advantage a small and beautifully moulded head. Devoid of any ornament, unless a small gold watch, which seemed worn for use rather than display, could be considered such, the simplicity of her dress soon satisfied those who were inquiring "which is the heiress?" and Anna Mountfort found herself on this, as on former occasions, only the appendage to her wealthier sister. But she seemed quite content to be left to the society of elderly ladies and married gentlemen, while the heiress was riding or walking, dancing or talking with foreign counts, whiskered dandies, moustached beaux, and other *distingués*, who usually assemble at a place like Saratoga. A temper naturally cheerful served to reconcile Miss Mountfort to the superiority of her sister in worldly advantages, and to a careless observer she seemed almost unconscious of the comparative neglect she experienced. But the few who were sufficiently interested by her *naïve* manners, to watch her more closely, could not but notice the quiet smile which often lurked on her young lip, as she beheld the interested attentions which were lavished upon her unattractive sister.

At their first appearance both Lindsay and Errington had been attracted by the lovely countenance of Anna Mountfort. Her bright face seemed, like spring sunshine, to light up every thing it looked upon. Kindly feelings, warm affections, brilliant intellect beamed from every feature, and even her ignorance or contempt of the formal etiquette of fashionable life was an additional charm to men of taste and talent. But Errington could not afford to waste his attentions upon the dowerless beauty. It was necessary for him to make the best of his time, before the story of his impoverishment should debar him from the opportunities, which, as a man of wealth, he now enjoyed, and he accordingly devoted himself to the rich Miss Ardley, the reputed heiress of her father's large estate, with an assiduity that could scarce fail of success.

Charles Errington had all the requisites for shining in fashionable society. He was six feet high, and he em-

ployed the most skilful tailor in town;—his hair was raven black, and, by the aid of his barber, was taught to fall in graceful curls, after a fashion which is well adapted to conceal the defects of those, who, like king Midas, are afflicted with *asse's cars*;—his whiskers and imperial were as glossy as sultan Mahmoud's dye could make them; and the curve of his moustache was admirably calculated to display the classical form of his mouth, while it afforded the benefit of contrast to his fine teeth. Add to these personal advantages, a quick wit at understanding, and a ready tact in adapting himself to the characters of his associates, and it must be acknowledged that he was by no means deficient in the qualities most essential to success in fashionable life. It is time our hero was gifted with far higher attributes. He had talents of the noblest order—learning beyond his years—warm affections—and lofty impulses; but of what use were *these* in the career of fashion and fortune-hunting? His talents could only make him feared by the weak, his learning might be a bugbear to the ignorant, his affections were likely to interfere with his worldly prosperity, and his better feelings might, perhaps, overturn some well-arranged scheme of advancement. As a matter of policy, therefore all such inconvenient gifts were placed out of view. Like the English duchess who pawned her diamonds, and counterfeited them in paste, in order to gratify her gambling propensities, Errington was content to barter the true glory of nature, and wear the false glitter of factitious advantages, in order to win the stake for which he was now playing.

He soon found that in the present instance his task would not be a very difficult one. Not that the lady was by any means ignorant of the snares with which she was beset, but simply because she was perfectly willing to be caught in the lure of him whom she should like best. In fact Jane Ardley was no novice in society. She had already reached that *uncertain age* when a woman is usually pretty well skilled in the knowledge of the world, and, whatever might have been her motives for not marrying earlier in life, she certainly showed no disposition to coyness at present. Errington's reputation for wealth had first induced her to listen graciously to his blandishments, and she was not insensible to the triumph of enthralling one of the handsomest, and most fashionable heroes of society. Totally destitute of intellectual graces, Miss Ardley was gifted with that species of craft and subtlety which, in the acquisition of worldly gain, often fully supplies the place of mental vigor. In the race of life, the creeping tortoise more frequently reaches the goal than the aspiring eagle, and cunning will often attain what integrity would not stoop to win. Conscious of her personal defects, mortified at the fate which had condemned her so long to a single life, and alarmed by the growing attractions of her sister, whom she had managed to keep out of view as long as possible, Miss Ardley now determined to take advantage of her position as an heiress, and rather to run the risk of wedding a fortune-hunter than to allow another season to pass, unmarried.

In the mean time Mr. Ardley looked on with as much indifference as if he had been a mere spectator of the game which was daily played before him. Uniformly

kind and attentive to both his daughters, he seemed to have little affection for either, and seemed to care no more for the swarm of adventurers, who surrounded the heiress of his fortune, than for the comparative neglect which his step-daughter experienced. Mr. Ardley was one of those persons, often met with in society, the consummate selfishness of whose nature is so overlaid with agreeable social qualities that the existence of the hidden vice is never suspected. There is a great difference between the amiability which springs from innate good feeling, and that which is only the result of refined self-love. In the one case, it is as the abundant crop of rich grain produced from a fertile soil;—in the other, it is only the growth of wild-flowers, sown by the wind in the crevices of a flinty rock; and yet most persons, charmed by the beauty which meets their eye, will be found to prize most, those companions, whose pleasant manners serve to conceal their indurated hearts. Mr. Ardley's store of anecdote, his ready wit, his imperturbable good humor, his amusing epicurism, which exhibited itself in his fondness for cooking with his own hands his favorite dishes, his droll imitations of distinguished persons whom he had met in society, and his admirable *buffa* singing, made him a great favorite with all classes of persons. So long as he could eat, drink and be merry,—so long as his bottle of claret and game of whist were not denied him, he cared not a pin for the mischances or successes, the griefs or the joys, of all the rest of mankind.

Led away by his admiration of the gentle Anna Mountfort, Lindsay had been as assiduous in his attentions to her as his friend Errington in his devotion to her sister. He found her modest, retiring manners were the fruits of a highly cultivated mind, and a heart filled with all feminine feelings; and, in the opportunities afforded him by the comparative neglect with which she was treated, he learned that her beauty was the least of her attractions. But he was not too deeply infatuated to forget the call of duty, and leaving Errington to settle his affairs with the heiress, Lindsay returned to his office, resolving to banish from his thoughts the lovely girl whom he was too poor to wed. He found this no easy task, however; never before had his want of wealth seemed to him so severe a privation, and when the Ardleys took lodgings in New-York, he could not resist the temptation of becoming a frequent visitor.

In the mean time, Errington had taken care not to lose sight of the heiress. Proud of her conquest, Miss Ardley accepted, in the most public manner, of his attentions, and even seemed to take pleasure in displaying her power over him. But the time came when he dared no longer delay the decision of the matter. His money was long since exhausted, his debts had accumulated, and his creditors had only been induced to wait by the tidings of his approaching marriage. He was also alarmed by the appearance of a foreign count, who, after exciting the attention of every body, by riding daily through Broadway on horseback, attended by two grooms in liveries of blue and silver, condescended to pay court to the ladies, taking care, however, to select those who were reputed wealthy. This distinguished individual, who possessed the superior advantages of two inches additional stature, and a title,

began to show symptoms of rivalry in the good graces of Miss Ardley, and Errington felt there was no time to be lost. Seizing the earliest opportunity, he breathed his protestations of love into the willing ear of the lady, and was overjoyed to find that he was not doomed to sigh in vain. But, knowing that an application to her father would necessarily involve the discovery of his straitened circumstances, he endeavored, without alarming the lady's suspicions, to offer satisfactory reasons for keeping their engagement secret from her family. Miss Ardley entered fully into his plans, and assured him that it would be impossible to obtain her father's consent to their union, alleging, that by the will of her mother, from whom the fortune had descended, the property was, to become hers, immediately upon her marriage, and that it was consequently the interest of her father to defer such an event as long as possible. These tidings were artfully designed to incite Errington to greater ardor than he had yet shown, and their effects was quite equal to her expectations. He immediately proposed an elopement and with less hesitation than he had expected or even wished, she consented to a clandestine marriage.

It was with strange, sad feelings that Errington pondered on his future destiny, when he returned home on that eventful evening. He had gone too far to retrace his steps, and, therefore, reflection could do him no good; yet he indulged it until his brain reeled on the very verge of madness. He felt that he had pledged himself to wed a woman of unattractive person, of vulgar manners, of uncultivated mind and, as he doubted not, of harsh temper,—a woman, in short, whom he should blush to introduce as his wife. He was conscious that he had sacrificed his happiness, and he could not but ask himself whether gold was worth the price he was about to pay for it. He was half tempted to break off the alliance, but his eye fell upon a bundle of unpaid bills and he knew not how to resist so powerful an argument.

During these proceedings, Lindsay had allowed his affections to become too deeply interested in the orphan sister, and he now bitterly reproached himself for his folly in thus exposing himself to the fascinations of her society. He felt that he had acted unwisely, but he determined to make amends for his error by an instant and total withdrawal of his attentions. He accordingly left home one evening, with a resolution to make it his farewell visit to Miss Mountfort, since his poverty forbade him to offer her his hand. But, alas, for the weakness of lovers' vows! He found Miss Mountfort alone, and, unfortunately for his good resolutions, the conversation assumed a tone of sentiment, which proved fatal to his prudential calculations, as well as to his sense of honor. Scarcely conscious of the full meaning of the words he uttered, he avowed his love to the gentle girl, and, with a mingled feeling of rapture and self-reproach, learned that his affection was not unrequited. But when the tumult of his thoughts had somewhat subsided, he remembered that duty required him to make a frank statement of his circumstances, lest he should involve Miss Mountfort in an engagement of which she might afterwards repent.

"I have erred—deeply erred, dear Miss Mountfort," said he, "in thus yielding to the impulses of my heart ;

I can only offer you a humble home, and a narrow fortune. My utmost exertions can but insure me an income of fifteen hundred dollars, and my mother and sister have a claim upon me, which cannot be disallowed. Can you consent to share the simple comforts of that abode, which is brightened by the sunshine of affection, but destitute of all the appliances of luxury?"

"Cannot a wife be content with the lot which suffices for a mother, Lindsay?" said Miss Mountfort, "but perhaps," continued she, while the flush of wounded pride crossed her fair face, "perhaps you think I shall be a burden to you;—prudence may require that you should wed a woman of fortune, rather than a dowerless orphan."

"Anna,—Miss Mountfort, this is unkind: it is but for your own sake, I hesitate. God knows how cheerfully I could encounter poverty and privation for you, but you are accustomed to the rich appointments of a wealthy household, and how can you endure the change."

"You forget, Lindsay, that I enjoy these luxuries only upon sufferance," said Miss Mountfort, with an arch look, "you forget, that though living in the midst of splendor, I am absolutely poor."

"No, Anna, had I not known you to be destitute of fortune, I would have suffered in silence the pangs of hopeless affection, but would never have made known to you my feelings. Yet, heretofore, your father's kindness has secured you from all the inconveniences of a narrow income, and as the wife of a poor man, there will be necessity for economy and restraint, of which you little dream."

"I shall not shrink from my duties, Lindsay; can you not trust me even as I trust you?" and as she spoke she laid her hand on his.

"Trust you? yes—with my whole heart," exclaimed Lindsay, passionately, as he pressed that little hand to his lips.

Just at this moment, Mr. Ardley entered the room, with a most whimsical expression of face, and holding an open letter. At the sight of Lindsay he paused, and read aloud the following words:

MY DEAR FATHER—

Circumstances which you doubtless understand, have induced me to take a step, which you will, I trust, excuse, since in uniting myself to a man of fortune, and good standing in society, I have only followed your repeated advice. I was married this morning and, after to-morrow, we shall be at the Astor House, where we shall be happy to receive the congratulations of our friends.

Your affectionate daughter,

JANE ERRINGTON.

Lindsay and Miss Mountfort listened in mute amazement to this singular epistle, and awaited the explosion of parental wrath, which they expected would follow. But, Mr. Ardley was too fond of his ease to get in a passion about trifles.

"Pray, sir," said he to Lindsay, "were you privy to this plan?"

"I give you my word, Mr. Ardley, that it was never hinted to me."

"What is the fortune of your friend, Errington?" asked the anxious father.

Lindsay hesitated, until the question was repeated, when he replied, "I believe his income is about a thousand dollars a year."

"A thousand dollars! not more than a thousand dollars! why I thought he was almost a *millionaire*," exclaimed Mr. Ardley.

"He was once very wealthy, but the failure of the house of Errington & Co., in New Orleans, has ruined him; an annuity, which he draws from his mother, is all he now possesses."

"Then Jane has made a pretty business out of her well-managed elopement. She would not ask my consent for fear I would tell the whole truth, and I suppose, Mr. Errington was equally afraid of inconvenient developments. Well,—if this isn't diamond cut diamond!—Upon my soul it is a capital joke," and the father, throwing himself on the sofa, indulged in a hearty fit of laughter.

Lindsay looked at him with astonishment, and could only attribute his conduct to the influence of his favorite claret, but the arch smile which sat on the lip of Anna Mountfort, was more mysterious to him than the obstreperous mirth of her father. He waited in vain, however, for an explanation of the jest, for Anna whispered something in her father's ear, which served to restore him to his usual caution, and Lindsay was at a loss to understand what could make a daughter's elopement so good a joke.

A few weeks after the events just recorded, a small select bridal party were assembled in St. Paul's Church. The chief actors in the scene, were our friends, Lindsay and Miss Mountfort, while the most distinguished persons in their train were Mr. and Mrs. Errington, whose elopement had so recently formed the '*nine day wonder*' of the fashionable world. Mr. Ardley, who gave away the bride, seemed in high spirits, and full of ill-repressed mirth as he whispered in the ear of each coachman on leaving the church. The bridegroom was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice that the carriages were proceeding in a direction different from that which they had pursued on their way to the church. But in a few moments they turned into one of the most splendid streets, in the upper part of the city,—the steps were let down, and marshalled by Mr. Ardley, the company entered a stately house, furnished in the most superb manner. Lindsay stared in silent wonder, and had just come to the conclusion that his father-in-law was about to make the bride a very magnificent present—but one, which little suited the fortune of the bridegroom, when Mr. Ardley led him aside, and beckoning to Errington to follow them, thus addressed them:

"Business before pleasure, gentlemen; let us settle one affair first, and we can eat our sumptuous repast with a better relish. My wife was very wealthy, and fearing the effect, which so great a fortune might have upon her daughter's character, she made a will, by which she bequeathed to me the use of all the income, provided, I kept the child in ignorance of her prospects until her twentieth year. This condition was easily fulfilled, and just twelvemonths ago, she learned that she was an heiress. But her romantic temper led her to wish the

secret still kept, in order to test the sincerity of her suitors, and as I was thus enabled to retain the income another year, you may be sure I made no objection. But she is of age to-day, and I must, hereafter, be content with a bare two thousand a year, which is mine by the bequest of her mother."

"Of whom do you speak?" exclaimed Errington, as Lindsay was about to ask the same question, "Jane is surely more than twenty-one."

"Indeed she is, my good sir; your wife will never see thirty-one again, Mr. Errington, but I am speaking of Anna Mountfort, my step-daughter, the heiress of the large fortune, which fame so kindly bestowed on me. Mr. Lindsay, Anna positively forbade me to tell you the whole truth at an earlier period, but I may now congratulate you upon obtaining with the hand of your lovely bride, an estate worth fifteen thousand a year."

"And Jane?" gasped Errington.

"Is entitled to an annuity of five hundred, during her life, which will be doubled at my death. Had you asked me for the hand of my daughter, I should have felt myself bound, by the honor of a gentleman, to tell you the truth respecting her prospects, but you choose to marry without inquiring '*which is the heiress,*' and must now reap the benefits of your own folly. Mr. Lindsay, any future inquiries you may wish to make shall be promptly answered, and all the necessary documents shall be put into your hands to-morrow, but you will be so good as to excuse me at present,—dinner will be ready to be served, as soon as I shall have cooked the delicious *canvass backs* which are now awaiting my attention."

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

# A WINTER'S MORNING.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

FALL'D in the gloom of desolation lies  
Valley and plain, rich mead and garden gay;  
And, towering with their snow peaks in the skies,  
Mountain on Mountain stretcheth far away;—  
All wear the impress of stern Nature's sway,  
While sparkling are wan nature's frozen tears,  
Like beauteous jewels in the sun's cold ray,  
Whose bloody front scarce through the welkin peers.  
Slow from the hamlet curls the column grey—  
The sparrow chirps—the red breast, homely bird,  
Peeps from the eaves—the dew-lark's lonely lay  
By the lake's brim, all mournfully is heard.  
Creation lies beneath morn's wintry cloud,  
Like lifeless beauty in its funeral shroud!

ALLOWING the performance of an honorable action to be attended with labor, the labor is soon over, but the honor is immortal: whereas, should even pleasure wait on the commission of what is dishonorable, the pleasure is soon gone, but the dishonor is eternal.—*John Stewart.*

Original.

# NIGHT.

BY MRS. SKBA SMITH.

"Some who had early mandates to depart,  
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart."—WORDSWORTH.

THRICE welcome, solemn, thoughtful Night,  
With the cool and shadowy wing;  
For visions, beautiful and bright,  
Thou dost to fancy bring—  
And then the mental eye I turn,  
Thy kingdom, soul, to view,  
For higher progress eager burn,  
And onward strength renew.

I love thy dim, majestic car,  
With no moon lighting by,  
When still and hushed is each pale star,  
And the heavens look deep and high—  
And o'er me seem thy wings to brood  
With a protecting love,  
And I nestle in thy solitude,  
Like a stricken, wearied dove.

I bless thee for each hallow'd thought,  
Which thou, oh! Night, dost bring—  
Thy quiet, with high teachings fraught,  
While round me seems to ring  
The music of the better land,  
And gentle watch to keep,  
The presence of a guardian band  
Is round me while I sleep.

And soothingly, oh! Night, dost thou,  
Departed ones restore—  
I see each fair and peaceful brow  
With their loving looks once more—  
Alas, the loved and gentle ones,  
They pass from earth away,  
And pleasantly we hear their tones,  
When the midnight shadows play.

We feel their holy presence near,  
Their gentle pressure feel,  
Their words of whisper'd comfort hear,  
And angel-like appeal—  
And every struggle for the right  
They smilingly approve,  
And arm us doubly for the fight,  
With spirit-faith and love.

Oh! holy Night, thou bring'st to me,  
Bright visions of the past,  
And pleasant dreams are born of thee,  
And from thy pinions cast—  
No fancies dark, no terrors wild,  
Come hovering round my bed,  
But peaceful as a wearied child  
I rest my aching head.

Original.

Z A D I G .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.\*

IN the time of king Moabdor, there lived at Babylon a young man named Zadig, who had strengthened by education, an intellect naturally very acute. Although rich and young, he knew how to control his passions; he affected nothing, nor did he always obstinately contend for the truth, but was willing to respect the little weaknesses of men. All were astonished to see that, although possessed of much wit, he never attacked with railery those vague and confused propositions, those rash assumptions, those ignorant decisions, those silly jests, and that idle tumult of words, which was termed conversation at Babylon. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that "self-love is a balloon filled with wind, from which a tempest rushes forth whenever a puncture is made therein." He was moreover generous, and did not fear to benefit the ungrateful; following this great precept of Zoroaster, "When you eat, give to the dogs also, lest they bite you." He was also remarkably wise, for he always sought the fellowship of men of wisdom. Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he was not ignorant of the principles of natural philosophy as far as they were known at that time; in addition to this, he was well versed in all the metaphysical knowledge of every age, though that is saying but very little. He was fully persuaded that the year was three hundred, sixty-five and one-fourth days in length, and that the sun was the centre of the universe; yet when the principal magi told him, with insulting haughtiness, that he entertained blasphemous sentiments, and that it was the character of an enemy to the state, to believe the sun turned on its axis, and the year contained twelve months, he kept silence without anger, and without disdain.

Zadig, possessing great wealth, and consequently many friends; having moreover health, a graceful figure, a just and moderate mind, a sincere and noble heart; believed he could be happy. He was about to marry Semira, whose beauty, birth, and fortune rendered her the greatest match in Babylon. He had for her a solid and virtuous attachment, and Semira loved him with passion. They had almost reached the fortunate moment which was to unite them, when, walking together towards one of the gates of Babylon, beneath the palms which adorned the banks of the Euphrates, they were interrupted by certain men, armed with sabres and bows. These were satellites of the young Orcan, nephew of the minister, who had been persuaded by the courtezans of his uncle to believe that every thing was permitted him. He had neither the graces nor the virtues of Zadig, but, believing he possessed every attraction, he was plunged in despair when he found he was not preferred. This jealousy, which arose solely from his vanity, made him fancy he loved Semira to distraction. He determined to carry her off by force. The ravishers seized her, and, in

the blindness of their violence, they wounded her; thus causing the blood of one to flow, the very sight of whom would have tamed the tigers of Mount Immaus. She pierced the air with her lamentations.

"Oh! my dear lover," cried she, "they tear me from thee, whom I adore."

She paid no attention to her own danger; she thought only of her dear Zadig. He, at the same time, defended her with all the strength which love and valor inspired. Aided only by two slaves, he put the ravishers to flight, and conveyed Semira home, fainting and bloody, who, on opening her eyes, beheld her liberator.

"Oh, Zadig," she said, "I love thee not alone as my betrothed, but I love thee as one to whom I owe both honor and life."

Never was heart more penetrated with gratitude than that of Semira, never did lips so ravishing express sentiments so touching. They were uttered in words, prompted by the consciousness of the greatest of benefits received, breathing at the same time, too, of transport the most tender, and of love the most artless. Her wound was slight, and was easily healed; but Zadig was more dangerously hurt; an arrow, striking him near the eye, had deeply wounded him. Semira importuned the gods for nothing but the cure of her lover. Her eyes were night and day bathed in tears; she waited the moment when those of Zadig could meet her glances; but an abscess arising upon the wounded eye, left her every thing to fear. They sent even to Memphis to employ the great physician, Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He visited the sick Zadig, and declared he would lose his eye; he even foretold the day and the hour when this sad accident should happen.

"Had it been the right eye," said he, "I could have saved it, but the wounds of the left eye are incurable."

All Babylon, in lamenting the destiny of Zadig, admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. Two days after the abscess burst of its own accord; Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book, wherein he demonstrated that he ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it, but as soon as he could go out, he prepared to pay a visit to her who alone had inspired him with hopes of happiness in life, and for whom alone he wished to have eyes. Semira had been gone into the country for three days. On the route, he learned that his beautiful being, having declared openly that she had an insurmountable aversion to one-eyed men, had married Orcan the night before. At this announcement he sank to the earth without sensation; his grief reduced him even to the edge of the grave; he was for a long time severely sick, but at length reason triumphed over his affliction, and the heartlessness of her he loved, served in some measure to console him.

"Since I have suffered," said he, "from the caprice of one who was educated in the splendors of a court, I am resolved to espouse the daughter of a citizen."

He chose Azora, the wisest and best born in the city; he married her, and lived a month with her in the delights of a union the most tender. He, however, remarked in her a little levity, and too much of an inclination to discover that the youngest and handsomest formed were

\* This tale is full of Voltaire's wit, and completely free from the generally irreligious tendency of his writings, and as such, should, in justice, be better known. It has not probably been translated into English before, although familiar to the readers of French.

always those who had the most wit and virtue. One day Azora returned from a promenade, flushed with anger, and uttering loud exclamations.

"What is the matter, my dear wife?" said he to her.

"Who can have disturbed you thus?"

"Alas!" said she, "you would be equally so, if you had seen the spectacle of which I have been a witness. I have been to console the young widow of Cosroe, who two days since erected a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet which skirts this meadow. She promised the gods, in her grief, to dwell near this tomb as long as the waters of the rivulet flowed near it."

"Ah!" said Zadig, "behold a woman who really loves her husband!"

"Oh!" interrupted Azora, "if you knew upon what she was occupied when I visited her!"

"What was it, then, my beautiful Azora?"

"She was employed in turning the course of the rivulet."

Azora continued her revilings so long, and uttered her reproaches so violently against the young widow, that this display of virtue was by no means pleasing to Zadig.

He had a friend named Cador, who was one of those young persons in whom his wife found more probity and merit than in others: he received him into his confidence, and assured himself, as far as he could, of his fidelity, by making him a considerable present. Azora, having passed two days with one of her friends in the country, returned on the third to the house. Her domestics, in tears, announced that her husband had died suddenly the night before; that they had not dared to carry her this sad news, and that they had laid Zadig in the tomb of his fathers, at the end of the garden. In the evening Cador demanded permission to speak to her, and the two wept together. In the morning they wept less, and dined together. Cador told her his friend, Zadig, had left him the greater part of his wealth, and at the same time gave her to understand his greatest happiness would be in partaking of his fortune with her. The dame wept, was vexed, became calm; the supper was longer than the dinner, and they conversed with more confidence. Azora bestowed an eulogy upon the deceased, but confessed that he had faults from which Cador was exempt. In the midst of the supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in the spleen; the dame, restless and eager to assist him, caused all the essences with which she perfumed herself to be brought, to try if there were not some one of them good for a pain in the spleen; she regretted much that the great Hermes was no longer at Babylon; she deigned even to touch the part where Cador felt such extreme pains.

"Are you subject to this cruel malady?" said she, with compassion.

"It has frequently brought me to the brink of the grave," responded Cador, "and there is but one remedy which can relieve me; it is to apply to the affected part the nose of a man who has just died."

"A singular remedy," said Azora; but the great merit of the young man at length determined her. "After all," said she, "when my husband shall have passed from the world of to-day into the world of to-morrow,

will the passage be less agreeable to him if his nose shall be a little shorter in the second life than in the first?"

She took then a razor; she went to the tomb of her husband, bedewed it with tears, and then advanced to cut off the nose of Zadig, whom she found extended in the tomb. Zadig raised himself, holding his nose with one hand, and arresting the razor with the other.

"Madam," said he, "make no farther outcry against the young widow of Cosroe; the project of cutting off my nose may well vie with that of turning a rivulet from its course."

Zadig found the first month of marriage to be the honey-moon, the second the moon of wornwood. He was shortly afterwards obliged to repudiate Azora, who had become too difficult to live with, and sought for happiness in the study of nature.

"There is no one," said he, "happier than a philosopher, who reads in the great book which God has placed before our eyes. The truths which it reveals are for him; he nourishes and elevates his soul; he lives a tranquil life; he fears no man, nor does his tender wife endeavor to deprive him of his nose."

Full of these ideas, he retired to a country house upon the banks of the Euphrates. He did not there occupy himself in calculating how many drops of water flow in the space of a second under the arches of a bridge, nor whether a fourth of a cubic more of rain fell in the venison month than in the month of mutton. Neither did he endeavor to hit upon a method of making silk from the spider's web, nor porcelain from broken bottles; but he studied, above all, the properties of animals and plants, and soon acquired a sagacity which revealed to him a thousand differences, where other men behold nothing but uniformity. One day, while walking near a wood, he saw running towards him the finest horse of the king's stable, which had escaped from the hands of the groom on the plains of Babylon. The chief huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with much anxiety. The chief huntsman accosted Zadig, and demanded if he had not seen the horse of the king pass by.

"It is," replied Zadig, "a horse which gallops beautifully; he is five feet in height; his hoofs are small; his tail is three feet and a half in length; the bosses of his bits are of gold twenty-three carats fine; his shoes of silver eleven deniers fine."

"What road has he taken? Where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman.

"I have never seen him," responded Zadig, "nor heard any speak of him."

The chief huntsman and chief eunuch did not doubt that Zadig had stolen the horse of the king; they conducted him before the assembled judges of the state, who condemned him to the knout, and to pass the rest of his days in exile. Hardly had the sentence been passed, ere they found the horse. The judges were under the grievous necessity of retracting their decree; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said he had not seen that which he had seen; he was first compelled to pay this fine, and was afterwards permitted to plead his cause before the assembled judges. He spoke in these words:

"Stars of justice, abysses of knowledge, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the brilliancy of the diamond, and much affinity with gold; since it is permitted me to speak before this august assembly, I swear by Orosmades that I have not seen the sacred horse of the king of kings. Listen to the truth: You must know that when walking in the paths of the wood, I perceived the marks of a horse's hoofs; they were all at equal distances. These are the marks, said I, of a horse whose gallop is perfect. The foliage of the trees bordering upon a narrow path seven feet wide, was somewhat ruffled on the right and left, about three and a half feet from the middle of the path. This horse, said I, has a tail three and a half feet in length, which, by its movements to the right and left, has disturbed the foliage. I saw beneath the trees which formed a bower, five feet in height, some leaves newly stripped from the branches: I knew the horse must have touched them, and was consequently five feet high. As to his bits, they must necessarily have been of gold, twenty-three carats fine, for he struck the bosses of them against a stone, which I knew to be a touch-stone, and which I have previously used as a test. I finally judged, by the marks which his shoes left upon stones of another kind, that he was shod with silver, eleven deniers fine."

All the judges admired the profound and subtle discernment of Zadig; the news came even to the ears of the king and queen. Men spoke of no one but Zadig in the anti-chambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and although several magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a sorcerer, the king commanded the fine of four hundred ounces of gold, to which he had been condemned, to be remitted. The notary, the bailiffs, and the attorneys came in grand procession to deliver back his four hundred ounces of gold; they only retained three hundred and seventy-eight to defray the expenses of justice, in addition to which their servants demanded perquisites.

Zadig plainly saw how dangerous it was to be too wise in certain circumstances, and promised himself, on the next occasion, not to be so ready in divulging what he had seen.

The moment of trial soon came. A prisoner of state escaped; he passed under the windows of his house. They questioned Zadig; he answered nothing; but they proved he was looking out of the window at the time. He was condemned for this crime to a fine of five hundred ounces of gold, and thanked his judges for their indulgence, according to the custom of Babylon.

"Great Heaven!" said he to himself, "how lamentable to be found walking in a wood where the horse of the king has passed! how dangerous it is to be found at a window! How difficult to be happy in this life!"

Zadig endeavored to console himself by philosophy and friendship for the evils which fortune had caused him. He had, in the suburbs of Babylon, a house embellished with great taste, where he assembled all the works of art, and all the pleasures worthy of an honest man. In the morning, his library was open to all the wise; in the evening, his table was the place of resort of good company: but he very soon found how dangerous

the wise are; a great dispute arose concerning a law of Zoroaster which prohibited the eating of griffins.

"How can the griffin be prohibited," said some, "if such an animal does not exist?"

"It must be that he exists," said others, "else Zoroaster would not prohibit his being eaten."

Zadig wished to reconcile them, by saying, "If there are griffins, do not eat them; if there are none, of course we shall not eat them; and in either case we shall all obey Zoroaster."

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes upon the peculiarities of the griffin, hastened to accuse Zadig before a chief magi named Yebor, the most ignorant of the Chaldeans, and therefore the most bigotted. This man would have impaled Zadig for the glory of the sun. His friend, Cador, came to see the old Yebor, and said to him:

"Long live the sun and griffins! beware how you punish Zadig: he is a saint; he has griffins in his poultry yard, and does not eat them; and his accuser is a heretic who even dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean!"

"Ah, well!" said Yebor, shaking his bald head, "it is necessary to impale Zadig for thinking wrongly of griffins, and the other for speaking wrongly of rabbits."

Cador at length arranged the matter, and nobody was impaled; although several doctors murmured, and predicted the fall of Babylon. Zadig exclaimed: "In what does happiness consist! Every thing persecutes me in this world, even beings which do not exist." He cursed the learned, and resolved to devote himself to good company.

He assembled at his house all the upright men, and most amiable women in Babylon; he gave delicate suppers, preceded by concerts, and animated by charming conversation, using every means of banishing that anxiousness of displaying wit, which is the surest way of destroying its effect, and of spoiling every social meeting. Neither was the choice of his friends nor of his viands influenced by vanity; for he preferred reality to appearances, and hence received due estimation, without making any pretensions.

Opposite his house dwelt Arimare, a person whose wicked soul was depicted upon his coarse physiognomy. He was envious and swelling with pride; and to heighten all, was of a troublesome disposition. Having never been successful in the world, he revenged himself by cursing it. Rich as he was, he found it difficult in gathering flatterers around him. The noise of the chariots which came at evening to the house of Zadig, vexed him; the sound of his praises vexed him still farther. He went frequently to the assemblies of Zadig, and seated himself at the table, without being invited; there he blighted the joy of the whole company, as the Harpies are said to have infected the viands which they touched. This man, who in Babylon was termed "the envious," wished to ruin Zadig, because he was called "the happy." "An opportunity for doing an injury happens a hundred times a day, but for doing good not once a year," says Zoroaster.

The envious man went to Zadig, who was promenading

in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he often uttered many gallant compliments, without any other intention than that of saying them. The conversation turned upon a war, which the king had happily concluded with the prince of Hyrcania, his vassal. Zadig, who had signalized his courage in this short war, praised the king very much, and the lady he praised still more. He took his tablets and wrote four verses which he wrote extempore, and gave them to the beautiful lady to read. His friends begged him to let them see the verses; but modesty, or rather a well-directed self-love, restrained him. He tore in two pieces the leaf of the tablet upon which he had written, and flung them into a rose-bush, where they would be sought for to no purpose. A slight rain following, they regained the house. The envious man, who remained in the garden, searched until he found a part of the leaf. It had been so ambiguously written, that the half of the verses which completed the line, made sense by itself, and at the same time formed a short-measured verse; but by a strange chance these little verses contained slanders of a most abominable nature against the king.

The envious Arimare was happy for the first time in his life. He had in his hands the means of destroying a virtuous and amiable man. Full of this cruel joy, he caused to be conveyed to the king this satire written by the hand of Zadig: who, together with his two friends and the lady, was committed to prison. He was soon tried, without being permitted to offer any thing in his own defence. When he came to receive sentence, the envious man met him, and said aloud, that his verses were good for nothing. Zadig did not pride himself upon being a good poet, but he was in despair at being condemned as guilty, and at being compelled to witness the imprisonment of a beautiful lady and two of his friends, for a crime which he had not committed. He was not permitted to speak for himself, because his tablets spoke for him: such was the law in Babylon. They led him forth to death through a crowd of curious spectators, none of whom dared to complain, and who gathered around to examine his countenance, and see if he died with a good grace. His parents only were afflicted, for his wealth did not revert to them. Three-fourths of it were confiscated for the benefit of the king, the remainder for the benefit of the envious man.

At the very moment he was preparing himself for death, the parrot of the king flew from his balcony, and alighted in the garden of Zadig upon a rose-bush. A peach, shaken from a neighboring tree by the wind, had fallen upon the remaining part of the written leaf, to which it was fast glued. The bird seized the peach, together with the leaf, and carried them to the knee of the monarch. The curious prince read the words, which formed no sense, but seemed to be the beginning of some verses. He loved poetry, and there is always a resource in princes who love it: the adventure of the parrot caused him to reflect. The queen, who remembered what had been written by Zadig, brought the piece upon which his accusation was founded. They joined the two parts, which fitted together perfectly, and they then read the verses as Zadig had composed them. The

king immediately ordered Zadig to be brought before him, and his two friends and the lady to be set at liberty. Zadig bent his face to the earth at the feet of the king and queen, humbly demanding their pardon for having composed bad poetry; he spoke with so much grace, wit, and reason, that the king and queen desired to see him again. He came, and pleased them still more. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man who had unjustly accused him; but Zadig returned it all; and the envious man was only touched with pleasure at the idea of not losing his wealth. The esteem of the king for Zadig increased daily. He shared all his pleasures with him, and consulted him in all his affairs. Zadig at last thought it was not so difficult to be happy.

The time arrived for the celebration of a great feast, which took place every five years. It was the custom at Babylon solemnly to debate, at the end of every five years, which one of the citizens had performed the most generous deed. The grandees and magi were the judges. The chief satrap, who had charge of the city, recounted the noblest actions which were performed under his government. They came to this solemnity from the extremities of the earth. The victor received from the hands of the monarch a cup of gold, garnished with precious stones, with these words: "Accept this reward of generosity, and may the gods give me many subjects who resemble you."

The memorable day arrived, and the king appeared upon his throne, surrounded by grandees, magi, and deputies from all nations, who came to witness these games where glories were acquired, not by speed of horses, nor strength of body, but by virtue. The chief satrap recited, in a loud voice, the actions which seemed to give their performers a claim to this estimable prize. He spoke not of the greatness of soul with which Zadig returned the envious man his wealth: this was not an action which, in his eyes, deserved to dispute the prize.

He presented first a judge, who, having decided a very important case against a citizen, by a mistake for which he was not even responsible, had given all his property as a compensation for what the other had lost.

He then produced a young man, who being enamored to distraction of a lady whom he was about to espouse, had yielded her to a friend who was dying for love of her, paying at the same time a dower in yielding her.

Afterwards a soldier was brought forward, who in the war of Hyrcania had given a still greater example of generosity. The soldiers of the enemy had seized his betrothed, and he defended her against them: they told him that other Hyrcanians were seizing his mother at a few steps distance: he quitted his betrothed in tears, and ran to rescue his mother; he then returned to her he loved, and found her expiring. He would have slain himself, but his mother reminded him that he was her only hope and stay in life: and he had the courage to endure existence.

The judges decided in favor of the soldier. The king then spoke and said: "His act, and those of the others, are noble, yet they do not astonish me; yesterday Zadig did that which astonished me. I had for some days disgraced my minister and favorite, Coreb. I complained



of him with violence, and all my courtiers assured me I was too mild, vying with each other in saying every imaginable thing against him. I asked of Zadig what he thought, and he dared to speak favorably of him. I have seen examples in history, of men who have given their wealth to recompense an error, of men who have yielded their mistress, and of men who have preferred a mother to the object of their love; but I have never read of a courtier who spoke in favor of a disgraced minister, against whom his sovereign was enraged. I give twenty thousand pieces of gold to each of those whose generous actions have been recited, but I award the cup to Zadig."

"Sire," said he, "it is your majesty alone who merits the cup; you have performed an action heretofore unheard of, since, being a king, you have not been angry with your slave for withstanding your passion."

Men admired both the king and Zadig. The judge who had sacrificed his wealth, the lover who had married his mistress to his friend, the soldier who had preferred the safety of his mother to that of his betrothed, received the gifts of the monarch—they had their names recorded in the book of the generous; but Zadig had the cup. This day was consecrated by feasts, even longer than the law required, and the recollection of it is still retained in Asia.

The king lost his prime minister; he chose Zadig to fill his place. All the handsome women in Babylon applauded the choice, for since the foundation of the empire there had not been a minister so young. All the courtiers were chagrined; the envious man was seized with a spitting of blood, and his nose swelled prodigiously. Zadig, having thanked the king and queen, went also in the fulness of his heart to thank the parrot.

"Beautiful bird," said he, "it is thou who hast saved my life—it is thou who hast made me prime minister. The horse of his majesty caused me much evil, but thou hast done me much good. Behold, then, on what the destinies of man depend!"

Zadig caused every one to reverence the sacred power of the laws, but prevented the weight of his dignity from falling heavy on any. He did not restrain the will of the divan, and allowed each vizier to enjoy his own opinion. When he presided at the tribunal, it was not he who judged, it was the law; when that was too severe, he tempered it with mildness; when it lacked power, his equity made people suppose they were the laws of Zoroaster. It is from Zadig that all nations inherit this great principle, "that it is better to hazard saving a guilty man, than to condemn an innocent one." He believed laws to be made for succoring citizens as well as intimidating them. His chief talents lay in detecting truth, which all men endeavor to hide. In the first days of his administration, he put his great talent in practice. A famous Babylonian merchant had died in the Indies; he had made his two sons heirs in equal portions, after apportioning a marriage dower to his daughter, and left, besides, a sum of thirty thousand pieces of gold, as a present to that one of his sons who should be judged to love him most. The elder brother built him a tomb; the second added a part of his heritage to the dower of his sister. Every one said: "The elder loves his father most, the

younger his sister; the elder deserves the thirty thousand pieces."

Zadig summoned them to appear before him, one after the other. He said to the elder: "Your father is not dead, he is healed of his sickness, and is returned to Babylon."

"God be praised," responded the young man; "but the tomb cost me very dear!"

Zadig said the same thing afterwards to the younger. "God be praised," said he; "I will return my father all I have; but I hope he will leave my sister what I have given her."

"You shall return nothing," said Zadig, "but shall have the thirty thousand pieces; it is you who love your father most."

There came to the court daily complaints against the governor of Media, named Irax. He was a person whose natural disposition was not bad, but had been corrupted by vanity and indulgence in pleasure. He rarely suffered himself to be spoken to, and never to be contradicted. Peacocks are not more vain, nor doves more voluptuous than he was; he lived but in a state of false glory and false pleasure. Zadig undertook to correct him.

He sent him, in the name of the king, a music master, with twelve singers and twenty-four violin-players; a steward, with six cooks and four chamberlains, who were commanded not to quit him. The order of the king demanded the following plan to be scrupulously observed; and behold how the matter ended! The first day, as soon as the voluptuous Irax was awake, the music master entered, followed by his singers and violin players; they sang a song which lasted two hours, and every three minutes the chorus was, "What extreme merit! what grace! what grandeur! ah, how contented his highness ought to be with himself!" After the conclusion of the song, a chamberlain made a harrangue three-quarters of an hour in length, in which she expressly praised all the good qualities which were wanting to him. The harrangue being finished, they conducted him to the table to the sound of musical instruments. The dinner lasted three hours; whenever he opened his mouth to speak, the first chamberlain said, "He is right." Hardly had he pronounced four words, ere the second chamberlain exclaimed, "He is right." The two other chamberlains gave way to loud bursts of laughter at the jokes which Irax uttered, or ought to have uttered. After dinner they repeated the song to him.

This first day appeared delightful to him; he believed the king of kings honored him according to his merits. The second day seemed less agreeable; the third was wearisome; the fourth insupportable; the fifth a punishment. At length, wearied with hearing them always sing, "Ah! how contented ought his highness to be with himself!" that he was always in the right, and with being harrangued every day at the same hour, he wrote to court, begging the king that he would deign to recall his chamberlains, his musicians, and his steward; promising at the same time to be less vain, and more attentive to his duties. Thus, although he was less flattered, he became more happy; for pleasure never ending, is not pleasure.

There was a great dispute in Babylon, which had

endured fifteen years, and had divided the empire into two obstinate sects; the one maintained that the temple of Myrrh ought never to be entered but with the left foot foremost; the other held this custom in abomination, and never entered it but with the right foot first. Every one awaited the arrival of the solemn feast-day, to ascertain which sect Zadig would favor. The whole universe had their eyes upon his two feet, and the city was in agitation and suspense. Zadig entered the temple by leaping in with both feet joined together, and proved afterwards, by an eloquent discourse, that the God of Heaven and earth is no observer of the person, and attaches no more importance to the right than to the left foot. Every one agreed with him, not because he was right, not because it was reasonable, but because he was prime minister.

He also discovered the grand secret of finishing both his general and practical business in the morning; the rest of the day he occupied in embellishing Babylon. He encouraged the arts and sciences, and recompensed, by benefits and distinctions, those who advanced them. In the evening he amused the king and queen. The king said: "He is a great minister!" The queen said: "An amiable minister!" and both added: "It would have been a sad loss had he been hung!" D. S. R.

Original.

THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—NUMBERS xxiii. 10.

Oh, let me die the Christian's death  
Of triumph and of peace,  
Like him, when fainter grows my breath,  
Ere it for ever cease—  
Like him, may I possess the power,  
To meet unshrinkingly that hour;  
And bid the world farewell,  
Without a pang, without a fear,  
Without a wish to linger here—  
Assured that "all is well!"  
Eager to soar from earth away,  
A soul from bondage free—  
To the bright realms of endless day,  
And pure felicity.  
Methinks I hear a still small voice,  
Responsive to my prayer;  
Approving well my uttered choice,  
The Christian's end to share:  
And thus to me it kindly saith—  
"If thou would'st die the Christian's death,  
And gain his blest reward;  
Renounce this world of sin and strife,  
And live the Christian's holy life,  
Obedient to his Lord;  
Seek but His smile—fear but His frown,  
Count worldly gain but dross;  
'Tis meet if thou wilt wear the crown,  
That thou shouldst bear the cross."

W. C. R.

Penfield, Geo.

Original.

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY, AN ORPHAN, EMBARKING FOR EUROPE TO JOIN HER SISTER.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE FISK, D. D.

WHAT though the sun hath set upon the shore,  
Where thou hast left so many loving hearts:  
'Tis but a transient gloom that settles o'er  
The bright and beauteous vision, which departs  
Only to dawn more cheerfully again  
Upon thy gentle soul—as, on the morrow,  
That sun will greet thee, rising on the main,  
And scattering, like mist, all pain and sorrow.

Though from the hearth, where love and peace abide,  
Offspring of Heaven, thou goest—thou wilt meet  
Another hearth-stone, where thy sister sweet  
Will soothe thee as an angel—by her side  
Thou wilt be happy;—pure affection, there,  
Will hug thee from thy grief, and kiss off every tear!  
The places which now seem so dark and lone,  
Will be all bright with Heaven's serenest ray;  
And flowers will bloom, and breathe their fragrance on  
The turf—where every grass-blade seems to say:  
Spirits will meet, and love—when time is done!  
Farewell!—in thy first childhood I have known  
What tender sympathies were thine—and now,  
I feel, that they, with years, have stronger grown.

Take with thee all my friendship—hear the vow  
My heart breathes forth to HIM, whose watchful eye  
Will never close upon thee; be thou blest  
Where'er thou goest—angels from on high,  
Sent to watch o'er thee—take thee to their breast:  
They love the lovely and the good—they hear  
The lonely wish—the silent sob—the prayer.  
Farewell—the winds are freshening, and the night  
Is gathering round:—to-morrow will be bright!

Original.

A SKETCH.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I SAW in those dark, timid eyes,  
A flash of noble anger rise,  
I watched the glow of generous shame,—  
How richly to her cheek it came,  
And trembled in "bright tumult" there,  
Beneath the waves of glossy hair!

I heard a voice, low, girlish, sweet,  
Reprove another's slight deceit,  
And well by that frank voice I knew,  
By her eye's fire and cheek's warm hue,  
That now in her fresh, early youth,  
She is a worshipper of Truth.

Original  
THE QUEEN'S VOW.\*

A TALE OF ELIZABETH.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

THAT sweet, calm contentment, which pervades the mind, when once satisfied in its yearning after affection, settled upon the heart of the enfeebled Earl, like dew within the leaves of a perishing flower. Never, in his whole life, had he been so happy as in that gloomy and darkened chamber. If he slept, there was a bland, tranquil smile for ever playing about his mouth, and in his waking hours he would gaze about on the dark, massive furniture, as if he had something of love to bestow even on the inanimate witnesses of his contentment. There was something delicious and healthy in the repose shed over him, which brought strength to his sick couch, and cheerfulness to his pillow. Elizabeth, too—as if resolute on not being awakened to the painful uncertainty of a dream so fraught with bliss—abandoned herself to a flood of gentle feelings, which, for the time, held all others in abeyance.

The old nurse was still detained in the invalid's chamber, but only as a matter of propriety; it was Elizabeth's hand that smoothed his pillow—her gentle smile that greeted him when he awoke, and her low rich voice that read his favorite authors, or conversed till he was disposed to sleep again. The old woman was allowed to remain, whole hours together, in the recess of a distant window, engaged in rude worsted work, or gazing abroad upon the ripening foliage in the park, and the half-tamed deer that sported amid its umbrageous shadows.

Three weeks went by like a dream; Devonshire had left his couch, and as his strength returned, took short walks with the Princess, attended only by her favorite old servitor, Herbert. By degrees their rambles were extended to the park, till, at last, they would spend whole hours together beneath the shadow of an isolated clump of trees, or on some grassy bank, flushed with summer wild flowers, whose fragrance rendered the atmosphere almost as sweet and dreamy as their state of existence. In after years, how often did the Queen Elizabeth turn back to the memory of those few weeks of happiness—to that shady park, and the sweet wild-blossoms, with a thrill of regret, that made her heart throb, and her brow look grief-stricken, beneath its royal diadem. That memory kept one spot for ever green in her heart—one fountain open, which gushed up pure waters, when selfishness, vanity and ambition, had poisoned all the rest.

"You are sad, to-day," said Elizabeth, as the two wandered forth one evening, just as the sunset was tinging the heavy sward, and the rude old trees, with a hue of russet gold. She smiled as she spoke, and lifted her eyes to his face with an expression of deep, womanly tenderness, that made her own absolutely beautiful.

"It is strange," said the Earl, drawing her arm gently

through his, and moving forward—"strange that an invalid should repine because his health is returning; at any other time, my blood would thrill to the touch of this sweet breeze, after even a day's illness, but now the vigor which it imparts only reminds me that I am strong enough to return home, and that it is my duty to go."

The Princess drew closer to his side, and the smile died on her lips.

"Do not say that," she said, in a low, regretful voice; "you are yet far from well. Come, let us return to the house; I feel as if just awaking from a sweet dream; there is something too real in this broad sky and the dying sunlight."

"And yet it is very beautiful," said Devonshire, laying his hand on the small fingers that clasped his arm, and looking first into her changing face, then abroad on the green park, where the rich twilight lay slumbering in wreaths of misty purple amid the heavy foliage. "Let us walk forward; there is one spot that we have not yet visited."

The color flashed over Elizabeth's face, for she knew well what place he alluded to, and blushed with shame at the remembrance of her own ungenerous conduct, but she made no objection when the Earl turned in the same direction which they had pursued on the eventful morning of the hunt. She was rendered anxious and unhappy by his mention of returning home. Most truly she asserted that his words had aroused her from a sweet dream—a dream that never again was to settle upon her heart.

"Why should you leave me, Courtney?" she asked, anxiously, "why should we, of our own free will, cast away the happiness which has made the last three weeks so precious? Your words have made me very wretched."

"While illness was an apology for remaining by your side, there might be little in my becoming an inmate of your house, even for the lynx-eyed minions of the court to cavil at; but should we remain together, now that I am well enough to loiter beneath these old trees which we have both learned to love so, it were a miracle if we meet not both with censure and persecution. Nay, frown not, dearest, it is for your sake, not mine, that I would be prudent; remember the jealous eyes of Queen Mary are upon your slightest movement."

Elizabeth's lips trembled, and she looked earnestly in his face, anxious to learn, by its expression, if he was aware how much the Queen's interest in himself, might add to her vigilance. He seemed thoughtful and serious, but there was nothing in his face that betrayed a knowledge of the Queen's partiality, and, with the timidity of a heart that truly and fervently loved, she shrunk from naming her fears of a rival.

Devonshire's next words were calculated to dissipate those fears, had they been less vague than they really were. They had walked on in silence, till at length he paused abruptly just beneath the rock where his first declaration of love had been made. The brushwood was yet twisted and trampled where the hounds had rushed through in pursuit of the stag, and farther on might be seen the rivulet's bank, torn and broken up, where Devonshire's horse had struggled for a foothold after his fatal leap.

\* Concluded from page 236.

The blood rushed over Elizabeth's brow as she recognized the spot, but Devonshire leaned against a jutting fragment of the rock and quietly contemplated the scene.

"It was a perilous fall," he said, turning with a smile to the confused lady, "but to what happiness has it not led. Here, my Elizabeth—here where I was so chafed by your scorn, let me listen again to the precious words that have made my sick chamber a paradise."

"Why should I repeat that to you in words, of which every act, feeling and look, bear evidence," said Elizabeth, her confusion and suspicion alike swept away by the voice and manner of her generous lover. "Remember what I was when we stood here three weeks ago, and look upon me now. Has no change come over me, think you, that I could again return such words as you then spoke with mockery or pride? I believe that in every human being's life, there is a season when the spirit within undergoes a transfiguration, partial or complete, when the circumstance of a day—a week, or, it may be, a year, flashes over the soul, leaving traces therein, palpable, and as easily read by the discerning, as the progress of an army through the bosom of a country at rest. The heart lives years in moments, when it is first touched by the love of another. Mine has almost reached its maturity within these three short weeks. Would you have me say more?"

Devonshire looked admiringly in her face and felt how truly she had spoken, and how very beautiful was the change that had indeed fallen upon her lofty spirit. There was no haughty flashing of the eye, or scornful curve on that red lip as in former days. While speaking, a generous enthusiasm lighted up her face, but it only left a beautiful glow on her cheeks, and she stood before him, subdued, gentle and loveable, as the most lowly peasant-girl on his estate. A generous feeling throbbed at the Earl's heart as he witnessed these signs—more gratifying to his proud nature than the most homed words that ever fell from a woman's lips.

"I feel it all—all your condescension and goodness," exclaimed the Earl, warmly, "and yet," he continued, with a smile, "I would fain have some token, when I am away—something to convince me that this is not a dream—that I am indeed so honored and blessed."

Elizabeth took a small velvet case from her bosom, and drew from thence a glove, richly embroidered, but stiffened and soiled with water. She held it toward the Earl, but her hand trembled, and her voice was unsteady.

"I took it from your grasp when the hand which held it was cold, and I thought dead—when I believed that you had perished, despising me in your heart. Take it, and when Elizabeth Tudor is proven false to the love she has pledged, or when you, Devonshire, from fickleness or ambition fail to meet that love—return the token. I shall understand its language. Then, and not till then, the fellow to that glove shall be cast from its resting-place near my heart, and that heart will be broken or hardened, I know not which."

Devonshire took the glove and placed it in his bosom without speaking a word, but there was eloquence in his dark eyes, and an expression of deep feeling pervaded

his face, far more powerful than language. He pressed her hand fervently to his lips, and drawing it again through his arm, moved forward just as a dark object crept round the hill, and approached the old servitor, who had been standing beyond earshot, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the brooklet where it whirled and ruffled round the mass of earth and broken sods which had been cast into its channel by the fall of Devonshire's horse. The strange object proved to be a man of diminutive stature, stooping in the shoulders, stealthy in his walk, and clad entirely in black velvet, which gave his person the appearance of being much smaller than it really was. Old Herbert looked up, and gave some indications of the surprise which really possessed him at the sight of a stranger stealing through the trees like a timid wild animal, terrified by the sight of a human being. He drew toward the old man, and seemed about to address him; but the moment Devonshire and the Princess came in sight, he turned, hesitated, and, at last, moved cringing forward, as if afraid, and yet desirous of attracting their notice.

"What brings you here, follow?" said the Earl, sternly, for he felt the Lady Elizabeth start and cling to his arm, as if terrified by the creature's, strange appearance. "Whence got you liberty to rove at will in this domain?"

The strange being made no answer, but fixed his keen and exceedingly small black eyes on the lady, while he fumbled awkwardly in his doublet, and at length drew forth a packet, bearing the broad seal of England. Elizabeth turned pale, and extended her hand to receive the missive; but the sallow messenger bent low, held it forth to the Earl of Devonshire, and again slowly lifting his eyes, fixed them on her changing features with a bold, unswerving gaze, that, at another time, would have called forth a severe reprimand. But she was too anxious about the package for remark on the mingled insolence and servility of his bearing; while he was marking every painful expression of her face with his glittering, snake-like eye, she stood motionless, gazing on the well-known seal, her hand dropping heavily by her side, as it had fallen on learning the destination of the package, and her face changing from pale to crimson with the rapidity of lightning.

Devonshire, though less agitated than the lady, seemed, nevertheless, sufficiently embarrassed by his situation. He glanced irresolutely from the package to the Princess, and from her to the strange messenger.

"Take those saucy eyes from the lady's face, sirrah," he exclaimed, sternly, on marking the rude scrutiny with which the fellow regarded the Princess. "If to deliver this package be your sole business with me, withdraw to a distance while I learn its contents."

The strange man bent his eyes to the earth, bowed very low, and said in a soft, humble voice—

"I am but the messenger from a party of noble gentlemen, who await the Earl of Devonshire's presence at his own house. With his, and the noble lady's permission, I will return as I came."

Once more the man lifted those strange, glittering eyes to the lady's face. The Earl regarded him with a haughty

frown, and seemed about to speak more sternly than before, but Elizabeth laid her hand suddenly on his arm, and said in a low, eager whisper—

"Be cautious; in the name of Heaven, I beseech you, not another word. He is Queen Mary's physician. It were far better that you tried a viper to the earth, than that man, silky and humble as he seems."

"Compose yourself, dear lady," said the Earl, taking her hand gently within his own, as the messenger turned away with a subtle smile beaming over his thin face, for he had gathered enough from the lady's manner, to know that she was terrified by his presence. "Compose yourself, and do not look so apprehensive. It were a disgrace to my knighthood, did the caiff's insolence go unrebuked. Mary, herself, could do no less than chastise the menial who dared to lift his insolent gaze to her maiden and royal sister."

"Alas! I have little to expect from her sisterly love," replied Elizabeth, following the diminutive physician with her eyes, as he moved softly toward old Herbert. "From the cradle, my person has been odious to her. Through her command, my liberty has been curtailed, and my life even threatened. I was compelled to seek this retirement to avoid the indignities heaped upon me at her court, where I—a King's daughter—was compelled to give precedence to persons of inferior rank, thereby taking upon myself the stain of illegitimacy. These things I have suffered. What deeper indignity and sorrow is in store for me, none can tell. Until now, I have borne all patiently, but I have become timid as a child since the fate of another has been woven with mine. Believe me, Devonshire, Queen Mary is a fearful being!"

When Elizabeth ceased speaking, she was very pale, and her eyes filled with tears. Devonshire strove to comfort her, but she seemed terrified out of her usual firmness; her limbs trembled, and the color came and went in her cheek, like lightning in a summer cloud.

"Read the package," she said more tranquilly, after he had striven, by persuasive words, and every method in his power, to reason her out of what seemed, to him, a state of groundless apprehension. "I can guess what its contents are. Your faith will be put to the trial, even earlier than I expected. Read, Devonshire, for if I mistake not, your choice is now to be made between a reigning Sovereign and a persecuted Princess, whose very birthright is made a question for every vulgar mouth in her sister's kingdom."

Had any doubt of Devonshire's ignorance of Mary's intentions, with regard to himself, arisen in his companion's mind, it must have been satisfied by the look of amazement with which he regarded her as she spoke. He seemed bewildered, and perfectly at a loss for the meaning of her words, and the strange agitation with which they were uttered, so unlike the almost masculine self-possession which usually marked all her intercourse with the world. With a vague suspicion that the package would explain all, he was about to tear away the seal, when she laid her trembling hand upon it and prevented him.

"One moment!" she said, becoming colorless with

intense feeling: "I would say one word before the seal is broken. At this moment, your plighted faith and honor, as a true knight, bind you to me. I release you from this obligation, and you open that packet as free to decide, as if no such being as Elizabeth existed. I can but guess at its contents, but if, on reading it, one struggle arises in your heart—if but the shadow of a wish lead you to the higher destiny it may offer, follow that wish! I have no hope—no dream of the future, which is not woven with my love of you; but should your faith give way to the glittering temptation which, I doubt not, lies beneath that seal, I am no love-sick maiden to pine and die in the sorrows of desertion. I have been very happy, and should these pure, sweet feelings be driven from my heart by neglect or oppression—a thirst for power—vanity—ambition—a thousand strong passions may rush in and take their place, but no second love can enter there. Now," she added, more calmly, "I will walk homeward with Herbert, while you learn what brought yon sable caiff from my sister's court."

"Nay," said Devonshire, detaining her, "there can be nothing which you may not know." Without farther hesitation he tore away the seal, and began to read. A dim twilight rendered it difficult to decypher the writing, but scarcely had he made himself master of half its meaning, when the blood rushed over his temples, and he bit his lips impatiently, as if dissatisfied and embarrassed. Elizabeth remarked this with a degree of pleasure, that brought the light again to her eyes, for, though she turned away, and strove to occupy herself with other objects, she could not forbear now and then casting a look on his face while her own was pale and clouded with anxiety. Before the Earl had fully perused the document, he re-folded it and approached the lady.

"It is a proposal from the Queen's privy council," he said, hurriedly; "one that overwhelms me with pain and astonishment."

"The Queen, through her counsellors, makes overtures which might raise you to her throne; is it not so?" inquired the Princess, in a voice too calm and steady for any thing but assumed composure.

"Yes," replied the Earl, hurriedly. "Messengers are awaiting an answer at my house. Will you permit me to send Herbert forward to prepare horses? I must go to these people at once."

Elizabeth turned very pale, and was utterly unable to find words in which to answer him, but she bowed, and drew herself up with a more stately bearing than she had assumed since the day of the hunt. Herbert went forward to obey the hasty orders given by the Earl, and the noble pair walked on in silence. They seemed suddenly to have changed characters; he was restless and excited; Elizabeth walked by his side, apparently calm, in thought and feeling, but her face was perfectly white, and there was a rigid expression about her mouth which told how terribly painful was the state of suspense under which her proud spirit struggled. When they came in sight of the house, Devonshire saw that his orders had been obeyed. His groom was leading forth a couple of saddled horses from the stable.

"I will take farewell, dear lady, here," said the Earl,

pausing beneath a clump of trees that concealed them from observation. "To-morrow I will ride over, or, if these people choose to remain my guests, will send you word more fully of this matter."

He took her hand, but it lay cold within his grasp, and even in the waning light, he observed that the face she turned toward him wore an expression of smothered anguish, such as he had never witnessed there before. For the first time, he suspected the thoughts passing through her mind.

"Surely," he said, with a degree of earnestness almost amounting to reproach, "you cannot have deemed me so unworthy as to suppose—no, no, you must be aware that there can be but one answer to a proposal like this." Elizabeth started, and a faint shiver ran through her frame. Devonshire drew her to his side, and smiled as he did so. After a moment's hesitation between respect and the aroused affections that gushed up in his noble heart, he pressed his lips, for the first time, upon her forehead, and murmured, "Were Mary Queen of a universe, she would fail to win this true heart from its allegiance. So farewell, dear lady; we shall meet again, and soon."

He was interrupted by a low, chuckling laugh, which seemed close by the place where they were standing. They both started and looked anxiously around. No living thing was in sight, and after a moment's thought they hurried from the spot, Devonshire exclaiming, "Do not be apprehensive, lady, it was but the noise of a deer. See, Herbert has sent the horses forward; farewell once again, and may all good angels bless you!"

Thus making a hurried adieu, Devonshire sprang to his saddle and rode swiftly in the direction of his own residence. While Elizabeth was yet watching his form as it grew dim amid the shadows of the evening, a dark object crept warily from the clump of oaks where she had, a few moments before, stood with the Earl, and crouching almost to the earth, glided like an unquiet spirit into the depths of the park.

When she could no longer hear the tramp of her lover's horse, Elizabeth turned to her solitary home—went to the chamber which Devonshire had occupied, and casting herself on the bed, gave way, for the first time in her life, to a passion of tears, which arose more from over excitement than from any reasonable cause of sorrow.

It was two days before Devonshire returned. He had resolutely refused all overtures for a union with Queen Mary, and when her messengers pressed him for some reason which might soften the anger of their rejected mistress, he boldly acknowledged his attachment to her sister, Elizabeth, though he left them to doubt its favorable return. When the Princess learned this noble frankness of her lover, she was filled with anxiety, not only for her own safety, but for his. She was too well acquainted with the cruel nature of her sister, even for a moment, to believe that she would not deal vengeance on those who had thwarted her wishes and wounded her pride, both as a woman and a Queen.

Weeks went by and brought no event calculated to increase or diminish the anxiety of the lovers. Though Devonshire had taken up his residence on a small estate

which he owned, in the neighborhood of Elizabeth's dwelling, and spent as much of his time with her as the usages of society would permit, Mary seemed to overlook them both, and when, at last, she summoned Devonshire to London, it was to receive him with more than her usual favor. She even invited the Lady Elizabeth again to her presence, and those less intimately acquainted with a nature that knew neither generosity nor mercy, might have been deluded into a belief that she had been won to the exercise of those sweet virtues in behalf of her sister. But Elizabeth was not deceived for a moment. She knew that the cruel woman only stifled her resentment till she could indulge it without fear of retaliation from her subjects, and it required all her efforts to persuade Devonshire from casting himself at the Queen's feet soon after her marriage with Phillip of Spain, and urging her sanction to their union.

## CHAPTER III.

It was more than a year after the eventful stag-hunt, when Elizabeth once more became an inmate of her favorite dwelling. Devonshire had found means to absent himself from court long enough to pay one brief visit to his estate, and was expected down, for the second time, on a quiet, summer day, when our story resumes its interest.

The Lady Elizabeth was seated by a window of the chamber which Devonshire had once occupied in her residence. There was a rich color blooming in her cheek, and her eyes were full of pleasant smiles as she gazed abroad on a scene beautiful in itself, and connected with so many sweet associations. The sun was just breaking from behind a heap of white, transparent clouds, which floated to and fro over the blue sky, the lovely vestige of a shower which had just fallen. A rich, balmy odor came up from a thousand wild blossoms, which had given forth their sweetest breath from the nestling-places in the green nooks and hillocks of the park, and the old oak boughs waved in the sun, glittering with rain-drops, and shedding a cool moisture on the grass. It was a pleasant scene, and cheerful were the lady's thoughts as she gazed upon it. Another hour and Devonshire would be lingering by her side. Never had she so fondly anticipated his coming; nearly a year had passed by, and they had not met save once, without the formalities of a court to fill them with iniquitude and restraint. She was pondering over the past, and striving to subdue her mind to its usual composure, when old Herbert came across the lawn, bearing about him marks of excitement quite unusual in that aged servitor, who was remarkable for a deportment more stiff and formal even than his age and place of trust warranted. He had been an attendant of the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, and was admitted to more familiar intercourse with her royal daughter, than many persons of more equal rank could aspire to. When Elizabeth saw him coming toward the house, so different to his usual habit, she beckoned him to approach, and leaning from the casement, inquired if he had met with any evil tidings, and why he appeared so full of perturbation. The old man only waved his head, and besought the lady to admit him to her presence, making signs that he was afraid of being overheard. When summoned to

the lady's chamber, he informed her that he had been, on household matters, down to a village lying midway between her residence and that of Lord Devonshire, where it was rumored that a body of rebels, headed by one Wyat, had been dispersed, near London, by the Queen's troops—that four hundred of the insurgents were already executed, and many persons of noble birth imprisoned as abettors.

"Were any names mentioned?" inquired the lady, turning faint with apprehension.

The old man hesitated, as if unwilling to impart the evil tidings he had gathered.

"I went into a hostelry," he said, evasively, "where a refugee from Wyat's party had halted for refreshment; it is whispered that the Lady Jane Gray and her brave young husband, with many others, have been sent to the block—that Lord Suffolk is in prison, and that warrants are out for—for—"

The good old man paused abruptly—cast a look full of trouble and compassion on the pale features of the Princess, and burst into tears. "Say that a warrant is out for your mistress, Herbert—*only* for her, and she will bless you that the news is no worse," exclaimed Elizabeth, rising from her chair and laying her clasped hands on those of the old man, as if her sorrow and humility could change the nature of his tidings.

"Alas!" replied the kind-hearted servant, turning his face away from her eager gaze, "alas, noble lady, there is one other name. I would peril the remnant of my poor life to prove it otherwise, but a warrant is out; they are in pursuit of *him* even now."

Elizabeth gasped for breath; her hands unlocked, and fell heavily down, and she sallied back as if all strength had suddenly departed from her limbs.

"Herbert," she murmured, sinking to a chair, and pressing a hand over her eyes, "Herbert!"

The old man knelt before his unhappy mistress. After a few moments, she removed the hand from her eyes. Though her face was white as marble, she had struggled hard for composure, and spoke collectedly,

"Said you they were in search of my Lord of Devonshire, Herbert? How know you this? Where is the Earl?"

"While I was at the hostelry, lady," replied Herbert, "he passed by with but one attendant, on his way to the estate, and in less than half an hour, another party came up, inquiring which way he had taken, and boasting that they had the Queen's warrant to drag him up to London, where he would surely be executed for lending troops and gold to forward the rebellion. The crooked man in black, that once brought a letter to my lord from London, soon after his illness, was of the party, and when some of his companions boasted of having a warrant out against you, my lady, the little man saw me, and bade the trooper hold his peace for a braggart and a liar."

"And went you not forward to warn the brave Earl?" inquired Elizabeth, eagerly.

"Alas! what could I do? At first, I did think of it, but the troops were well mounted and I am but an old man. My mistress was in peril, so I betook me home to protect her with the strength of one feeble arm."

"Think not of me, but ride forth even now, good Herbert; perchance the Earl turned hitherward rather than to his own house. Nay, tarry not a moment!"

Herbert lingered, as if unwilling to leave his mistress, at which something of her naturally imperious spirit broke forth.

"Away! and do my bidding," she exclaimed, starting to her feet, and pointing with her finger to the door. "To horse at once! return not till you have seen the Earl of Devonshire, or can bring tidings of his safety."

The poor old servant was terrified by her stern manner. He hurried to the door, then turning back, sunk on his knees at her feet.

"I beseech you, lady, let me remain. Who can defend you so faithfully as old Herbert—whom can you trust so well?"

"Alas! no one," replied Elizabeth, for a moment won to forgetfulness of her orders by the old man's generous devotion. "The very menials of my household are, I misdoubt me, court spies, but fear not, my kind follower; I will wait your return here. If, as you suppose, a warrant is out for my apprehension, I have only to submit. You could in nothing aid me, so depart at once!"

Saying this, she raised the old servitor from her feet, and with a throb of hope, saw him depart from the room. Again she took her station at the window, but no person to have gazed upon her face then, would have believed it the same that had beamed there an hour before. With pallid cheeks—a pale brow—and lips trembling with anxiety, she looked forth, her eyes fixed on the point where Herbert had disappeared, and one hand grasping the rude frame-work of the window, till the blue veins rose clear over its white surface. All at once she started up, uttered a faint cry, and sunk to her chair again, strengthless as an infant. On the very spot where she had last seen old Herbert, appeared a party of horsemen. Her heart told her what it was. Even at the distance, she recognized the tall form of Lord Devonshire, and, at his side, the little uncouth figure of the Queen's physician.

It is anxiety that makes cowards of us. When certain of the worst, we gather up our strength to meet the evil, like warriors acquainted with the number of their foe. When the Princess Elizabeth saw that the object of her anxiety was taken captive, she became calm. Herbert, the faithful old servant, was also held in durance by two rough-looking men, who rode pompously on either side his horse, each grasping the good old prisoner's doublet, and occasionally giving him a rude shake as if he were a dog that had crossed their path. Elizabeth saw it all from the window, and turned with suddenly-aroused dignity to meet her rude guests. While they were distributing guards about the house, whispering together, and devising plans to entrap their victim, she descended to the broad stone hall where they were assembled, leaning on the arm of an aged female attendant, and quietly took her station near the huge fireplace, as if prepared for the reception of honored friends.

"May I inquire," she said, after a moment, casting a tranquil glance round the confused group, "by what chance my poor house is honored by so much goodly

company. My Lord of Devonshire, we had expected you earlier in the day."

"I did not think to be encumbered with so gallant a retinue," replied the Earl, casting a glance of haughty scorn on a bluff, red-faced man, who appeared to be a leader of the party, "but with this fair gentleman's permission I will explain—"

"We will save your lordship's breath, and the lady's patience," said the man, insolently. "These documents have a marvellous brief way of explaining themselves." Drawing forth a warrant from his doublet, the man advanced with a swaggering air to the Princess, and laid his broad hand on her shoulder. She neither shrunk from his touch, nor seemed in the least discomposed by a sight of the warrant.

"Does that paper authorise the arrest of any person except myself, she inquired mildly."

"Your grace, alone, is named," said the man, somewhat awed by her calm manner of questioning him. "We have another warrant whereby the noble Earl, your grace, is under arrest."

"Have the goodness, then, to see that those two persons withdraw their hold from my follower's doublet," said Elizabeth, sternly, pointing to the men who guarded Herbert.

The leader hesitated, and seemed about to refuse her demand. The Lady's eye kindled. "Obey, sir," she said, "or show warrant why he is held in durance!"

"Well, well," said the leader, shrugging his huge shoulders, "the old chap may go free, providing you will promise not to have any tears or squalling on your own account, but let us take you up to London without raising another rebellion about *our* ears, as you have about our gracious Queen Mary's. Let the stout old knave go, John," added the bluff speaker, "but mind that he gets us into no mischief by raising the tenants about our ears, or any like foolery."

The men withdrew their hands, and Herbert stood once more at liberty.

"Now bestir those withered limbs to some purpose, old man," exclaimed the officer, taking off his cap and pacing the hall in all the vulgar glory of his brief power. "Go to the larder and bring forth the venison pastry, that I warrant me is hid away for thy supper—a few rashers of bacon, and some tankards from the cask which thou and the fat butler drink from—none other; mark, we are not to be cheated with the lambs' drink that ye doubtless serve up to her grace's table."

Herbert looked indignantly on the pompous speaker, thrust his hand, with a sullen smile, into the bosom of his doublet, but moved not an inch.

"Go, good Herbert, bring what they require," said Elizabeth. "Remember they are the Queen's officers, notwithstanding this lack of courtesy."

Herbert moved toward a side door, but with an air most unequivocally, demonstrating that he sacrificed his own will to the wishes of his lady.

"Stay a minute, old crony!" exclaimed the leader, coming from a corner of the hall where he had exchanged a few brief whispers with the little man in black, while Elizabeth was speaking. "One of you fellows summon

the butler, while our crusty friend here, shows us the house," he added, turning to his followers. "Our Lord of Devonshire was somewhat chary of his welcome; so with her grace's leave, we will house here to-night. It will go hard if, in this large mansion, there be not two rooms in which these dainty prisoners can be lodged till morning."

Devonshire had brooked the fellows insolence with tolerable composure until now, but forgetful of his position, he started, and put his hand down to where his sword should have been. The Queen's leech saw the motion, and burst into a low, chuckling laugh. Both Elizabeth and the Earl recognized the sound. It was the same which had disturbed them beneath the clump of oaks, more than a year before. It required a powerful effort for Devonshire to conquer his indignant wrath, and repress an impulse to crush the uncouth being with his foot. Elizabeth turned a little paler than before, and made a slight motion with her hand, which was intended as a caution to the excited nobleman.

Meantime Herbert moved toward a stair-case leading to the upper rooms, with more alacrity than he had hitherto evinced. An expression which it seemed difficult to account for, shot into his eyes. The Queen's officer mistook it for resentment; burst into a broad, mocking laugh, and amused himself by urging the old man forward with the point of his long sword.

Herbert was a frank, honest old man, but his youth had been spent in King Henry's court, where he had learned prudence, and the skill of masking his own purposes. Without any comment on the ill usage he was receiving, he led the officer through several chambers, from which escape might seem easy, with apparent cheerfulness; but when they approached the apartment which had once been appropriated to the sick Earl, and which, from the massive strength of its shutters, and its height from the ground, seemed the one best calculated for a prison. He passed the door with a nervous kind of haste, and when compelled to open it, did so with every appearance of sullen discontent, as if he had been overreached in some design.

"We have brought you to the spot at last, my old fox, have we?" said the officer, exultingly, taking a survey of the room. "High windows—only one door. This will do. Hollo, there, some of you knaves; come hither and barricade these windows," he shouted, going to the head of the stair-case. Several of his followers rushed up the stairs, to whom he gave some directions, and then addressed Herbert again. "Come, now," he said, "point out a safe place for the lady."

Herbert led the way through a small anti-room, to the sleeping chamber of his mistress. The man, rude as he was, seemed to feel something of the respect which filled the good servitor's bosom, on entering the place which should have been kept sacred to the royal maiden.

"Turn that woman out," he said, observing a female attendant moving in the dim light. Her grace must lack a tiring woman. She will not need one in the tower. Now go down and ransack the larder; my men are hungry as a pack of hounds."

While Herbert was thus employed, the Lady Elizabeth



remained standing in the hall. Of the twenty persons who entered with their leader, some half dozen only remained, a part regaled themselves in the kitchen, preparatory to the supper, while others were occupied above stairs. Devonshire had made more than one effort to approach the Princess, but the man who hung about him, as a guard, followed every step so closely that he was obliged to remain passive, or assemble the coarse herd near her person. Louton, the Queen's leech, still lingered in the hall, walking up and down, with a cold sinister smile, more full of jeering malice, than it is possible to describe, playing over his small, sallow features. At every turn he drew a pace nearer the Princess, and at last planted himself directly before her, folded his arms, and looked up in her face, mingling something of a leer, with the wicked smile which became absolutely revolting in its expression.

"The humble leech may feast his eyes on those fair features, at will now—ha—ha—the spurned dog does not always show his teeth. Times have changed since you, traitor lord, rebuked me for daring to lift my eyes from the earth. The leech was overbold, forsooth. But now that he has travelled down from London, to kiss this dainty hand, it would be but charity to yield the warm lips, such things have been done by twilight, beneath a canopy of oak boughs—ha, your grace, that is a dainty blush—ha—ha—ha—."

As he finished this mocking speech, the ingrate forcibly seized the lady's hand, and covered it with kisses, laughing and muttering insolently all the time.

With the energy of a lion breaking from his toils, Devonshire dashed back the man who strove to hold him, and dealt the insolent monster a buffet that laid him for a moment senseless at the Lady Elizabeth's feet.

"Bear him out, if you would not see the base life crushed from his carcass!" he exclaimed fiercely to the astonished guard, "away with him, or I shall do murder!" and spurning the creature with his foot, the nobleman stood pale and trembling with rage, supporting the terrified Princess with one hand, and pointing with the other to the hall door.

The men approached, some to keep guard on the Earl, and others to remove the leech, who gave indications of life, but still lay grovelling on the stone flags. As they lifted him up, his face was exposed, it was ashy white, and his lips were specked with foam. Devonshire was so fiercely angered that he took no heed of the frightful appearance, but Elizabeth, though a brave woman, shuddered to the heart's core, as those small eyes glared upon her. A dark rim encircled them, and their glitter was like that of a venomous reptile. After a few moments he stood up, folded his arms, and laughed that low, deadly laugh again.

That night the Lady Elizabeth was a prisoner in her chamber, alone and sleepless. Thunders of boisterous mirth now and then came up from the hall, where her jailors were carousing, and the tread of a sentinel sounded gloomily from the anti-room. Though her mind was filled with dark forebodings, the royal maiden contemplated her position with a degree of forethought and

calmness, worthy of her firm character. She was well aware that the late rebellion was only used as a pretext by her revengeful sister, for involving two persons in ruin, who had become obnoxious in her eyes, and that there was less hope from the Queen's clemency, or sense of justice, than if both herself and the Earl, had in truth, been guilty of treason.

She knew that the Tower was crowded with the highest nobility of the land, that the laws of England were used but as a vast silent power, under whose shadow, scaffolds stood, reeking with noble and innocent blood, lighted up by the death pyres of good men, and that hundreds of human beings were daily offered up as a sacrifice to the base passions, and narrow bigotry of their rulers.

It was no wonder that the lady became pale, and that she trembled for her own life, and for that of one still dearer, when she pondered on these terrible themes. She had fallen back in the huge carved chair, oppressed with thought, and yet all incapable of sleep, when a slight noise issued from behind the cumbrous drapery of her bed. She started to her feet, and uttering a faint cry, stood gazing on the bed, pale as a marble statue, expecting every instant to see that terrible leech creep forth again to overwhelm her with his dastardly malice. The drapery was shaken as if by a current of air, and while she gazed on it with white lips and gleaming eyes, the whole crimson mass was cautiously uplifted, and the face of old Herbert looked out upon her.

"Hist—lady, hist," he said, laying a finger warningly on his lips, "do not scream again, it is only your old servant."

There was a sound at the door, as of a bolt cautiously withdrawn, old Herbert flung himself back, and the cloud of velvet drapery, with its golden fringe, dropped with a loud rustling sound over the whole couch. The crash of its heavy bullion tassels, as they fell to the floor, was lost in a shout of merriment, which at that moment, arose from below.

"Did you call, lady," inquired the sentinel, thrusting his head cautiously into the room.

Elizabeth answered, in a faint voice, that she had summoned no one, and requested him to withdraw.

"It was a bat screaming in the chimney, I suppose," muttered the man, and after glancing keenly round the apartment, he closed the door, secured the bolts, and resumed his monotonous walk. Again the bed curtains were lifted, and old Herbert stepped out on the floor, looking somewhat more robust in person than he had appeared in the morning. Without speaking a word, he took his lady's hand, lifted the curtains again, and drew her after him:

"Do not speak," he whispered "hush! is not that the sentinel again?"

There was a lamp burning in the room, and for the space of three minutes the lady stood in the dim crimson light, shed through the curtains, breathless and bewildered, but silent as death. There was an old portrait hanging behind the couch, the picture of a female, set in heavy frame work of polished oak. After satisfying himself that all was still, in the anti-room, Herbert began to fumble about this picture which flew back into the wall, leav-

ing an aperture large enough for the Princess to pass, from her chamber without inconvenience, and with little risk of noise.

"Now tell me where all this tends?" said Elizabeth in a subdued voice, as Herbert led the way through a large room, and began to search about a portrait, corresponding to the one through which they had just found egress, "I have no wish to escape, and if I have followed you thus far, it is that I may not be overheard in what I wish to say."

"But the *Earl*," said Herbert, earnestly.

Elizabeth's eyes flashed light—"Can he escape?" she exclaimed with sudden energy; "How, good Herbert, how?"

The old man untied his doublet and betrayed a corresponding one underneath. "That picture opens to the Earl's room," he whispered. "I have placed two stout horses, by the stream, in the park. Those sots below, are half blind, with spiced wines, already."

Elizabeth clasped her hands, and her eyes sparkled with gratitude. A smile stole over the old man's face as he observed the sudden change. He beckoned with his hand, and the next minute, she stood before her lover.

"I will go and draw off the sentinel," muttered the kind old man, as he closed the panel after his mistress. Poor lady—poor lady, this will be a sad parting." And with these words, which but feebly expressed the innate delicacy which made him risk every thing, rather than intrude on the sorrowful pair, he left the room.

Herbert stole down to the hall. The revellers were by this time so overcome with strong potations, that he found no difficulty in securing a flask of wine, and after extinguishing one of the lights, as if by accident, thereby throwing a portion of the hall in deep shadow, he boldly presented himself (flask in hand) before the sentinel who guarded the entrance to Devonshire's chamber. The man received him somewhat suspiciously at first, but the wine proved a quick passport to his favor, and Herbert took good care to drown, by the loudness of his voice, any noise from within that might arouse attention.

When Herbert again sought the prisoners, he found the Earl painfully agitated, while Elizabeth stood before him in tears. She was speaking in a low earnest whisper, her eloquent face lifted to his, and her hands clasped and wound together in the energy of feelings she was compelled to suppress.

"Urge me not,—cease, I entreat you!" said the Earl, in a low tremulous whisper, "I cannot leave you to the power of these men."

"My Lord," said the old servitor, "the Princess is safe, they dare not touch a tress of that sacred head. The people would defend her, even against their Queen. She may suffer imprisonment—nothing more—but for your lordship to remain is death."

"Nay, good Herbert—I am innocent, and must be tried by my peers," said Devonshire.

"Alas!" said Elizabeth, "is not the soil of England now red with innocent blood—cast not aside this last chance of safety, Devonshire, go abroad but for one year, and at the end of that time, should return be unsafe, I

will abandon this desolated land, struggle no longer with my fate, but share your exile."

Still the Earl seemed irresolute, and it was not till she had urged the injury which might fall on her fame as a woman, should she depart in his company, and had repeated again, and again, the confidence which she really felt in her own personal safety, that he yielded a reluctant consent to depart.

Without further delay, Herbert flung off his duplicate garments, and began to fasten them over the Earl's rich attire, explaining his arrangements for escape the while, and occasionally whispering a word of encouragement to the pale and suffering lady. She stood by, with pallid cheeks and trembling lips, till his disguise was complete but the anguish throbbing at her heart was too strong for control. When all was ready, she flung herself on his bosom, forgetful of her pride—station—every thing save the tenderness and pain of that wretched farewell. She felt that he was straining her to his bosom, that his lips were pressed passionately down upon her forehead, and that tears were falling like rain-drops over her face. A mist came over her senses, and when that cleared away, she was standing in the centre of the room alone, her heart desolated, and widowed for ever—*she felt that it was for ever.*

Devonshire followed the directions of his humble friend, melancholy, and as one in a dream. The agitation which overwhelmed him, perhaps, aided in his escape, for his step was unsteady and feeble as that of an aged man. The hall was still thronged with rioters, but some lay outstretched on the stone floor, overcome with wine, while others slumbered with their faces downward, and their arms folded on the table, and a few still kept up their drunken wassail amid empty wine-cups, tankards overturned, and fragments of a most prodigal supper. One man sat alone at the extreme end of the board; his elbows were supported by the table, and his sharp, pointed chin rested on his clenched hands, while his eyes wandered restlessly from object to object. It was the Queen's leech. He had tasted no wine, and was drunken only with his own evil passions. He looked vaguely on the disguised nobleman as he entered the hall, but in the dimness, mistook him for old Herbert.

"Hillo—call that fellow back—we want wine—wine, more wine," brawled the leading officer, rising unsteadily from his seat, and throwing his arms wildly about, "ho, there. Zounds, he has gone! Let me but lay hands on him and I will—I will—"

Staggering a few paces toward the door where the fugitive had disappeared, the fellow sat down again, and waved his head in a mysterious and consequential manner, which the little man in black regarded with a smile of bitter contempt.

"Hist, hist; the horses are this way," said Herbert, gliding up to the fugitive, as he found shelter beneath the clump of oaks, connected with so many sweet remembrances. The Earl paused a moment, dashed his hand across his eyes, and followed the old man in silence.

"God bless you, my lord. God bless and speed you," said Herbert, fervently, as the Earl bent from his saddle and wrung the hand which had held his stirrup; "ride

cautiously the first league, then put the horse to his speed, and he will bear you half way to the coast before the knaves, up yonder, shake off their debauch."

Six months went by, and the scene of our story changes to a room in Queen Mary's palace. It was night, and the rays of a small, brazen lamp, fed by some chemical compound that emitted a strong, spicy odor through the room, were multiplied and tinged by the reflection of various bottles filled with colored fluids, and ranged on a shelf over the fireplace. A small table stood in one corner, of black oak, with curiously-twisted legs, wreathed together half way down, in a sort of pedestal, and branching out in the form of three serpents, with curving necks, and heads hideously life-like, which seemed striving to disentangle themselves, and creep over the floor. On this table lay a crucible, a crystal mask, and a quantity of dried herbs. A thick cloud of unpleasant vapor, hung over a neighboring furnace, where a few embers smoldered, which now and then flashed up in a slender flame, kindling the red atmosphere to a lurid glare. At such times the faces of two human beings seated beneath the lamp, were revealed with frightful distinctness. They seemed like twin fiends, holding evil counsel together. One was the Queen's leech, who sat crouching on a low stool, his body bent forward, and his elbows resting on his knees. His companion was a slight, ill-favored looking man, habited in the garments of an Ecclesiastic. His eyes wandered restlessly beneath the keen glance with which Louton regarded him, and he shuffled his feet about on the floor as if anxious to terminate a conversation that had already lasted half an hour.

"I tell you," said the leech, in a cautious under tone, "there is no time to be lost. The Queen cannot live a month. The Lady Elizabeth has become more popular with the people than ever, since her long imprisonment, and the triumphant vindication of her innocence in the Wyatt affair. Philip is informed of his Queen's danger, and is raising forces to oppose this offspring of King Harry's spurious marriage. France will remain neutral, or urge the claims of Mary Stuart, the Dauphiness; every thing abroad looks fair for our cause, and if we but weaken her strength here, all may go well with England and the Holy Church."

"But what has the life or death of an exile Earl to do with these mighty plans?" inquired the priest, for the first time looking full at the leech.

"Every thing—every thing!" replied the other, in a shrill, eager whisper. "I tell you, Sir Prior, if this haughty woman once sets her foot on the throne of England, the Earl of Devonshire will most certainly share her state to trample us under his foot. He is a Protestant at heart—as wily and uncompromising a reformer, as the Princess herself."

"But why not mix the drug for Elizabeth herself," said the priest, quietly. "She may be taken ill, and the Queen's leech sent as a special grace."

"No, no, I could not do it!" exclaimed the leech, starting back, and then slowly resuming his position, while a perceptible shudder crept through his crouching

frame. "I would rather plant a dagger in my own heart."

"Ho!" exclaimed the priest, and a smile of quiet meaning stole over his face. "I thought you were not a man to lavish gold and deal out precious nostrums for the love of country or mother church. Now we understand each other. This Devonshire—"

"Has crossed my path every where—trod upon me—buffeted me to the earth—nay, spurned me with his foot—ay, and in her presence!" shrieked the pale leech, in a voice sharp and almost hissing with stifled rage.

"And you would serve the Holy Church and find revenge at the same time," resumed the priest, softly.

"The crushed serpent can hoard his venom so long as there is life," replied Louton, more quietly. "I have told all now; he shall die without seeing her, though I am compelled to cross the waters to work the deed with this hand."

"It needs not that," said the priest, musingly. "Give me the liquid you spoke of. There is a man, even now, in the Earl's household, beyond the seas, who will administer it with due caution, for less than the promised gold; be speedy, and get the drug. I will find a messenger."

"It is here," whispered the leech, searching in the bosom of his sable doublet. Drawing forth a small crystal flask, spotted with gold, and looking cautiously round the dim apartment, he placed it in the priest's extended hand.

"Is it sure?" muttered the monk.

"Deadly as a serpent's venom," was the reply.

"And now," said the priest, grasping the flask closely in his palm, while a strange smile gleamed over his face as he bent forward toward the leech, "and now, fair leech, have no fear that these precious drops will not sweeten the Earl's night draught, and speedily, too. That you may be more certain of revenge, let me whisper a state secret in your ear. Should her Queen's grace be taken from this people, as you predict, King Philip, instead of urging war against the Lady Elizabeth, will aspire to her throne, as he has shared that of our most gracious Sovereign. This Devonshire might stand in the way of such design, therefore, he dies. Ha! good Louton, is the news sudden, that you turn so pale? But good night; be content that revenge is at hand."

With these words the friar stole gently from the room. The leech sat several minutes gazing vacantly on the floor, motionless, and apparently overwhelmed with a flood of new and harrowing thoughts. At last a strange, wicked expression stole over his face, and rising to his feet, he went to the table, powdered a little of the dried herbs in his palm, and proceeded to mingle them in the crucible with a clear liquid, which he poured from a bottle taken from over the fireplace.

"Fool!" he muttered, stirring up the embers, and placing the crucible on the furnace, "fool! does he think I can distil no drops to sweeten a wedding posset for King Philip, also?—fool!"

For more than three hours the furnace sent its red glare through that gloomy apartment. During all that time the leech cowered to his seat again, listening to the simmering noise which arose from the crucible, as if it had been delicious music. At length, just as the grey of

morning broke faintly into the room, he arose, lifted the crucible, and began to stir the fire with a bar of slender iron. It might have been that his hand was tremulous from want of rest, or that he became dizzy from the fumes of that poisonous decoction, for it sent forth a sweet, sickening odor, that would have enervated a much stronger man. All at once he reeled, and the crucible shook in his hand so violently, that half its contents fell upon the embers. Instantly a clear flame of exceeding brilliancy shot up to the roof; a dim, purplish smoke filled the room, and when that rolled away, the morning light fell on the leech. He was outstretched upon the floor, with his thin, white face turned upwards, and a slight froth still increasing on his blue lips; his fingers worked—there was a faint motion of the limbs, and the sunrise poured gently through the narrow casement over his dead body.

Mary the cruel was dead, and Elizabeth stood within the palace of her ancestors. The voice of a whole nation went up to do her homage, and she was surrounded by the wise, the brave, and the noble of her kingdom. Royalty, magnificence, power, youth—every thing that could gratify a lofty mind, was hers, and yet there was a shadow on her heart that nothing could disperse. That one loved being, without whom her grandeur seemed a mockery, was still absent in a foreign land. Old Herbert had been sent to him weeks before, and as yet, no tidings of Earl or servitor reached the court. Elizabeth was seated one night alone in her closet, weary with the cares of state, and pondering on past scenes with a thrill of recollection that made her eyes dim, and her heart throb. Thoughts of a meeting that was to endow that one beloved object with a portion of her grandeur filled her devoted and proud bosom, when old Herbert entered the closet and stood before her. The Queen sat speechless in her chair, for she read all in the old man's grief-worn features. He drew a package from his bosom, unfolded it, and laid a single glove upon the table.

"I found it lying against his heart when they were shrouding him for the grave," said the old servant, his eyes filling with tears at the sad recollection.

The Queen fixed her heavy eyes on the glove, an ashy paleness came to her face, and her forehead contracted with intense agony beneath its glittering coronet. She neither spoke, nor was aware when the old servitor left her presence, though he had knelt by her side pleading with her to be comforted, till his voice was choked with grief and terror.

Three days after this agonizing scene, Elizabeth stood before her people a changed woman, and years after, when her corpse lay, surrounded by all the royal trappings of the grave, in that very palace, those who opened her cabinet, found one secret drawer, in which lay a solitary glove, the embroidery faded by time, and the seed pearls dim, as if long ago they had been drenched with water. It was cast forth and swept away among other glittering fragments of the wardrobe, but no one guessed how deeply the fate of that extraordinary woman was woven with a thing thus carelessly regarded.

Original.

## THE POET'S BOOKS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A POET should be conversant with God  
In all His works. For, from the untrodden cliff  
Where fiery Andes mocks the driven cloud—  
To the obscurest mass, which arctic storms  
Deny an efflorescence—from the roar  
Of the wild rainbow-cinctur'd cataract,  
To the slight ripple of the loneliest lake,  
All speak of Him.

Choose not the ponderous tomes,  
Where Science wastes away the oil of life,  
And early hoary, seeks the voiceless tomb,  
Its lesson still unlearn'd; nor lose thyself  
In the entangling lore of many lands,  
Until thy mother tongue seem strange to thee.  
Much knowledge is much toil, and hath no end.  
But come thou forth, amid the breeze-swept trees,  
And learn their language. Ask the peaceful vales,  
Where roam the herds, or where the reaper plies  
His busy sickle—ask the solemn sea,  
With all its foaming wilderness of waves  
To spread their many volumes out for thee,  
And search thou there, on every changeful leaf,  
Jehovah's name.

Question the rough-leaved herb,  
That lines the simpler's scrip, nor scorn to heed  
Such answer as its healing essence yields.  
Talk with the fire-fly, as it gilds the eve—  
And catch the murmur of the waving boughs,  
Where hides the slumbering nest.

List when the Night,  
That dark-rob'd queen, disbands the muffled stars,  
And to the young ear of the trembling dawn  
Uttereth the Maker's name. And when the Day  
Casts all its deeds into grey Twilight's lap,  
And weary, sinking in oblivion's sleep,  
Doth wail the judgment—be thou there, to take  
The burden of true wisdom on thy harp,  
And teach another age.

So shalt thou be  
Remember'd from thine ashes—if thy book  
Was glorious Nature, and thy teacher—God!  
And thy heart's creed, such Poesy, as makes  
Virtue more lovely—such a hymn as they  
Who lead the eternal choir of seraphim,  
Might set to music.

Hartford, Conn.

Original.

## CHARITY.

"NAY, thank me not!" the kind one said,  
" 'Tis to myself I've given!  
Each friendly deed like this, I make  
A stepping-stone to Heaven!"

F. S. O.

Original.

## THE PRICE OF A HEART. \*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

THE probationary six months had nearly expired, and already Mrs. Liston began to busy her active mind about Charlotte's wedding day and dress, and the degree of ceremony to be observed on the great occasion. It was after she had consumed almost an entire morning in consultation upon the subject with Charlotte,—who was very unwillingly made a party to the discussion, since her thoughts were dwelling constantly upon the more essential features of the marriage tie,—that she thought proper, at dinner, to broach the subject to Mr. Liston, and to remind him how near it was to the expiration of the time he had desired the marriage to be delayed, and of the propriety of making some definite arrangements respecting it. Charlotte blushed deeply at her mother's abrupt remarks, and cast down her eyes; but her feelings, looks, and all were instantaneously changed, when her father, in reply, said in a low, sad tone, with a shake of his head—

"We may have no marriage for a long time yet, Mrs. Liston."

Charlotte dropped her knife and gazed steadfastly in his face, suddenly and with alarm, saying,

"Charles is well?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Liston, "I saw him but about an hour ago. Don't be agitated. I am troubled, as you see, but the result may prove suspicion to have been unfounded. I must leave you thus hastily, and may not be at home to tea. Be cheerful—I hope all may be well yet."

With these vague hints at some impending evil, Mr. Liston left his family, who remained for some minutes mute with astonishment. It was manifest that he had wished to prepare their minds for distressing news, which he was unwilling to communicate at once. The afternoon was spent by the mother and daughter in earnest and painful converse upon the uncertain grief which overshadowed them. Mr. Liston's words were susceptible of a variety of interpretations. Elliston might have been unfortunate in business—or Mr. Liston himself—and, again, the horrid thought crossed Charlotte's mind, that something might have been charged against her lover—something to tarnish his fame—his honor; not that for a moment she could believe him guilty of the slightest dereliction—but in the involvements of business, circumstances might have appeared to criminate him. The afternoon passed in this distressing anxiety; and sure enough, Mr. Liston did not come home to tea—a most unusual thing.

"But Charles, will soon be here, to cheer us, and to explain all,"—thought Charlotte. But, hour after hour of the evening slowly departed and brought no lover, no father. Suspense had now become agony. It was late into the night, when, pale and agitated, scarcely himself, in the confusion of his mind, his misery, and the conflict of his feelings, Mr. Liston returned. Both wife and daughter hastened to him. He threw himself into a chair, and called for wine. Charlotte knelt by his side

and wept at his haggard looks, as she took his trembling hand.

"Dear father, what is it—let us sympathise with you—let us know your grief?"

"Sympathise with me, my child," he replied, kissing her forehead, in the saddest tones she had ever heard him utter,—“You must suffer with me—you must sorrow with me, and bitter sorrow it will be. All day I have been unravelling a scheme in which my credit has been used to bolster up an insane and cursed speculation. The three firms with whom I have dealt most largely, and in whom I reposed the utmost confidence, have been the conspirators. Their speculations have proved rotten to the core. They have staked millions upon them; they are bankrupts—and I am on their paper to such an extent, and am otherwise so involved with them in the regular channels of business, that every dollar I own must go—yes, every dollar, to pay their deficits—“Oh! God,” he cried fervently, starting from his chair, and rapidly pacing the room, “would that our merchants would mark more distinctly in their minds the line between honesty and dishonesty! This rushing headlong into business on borrowed capital, and far exceeding that capital in the amount of their business—this grasping at sudden wealth, by means of the thousand temptations to speculation thrown in their paths—this using of friends to further mad projects that may ruin friends and all—it is not honest—it is not honest—and it has ruined me—ruined me!” He sank again into his seat, and his eye fell on his daughter, who still knelt by his chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"And you, my Charlotte, you are doubly ruined—Elliston's gains were deposited with me—and all is gone—he has lost all too; I, by these false friends, have beggared him!" The honest, suffering man covered his face with his hands. Charlotte tried to soothe him. Forgetful of herself, she employed every endearing stratagem that love could suggest, to beguile his thoughts from the dreadful subject of their contemplation, and calm his agitated feelings; and when, after a half-hour he smiled placidly upon her and bade her good night, her joy that she had succeeded, dispelled for the time, every cloud with which reflection upon their reverses might have overshadowed her innocent heart.

Mrs. Liston slept not a wink that night. Her mind was filled with plots and conspiracies to make the best of the destruction which threatened them. For, to her, poverty and loss of station were destruction, or even worse. From nothing would she have so shrunk with horror, as from the very fate which seemed her doom. She had married for wealth and station—to be deprived of them was to be inearthed alive; and some means were to be devised to secure for herself the position in society to which she had been accustomed. No matter what the sacrifice—the end was to be attained. She cared comparatively little for the views Mr. Liston might entertain of her conduct, whether success should attend her endeavors or no. He would be unable longer to assist her—to supply her with luxuries—and he had sunk at once into a nullity. At breakfast, the next morning,

\* Concluded from page 244.

Mr. Liston's features bore evidence that to him too, the night had been one of sleeplessness—and he soon left the house. He had no sooner gone, than Mrs. Liston arrayed herself for a walk, and hurried to the residence of Miss Phoebe Marsh, the maiden aunt of Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis, a woman very like herself, and bent on the union of her favorite nephew to Charlotte Liston. She was, too, Mrs. Liston's most intimate friend, and adviser. We leave them together; where they remained, talking, both at a time, in mysterious whispers, for four mortal hours.

Charlotte could not fully appreciate the state of things. Young, loving and beloved, suffering as yet no evil, she could only regard the future with an indefinable dread, that had nothing in it of immediate suffering. But she had not seen Charles for nearly two whole days! That was grief greater than all. She jumped for joy, however, in the course of the forenoon, when she received a note from him, of a few lines, hastily written, begging her not to think that he had forgotten her, but, to attribute his absence to the absorbing and perplexing duties attendant upon the endeavor to ascertain precisely their position, and to settle up their affairs. Mrs. Liston returned from her walk with a sombre countenance, but calm and collected, and did not utter a word to Charlotte of her feelings in regard to their calamity, or even advert to it. Mr. Liston came home to dinner, and scarcely uttered a syllable as he hastily swallowed it, and was away again. It was a long, tedious afternoon to Charlotte, as she sat musing in her chamber alone. Supper brought no father—and again, no lover appeared in the evening, to cheer her loneliness. She began to feel sorrowful indeed.

Mr. Liston could not pour out his feelings into that bosom, which should have been his comforter and support; for Mrs. Liston's advice would have been based on cold, calculating, selfish policy; perhaps bordering on dishonesty; and he would not depress the buoyant mind of his child, by making her the recipient of his continual and increasing griefs. He was compelled to smother the flame within himself, and the very light of heaven became hateful to him. All he had possessed was gone, as he had at first surmised; and with an honesty, incumbent on all, but so rare at the present day, that it is rewarded with urns, and services of plate, he gave up every thing to pay the debts of false, deceitful and dishonorable friends—false, deceitful, and dishonorable, in that they had turned from the legitimate sources of business, and in the hope of millions at a throw, had lost! and drawn into the vortex of their ruin, those who had trusted in their honor, and their straight forward dealings.

In the meantime, Elliston visited Charlotte; but less frequently than before, for almost every hour was employed in attention to the wreck of his affairs. They conversed freely, at such times, of the necessary postponement of their union, and Elliston seemed to look with foreboding upon the chances that they should ever be united. Charlotte, however, preserved her elasticity of spirits and endeavored to cheer him; but she only partially succeeded. A month thus passed; and Charlotte had scarcely spoken to her father, more than to exchange

the common greetings of the day. He was in a continual fever of agitation. He seemed sometimes to be almost wandering in mind; and his unmerited sufferings were evidently exerting the sad effect, to make him misanthropic and morose. He permitted no unnecessary delay, in the mean time, in the final settlement of affairs; and it was not long before house, furniture, carriages and horses were sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, and the family, with the few hundred dollars, which, after the last debt had been fully liquidated, were fortunately left for their immediate wants, were bestowed in comparatively humble lodgings.

We have said that the cold hearted Mrs. Liston had early devised a scheme to restore herself to the station of which Mr. Liston's failure had deprived her. It was no less a heartless than a daring one; and to be successful, was to be warily accomplished. The reader may have surmised it; for it was to induce Charlotte, upon false grounds and representations, to abandon Elliston, and to receive the once rejected Cordis. But Mrs. Liston was competent to conduct it to a prosperous issue, if it could be done by any being on the broad earth. She did not commence her assaults early: previous to the surrender of their house, she had only drawn Charlotte's attention to her father's condition, by sorrowful exclamations, as "Your poor father! he knows not what to do!" "Oh, Charlotte, how dreadfully your dear father looked to-day!" and the like; endeavoring to centre her daughter's mind upon that one thought—the misery of her parent. But when they had exchanged roominess and freedom for the confinement of lodgings, she made more regular advances. Mr. Liston, by his conduct, much assisted her. He did not really repel the testimonials of Charlotte's affection, but they did not seem to render the gratification they had bestowed in former days; and he was totally silent upon their prospects and situation; save that now and then, he would burst out with a heart-rending exclamation, that something must be done—that his little store would be exhausted before the year had half expired—and that he was too old to begin the world anew!

In the cautious conversations held by Mrs. Liston with her daughter, she was not long in arriving at an essential point of progress—the impressing of an intense conviction on Charlotte's mind, that it was her duty to devote all her powers to the support of that parent who had reared her to womanhood. Once rendered satisfied that such a course was a demand of the most imperious duty, it engrossed every faculty.

"What shall I do, mother?" was her constant question. "What can I do? My dear, dear father! I would yield up every thing for him—I would go any where—do any thing! Advise me—advise me! Shall I take a school—go out as governess—paint—give music lessons—what?"

To every suggestion of this nature, Mrs. Liston skillfully interposed such objections, as seemed to render any plan of the kind foolish or unworthy. Yet "her poor father" was still harped upon; and indeed, Mr. Liston had become an object of pity. His looks were haggard, his step infirm, and his mind in a painful state of constant

foreboding. Oftener than ever, he exclaimed "what are we coming to! When shall we begin to starve!"

Charlotte's days were as miserable as his own. She preyed him to unbosom himself to her, and consult with her. She suggested to him too, the plans she communicated to her mother; but he gave her no encouragement. "Something of more consequence than any thing of this kind is necessary to save us, my child!" said he, in reply to her one afternoon. He simply referred to the inadequacy of her exertions to yield them all a support; but Mrs. Liston was present and heard the remark. Upon it her fabric was to be reared.

She entered her daughter's room the next morning, and found her with her head buried in the bed clothes, weeping violently. It was the very state of mind most desired.

"My dear Charlotte, are you ill?" she asked, as if in deep concern.

"Ill in heart, mother. Here am I, convinced that I ought to do something for our support. I have health—strength—determination; and yet day after day passes, and every plan I suggest seems futile."

"It is a sad state of things indeed. Your poor father, I fear, will speedily be in his grave, if he cannot soon see the prospect of relief from the absolute beggary which stares us in the face."

"He will indeed!" cried Charlotte, in agony, starting up; "I cannot bear the thought! name something, mother—something!—I care not what,—to save him, and I am ready to undertake it. But oh, devise something—something!"

"You feel, don't you, my Charlotte, that a child's duty to an unfortunate parent is imperative above all others—that heaven and public opinion both declare it to be so?"

"Yes, mother, yes!"

"You have made great professions, my child. But were a sacrifice really to be required of you—one that would inevitably raise your father above the fear of want and suffering, and bring peace to his grey hairs—in such an event, when your duty to your father could be fully accomplished, I fear you would shrink."

Charlotte turned deadly pale. She did not surmise the announcement that her mother was about to make, but she felt that she had reference, by her guarded speech, to something terrible to her. She gathered strength to reply.

"No, mother. From no sacrifice which I felt that heaven would approve, would I for a moment shrink."

"Do you remember your father's words of yesterday,—‘something of more consequence than any thing of this kind is necessary to save us, my child.’"

"I do."

"He had reference to a proposition made to him some days ago, which he grasped at, as the drowning man grasps at the floating straw. But in consequence of the stand he took on a former occasion, he would not for the world pass a word with you on the subject, and has commissioned me to do it. He feels that in our present circumstances, a line of conduct which would once have been reprehensible, is justifiable; and, indeed, demanded. We are sadly situated!

Mrs. Liston sighed, and forced two or three minute tears into her eyes. Charlotte stood, frozen with horror. She could not but gather vague images of the truth—and they palsied every faculty of her mind; she gasped, tottered, and would have fallen, had not her mother caught her, laid her upon her bed, bathed her forehead in cologne, and left her, hoping that she might be restored by an hour's rest.

That same afternoon, Elliston, who had become a clerk in a wholesale establishment, upon a moderate salary, received a note of the following purport:

MR. ELLISTON:—Permit me, a mutual friend of yourself and the Liston family, to offer a word of counsel. The reverse Mr. Liston, and yourself, have both experienced, command the sympathy of all who know you. They have occurred at a most unfortunate period, when your happiness was about to be consummated by a union with his child. That union, you must feel, is now impossible, at least for a long period, when the circumstances of the family are considered. Some days since, a proposition of marriage with Miss Charlotte was made to Mr. Liston, by a rich young gentleman, under the supposition, it is to be presumed, that you had resigned all pretensions to her hand. In his great distress in regard to pecuniary matters, he would eagerly, as I have the means of knowing, entertain the offer, especially as a guaranty is made to secure to him sufficient per annum during his life, to support him handsomely, but he is fettered by the knowledge that your engagement still exists. Miss Charlotte has but lately been apprised of the offer, and, I have reason to think, feels it incumbent upon her to sacrifice feeling to the welfare of her father; but she too is placed in an unwelcome dilemma. I make this statement, that you may know how to govern yourself. Let me assure you, this is from—

A SINCERE FRIEND.

Elliston was amazed—confounded. It was all very plausible. True, it seemed very inconsistent with Mr. Liston's high-mindedness, to be guilty of such a resource for support; but then he knew that misery works great changes, and that Mr. Liston had certainly changed much. But Charlotte—that she should think to desert him!—him, whom she had loved so well—with whom he had enjoyed so many hours of delightful confidence, mingling hearts, and souls in the sweetest of all communion! But how deeply she loved her father he well knew—and he could imagine to what a state of mind the constant sight of his misery might reduce her; when any sacrifice would not seem too severe to save him. Never were there two more miserable beings than were Charlotte and Elliston during that night. He should have despised an anonymous note of so mighty import. He should have mistrusted every word, letter and line of it. He should have gone to Charlotte, shown it to her, conversed freely with her—and had he done so, how much wo had been spared to them! But he trusted it; and at midnight he sat in his solitary apartment, and penned a note to her. It informed her, that he had heard of an offer having been made by a rich young gentleman to her father, for her hand; that perhaps she might feel it her duty to comply with it, for his sake, were she unfettered—that his love for her was all-surpassing—was his very life—but that he gave her back her vows of affection, that she might be free to act—and invoking blessings on her, he closed.

The note was despatched early in the morning. Charlotte had risen with a distressing headache, and was confined to her chamber. Her mother, knowing the handwriting, and from her consciousness of what had been the incentive to its composition, guessing at its contents, carried it, with suppressed exultations, up-stairs. What is

a headache, or any ache, when the words of a loved one are to be perused! Charlotte grasped at the letter; but had no sooner drank in its painful meaning, than she fainted, and remained long insensible. In the meantime, while measures were instituted for her recovery, Mrs. Liston found a moment to run it over. It was just what she would have herself dictated. She resolved to say nothing more, but to let what had already occurred produce its full effect.

The poor girl was ill—very ill, all that day. Her father came in to see her in the afternoon, and could not avoid, even when she was in such a state, adverting to what was uppermost in his mind—the destitution which threatened them. “There,” said he, as he walked the floor, “I have to-day paid our landlady for our last month’s board, and have just fifty dollars left. Oh, Heaven, how soon that pittance will be gone!”

It needed but this to fix Charlotte’s wavering mind. In the calm apathy of despair, she wrote to Elliston that she indeed felt that duty demanded her to resign him. How *she* had loved *him*, he knew well, and she was conscious how dear she had been to him. Life was to be to her henceforth only a scene of woe. If she were doing wrong, she entreated him to forgive her—for, indeed, she hardly knew herself what she intended—what she was doing. She did not maintain her cold firmness throughout, for two or three times the tears gushed forth, every feature was convulsed, and she was the weak, wretched, suffering woman; but her father’s words, “Oh, Heaven, how soon that pittance will be gone!” renewed her again to her task, and before midnight it was accomplished. The letter she had written, blotted here and there with tears, was put into her mother’s hand the following morning, who lost not a moment in despatching it. Elliston read it, and felt—how deeply!—for the agony in which it was evidently penned; he longed to rush to her; to her, who had been his own—her, who had pledged herself to be his before God, as he had pledged himself to her—and to soothe and comfort her; but it was too late! He turned away, a lone, desolate man!

“Come, mother,” said Charlotte, the same day, for Elliston was no more to her—the worst was over and she was impatient to consummate the sacrifice, before her unnatural strength should forsake her—“who has proposed for me? Name him, that I may send him the acceptance he desires. The sooner the better—for then my poor father will the sooner be happy! Who is he?”

With perfect calmness of action, that surprised, and somewhat alarmed her mother, she opened her desk, and prepared herself to write—she waited but for the name.

“It is an old acquaintance,” replied Mrs. Liston, trying to smile, for she felt that Charlotte was in a fearful state, and dreaded, as well she might, the announcement of the name. “It is Mr. Cordis.”

The appalling shriek that burst from the child she had thus bartered away for gold, pierced even her callous feelings. Such a shriek of misery—one that is given forth, only when the heart is torn in twain, and feels that it is consigned, beyond every ray of hope, to ghastly death in the midst of life!

It was two days before Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis

received a note from Charlotte, declaring herself ready to become his wife; for, notwithstanding the extent to which the affair had progressed,—the dismissal of Elliston,—her own desperate resolve to succor her father at all hazards, it was two days before she could submit to the degradation of addressing a communication of the kind to such a man.

“Jack, you must positively let me have five thousand this week,” drawled Cordis, as, extended on a sofa, he knocked the ashes from the end of his segar, with delicately white fingers, sparkling with jewelled rings. “You must, indeed. I’m drained, that’s a fact. I lost six thousand at faro last night, you know!”

“Yes—but you’ve come to the wrong shop, Cordis. My pockets at present are as empty as yours.”

“But you’re in my debt double that amount, Jack, eh? Some of it borrowed more than a year ago. Face up a little, can’t you? Demme, I’m obliged to cut ceremony, I’m so decidedly hard run.”

“You don’t mean to insult me, Mr. Cordis, by this reference to what I owe you?”

“Insult! why, demme, the farthest thing from my intention. I never asked you for a dollar of it before—because I never was so put to it. Insult! By no means, my dear fellow!”

“I chose to consider it in that light, Mr. Cordis,” replied Mr. John Hansard Marion; who had indeed borrowed some ten thousands of Cordis, had lived upon him, eaten his dinners and suppers, and sometimes domesticated himself with him for months together. Mr. Marion was an Englishman; of good family—so he told Cordis, when he first sought his acquaintance; rich beyond account, with large expectations into the bargain—as he told Mr. Cordis. Certainly an elegant man, as he showed for himself—upon which recommendations, Mr. Cordis had made him his bosom friend—scorning a countryman of his own, as being shockingly vulgar. While Mr. Marion was speaking in a very pompous tone of voice, he put on his coat deliberately, adjusted his cravat, arranged his hat before the glass, took his cane, and with “You will probably hear from me before long,” dashed magnificently out. Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis stood mute with astonishment, entertaining, for the very first time, the shrewd idea that he had been swindled; an idea which he indulged in more and more every day, when he found that his particular friend was altogether invisible; that demand for payment having operated like the wand of a magician—to spirit Mr. Marion out of sight and hearing.

At this moment Charlotte’s note was put into his hand.

“In at the death, and got the brush!” he exclaimed exultingly. “She’s mine! She’s mine at last! Wont I show her off; and wont I make her regret that first refusal! I’ll give this two thousand a year to the old ’uns for a year or two, since aunt Marsh insists upon it, and then they may whistle for’t. It’ll come deuced hard to poney it over at all! I must positively look into my affairs. Egad, I shouldn’t wonder if I made a smash of it before long. That would be a pretty go! But I’ll have the girl!”



Mrs. Liston was in the extreme of exultation. All had gone forward most prosperously. Charlotte, it was true, moved about like one more dead than alive, but then a few weeks would reconcile her to her change of prospects, and the splendor of Mr. Cordis' establishment would so contrast with the humble home which was all Elliston could possibly furnish, that she doubted not that the bloom would soon visit her cheek again. It was an object to have the marriage speedily consummated; and, if possible, without Mr. Liston's knowledge; for there was no knowing whether he would not imperatively annul all the transactions, unless they had proceeded beyond his power. Charlotte was passive; ready to consent to any thing—a puppet in her mother's hands. Mr. Cordis had no particular wish to be brought *tele-a-tete* with Mr. Liston, so that his absence from the ceremony would be particularly pleasing to him. It was therefore arranged at Mrs. Marsh's residence, between that lady, Mrs. Liston, and Mr. Cordis, that the knot should be tied in Mrs. Marsh's parlor, upon the third afternoon thence; when Mr. Liston had declared that some little business would detain him from home during the entire afternoon and evening.

Mr. Cordis purchased an elegant bridal dress for Charlotte, and a rich set of jewelry. There was, however, to be but little ostentation attending the ceremony—the circumstances would not admit of it. The day came. Charlotte could not go down to dinner, and Mr. Liston inquired for her with concern; remarking that she was pining away every day. But he was in haste, and only sent a consoling message to her through her mother. The bride, whose heart had been sold for a father's pecuniary aid, was arrayed for her inauspicious bridal. Mr. Cordis called for her in his carriage. There was necessarily some bustle and confusion, which the landlady as necessarily observed, and was curious to discover the meaning of. Feeling that all was secure, Mrs. Liston confided to her, in the overflow of her spirits, some of the great essentials of the affair: that Charlotte was to marry Mr. Cordis at his aunt Marsh's; that the bridesmaids and all were waiting there; that the ceremony would take place at five precisely; that it was Mr. Cordis' elegant carriage which was at the door, and Mr. Cordis himself who was in the parlor waiting for them; and finally, she invited the landlady to come up and see Miss Charlotte in her splendid dress and jewels. The landlady complied; and was inexpressibly shocked at Charlotte's appearance. Her face had the ghastly hue of death; and she could not cross the chamber without her mother's assistance. The landlady said nothing, but she felt in her heart the whole truth—that the poor girl was sacrificing herself for her parents. She could not congratulate—she dared not pity.

Charlotte was assisted into the carriage by Mr. Cordis, who was dressed in the ridiculous extreme of fashion; Mrs. Liston followed. Mr. Cordis then got in, and the vehicle rattled away to Mrs. Marsh's. It was twenty minutes after four when it left the Listons' lodgings; and at precisely half past four, Mr. Liston, who had been disappointed in meeting the merchant with whom he wished to transact his business, entered his parlor. He

was in a peculiarly sociable humor; for an old and staunch friend had been reasoning with him upon the foolishness of moping about, wasting his time and energies, when, with his excellent business habits, knowledge, and well known character, he could easily obtain an excellent situation as factor, or agent, or confidential clerk; the friend had said, indeed, that he would himself cheerfully give two thousand dollars salary, if Mr. Liston would allow him the benefit of his talents and experience. Mr. Liston at once accepted the offer, and was a new man—the old Mr. Liston—as we knew him in former days.

Finding his parlor empty, he went to his own chamber. The ladies were not there. He knocked at Charlotte's door, and then ventured to open it. That, too, was empty. "Out!" he muttered, in astonishment; "Why she was too unwell to appear at the dinner table!" In the hall, as he advanced, he encountered the landlady.

"The ladies are out?" he said, as a casual remark.

"Why, Mr. Liston!" cried she, lifting up both hands, "and you not know where they are gone?"

"No, Mrs. White. Is there any thing unusual?"

"And really you do not know that your daughter has gone to be married?"

"Married, Mrs. White! What do you mean?" he replied, turning pale.

"Why, Mrs. Liston told me, not an hour ago, that she was to be married to Mr. Philip Cordis, at his aunt Marsh's, at five o'clock precisely; and sure enough, Mr. Cordis came for her in his own carriage, and she was lifted into it, in bridal clothes, looking like death, poor thing, and away they drove."

The drops stood on Mr. Liston's forehead; he said not a word; but he hastily pulled out his watch, and found that it wanted fifteen minutes to five. In less than one more, he was hastening, at a very immoderate pace for a man of fifty, towards Mrs. Marsh's; whose mansion he reached at two minutes and a quarter after the clock had struck. He minded not servants, but pushing all aside, ascended to the parlor; which he entered at an interesting moment; for the Episcopal clergyman, who was officiating, was just pronouncing those important and conclusive words of the service, "If there be any here who know cause why these two should not be joined in marriage, let him proclaim it now, or ever after hold his peace." They were very solemnly said; but probably without any remote idea in the clergyman's mind that a response would be made. A voice, however, broken with exhaustion, cried out from near the door:

"I do! Stop where you are!"

Mrs. Liston, who a moment before had been standing and glancing around at appropriate intervals, all swelling with pride and joy, melted down at the sound, like a tender flower cut off by a sudden frost. Mr. Liston came forward.

"I forbid the bands, for my daughter is not of age; and what is more, I know this has all been in defiance of her feelings—the scheme of others. Is it not so, my child? Speak freely—is it not so?"

Charlotte's silence replied in sufficiently significant tones. Mr. Cordis, at this moment, thought proper to

bristle a little; especially as so many of his relations and intimate friends were present.

"This unceremonious interruption, Mr. Liston, unwarrantable!"

"Faugh!" cried Mr. Liston, in the deepest intonation of detestation. "Unwarrantable! When is not a father warrantable in saving his daughter from the wreck of all she holds dear? She would have sold her heart for me; for you know, even while you stand up to wed her, that she loves another! And even were her heart disengaged, she would be linking herself to one whom she could never love, and thus close up the fountains of her best sympathies for ever. I will not say that willingness to submit to such a sacrifice may not be noble in a child; but the parent who would accept it—the father or mother who would live by the sale—yes, the *sale* of their child!—such parents are unworthy ever to have lived! Come, Charlotte,"—she sprung into his arms—"thank Heaven, I was not too late! Come away from these shambles, and I will speedily take precautions that no more scheming shall peril the happiness of my child. Will you attend us, sir," he continued, addressing the clergyman; "we may have need of your services immediately; but not with such a bridegroom! Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said further, bowing to all, as he divested his daughter of her jewelry, and threw it upon the table; "I am sorry to have driven away the cheerfulness of so pleasant a party."

He descended the stairs, Charlotte leaning upon his arm, and the clergyman following, leaving as amazed a company as were probably ever assembled together. A hack, fortunately passing, was hailed, and drew up.

"Say to Mrs. Liston, that we wait her company," said Mr. Liston to the servant; and that lady, who would gladly have escaped the torture of the ride, was compelled to present herself. Arrived at their lodgings, Mr. Liston escorted the clergyman and ladies to the parlor, and then disappeared for a moment, during which he was heard giving earnest directions to the hack-driver, who shortly after drove off at a rapid pace. Rejoining his family, he was all vivacity and spirit. Before half an hour, the hack returned. Mr. Liston hastened down stairs. That voice! Charlotte started up, and the blood rushed over neck, face and forehead! The door opened—it was Elliston! In a moment she was in his arms; for a word from her father had explained all!

Mrs. White and all the inmates of the house were summoned, to their great surprise, to Mr. Liston's parlor, to be witnesses to Miss Charlotte's marriage; and the bonds that joined two willing hearts—alas, that ever others should feel those ties!—were solemnized. When the nuptial blessing had been pronounced, Mr. Liston whispered in his wife's ear, "Rather hasty—but then you will not be able to scheme any more!"

Mr. Liston took a small, genteel house immediately, and Elliston boarded with him. Mrs. Liston found it necessary to resign herself to comparative obscurity, and submitted with the best grace she could command. She derived some assistance in subduing her pride, from the fact, that before three months, Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis was openly proclaimed a bankrupt and a beggar—

worth nothing, and good for nothing. "Good Heavens, what an escape!" she said to herself. She often repeated the same ejaculation in after years, when she was an inmate of Elliston's dwelling, and he fast becoming one of the wealthiest of the city—happy in the affections of a loving wife, and children, whom he strove to nurture in truth, virtue, and knowledge.

Mr. Liston often said, as he looked into the happy face of his Charlotte, "Sell my child for my support! Heaven would blush at it!"

Original.

#### GIVE BACK AGAIN THE BRAID OF HAIR.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

GIVE back again the braid of hair  
And then—yes, then, we'll part;  
The braid that thou wert wont to wear,  
Next to thy faithless heart.  
Ay, give it back, and go and find  
Some other trusting breast;  
Then breathe thy vows, false as the wind;  
Those vows to thee a jest.  
To cloud with gloom life's morning ray,  
The too fond heart to wring—  
To thee, should trifles light as they,  
One moment's anguish bring?  
Not now, but when this heart has long  
Forgot its hopes and fears,  
Ay, e'en forgot its one deep wrong,  
Its agony, its tears—  
A look, a word, a tone, a flower,  
Or something lighter still,  
Perchance may then possess the power  
Thy inmost soul to thrill.  
For each some mem'ry of the past  
From its long sleep will wake,  
And weave a spell, which o'er thee cast,  
Thou ne'er again can'st break.  
Then give me back the braided tress,  
Thou'lt then need no such token,  
To rouse thee from forgetfulness  
Of vows long scorned and broken!

Original.

#### SONNET.—TO CAROLINE.

YEARS have rolled onwards, gentle Caroline,  
Since the last time beneath the old oak tree,  
I gazed with love on beauty, and on *thee*,  
And dared to worship at so fair a shrine!  
Dost recollect the scene? The silver moon  
Rode, proud and peerless, in the spangled sky;  
The air was music, and its low sweet tune,  
Breathed but of peace, of love and melody.  
Yes! all was smiling, and fond memory brings,  
That sweetest parting, days of gloom to cheer,  
O'er sorrow's darkness bright effulgence flings,  
And by its magic smoothes my brow of care.  
But ah! 'tis hard to muse on vanish'd hours,  
And see the *thorns* remain, while fade the *flowers*!

# AWAY, BONNIE BARK.

AN IRISH MELODY.

**MODERATO.**

**MF**

*Second Verse.—And "oft in the still-ly night,"*

*First Verse.—A-way, bon-mie bark, to my*

**FINE.**

**Cres.** **F** **FINE.** **F**

on the far strand I have sung the loved songs of my own fa-ther-land; For wind-ing the val-ley or

dear father-land! By the lakes of Kil-ler-ny my Cottage doth stand, I've wander'd too long from my

climbing the hill. The "Harp of my Country" was dear to me still: I've breathed her sweet music when

own native shore, But I seek it in gladness to leave it no more; Whether basking in sunlight where

**MF**

no one was by, To see my tears fall or to let to my sigh; And her time-hallow'd me-lo-dies

I - ta - ly's sky, Gives a tinge to the cheek and a light to the eye; Or roaming the land of the

brought to my mind, The home I had loved and the friends left behind; The cloud from my brow and the

orange and vine, Their beau-ties but made me think, E - ria, of thine! I've heard the glad song and I've

tear from my eye, Are gone, and for - e - ver!—my heart has no sigh! For while I've a

seen the gay dance, In the homes of the light-heart-ed daughters of France; But the long-er I

set on my own na-tive shore, I'll wan-der a-way from old E - ria no more.

wander'd a - way from thy shore, My heart, dar-ling E - ria, but loved thee the more.

## THEATRICALS.

**PARK.**—In the early part of the month, a night was set apart for the benefit of Mr. Simpson, when the performances were happily selected, and a good house assembled to testify the high respect which is, in every quarter, entertained for that gentleman. His own appearance upon the boards, as an actor, for the time being, elicited the most enthusiastic applause; and at the termination of "*La He Jealous*?" he appeared before the audience, and in a very appropriate address, alluded, with great feeling, to his position, and his gratitude for the favor extended to him. Few have claims upon the theatrical public predominant to those of Mr. Simpson.

Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff have concluded a second engagement. The comparatively thin audiences which have greeted the efforts of such artists, strikingly demonstrate the peculiar prostration of the drama in its higher walks, at the present time. To what it is to be attributed, it may be partially, but not entirely ascertained. That it cannot be considered a fundamental decline of taste for theatrical amusements, the suddenness of the diminution of prosperity in the larger establishments, and the throngs which have congregated nightly in those minor houses, where the draft upon the pocket is light, abundantly testify. We should be inclined, with many others, to decide that the destruction of the National had exercised a blighting influence, were it not that the same lamentable prostration has distinguished the career of the prominent theatres in all our large cities. The primeval cause, then, is to be found in that subject of woful discussion on all occasions, and in every quarter and circle, "the state of the times." Suffice it to say, that when the highest order of talent in the highest walks thus fails to attract, the drama is, whether permanently or temporarily, prostrated indeed.

Mr. Vandenhoff's first benefit, when a good house was assembled, introduced Miss Vandenhoff to the public in a new character—"Pauline," in the "*Lady of Lyons*." She won, in the estimation of all, fresh laurels by its performance. The scenes which may be designated as more especially well acted, were that in which Pauline first meets the mother of Claude, and the last—when she is re-united to him. The distinguished ability displayed in the latter, together with the abiding favorable impressions of the execution of the preceding portions, excited continual rounds of applause. Mr. Vandenhoff, upon the same occasion, personated Cato. Of his delineation of this character in former years, upon the boards of the National, we commented critically and at length, as such a masterly performance deserves. We consider it as possessing a loftiness and grandeur, so unapproachable, at least, so unapproached, as to stand forth alone, distinct—"unmixed with baser matter."

We have not room to enter into critical details of the performances of Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff during their engagement. It must suffice to say, that if, for reasons already specified, it was not so fortunate in a pecuniary point of view, it afforded a banquet of no ordinary excellence to those, comparatively few though they may be, who will not be deterred by time, place, or circumstance, from the enjoyment of superior talent, and has yet more confirmed the vigorous hold those artists have obtained upon the estimation of the public.

**CHATHAM.**—This convenient and pretty theatre seems destined to ride triumphantly over the quicksands which have overwhelmed the success of the more pretending establishments, and to return rich gains into the treasury, in despite of "the times." The engagement of "*Yankee Hill*" has proved most fortunate. His houses have been excellent throughout, and his delineations of the Yankee have literally been received, in the stereotype phrase, with "shouts of laughter and applause." He is undoubtedly the best representative of the Yankee upon the stage. He overacts, it is true; but that is rendered necessary, that the lights and shadows of the traits of the interior New-Englander may be rendered more bold and distinguishable. It is rumored that the management have engaged *Mrs. Martyn*, *Mr. Manners* and *Mr. Martyn*, and that they will appear during the present month in several favorite operas.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

**UNIVERSAL HISTORY: Harper & Brothers.**—This publication, in six volumes, forming a continuation of the celebrated Family Library, is the standard work of Tytler, continued, from the close of the seventeenth century, to which period Tytler's labors extended, up to the year 1820, by Dr. Nares, professor in Oxford University. The whole has been supervised by a competent American editor; some passages, not of material value, and which might be considered objectionable by the American reader, omitted, and quotations from other languages rendered into English. The work of no author on General History could have been selected, which is more comprehensive, clear and satisfactory, than that of Dr. Tytler. Its reputation has been so great, that it has long been a treat both in the colleges and universities of most repute in Great Britain and America, and testimony can be borne to the succinctness of the information to be derived from it, by thousands who have thus been led critically to examine its contents. This selection for the "Family Library" is a most happy one; and adds greater value to that compendium of important information. It is, we may say, imperative upon every head of a family, whose means will compass it—and it is afforded at a peculiarly low price—to provide his household with the "Library."

**LIFE OF HARRISON: L. W. Ransom.**—From this work, by S. J. Burr, Esq. may be obtained the more important events of the life of General Harrison. When its small size is considered, it certainly is entitled to the credit of great comprehensiveness; since there is much of detail.

**THE PATH-FINDER: Lea & Blanchard.**—It is, we may truly say, a relief to us in our capacity of critics, to find Mr. Cooper returned, and luxuriating in what may be termed his proper sphere. The tenor of his late works has imposed the unpleasant task of condemnation, while the feelings have been those of mingled wonder and pity at what has appeared almost mental aberration. But he has resumed his old 'trail,' and given us now, as though regenerated and reinvigorated, a novel of great merit and interest; and since he has voluntarily returned to himself, we can forget the past at once. The scene of "*The Path-finder*" is laid in the middle of the last century, and again introduces our old acquaintance, 'Leather-stocking,' and his famous rifle, 'Killdeer,' under the new *soubriquet* which gives name to the novel. He has all the traits which have made him so popular; and forms the centre of interest. For the first time, we find him in love! The plot of the tale is of the very simplest description—the characters few—as well as the scenes; but those scenes are, the most of them, vivid and enchanting to the attention; one or two introducing circumstances so altogether novel, as much to enhance the delight. Perhaps Mr. Cooper's chief failing is in the stiffness of his dialogues—and they form the only drawbacks to the deep interest of the '*Path-finder*.' It would seem, from the frequent introduction of set dialogues in situations often manifestly inconsistent with the scene in progress, that Mr. Cooper considers himself happy in them, and that their excellence will excuse all the impropriety of their place. The contrary is decidedly the truth; but it is not the first time that an author has been found wedded closely in spirit to his worst faults.—*Carville*.

**PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM: Carey & Hart.**—This is a narrative of travels through the Holy Land, by Baron Geramb, a French monk of the order of La Trappe. The style is eminently concise, and comprehensive; and the volumes contain much valuable information upon points not noticed, or only touched upon by other travellers in that interesting region.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

**NOTICE.**—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the year of the *Ladies' Companion* commences in May or November. All subscriptions expire, either with the April or October number. Persons receiving the first number of a new volume are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon.

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